Gospel Hymns Complete
Mrs. J. J. Williams
March 7, 1901
PREFACE.

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by Ira D. Sankey, James McGranahan, and Geo. C. Stebbins, are now compiled in this volume under the title of

GOSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 to 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns renumbered in consecutive order from 1 to 739.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be found over 125 of the most useful and popular STANDARD HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE CHURCH.

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THE PUBLISHERS
Gospel Hymns
Nos. 1 to 6 Complete.

No. 1. All People that on Earth.

"Come before his presence with singing."—Ps. 100: 2.


1. All people that on earth dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make:
3. Oh enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto:

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take,
Praise, Laud, and bless His name always, For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 2. Doxology. L. M.

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.

Thos. Ken, 1697.

GRACE.

May be sung before and after meat.

No. 3. Blessing Invoked.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

No. 4. Thanks Returned.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good.
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.
No. 5.  

**Hallelujah, ’tis Done!**

“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.” — JOHN 3:10.

P. P. BLISS.

1. ’Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
2.Tho’ the path-way be lonely, and dangerous too,

Un-to him who on Jesus, his Son, will believe.
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

Hallelujah, ’tis done! I believe on the Son; I am
saved by the blood of the crucified One; crucified One.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
   They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
   Hallelujah, ’tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
   And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
   Hallelujah, ’tis done! etc.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
   And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
   Hallelujah, ’tis done! etc.

6 There’s a part in that chorus for you and for me,
   And the theme of our praises forever will be:
   Hallelujah, ’tis done! etc.
No. 6.  **Safe in the Arms of Jesus.**

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.  

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast, 

   Cho.—Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,

2  Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world’s temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears!—Cho.

3  Jesus, my heart’s dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be,  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o’er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.—Cho.

END.
1. In some way or other the Lord will provide: It may not be
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide: It may not be
3. Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
   And this be the token—
   No word He hath spoken
   Was ever yet broken:
   "The Lord will provide."
4. March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide
   The pathway made glorious,
   With shoutings victorious,
   We'll join in the chorus,
   "The Lord will provide."

No. 7. **The Lord will Provide.**

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5:7.


Chorus.

Lord will provide: Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will provide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will provide.
No. 8. Where Are the Nine?

P. P. BLISS.


1. Wand'ring a-far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the
   lep-ers—ten; "Je-sus, have mer-cy!" brings healing di-vine;
   Where are the nine? Where are the nine?

2. Loud-ly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Knowing the cure had been
   wrought by His word, Grate-ful-ly own-ing the Heal-er Di-vine;
   One came to wor-ship, but where are the nine? Where are the nine?

   Chorus.
   Jesus says ten-der-ly, "Where are the nine?"

   Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

3. "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
   "Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
   Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
   Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—Cho.

4. Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
   Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
   How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
   Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—Cho.
No. 9. *Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.*

"He heard that is was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL.
THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along, 
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He The city move so mightily?

These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray? 
A passing stranger, has He skill To move the multitude at will?

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." 
Again the stirring tones reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." 
Again the stirring tones reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "lame,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footsteps we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

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

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

No. 10. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. This lovin' Sav-iour Stands pa-tient-ly; Tho' oft re-ject-ed,
2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,
3. Tho' all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting,

Calls a-again for thee. Calling now for theee, prod-i- gal, Calling now for
Heed the ten-der call. Calling, etc.
"Je-sus, dear, I come." Calling, etc.

thee; Thou hast wandered far a-way, But He's calling now for thee.
No. 11.

Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the signal waving in the sky!

Re-inforcements now appearing, Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still,

Wave the answer back to Heaven,—"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
   Satan leading on:
   Mighty men around us falling,
   Courage almost gone.—Cho.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
   Hear the bugle blow;

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
   But our Help is near;
   Onward comes our Great Commander,
   Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—Cho.

In our Leader's name we'll triumph
   Over every foe.—Cho.
No. 12. **The Gate Ajar for Me.**

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

**Mrs. Lydia Baxter.**

S. J. Vail.

—[Music notation]

1. There is a gate that stands ajar, And through its portals gleaming,
   A radiance from the Cross afar, The Saviour's love revealing.

   **Refrain.**

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be That gate was left ajar for me?

For me, for me? Was left ajar for me?

2. That gate ajar stands free for all
   Who seek through it salvation;
   The rich and poor, the great and small,
   Of every tribe and nation.—Ref.

3. Press onward then, though foes may
   While mercy's gate is open:
   Accept the cross, and win the crown,
   Love's everlasting token.—Ref.

4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
   The cross that here is given,
   And bear the crown of life away,
   And love Him more in heaven.—Ref.
No. 13.  Once for All.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Romans 3: 24.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, oh, happy condition, Jesus hath bled, and there is remission, Cursed by the law and bruised by the

CHORUS.

fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, oh, sinner receive it, Once for all, oh, brother, believe it; Cling to the

Cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
Once for all. — Concluded.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation, 
Jesus provides a perfect salvation; 
"Come unto Me," oh, hear His sweet call, 
Come, and He saves us once for all.—Cho.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling, 
Surely His grace will keep us from falling; 
Passing from death to life at His call, 
Blessed salvation once for all.—Cho.

No. 14. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.  Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; 
Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

D.S.—Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

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

3 Work, for the night is coming, 
Under the sunset skies; 
While their bright tints are glowing, 
Work, for daylight flies, 
Work till the last beam fadeth, 
Fadeth to shine no more; 
Work while the night is darkening, 
When man's work is o'er.
No. 15.  

**Home of the Soul.**

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—John 14: 2.

**Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.**  
**Philip Phillips, by per.**

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,

The far-away home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll. While the years of eternity roll; Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.

14
Home of the soul.—Concluded.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
   Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
   Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
   ||: Between the fair city and me. :|| Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
   Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
   The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
   ||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :|| The King of, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
   So free from all sorrow and pain;
   With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
   ||: To meet one another again. :|| With songs on, etc.

No. 16. There is a land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

ISAAC WATTS.

| VARINA. C. M. D. | GEO. F. ROOT, 1849. |

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green,
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withdrawing flowers;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
No. 17. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. We're going home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sorrow;
2. For weary feet A-waits a street Of wondrous pave and gold-en;

No more to wear The brow of care, We're going home to mor-row.
For hearts that ache, The angels wake The story, sweet and old-en.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home to mor-row;
We're going home, we're going home, we're going home to mor-row;

We're going home, we're going home to mor-row.
We're going home, we're going home, we're going home to mor-row.

3 For those who sleep, And those who weep, Above the portals narrow, The mansions rise Beyond the skies— We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever; Our King to see, And, oh, to be With Him at home forever!
Jesus Loves Even Me

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n tells of His love in the
   wonderful things in the Bible I see; This is the dearest, that
   Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, I am so glad that
   Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, I am so glad that

2. Though I forget Him and wander away, Still He doth love me wherever I stray; When I remember that Jesus loves me, I am so glad, etc.

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing, When in His beauty I see the Great King, "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me," I am so glad, etc.

1. Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him. Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
   Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree.
   Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
   I am so glad, etc.

2. If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
   Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
   God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
   Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
   I am so glad, etc.

3. In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
   Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
   Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
   When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

S. W.
No. 19.  

Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1874.  

John J. Husband.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Redeem-er has come! Go look on His
cradle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais-es, tell the
part-ed, the shad-ows are past.
fin-ished, the price hath been paid.
un-just has died on the tree.
un-phant, and liv-eth a-gain.
Chorus.

2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-

3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is

4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The Just for the

5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri-

6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead-eth for

7. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a-gain; He com-eth in

Story, Of Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es tell with glad-
prais-es tell with glad-ness, He liv-eth a-gain.
No. 20.  
Revive us Again. 

(Tune on Page 18.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

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

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah: amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay.

No. 21.  
Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. (TOPLADY 7s. 6 lines.) Dr. Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee;
2. Not the labor of my hands Can ful fill Thy law's demands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, While mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy river side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re spite know, Could my tears forever flow,
Naked, come to Thee for dress, Help less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee.

19
"More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 Kings 4: 6. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to follow;
2. Have you felt the Saviour near? Still there's more to follow;
3. Have you felt the Spirit's pow'r? Still there's more to follow;

Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer? Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower? Still there's more to follow;

Oh, the grace the Father shows! Still there's more to follow,
Oh, the love that Jesus shows! Still there's more to follow,
Oh, the pow'r the Spirit shows! Still there's more to follow,

Freely He His grace bestows, Still there's more to follow.
Freely He His love bestows, Still there's more to follow.
Freely He His pow'r bestows, Still there's more to follow.

More and more, more and more, Always more to follow,
No. 23.  Bless Me Now.

1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;

Take my guilt and grief away; Hear and heal me now, I pray.

Refrain.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
    Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
    While I rest upon Thy word,
    Come and bless me now, O Lord! Ref.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
    Lift the clouds, the fetters break;

While I look, and as I cry,
    Touch and cleanse me ere I die. Ref.

4 Never did I so adore
    Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
    Now the time! and this the place!
    Gracious Father, show Thy grace. Ref.
No. 24. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

"The field is the world... and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. Wea-ry gleaner, whence comest thou, With empty hands and clouded brow?
2. Care-less gleaner, what hast thou here, These faded flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see; Indeed thou must a-wea-ry be!

Plodding a-long thy lone-ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Hungry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Singing a-long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?

Late I found a bar-ren field, The har-vest past my search re-vealed,
All day long in sha-dy bow'rs, I've gai-ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-er'd hand-fuls one by one;

Oth-ers gold-en sheaves had gained, On-ly stub-ble for me re-mained.
Now, a-las! too late I see All I've gath-er'd is van-i-ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reap'rs I've found them all.

CHORUS.

Forth to the har-vest field a-way! Gather your hand-fuls while you may;

22
Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.

All day long in the field a-bide, Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

No. 25.  

Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

Tr. John M. Neale.

1st Solo.

P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. Ah, my heart is heavy laden, Weary and oppressed!

2d Solo.

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"

Chorus. Repeat last two lines of each verse.

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wounded— 
And His side."—Cho.

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yes, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!"—Cho.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What's my portion here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear."—Cho.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What have I at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past!"—Cho.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!"—Cho.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—John 9:4.


1. One more day's work for Je-sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and
2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere sto-ry, To show the glo-ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the clear-er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in
4. One more day's work for Je-sus—Oh, yes, a weary day; But heav'n shines light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je-sus, One tho't How Christ my life has bought. shine In this poor heart of mine! all—Be-fore His face I fall.

CHORUS.

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus! One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.

Oh, rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure. My wants are treasure. And pain for Him is sweet, Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.—Cho.
No. 27.

**Oh, how He Loves.**

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. One there is above all others, Oh, how He loves! His is love bo-
2. 'Tis eternal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how
   yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earthly friends, say
   much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His precious

fail or leave us, One day sooth, the next day grieve us;
   blood He bought us, In the wilderness He sought us,

But this Friend will never deceive us, Oh, how He loves!
   To His fold He safely brought us, Oh, how He loves!

3

Blessed Jesus! would you know him,
   Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
   Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
   From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
   Oh, how He loves!

4

All your sins shall he forgiven,
   Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
   Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
   Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
   Oh, how He loves!
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5: 19.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. H. Doane, by per.

No. 28.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love. Tell me the Story simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story.

2. Tell me the Story slowly, That I may take it in. That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin. Tell me the Story often, For I forget so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morning has passed away at noon.

Chorus.

Help less and defiled. Tell me the Old, Old Story. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story. Tell me the Old, Old Story.
Tell Me the Old Story.—Concluded.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 29.  
The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss.

1. The Spirit, oh, sinner, In mercy doth move, Thy heart, so long
2. Oh, child of the kingdom. From sin service cease: Be filled with the
3. Defiled is the temple, Its beauty laid low, On God's holy

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1. The Spirit, oh, sinner, In mercy doth move, Thy heart, so long
2. Oh, child of the kingdom. From sin service cease: Be filled with the
3. Defiled is the temple, Its beauty laid low, On God's holy

The Lord is at hand.
No. 30.  
I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PsAl. 145: 5.

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.
W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the Story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His
   I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His Love! I love to tell the Story! Be-
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Story! It
   -cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story! 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,

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

28
I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORy
That I have loved so long.


"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psalm 32: 8.

M. M. Wells, 1858.

1. Holy Spirit, faithful guide, Ever near the Christian's side;

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,
   Whispering 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 were there;
   Wading deep the dismal flood,
   Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
   Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
   Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. Wells, by per.
No. 32.

The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. Clephane.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Beneath the Cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand—The shadow of a mighty Rock, Within a weary land.

2. O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3. There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4. Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5. I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

30.
No. 33.  

The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Allegretto.

1. With harps and with viols, there stands a great throng

In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:

CHORUS.

Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from

sin, Unto Him be the glory forever. Amen.

2. All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—Cho.

3. He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—Cho.

4. How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—Cho.

5. Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—Cho.
No. 34. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—Isaiah 63:1.


1. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine, No longer in dread-condemned
   o-pen'd for me; O'er sin and uncleanliness exulting I stand, And
   nation I pine; In conscious salvation I sing of His grace, Who

   point to the print of the nails in His hand. Oh, sing of His mighty love,
   lift-eth upon me the light of His face.

   Sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
   No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
   No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
   No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—Cho.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
   My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
   My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
   And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."—Cho.
No. 35.

The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."— Eph. 2:8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

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

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

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

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

Je - sus died for all mankind, And Jo - sus died for me.

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No. 36.  

Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1:4.

NATHANIEL NILES.

P. P. BLISS, by perm.

1. Precious promise God hath given To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

2. When temptations almost win thee, And thy trusted watch-ers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3. When thy secret hopes have perished, 
   In the grave of years gone by, 
   Let this promise still be cherished, 
   "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling, 
   And the hour has come to die, 
   Hear thy trusty Pilot calling, 
   "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

34
No. 37.

When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9:28.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder, When Jesus comes.

2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.

3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.—Cho.

4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; 'Till gloom His face will banish, When Jesus comes.—Cho.

5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary, When Jesus comes.—Cho.

6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.—Cho.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

Chorus.

Till Jesus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes:

When Jesus comes.

When Jesus comes; All glory, grand, eternal, When Jesus comes.
No. 38.

White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

H. Bonar, arr. by L. N. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. What! "lay my sins on Jesus?" God's well-beloved Son!

No! 'tis a truth most precious, That God e'en that has done.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, Jesus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

Hallelujah, Jesus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

2. Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,

To all who do believe,

God laid our sins on Jesus,

Who did the load receive.—Cho.

3. What? "bring our guilt to Jesus?"

To wash away our stains;

The act is passed that freed us,

And nought to do remains.—Cho.
No. 39. 

Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isaiah 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ, 'twas full for Thee; But

stoodest in the sinner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drained the last dark drop— 'Tis empty now for me. That

Victim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
bitter cup— love drank it up; Now blessings' draught for me.

3. Jehovah lifted up His rod—
   O Christ, it fell on Thee!
   Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
   There's not one stroke for me.
   Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
   Thy bruising healeth me.

4. The tempest's awful voice was heard—
   O Christ, it broke on Thee!
   Thy open bosom was my ward,
   It braved the storm for me.
   Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
   Now cloudless peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake—
   O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
   Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
   Thy heart its sheath must be—
   All for my sake, my peace to make;
   Now sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
   And I have died in Thee;
   Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
   And now Thou livest in me.
   When purified, made white, and tried,
   Thy GLORY then for me!
No. 40.  In the Presence of the King.

“In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”—Psalm 16: 11.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong, 1864. English.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to be over yon-der! In that land of won-der, Where the
tlc pttg.

Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of

an - gel voi - ces min-gle, And the an - gel harpers ring; To be

look-ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring Some

free from pain and sor-row, And the anxious, dread to-mor-row, To
tid - ings of the wak-ing; The cloud-less, pure day breaking; My

rest in light and sunshine In the pres-ence of the King.

heart is yearn-ing—yearn-ing for the com-ing of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder! Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there’s no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?
In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder? The longing grows stronger To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing Within those heavenly places, Where the angels veil their faces, In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder, And lonely as I wander, Yearning for the welcome summer— longing for the bird’s fleet wing, The midnight may be dreary, And the heart be worn and weary, But there’s no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 41. Missionary Hymn. 7s, & 6s.


R. HEWER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand, Where Afric’s sunny
2. What tho’ the spicy breezes Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle, Tho’ ev’ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foamonts Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From many a
plea- es And on- ly man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of
 glo- ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o’er our ransom’d nature, The Lamb, for

palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv- er Their land from error’s chain. God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone. sound pro-claim, Till earth’s remotest na-tion Has learned Messiah’s name. sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.
No. 42. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.
"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for every trial, Feeds me with the living bread;
Perfect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above;

Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my weary steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spirit, cloth'd immortal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what'er be-fall me, Jesus doeth all things
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song through endless ages—Jesus led me all the
No. 43.

Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isaiah 35:10.

MARY A. BACHELOR.

1. Go bury thy sorrow, The world hath its share;
   Go bury it deep-ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm-ly,
   Go bury thy sorrows,
   Go give them the sunshine

2. Go tell it to Jesus, He know-eth thy grief;
   Go tell it to J-esus, He'll send thee re-lief, Go gather the sunshine
   Go comfort them, go!
   Tell Jesus the rest.

3. Hearts growing a-weary
   With heavier woe
   Go bury thy sorrows,
   Go give them the sunshine;
   Go comfort them, go!
   Tell Jesus the rest.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

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1. To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair; She heard in the
city that Jesus was there; Unheeding the splendor that
hailed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be
blazed on the board, She silently knelt at the feet of the
objects more meet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower’d on His

Lord, She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord,
feet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower’d on His feet.

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush’d forth at each heave of her breast
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeams, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: “her sins were forgiven,”
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 44. I Sinner Forgiven.

“He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven.”—Luke 7: 48.

Jeremiah J. Callahan.
Arr. by I. B. Woodbury.

[Music notation]
No. 45. *Let the Lower Lights be Burning.*

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ever-more, But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.

**CHORUS.**

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman; You may rescue, you may save.

2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.—Cho.

3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest-tost, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost—Cho.
No. 46.  Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS.  P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. A long time I wandered in darkness and sin, And wondered if ever the light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rapture divine. And again and again; I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?" And

CHORUS.

wished, how I wished, that their Saviour were mine. I wished He were mine, yes, I then began hoping that Jesus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I

wished He were mine; I wished, how I wished, that their Saviour were mine. hoped he was mine; I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me! "Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be?"

On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—

I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

Chorus.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;

I'm "hopping," no longer—I know He is mine!

A-A
No. 47.

The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. L Y D I A B A X T E R.

W. H. D O A N E, by per.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
   2. Take the name of Je-sus ev- er, As a shield from every snare;

   It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
   If tem-p-tations 'round you gather, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of

Precious name, O how sweet!

heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
   Falling prostrate at His feet,
   King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
   When our journey is complete. Cho.
No. 48. **Oh, to be Nothing.**

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.


Very slow.

1. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Only to lie at His feet,

Cho. Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Only to lie at His feet,

A broken and emptied vessel, For the Master's use made meet.

Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His service I go;

D. C. Chorus.

Broken, that so un-hindered, His life through me might flow.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Painful the humbling may be,
Only as led by His hand; Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
A messenger at His gateway, That the world might my Saviour see
Only waiting for His command, Rather be nothing, nothing,
Only an instrument ready To Him let our voices be raised,
His praises to sound at His will, He is the Fountain of blessing,
Willing, should He not require me, He only is meet to be praised. Cho.
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.

1. Fully persuaded, Lord, I believe!
2. Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!

I will obey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall;
Just as I am I come, I will no longer roam,

Now I surrender all, Christ to receive.
O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!

3. Fully persuaded, no more oppressed,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4. Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!
Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that is on the other side; it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart; turn thee; behold, I am with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him; and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the Lord saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 Sam. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Only an armour-bearer, proudly I stand, Waiting to follow at the King's command; Marching if "onward" shall the shining helmet, sword, and shield, Waiting to hear the thrilling mortal, and a bright crown wear: If, in the battle, to my

2. Only an armour-bearer, now in the field, Guarding a order be, Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

3. Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share Glory im-battle-cry, Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

trust I'm true, Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.
Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the faint'ring ones!

Backward they fall. Surely the Captain may depend on me,

Though but an armour-bearer I may be. Surely the Captain may depend on me, Though but an armour-bearer I may be.
Now almost o’er, Safe with-in the life-boat, sail-or, pull for the shore.
2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, &c.

51
No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4:12.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. One offer of salvation, To all the world make known;

The only sure foundation is Christ the Corner-Stone.

CHORUS.

No other name is given, No other way is known, 'Tis

Jesus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven
   Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
   'Tis Christ, the living way.—Cho.

3 My only song and story
   Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
   The Cross of Calvary.—Cho.
I Left it All with Jesus.

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

Miss Ellen H. Willis.

Miss H. M. Warner.

1. I left it all with Jesus Long ago; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows how to steel the bitter

And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper, From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert garden

'Tis for thee, From my heart the burden Rolled away—Happy day! Bloom a-while; When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.

From my heart the burden Rolled away—Happy day! When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.

I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes thee room—Oh, come home!
No. 54. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—Psalm 55:6.

Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light.
Oh, think of the home over there, In the garden they tread, Where the saints, all immortal and fair.
Oh, think of the home over there, Of the songs that they breathe on air.

2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod.
Oh, think of the friends over there, In their robes of white, over there.
Oh, think of the friends over there, Over there, over there, over there; Over there, over there.

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

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

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No. 55. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

“He will abundantly pardon.”— Isa. 55: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Slowly.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by DSR.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, believe in His name, And ask Him your heart to renew; He waits to be gracious, O

2. The way of transgression that leads unto death, Oh, why will you longer pursue? How can you reject the sweet

3. Be warned of your danger; escape to the cross; Your only salvation is there; Believe, and that moment the

turn not away, For now there is pardon for you. message of love That offers full pardon for you?

Spir- it of grace Will answer your pen- i- tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is pardon for you,..... Yes, there is, pardon for you;.....

for you, for you,

For Jesus has died to redeem you, And offers full pardon to you.
"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the laborers are few; There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots, And ploughing, and sowing, and gathering the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are lost must be gathered, the weary ones led. [Go to Chorus.]

2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and warmest affections, thy sunniest hours. I willingly yielded My paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim. [Go to Chorus.]

wolves to destroy, All ages and ranks I can fully employ. Go kingdom for thee, The song of archangels—to hang on the tree;
Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

work, go work, work, work, work, work, work;

work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard, go work in My vineyard; there's plenty to do.

Go work, work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'rers are few.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 57. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740. C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can ther be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in - cline me to ro - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Now my soul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

57
No. 58.  When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14:16.

WILLIAM MOORE.  Rev. R. LOWRY, by perm.

1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,
2. To sin and to evil inclined, With darkness pervading my mind,
3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord, my Re-deemer, I praised;

And peace without measure I had, When the Com-fort-er came.
No rest I could any where find, Till the Com-fort-er came.
I was at His mer-cy a-maz’d, When the Com-fort-er came.

REFRAIN.

Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comfort-er came! My heart that was

heav-y and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,

And peace without measure I had, When the Com-fort-er came.

58
Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—Titus 2: 4.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Come, sing the gospel's joy-ful sound, Sal-va-tion full and free;

Proclaim to all the world a-round, The year of ju-bi-lee!

CHORUS.

Sal-va-tion, Sal-va-tion, The grace of God doth bring;

Sal-va-tion, Sal-va-tion, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.

2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!—Cho.

3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.—Cho.
No. 60. **Onward, Upward.**

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

**FANNY J. CROSBY.**

**IRA D. SANKEY, by per.**

1. **Onward! upward! Christian soldier,**
   Turn not back nor sheath thy sword,
   Face the foe and meet with boldness;
   Keep the faith throughout persecution,
   Never give the battle down; 
   He it is who now commands thee,
   Take the cross and win the crown.

2. **Onward! upward! doing, daring,**
   All for Him who died for thee;
   Danger whatsoe'er it fore;
   Keep the faith throughout persecution,
   Never give the battle down; 
   And thy loving Saviour bids thee
   At His hand receive thy crown.

3. **Onward! till thy course is finished,**
   Like the ransomed ones before;
   From the battlements of glory, 
   Holy ones are looking o'er. 
   Onward! upward! till victorious,
   Thou shalt lay thy armor down.

From the great white throne eternal, God Himself is looking be. 
From the battlements of glory, Holy ones are looking o'er. 
Onward! upward! till victorious, Thou shalt lay thy armor down; 
He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.
crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown, crown. "Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy crown," crown. And thy loving Saviour bids thee At His hand receive thy crown.

—

No. 61. More Love to Thee, O Christ.


Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make. On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be, mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,— part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make. On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be, mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,— part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—THES 5: 23.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. 
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Thine, most gracious Lord, O make me wholly Thine—
2. Wholly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;
3. Wholly Thine, O Lord, In every passing hour;

Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For thou, O Christ, art mine.
Thine to yield my very self In all things, great and small.
Thine in silence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.

Wholly Thine, wholly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;

Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine; Make me wholly Thine.

4.
Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—Ref.

5.
Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding, sure, and free.—Ref.
No. 63.  

**Fully Trusting.**

"Fully I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN.  

GEO. O. STEBBINS, by per.

_Slowly._

1. All my doubts I give to Jesus! I've His gracious promise heard—  
2. All my sin I lay on Jesus! He doth wash me in His blood;  
3. All my fears I give to Jesus! Rests my weary soul on Him;  
4. All my joys I give to Jesus! He is all I want of bliss;  
5. All I am I give to Jesus! All my body, all my soul,

"I shall never be confounded"—I am trusting in that word.  
He will keep me pure and holy, He will bring me home to God.  
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Never can His light grow dim.  
He of all the worlds is Master—He has all I need in this.  
All I have, and all I hope for, While eternal ages roll.

**CHORUS.**

I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word;  

I am trusting, Fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word.
No. 64. **Jesus Shall Reign.**

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. KARL WILHELM. Arr.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive
   journeys run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
   moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,
   To pay their homage at His feet; While western empires

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made And endless praises
   crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise
   every morning sacrifice. Peoples and realms of every tongue
   Dwell on His love with sweetest song; And infant voices

own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name.
No. 65. **My Song shall be of Jesus.**

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. Van Alstyne. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. My song shall be of Jesus, His mercy crowns my days,

He fills my cup with blessings, And tunes my heart to praise;
My song shall be of Jesus, The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave Himself my ransom, And bought me with His blood.

2. My song shall be of Jesus, When, sitting at His feet,

I call to mind His goodness, In meditation sweet;
My song shall be of Jesus, What-er ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.

3. My song shall be of Jesus, While pressing on my way

To reach the blissful region Of pure and perfect day.
And when my soul shall enter The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus I'll sing forever there.

[Musical notation and lyrics continued.]

65
"Then come thou, for there is peace."—I SAM. 20: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by perm.

1. Only a step to Jesus! Then why not take it now?
2. Only a step to Jesus! Believe, and thou shalt live;
3. Only a step to Jesus! A step from sin to grace;
4. Only a step to Jesus! O why not come, and say,

Come, and, thy sin confessing, To Him thy Saviour bow.
Lovingly now He's waiting, And ready to forgive.
What hast thy heart decided? The moments fly apace.
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour, I give myself away.

REFRAIN.

Only a step, Only a step; Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and, thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing;

Do not reject the mercy He freely offers thee.
No. 67.  
Immanuel's Land.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857.  C. M. WYMAN, by per.

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks,
   The summer morn I've sighed for—the fair, sweet morn awakes.

2. I've wrestled on 'ward heaven, 'gainst storm and wind and tide,
   Now, like a weary traveler That leaneth on his guide,
   Now these lie all behind me—O! for a well tuned harp!

3. Deep waters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;
   Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
   Amid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
   O, to join the hal-lo-lu-jah With your triumph-ant band!

   And glory—glory dwelleth In Im-manuel's land.
   I hail the glory dawning, From Im-manuel's land.
   Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Im-manuel's land.
No. 68. **Dark is the Night.**

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

_Song by Fanny J. Crosby._

_T. E. Perkins, by per._

1. Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing, 
   nearer comes the breakers' roar; 
   Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge? 
   Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er; 
   I can brave the wildest storm, with His loving hand to guide, 
   let the clouds above me roll, 
   And the billows in their fury dash around me, 
   sing amidst the tempest—Praise the Lord!

2. Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise; 
   He will go with me o'er the troubled wave; 
   Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters, 
   soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

3. Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking, 
   Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail; 
   Now at the helm I see my Father standing, 
   Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.
Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S.

March movement.

Wm. F. Sherwin, 1876, by per.

1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from afar!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in terror quail;
3. Onward marching, firm and steady, Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
4. Conqu'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth from slumber waking, Hail the Bright and Morning star.
Jesus leads the gath'ring legions, In His name we shall prevail.
For the Lord is with you always, Till you wear the victor's crown.
N'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your armour on, Grasp the Spirit's mighty Sword:

Take the helmet of salvation, Pressing on to battle for the Lord!

69
Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John 16:20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by par.

1. I've found a joy in sorrow, A secret balm for pain, A
2. I've found a glad hosanna For every woe and wait; A

beautiful tomorrow Of sunshine after rain; I've
handful of sweet manna When grapes of Eshcol fail; I've

found a branch of healing Near every bitter spring, A
found a Rock of Ages When desert wells are dry; And

whispered promise stealing O'er every broken string, A
after weary stages, I've found an Elim night. And

whispered promise stealing O'er every broken string,
after weary stages, I've found an Elim night.
Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

No. 71.  The Heavenly Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough, 1853.  Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

1 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are;
There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—Ref.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all our joys are one.—Ref.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—Ref.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—Ref.
No. 72.  Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14: 23.

Miss Anna Shipton.  

Ira. D. Sankey, by per.

1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand’rers from the fold; Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of least; Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows

2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile; Bid the stranger to the sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"Call them in." seen; Robe, and ring, and royal sandals, Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors, Slumbering, sleeping, on death’s brink; Nought of life are they possessors, Yet of safety vainly think; Bring them in—the careless scoffers, Pleasure seekers of the earth; Tell of God’s most gracious offers, And of Jesus’ priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted, Cowering ‘neath the brand of shame; Speak Love’s message low and tender, "Thee, for sinners Jesus came;" See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will begin; Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming—"Call them in."
No. 73. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30: 15.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I cannot count,
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I cannot tell;
That all may cleansed be
No words shall need be,
I bring them Saviour, all to Thee; The burden is too
I bring the sorrow laid on me, O suffering Saviour,
great for me, The burden is too great for me,
all to Thee, O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

4 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

2 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.
No. 74. Song of Salvation.

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

Anon.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a wonder-ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Je-sus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?

But did He come down from a- bove, Out of love and com- pas-sion for
But then is it an- y-where said, That He lan-guish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read-y and furnished for
And say by Thy Spir- it di - vine, There's a Sav-iour and heav-en for

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? Response.
me, for me, That He languish'd and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read-y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His

in-f in-ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.
No. 75.  

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—Luke 10:39.

P. P. B.  

Moderato.  

P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. At the feet of Jesus, List'ning to His word:  
   Learning wisdom's lesson From her loving Lord:
   Mary, led by heav'n-ly grace, Chose the meek disci-ple's place.
   Haste with joy to preach the Word: "Christ is ris-en, Praise the Lord!"

2. At the feet of Jesus, Pour-ing per-fume rare,
   Mary did her Sav-iour, For the grave pre-pare:
   And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap-prov-al won.
   There a hum-ble learn-er would I choose to be.

3. At the feet of Jesus, In that morn-ing hour,
   Lov-ing hearts re-ceiv-ing Res-ur-recc-tion power:
   Haste with joy to preach the Word: "Christ is ris-en, Praise the Lord!"
   There in sweet-est ser-vice would I ev-er be.
No. 76.

'A Little While.'

"What is this that he saith a little while."—John 16: 17.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

IRA D. SANKEY, by par.

Slowly.

1. Oh, for the peace that flow-eth as a riv-er, Mak-ing life's
desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp ‘Heav'n's bright for-
ever,' Amid the shad-ows of earth's 'lit-tle while.'

2 “A little while” for patient vigil-keeping,
    To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
“A little while” to sow the seed with weeping,
    Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 “A little while” the earthen pitcher taking,
    To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
    Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 “A little while” to keep the oil from failing,
“A little while” faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
    We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.
No. 77.  Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Now just a word for Jesus; Your dear-est Friend so true,
   Now just a word for Jesus; You feel your sins for-given,
   Now just a word for Jesus; A cross it can-not be

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striv-ing To reach a home in heaven.
To say, "I love my Sav-iour Who gave His life for me."

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Jesus—'Twill help us on our way; One
lit-tle word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

4
Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—Ref.

5
Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—Ref.
No. 78.  **Who's on the Lord's Side?**

"Who is on the Lord's side,"—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold

P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. We're marching to Canaan with banner and song, We're soldiers en-

2. The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright, For Satan ap-

list-ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con-flict our

pears as an an-gel of light; Yet dark-ly the bo-som may

strength should divide, We ask, Who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
treach-e-ry hide, While lips are pro-fess-ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

CHORUS.

Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his

col-ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the
Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
   Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.—Cho.

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
   For soon shall our sighing he changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our convenant Guide,
   We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."—Cho.

No. 79.  
Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—Jer. 15: 15.

Isaac Watts.  
Asa Hull, by per.

1. A- las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
   Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, And ever faithful be;
   Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
   And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

2. Was it for crimes that I had done
   He groaned upon the tree?
   Amazing pity! grace unknown!
   And love beyond degree.—Cho.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
   And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Maker died
   For man, the creature's sin.—Cho.

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

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
   The debt of love I owe;
   Here, Lord, I give myself away;
   'Tis all that I can do.—Cho.
"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12: 2.


1. Look away to Jesus, Soul by woe oppress'd;
2. Look away to Jesus, Soldier in the fight;
3. Look away to Jesus, When the skies are fair;

'Twas for thee He suffered, Come to Him and rest,
When the battle thickens Keep thine armor bright;
Calm seas have their dangers; Mariner, beware!

All thy griefs He carried, All thy sins He bore;
Though thy foes be many, Tho' thy strength be small,
Earthly joys are fleeting, Going as they came,

Look away to Jesus; Trust Him evermore.
Look away to Jesus; He shall conquer all.
Look away to Jesus, Evermore the same.

Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are hidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.
No. 81. **Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.**

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—**Matt. 25:** 8.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root, by perf.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've tarried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing lighted with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the invitation Beyond deserving kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps, love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,  

CHORUS.

Are all from Him a-lone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him; The way is open now, All know that those who enter Are blest for-ev-er-more. We see He is more wor-thy That we can call our own—The light, tho' oil, the robes we wear,  

3. We see the marriage splendor Within the open door; We

And joy e-ter-nal find. Will nev-er ope a-gain.
No. 82. **Whiter than Snow.**

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

JAMES NICHOLSON.  
WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.

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

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

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed ever, to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  

4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and with Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  

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CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.


1. Fresh from the throne of glory Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain, Swells on the living stream;
Blessed River, Let me ever Feast my eyes on thee.

2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent, Nor happy voices cease;
Tranquil River, Let me ever Sit and sing by thee.

3. River of God, I greet thee, Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters Hastes in its thirstings here;
Holy River, Let me ever Drink of only thee.

No. 83.
No. 84.  

My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. F. B.  
Firmly.  

P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. In Zion's Rock abiding, My soul her triumph sings;
2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds above I see;
3. My Tower of strength can never In time of trouble fail;

In His pavilion hiding, I praise the King of kings.
Yet, in my Fortress dwelling, More safe I cannot be.
No power of hell, forever, Against it shall prevail.

CHORUS.

My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him confide, In Him abide; My High Tower is He!
No. 85. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—Matt. 7:13.

Miss Josephine Pollard. Hubert P. Main, by per.

1. I stood outside the gate, A poor, way-faring child; With-
2. Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mercy's guise I knew The Saviour long abused, Who

—in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied; And Mercy let me in; She bound my bleeding
often sought my heart, And wept when I refused; Oh! what a blest re-
soul, That I might be too late; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart oppressed; She washed away my guilt And
—turn For all my years of sin! I stood outside the gate, And

prayed outside the gate, And prayed outside.... the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace.... and rest.
Jesus let me in, And Jesus let..... me in.
No. 86. Scatter Seeds of Kindness

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams, Lying all around our path: Let us keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest comfort in the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand removing all the briers from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness.

2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snowy plinions shake the white down in the air.

Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

CHORUS.
If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

No. 87. Onward, Christian Soldiers.
"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6:13.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Going on before, Christ the Royal Master Leads against the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, All one body we;
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph song; Glory, laud, and honor, Unto Christ the King,

CHORUS.

Forward into battle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail
This thro' countless ages Men and angels singing.

Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before.
No. 88.  **Hold Fast till I Come.**

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

**Mrs. E. W. Griswold.**

—P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Oh, spirit, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and fears, Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the fast when the tempter assails from within; In sunshine or sadness, in make up His jewels and bear them above: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de-

2. Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin; Hold gain or in loss, To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross, -spairing or dumb, Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

3. Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love, To heav'n's only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

**CHORUS.**

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A bright crown awaits thee; Hold fast till I come.

88
No. 89.  Seeking to Save.

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

P. P. B., by per.

1. Tenderly the Shepherd, O’er the mountains cold, Goes to bring His
2. Patiently the owner Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lovingly the Father Sends the news a-round: “He once dead now

Lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,
darkness Her treasure rare.
liveth—Once lost is found.

Lost one, ’tis Jesus Seeking to save. Seeking to save,

Seeking to save, Lost one, ’tis Jesus Seeking to save.
No. 90. **Hallelujah, He is Risen!**

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—Matt. 28:6.

P. P. B.  

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, He is ris-en! Je-sus is gone up on high!  
2. Hal-le-lu-jah, He is ris-en! Our ex-alt-ed Head to be;

Burst the bars of death a-sun-der, An-gelshout and men re- ply:  
Sends the wit-ness of the Spir-it That our ad-vo-cate is He:

He is ris-en, He is ris-en, Liv-ing  
He is ris-en, He is ris-en, Justi-fi ed

now, no more to die. now, no more to die.  
-fied in Him are we. -fied in Him are we.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
Death for aye hath lost his sting,  
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,  
From the grave His own will bring:  
|| He is risen,  
Living Lord and coming King: ||
No. 91. **O Crown of Rejoicing.**

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

**Duet.**

1. O crown of rejoicing that's waiting for me, When finished my course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding word: "Receive, faithful servant, the joy of my Lord."
2. O wonderful song that in glory I'll sing, To Him who redeemed me to Jesus my King; All glory and honor to Him shall be given, And praises unceasing forever in heaven.
3. O joy everlasting when heaven is won, For ever in heaven. Our welcome to heaven.
4. O wonderful name which the glorified bear, The new name which the glorified bear, as the sun; No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee away, Our welcome to heaven.

CHORUS.

Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song; Beautiful home, my home can it be? O glory reserved for me!
No. 92.  

His Word a Tower.  

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—Deut. 33: 25.

1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear:  
2. With such a promise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?  

My Saviour speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."  
No, I will never anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."  

Chorus.  

His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."  

3 And when at last I'm called to die, Still on Thy promise I'll rely;  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee, That "as my days my strength shall be."  

Cho.—His word a Tower, &c.  

92
No. 93.  In the Silent Midnight Watches.

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

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D.
Geo. F. Root, by per.
Piano e Marcato.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List-thy bo-som's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in;

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev-er-more!
Think you death will tar-ry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav-en beat-ing, Wail-ing for thy sin?

Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je-sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! alas, thou guilt-y crea-ture! Hast thou, then, for-got?

'Tis thy Sav-iour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, a-way thy Sav-iour go-eth. Death breaks in at last.
Je-sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

93
No. 94. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by per.

1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tended with such care,

We shall meet to part, no, nev-er, On the res-un-rection morn!
Rudely tak-en from our bosom, How our aching hearts de-spair!

From the deep-est caves of o-cean, From the des-ert and the plain,
Round its lit-tle grave we lin-ger, Till the set-ting sun is low,

From the val-ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a-gain.
Feel-ing all our hopes have perished With the flow’r we cherished so.

Chorus.

We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn;

 Cres. 94.
We shall Sleep.—Concluded.

We shall meet to part, no, never, On the resurrection morn!

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
   In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
   Blessed be the Lord that gave.
   Cho.

In the bright, eternal city
   Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
   From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.
   Cho.

No. 95.

Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21: 11.

Rev. Sidney S. Brewer.
Arr. by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn; 
   Have the signs that mark His coming, Yet up-on my pathway shone?
D. C. Spurn the unbelief that bound thee, Morning dawns, arise, arise!
2. See the glorious light ascending Of the grand Satahie year;
   Hark! the voices loud proclaiming The Messiah's kingdom near;
D. C. Satalem too, appears in grandeur, Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.

Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee, Light is breaking in the skies; 
   Watchman, yes; I see just on-der, Canaan's glorious heights arise;

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
   Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
   Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
   Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
   Sparkle in the eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
   Brighter still upon thy way;
   Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming
   Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding
   Shall awake from earth to sea,
   All the saints of God now sleeping;
   Clad in immortality.
No. 96. Give me the Wings of Faith.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.  
Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHO. — Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,

Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glorious band.

Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.

3.

I asked them whence their victory came; They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.

Cho.—Many are the friends, &c.
No. 97.  

The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62: 4.


Wm. B. Bralbury, by per.

1. My lastest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run;  
   My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.  

2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear,  
   For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.

Chorus.

O come, angel band, come and around me stand, O,  

bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home. O,

bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
   My spirit loudly sings;  
   Thy holy ones, behold, they come!  
   I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, hear my longing heart to Him  
   Who bled and died for me;  
   Whose blood now cleanses from all sin.  
   And gives me victory.
There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke 2:7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT.  

IRA D. SANKEY, by perm.

No. 98.  

Room for Thee.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou cam-est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty.

2. Heav'n's arch-es rang when the an-gels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy roy-al de-ree; But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu-mil-i-ty, tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des-erts of Gal-i-lee.

3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the ce-dar free; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-va-ry

4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with Thy liv-ing word, That should set Thy peo-ple

5. Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy coming to victory, Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room," There is room at My side for thee.—Ref.
"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2

“And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.”—Rev. 21:4.

Mrs. Maria P. A. Crozier.  Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. “Home at last” on heavenly mountains, Heard the “Come and enter in;”
2. Free at last from all temptation, No more need of watchful care;
3. Saved to greet on hills of glory Loved ones we have missed so long;
4. Welcomed at the pearly portal, Ever more a welcome guest;

Saved by life’s fair flowing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Joyful in complete salvation, Given the victor’s crown to wear.
Saved to tell the sinner’s story, Saved to sing redemption’s song.
Welcomed to the life immortal, In the mansions of the blest.

Refrain.

“Home, sweet home,” our home forever; All the pilgrim journey past;

Slow.

Welcomed home to wander, never, Saved thro’ Jesus—“Home at last.”
No. 100. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.


Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.

2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.

3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash away, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.

Chorus.

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll enter the open door.

100
No. 101. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.


1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!
2. Come where the fountain flows—River of life—
3. Come to the throne of grace, Boldly draw near;

Come to the Living Bread, Broken for all;
Healing for all thy woes, Doubting and strife;
He who would win the race Must tarry here;

Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast recline,
Millions have been supplied, No one was e'er denied;
Whatever thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee,

All that He hath is thine; Come, sinner, come.
Come to the crimson tide, Come, sinner, come.
Jesus thy only plea, Come, Christian, come.

4. Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

5. Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.
No. 102. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

Miss Phoebe Carey. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
   I'm nearer home to-day, to-day, Than I have been before.

2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be;
   Near-er the great white throne to-day, Nearer the crystal sea.

3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down;
   Near-er to leave the cross to-day, And nearer to the crown.

4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink;
   For I am nearer home to-day, Perhaps, than now I think.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been before.
"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

No. 103

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift
and shall His flock with strife be riven? Shall envious lines His
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations! One crown'd with crowns, a
4. He comes! let all the earth a-dore Him; The path His hu-man

up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
church divide, When He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands
mess - age brings, His word, a sword to smite the na-tions; His
na-ture trod Spreads to a roy-al realm be-fore Him, The

CHORUS.

treas - ures to thy gates—re-joice! A - rise and shine in
at the door to claim His bride?
name—the Christ, the King of kings.
Light of life, the word of God!

youth im-mor-tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap-pears! Be-

-yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years!

F. P. BLISS, BY PER.
No. 104. The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr. 20: 26.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me there; And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And His perfect love casteth out fear.

2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet, And plenty the land doth impart, And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet, And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet, And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet, That angels would fain join the strain, As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet, Cry-ing, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

And His love casting out fear. Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fullness bestow—And believe, and re-

blessing
The Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

No. 105. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. Shindler, 1842.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!

2 Of that city, to which I journey;
   My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
   There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
   Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—Cho.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
   Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
   Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
   I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—Cho.
No. 106. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 Kings 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. Oh, what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you
2. Oh, what are you going to do, brother? The morning of
3. Oh, what are you going to do, brother? Your sun at its
4. Oh, what are you going to do, brother? The twilight ap-

1. Oh, what are you going to do? You have thought of some useful labor, But
2. youth is past; The vigor and strength of manhood, My
3. noon is high; It shines in meidian splendor, And
4. -proaches now;— Already your locks are silvered, And

what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
brother, are yours at last: You are rising in worldly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are holding a high po-
winter is on your brow: Your talents, your time, your

boyhood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
prospects, And prospered in worldly things;— Are you
- sation, Of honor, and trust, and fame;— Are you
riches, To Jesus, your Master, give; Then

tasted the sparkling water That flows from the fount of truth?
duty to those less favored, The smile of your fortune brings.
will ing to give the glory And praise to your Saviour's Name?
ask if the world around you Is better because you live.

CHORUS.

1. Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping? Re-
2. Go prove that your heart is grateful— The
3. The regions that sit in darkness Are
4. You are nearing the brink of Jordan, But

106
Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.

No. 107.

Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.


1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?

"Come to Me," saith One, and coming, Be at rest." Amen.
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 If there diadem as monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow, What my future here? "Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay? "Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away."
No. 108.  Shall we Meet?

“The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.”—Isa. 30: 10.

Horace L. Hastings, 1858.  Elihu S. Rice, 1866, by per.

Moderato

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright forever, Sorrows never shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workman-ship divine?
Shall we know His blessed favor, And sit down upon His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?

108
No. 109. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

“Mighty to save.”—ISA. 63: 1.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by por.

Moderato.

1. All glory to Jesus be given, That life and salvation are free;
2. From darkness and sin and despair, Out to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven below,

And all may be wash’d and forgiven, And Jesus can save even me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His loving embrace.
And freely His blood is applied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save, And all His salvation may know,
On His bosom I lean, And His blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whiter than snow.
No. 110.  
Sweet By-and-By.

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

S. Fillmore Bennett.  Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
   far; For the Father waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
   bless, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
   praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous songs of the
   dwell-ing place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
   bless-ing of rest.
   bal-low our days.

3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of
   meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by-and-
   by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-
   by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
   by, by-and-by,
No. 111.

Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—EZE. 33: 11.

Rev. Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

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 better your chains melt away; Come guilty, come wretched, come not the glad message believe? If sin be your burden, why Spirit says, "Come," And angels are waiting to welcome you home, just as you are All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair, will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

No. 112.

Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.


1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
2. The confessed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free; With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name repeat.
3. Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierced feet, Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O resurrection day!
No. 113. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley • • • I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23: 4.

P. P. R.

With Expression.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Through the valley of the shadow I must go, Where the

cold waves of Jordan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd

will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. Even

now down the valley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour

say, "Follow me!" And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the

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112
2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bond shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me,
There's a light, &c.
No. 114. The Palace of the King.

"With gladness— they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48:15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1878.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleas-ant land that we pilgrims journey thro', And our
2. Our Redeem-er is the King; whata sac-ri-fice He made, When He

Fa- ther's constant bless-ings fall around us like the dew; But its purchased our re-dem-p-tion, and His blood the ran-som paid; In His

sun-shine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring, Like the cross shall be our glo-ry, to that bless-ed cross we'll cling, Till we

splen-dors that a-wait us in the pal-ace of the King reach the gates that o-pen to the pal-ace of the King.
The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

In this good-ly pleasant land on-ly strangers now are we, For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal-le-lu-jah to His name! Thro' the
D.C. O the pal-ace of the King, roy-al pal-ace of the King; Where our

seek a bet-ter country, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a-tonement, life e-ter-nal we may claim; We shall
Fa-ther in His mer-cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our

long to swell the an-them that for-ev-er-more shall ring, From the
cast our crowns be-fore Him and our songs of vic-t'ry sing, When we
sor-rows and our tri-als like a dream will pass a-way, And our

pure in heart made per-fect in the pal-ace of the King.
en-ter in tri-umphant to the pal-ace of the King.
souls shall dwell for-ev-er in the realms of end-less day.
No. 115.  

Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—Gen. 7: 1.

Kate Harrington.

P. P. Bliss, by par.

1. They dream'd not of danger, those sinners of old, Whom
2. He could not arouse them, unheeding they stood, Un-

Noah was chosen to warn; By frequent transgressions their
mov'd by his warning and prayer; Tho prophet passed in from the

hearts had grown cold, They laugh'd his entreaties to scorn:
on-coming flood, And left them to hopeless despair:

Yet daily he called them, "Oh, come, sinners, come, Be-
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on, Tho

-lieve and prepare to embark! Receive ye the message, and
heavens as midnight grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev'ry
Out of the Ark.—Concluded.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
    They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
    Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
    And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
    "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"—Cho.

know there is room For all who will come to the Ark.
foot- hold was gone, They per- ished in sight of the Ark.

Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref- uge a- lone in the
Ark,
Re- ceive ye the mes- sage, and know there is room
For all who will come to the Ark.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
    They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
    Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
    And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
    "They heard—they refused—and were lost!"—Cho.
No. 116. Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him...he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

MARIANNE HEARN, 1862.

Slowly.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. When my final farewell to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my rest; When soft-ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo-
2. There are little ones glanc-ing about in my path, In up into mine, Whose tears might be eas-ily dried. ri-fied vis-ion at last The But Jesus may beck-on the chil-
3. There are old and for-saken who linger a-while In ac-tion of love May cheer their sad spir-its be-rest. way In the But the Reap-er is near to the long stand-ing corn, The

walls of "That Cit-y" I see, Will any one then at the midst of their grief and their glee— Will any of them, at the wea-ry will soon be set free— Will any of them, at the
Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me! ||—Cho.

119
No. 117. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts. 16: 30.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are rest strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a peace to my soul: Unto whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I way, And eternity opens to view? What shall I Thee, Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole. That will I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to he saved? do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to he saved? do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to he saved? do! that will I do! To Jesus I'll go and be saved!

120
No. 118. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4:8.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.  Rev. JOHN B. DYKEL

1. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
3. Holy, Holy, Holy! tho'the darkness hide Thee,

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast-ing down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Cher-ubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,

God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Which wrought and art, and ever-more shall be.
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.
No. 119.  

**He will Hide Me.**

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49:2

Miss M. E. SERVOSS.  

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land.
2. Though He may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. Enemies may strive to injure, Satan all his arts employ;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and billows wild,

I will seek a place of refuge In the shadow of God's hand.  
For in love and not in anger, All His chastenings will come.  
He will turn what seems to harm me Into everlasting joy.  
Jesus, for my soul is caring, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.  
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;  
He will hide me, safely.

Where no harm can e'er betide me;  
He will hide me,
He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

hide me In the shadow of His hand.
safely hide me In the shadow of His hand.

No. 120. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119:94.

ENGLISH.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Thine, Jesus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall seek its joy apart from Thee; The world is crucified earthly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no love eternal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for from the glory Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall

2. Thine, Thine alone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now more, for I Am Thine alone, Am Thine alone.

3. Thine, ever Thine, For ever to recline On ever more, Lord, Jesus, Thine, Lord, Jesus, Thine.

4. Thine, Jesus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When take me home, Lord, Jesus, come, Lord, Jesus, come.
No. 121. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—John 8:12.

W. O. Lattimore.* (Temperance Hymn.) Ira D. Sankey, by perm.

1. Long in darkness we have wait-ed, For the shin-ing of the Light;
2. Now, at last, the Light ap-pear-eth, Je-sus stands up-on the shore;
3. Noth-ing have we, but our weak-ness, Naught but sorrow, sin and care;
4. All our tal-ents we have wast-ed, All Thy laws have dis-obey-ed;
5. Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di-vine;

Long have felt the things we ha-ted, Sink us still in deep-er night.
And, with ten-der voice, He calls, "Come to Me" and sin no more!
All with-in, is loath-some vile-ness, All with-out, is dark de-spair.
But Thy goodness now we've tast-ed, In Thy robes we stand ar-rayed.
Let the Ho-ly Spir-it teach us, That our light may ev-er shine,

Chorus.

Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing Savi-our! Ten-der, faith-ful, strong and true,

Break the fet-ters that have bound us, Make us in Thy-self a-new.

Final Chorus.—Blessèd Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

124.
No. 122.

Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Jesus, gracious One, call-eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patiently, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea-ry, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare re-fuse?

Calls so tender-ly, calls so loving-ly, "Now, O sinner, come."
"Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mercy of-fered thee, free-ly, tender-ly, Wilt thou still abuse?

Words of peace and bless-ing, Christ's own love con-fess-ing;
Words with love o'er-flow-ing, Life and bliss be-stow-ing;
Come, for time is fly-ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy-ing;

Refrain.

Hear the sweet voice of Je-sus, Full, full of love;

Call-ing ten-der-ly, call-ing lov-ing-ly, "Come, O sinner, come."

125
No. 123.  

**A Light upon the Shore.**

"No night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

**Rev. Henry Burton, M.A.**  
**James McGranahan, by par.**

1. We've journey'd many a day Up on an ocean wide, A-
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bitter tears, Our
3. O land of calmest rest, Wheresuns no more go down! O

mid the mist and spray Of many a surging tide; But,
fightings fierce without, With in our anxious fears; But,
haven of the blest, With bliss and glory crown'd! No

'lo! the land is near! For just beyond the foam
'lo! the storms are past, They cannot reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The breakers and the foam, No

see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight-ed land at last, The blessed storm-less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

REFRAIN.

There's a light upon the shore, brother, It flashes from the
No. 124.  
Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6:1

Miss Frances R. Havergal.  
P. P. Bliss, by par.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS, after each stanza.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

Also Tune, No. 32.

187

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.”—John 3:16.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin, by per.

1. The Gospel bells are ringing, O-ver land, from sea to sea: Blessed news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me.

2. The Gospel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.

3. The Gospel bells give warn-ing, As they sound from day to day, Of the fate which doth a-wait them Who for-ev-er will de-lay.

4. The Gospel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro’a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.

“For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-

“I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun-gry soul, Tho’ your Es-cape ye, for thy life; Tur-ry not in all the plain, Nor be-

“Good tid-ings of great joy To all peo-ple do I bring, Un-to

-e’er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have,” sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool.”

-hind thee look, oh, nev-er, Lest thou be con-sumed in pain.”

you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord” and King.
The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land from sea to sea;
Gospel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.


"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, A.M. Geo. F. Root, by per.

Joyfully. Reverently.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The mighty God, the Ever-lasting
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns, The mighty God, the Ever-lasting
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ever-lasting

Father, and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre pare Him room, Father, and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, Father, and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His right-eous-ness,

The mighty God, the Ever-lasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.
No. 127. He must be Born again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3: 3.


1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way to salvation and light; Tho Master made answer in solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life ever lasting if beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again." you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again." ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again." solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."

CHORUS. a-gain,...... a-gain,......

"Ye must be born a-gain, a-gain," Ye must be born a-gain, a-gain, I
Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.

No. 128. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the-ground?"—Lk. 13: 7.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit-less tree!
2. Mercy. One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit-less tree!
3. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. Mercy. One year more, one year more, For mer-cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down. Some fruit thereon may yet be seen, One year more, one year more. And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down. If not—then lay the emb-rer low, One year more, one year more. Now speaks to Justice—Mer-cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.
No. 129.

Come near Me.

'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.'—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. Lloyd.

J. W. Bischoff, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness reveal; O, let me know the sym-pa-thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I need Thee ev’ry mo-ment; Thine absence brings dis-may; But the tempt-er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a-way.

2. Come near me, my Redeem-er, And nev-er leave my side; My bark, when toss’d on trou-ble’s sea, The storm can-not out-ride, Unless Thy word of pow-er Ar-rest the surg-ing wave; No voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.

3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy, No less when the sun-shines o’er me And flow-ers strew my way, With Thy wise and guid-ing hand More eas-i-ly I stray. Thee, Di-vine, un-fail-ing Friend, I’ll raise e-ter-nal psalm.

4. Be near me, might- y Sav-iour, When comes the lat-est strife; For when a-mong the ran-som’d I stand with crown and palm, To out Thy wise and guid-ing hand More eas-i-ly I stray.
Why do You Wait?

"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark 10:49.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you
   tarry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a
   further delay? There's no one to save you but
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now
   striving within? Oh, why not accept His sal-
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is
   passing away, Your Saviour is longing to

   give you A place in His sanctified through.
   Jesus, There's no other way but His way.
   salvation, And throw off thy burden of sin.
   bless you, There's danger and death in delay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

133
No. 131. Is Jesus able to Redeem?  
"Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. 11:28.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin.  IRA D. SANKEY, by perm.

1. Is Jesus able to redeem A sinner lost, like me?  
2. Is Jesus willing to forgive A rebel child, like me?  
3. Is Jesus waiting to relieve A wanderer, like me,  
4. Is Jesus ready now to save A guilty one, like me,

My sins so great, so many seem! O sinner, "come and see."  
Who would not in His favor live? O rebel, "come and see."  
Who chose the Father's House to leave? O wanderer, "come and see."  
Who brought Him to the cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.

REFRAIN.

The blood that Jesus shed of old, Was shed for you and me:

And there is room within the fold—O "come to Him and see."
No. 132.  
Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6:47.

JAMES McGRAHANAH.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condemnation He hath made me free, "He that believeth on the Son" saith He, Him was paid; All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said, not cast out, "He that believeth," O the good news shout,  

CHORUS.

"Hath everlasting life," "Verily, verily,  
"Have everlasting life,"  
"Hath everlasting life,"  
"HATH everlasting life."

I say unto you, Verily, verily" message ever new;  

"He that believeth on the Son"'tis true, "Hath everlasting life."
No. 133. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 24.

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. If nev-er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless-ed home a-
2. And thus saith the page of Ho-ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol-low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ar-k-freed

bove, From whence, are its rays of won-drous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo-ry of God did light-en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a-way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

LAMB is the light there-of." They shall walk in white, there shall

be no night In the fade-less home a-bove; And the

shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light there-of."
No. 134.  How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—Prov. 29: 18.

P. P. E.  P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, how happy are we, Who in Jesus agree, And expect His return from above; We sit 'neath His vine, and delightfully join In the praise of His excellent love, spiritual receive, That proceeds from the Father and Son. take you away, And admit to a sight of my face.

2. When united to Him, We partake of the stream Ever flowing in peace from the throne, We in Jesus believe, and the went to prepare us a place, "I will come in that day and will mansions of glory above; With Thee to ascend and eternity spend, In a rapture of heaven-ly love.

3. We remember the word Of our crucified Lord, When He

4. Come, Lord, from the skies And command us to rise To the

CHORUS.

Oh, how happy are we Who in Jesus agree, How happy, how happy are we.

137
Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 Thess. 4: 13.

W. W. D.

1. Blessed hope that in Jesus is given, In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
   That soon in the mansions of Heaven, We shall meet with our loved ones again.

2. Blessed hope in the word God has spoken, All our peace by that word we obtain;
   And as sure as God's word was never broken, We shall meet with our loved ones again.

3. Blessed hope! how it shines in our sorrow, Like the star o'er Beth-lehem's plain,
   That it may be, with Him, ere the morrow, We shall meet with our loved ones again.

4. Blessed hope! the bright star of the morning, That shall herald His coming to reign;
   Oh, the glory that waits its fair dawning, When we meet with our loved ones again.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope,.... blessed hope,.... We shall meet with our loved ones again,
Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Blessed hope,.... blessed hope,.... We shall meet with our loved ones again.
Blessed hope, blessed hope,
No. 136.  

Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—Jas. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.  
JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the terrible tide May be raging and
deep, may be wrathful and wide! Yet its fury is vain, For the
vain shall His children confide! He shall save and defend, For He

Lord shall restrain, And forever and ever Je - ho - vah shall reign - 
loves to the end, A - dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
- ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.
-ceed-ing Re - ward, Then e - nough for the ser - vant to be as his Lord.

2. Tempted and tried! There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
vill - ion His children shall hide, Neath the shadow-ing wing, Of E-
deem - er, thy Keep - er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex-

3. Tempted and tried! What - e'er my be - tide, In His se - cret pa -
chil - dren con - fide! He shall save and defend, For He
- deem-er, thy Keep-er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex-

4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith - ful Re-
Lord shall restrain, And for - ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign - 
loves to the end, A - dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
- ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.
-ceed-ing Re - ward, Then e - nough for the ser - vant to be as his Lord.

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

Chorus.

Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and
keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

139
No. 137. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he ia precious."—1 Peter 2:7.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan, by perm.

1. I cannot tell how precious the Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-
cept-ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His goodness, E-
dev-or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Saviour For
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice; I know He has in glo-ry A

- nough to sat-is-fy; And if you'll on-ly take Him, You'll see the reason why.
sin-ners cru-ci-fied? For me, then, surely, Je-sus Hung on the cross and died.
home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev-er So hap-py, and so free.

Chorus.

I can-not tell how pre-cious the Sav-iour is to me;

I on-ly can entreat you To come, and taste and see.

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. 

Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O-ver the heart of the mourn-er Shineth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash’d throng,

O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an-gels Down from the far a-way.
O-ver the highlands of glo-ry Koll-eth the great new song.

Refrain.

Beautiful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How

the pure and blest,

Eilt.

oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lowas I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!
This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is raging Round a helpless bark,
2. Weary, helpless, hopeless sea-men Fainting on the deck,
3. On a wild and stormy ocean, Sink-ing neath the wave,
4. Daring death thy soul to rescue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swiftly driving, O'er the waters dark!
With what joy they hail their Saviour, As he hails the wreck!
Souls that perish heed the message, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trusting, Thou shalt reach thy home!

CHORUS.
Joy, beheld the Saviour, Joy, the message hear,

Joy, O joy, he held the Saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

"I'll stand by until the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear," Yes,
I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

No. 140. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

Lord, When He languished and died. Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re-
grave, And He liv - eth. a - gain.
soul, And its hope ev'ry hour.
souls Shall be whi - ter than snow.

demption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.
No. 141.

Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 8.

Hattie M. Conkey.  
Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

1. What tho' clouds are hovering o'er me, And I seem to walk alone—
2. What tho' all my earthly journey BRingeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the love of long ago—
4. When I soar to realms of glory, And an entrance I a-wait,

Longing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasping for life's roses, Thorns I find in stead of flowers—
BITTER LESSONS SADLY LEARNING From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Jesus only!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," I possess a cluster rare;
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly chorus, And the angel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Bethlehem.
He's the "Lily of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, unseen by mortal vision, Angel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Jesus, "Jesus only," Will my theme of rapture be.

144
No. 142.  

**Christ for Me.**

"The Lord is my helper."—HEB. 13: 6.

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R. G. H.  

Moderato—bold.  

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145
No. 143.  

To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—Phil. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.  
$Ira D. Sankey$, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far away, And its
2. There are foretastes of heaven below, There are
3. In that noon-tide of glory so fair, In the
4. There the ransomed with Jesus abide In the

glories no tongue can declare; But its beauty hangs
moments like joys of the blest; But the splendors no
gleam of the river of life, There are joys that the
shade of the sheltering fold; Evermore by Im-

over the way, And with Jesus I long to be there.
mortal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.
faithful shall share; O how sweetly they rest from the straits
man-u-el's side, They shall dwell in the glory untold.

Refrain.

To be there, to be there, And with Jesus I long to be
To be there, to be there,
there; To be there, to be there, And with Jesus I long to be there.
to be there; To be there, to be there.
No. 144.  **Blessed Home-Land.**

“There remaineth therefore a rest.”—Heb. 4: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Glid-ing o’er life’s fit-ful wa-ters, Heav-y surg-es sometimes
2. Oft we catch a faint re-flec-tion Of its bright and ver-nal
3. To our Fa-ther, and our Sav-iour, To the Spir-it, Three in
4. ’Tis the wea-ry pilgrim’s Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall

roll; And we sigh for yon-der ha-ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
hills; And, tho’ distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
One, We shall sing glad songs of triumph When our har-vest work is done.
cease, And our longings and our y-ar-nings, Like a wave, be hush’d to peace.

**REFRAIN.**

cres.  dim.

Bless-ed Home-land, ev-er fair! Sin can nev-er en-ter there:

cres.  dim.

But the soul, to life a-wak-ing, Ev-er-last-ing bloom shall wear.
No. 145. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
2. Would you calmly walk the wave? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
4. Grieving, would you comfort know? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know His pow'r to save? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Humble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
See a light beyond the grave? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

CHORUS.

Jesus who on the cross did die, Jesus who lives and reigns on high,

He alone can justify; Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
No. 146.  The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.  WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY, by per.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green;
3. O could we make our doubts remove,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—

Eter nal day excludes the night, And pleasures ban ish pain.
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un clouded eyes,—

There ever lasting spring abides, And never fading flow'rs;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

Death, like a narrow sea, divides That heavenly land from ours.
And lingering, trembling on the brink, And fear to launch a way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,Should fright us from the shore.

149
No. 147. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 Kings 10:8.

Arthur T. Pierson.

James McGranahan, by par.

1. Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, He taught me the secret of faith,
3. Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, If earth in His love is so blest,

I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling within.
To rest in believing His promise, And trust what-so-ever He saith.
The love He has kindled within me Makes service and suffering sweet.
What joy in His glorified presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

CHORUS.

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus, From sin and from sorrow so free;

So happy that He is my Saviour, So happy that Jesus loves me.
No. 148. The Gospel Trumpet’s Sounding.


ENGLISH.

1. The gospel trumpet’s sounding, The year of jubilee,
2. For-sake your wretched service, Your master’s claims are o’er;
3. A better Master’s calling, In accents true and kind;
4. He offers you salvation, And points to joys above;
5. In living faith accept Him, Give up all else beside;

And grace is all abound-ing, To set the bond-men free.
A-vail yourselves of freedom, Be Satan’s slaves no more.
He asks a loving service, And claims a willing mind.
And, longing, waits to make you The objects of His love.
While grace is loud-ly calling, Look to the Crucified.

CHORUS.

Return, return, ye captives, Return unto your home,

The gospel trumpet’s sounding, The jubilee is come!

The gospel trumpet’s sounding, The jubilee is come!

151
No. 149. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Oh, the bitter pain and sorrow That a time could ever be, 
2. Yet He found me; I beheld Him Bleeding on th'ac-curs-ed tree, 
3. Day by day His ten-der mer-cy Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free, 
4. High-er than the high-est heav-ens, Deep-er than the deep-est sea, 

Thee, And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and none of Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee, 
Thee, Bro't mo low-er while I whispered "Less of self, and more of Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee, 
Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "None of self, and all of Thee." None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee, 

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Can it be Right?


Rev. A. T. Pierson.

1. Can it be right for me to go on in this dark, uncertain way? Say, "I believe," and yet not know whether my sins are put away?

2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Ere I shall learn what is my state, Fearing the Judge should say depart?

3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says, "Come, I'll give you rest?" Bid-ding me cast on Him my care, Leaning in love, upon His breast.

4. Can it be right such doubts to bear, While He says, "Give and vanquish sin?" Even in trials of darkest hour, Can not His love give peace within?

Chorus.

I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will forever rest in Thy word.

5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
   Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
5 Can it be right with such a Lord,
   Even to dread the hour of death?

6 Can it be right my tongue to speak,
   Will He not ample strength provide?
6 Will He not ample strength provide?
   Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

153
No. 151.  The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ"—1 Cor. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.  IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. From the riv-en Rock there floweth, Liv-ing wa-ter ev-er clear;
3. Faint-ing in the des-ert, drear-y, Guilt-y sin-ner, hark! 'tis He!

Wea-ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirsty traveller, be en-cour-aged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav-iour still en-treat-ing, Know you not He call-eth thee?

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Rock of A-ges—Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;

From His side a liv-ing fountain, Know you not it sat-is- fies?
No. 152.  Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus 2: 13.

Arr. from Frances R. Havergal.  James McGranahan, by per.

1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Thou art coming! O my King,
   Every tongue Thy name confessing, Well may we rejoice and sing;
   Not a sin and not a sorrow, On that sunrise grand and clear;
   Asking not the day or hour, Anchored safe within the veil;

2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear,
   Thou art coming! Jesus Saviour, Nothing else seems worthy a thought,
   Thou art coming! at Thy table We are witness for this,
   D. S. Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Jesus our beloved Lord,

3. Thou art coming! rays of glory, Thro’ the veil Thy death has rent,
   Gladden now our pilgrim pathway, Glory from Thy presence sent.
   Oh, how marvelous the glory, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
   As we meet Thee in communion, Earnest of our coming bliss.

4. Thou art coming, We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
   Thou art coming, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

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No. 153. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. On - ly trust-ing in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave:

2. On - ly trust-ing, noth-ing doubting, This is all that I can do;

3. There are breakers in the dis-tance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;

4. On - ly trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing, This is joy and life to me;

He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be-lieve.
Ev'-ry tri - al that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
On the Rock my feet are rest-ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Now to Christ a - lone I'm clinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;

Heed-ing not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be - low.
No. 154.  
Forever with Jesus there.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

James McGranahan, by per.

1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to prepare a place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
2. In my Father's house there is endless day, With no cloud of sorrow or care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we share; No thought of sin can enter in, For we shall be with Him there.
5. In my Father's house there are blessed saints, Who His holy image bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there-

CHORUS.

For-ev-er with Je-sus there, For-ev-er with Je-sus there;

What grace di-vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.
No. 155.  
**Ten Thousand Times.**

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5: 11.

**HENRY ALFORD, D.D.**

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
   In sparkling raiment bright,
2. What rush of hallelujahs Fill all the earth and sky!  
3. O, then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore!

The armies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;  
What ringing of a thousand harps Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more!

'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin;  
O day, for which creation And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of late;

Fling openwide the golden gates, And let the victors in.  
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand-fold repaid!
Orphans no longer fatherless, Nor widows desolate.

**REFRAIN.**

Hallelujah! Hallelujah to the Lamb who once was
Ten Thousand Times.—Concluded.

slain! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to Him who lives again!

No. 156. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. Geo. C. STERRENS, by per.

1. I feel like singing all the time, My tears are wiped away;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nailed there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce temptations try my heart, I sing, Jesus is mine;
4. The wondrous story of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,

For Jesus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev'ry day.
Fast fell the burning tears; but now, I'm singing all the time.
And so, though tears at times may start, I'm singing all the time.
Till others, with the glad new song Go singing all the time.

CHORUS.

I'm singing, singing, Singing all the time; Singing, singing, Singing all the time.

I'll praise Him, &c. 159
"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine,"—John 17:10.

No. 157. MINE!

JAMES McGRAHANAHAN, by per.

E. L. B. Alt.

1. Mine! what rays of glory bright Now upon the promise shine!
2. Mine! the promise oft-ten read, Now in living truth impress'd,
3. Mine! the promise can-not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, He is strong and holds me fast;
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glories all divine.

I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine. 
Once acknowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with-in the breast. 
Naught can from His love estrange, Those who place their trust in Him. 
By His blood I shall prevail, He shall lead me home at last. 
"Satisfied" I shall awake, Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

CHORUS.

Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Jesus Christ, my Lord and
Saviour, I am His and He is mine!

160
Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. 
E-ter-ni-ty dawns on my vis-ion to-day, Gath-er-round me my loved ones to sing and to pray;
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn, Brightly now does the morn of e-ter-ni-ty dawn. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
soul in its bliss-ful surprise;}
man-sion are wait-ing for me.

2. 
E-ter-ni-ty dawns! Oh, the glo-ries that rise, How they burst on my With rap-ture the gleam of the cit-y I see, Where the crown and the

CHORUS.

- lu-jah, wo sing! Je-sus conquered the grave, robbing death of its sting; Ho-

-saan-na! a-gain let the glad anthem ring, "Sing and pray! Eter-ni-ty dawns!"

3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.
Let it be! Let it be! O grant me a pardon, a heart full of grace.

1. Nothing, either great or small—Nothing, sinner, no;
2. When He, from His lofty throne, Stood to do and die,
3. Weary, working, burdened one, Wherefore toll you so?
4. Till to Jesus' work you cling By a simple faith,
5. Cast your deadly 'doing' down—Down at Jesus' feet;

Jesus died and paid it all, Long, long ago.
Everything was fully done: Harken to His cry!
Cease your doing; all was done Long, long ago.
"Doing" is a deadly thing—"Doing" ends in death.
Stand in Him, in Him alone, Gloriously complete.

CHORUS.

"It is finished!" yes, indeed, Finished every jot;

Sinner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?
No. 160. What must it be to be There?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

Duet.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
country so bright and so fair, And oft are its
countless convenants, but what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its
walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Its wonders and
pleasures untold, but what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
robes which the glori-fied wear, The songs of the
blessed above, but what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its freedom from sin, From
sorrow, temp-tation and care, From trials with-
out and within, but what must it be to be there?

5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe, For
heaven our spirits prepare, Then shortly we
all so shall know, and feel what it is to be there!

Refrain.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?
No. 161. There's a Work for each of Us.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

A. A. A. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Our Master has taken His jour-ney To a country that's far a-way,
2. In this "little while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Master is coming most sure-ly, To reckon with ev'-ry one;

And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its ser-vise small or great.
And then, having found it, to do it With all our God-given pow'rs.
Shall we then, count our toil or our sorrow, If His sentence be, "Well done."

CHORUS.

There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,

Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.
No. 162. **Jesus, only Jesus.**

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17:8.

L. Pierce. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. Be our joyful song today, Jesus, only Jesus,
2. Once we wandered far from God, Knowing not of Jesus,
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Jesus, only Jesus,

He who took our sins away, Jesus, only Jesus,
Treading still the downward road, Leading far from Jesus,
Password to the heav'nly home, Jesus, only Jesus,

Name with ev'ry blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Till the spirit taught us how, Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
When from sin and sorrow free, On thro' all eternity,

Be our strength in ev'ry strife, Jesus, only Jesus.
And we fain would follow now, Jesus, only Jesus.
This our theme and song shall be, Jesus, only Jesus.
No. 163.

**Paradise.**

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUM 23: 43.

W. W. D.  

JAMES McGHANAHAN, 2y per.

1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies,
2. The dying thief, in full belief, On Jesus fixed his eyes;
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Jesus heed his cries?
4. Tho' vile as he, O sinner, flee While Jesus calls, be wise;

A word to all who on Him call For life in paradise.  
His only plea,"Remem-ber me, O Lord, in paradise."  
O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,"To-day in paradise."  
His word believe, and now receive A life in paradise.

**CHORUS.**

From the cross the Saviour cries, Come with Me to paradise;

Look to Me, believe and live, Accept the life I freely give.
No. 164.  
Rejoice with Me.
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.  
P. P. Bliss, by perm.

1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure;  
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all con-dem-na-tion;  
3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness;  
4. To all proclaim His wondrous name, Re-peat the old, old sto-ry;

From God a-bove, the gift of love Is mine in full-est measure.  
For I be-lieve and now re-cieve A full and free sal-va-tion.  
And in this way, from day to day, My life is filled with glad-ness.  
Till work is done and heav-en won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.

CHORUS.

Re-joice, re-joice, Christ is my choice, His cross a-lone my glo-ry;

While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joyful sto-ry.
No. 165. **Triumph By and By.**

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words implore us, The
eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His
yield to Him who plead-eth From on high, from on high; Then
Jesus dear to love us There on high, there on high; We'll
lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis
naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And
give Him best en-deav-or, And praise His name for-ev-er, His

2. We'll fol-low where He lead-eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth, We'll
Jesus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can nev-er, Never die, never die.

3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But
Jesus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can nev-er, Never die, never die.

**CHORUS.**

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

168
Triumph By and By.—Concluded.

No. 166.

I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing only
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I
3. I am trust-ing Thee for clean-sing In the crim-son
4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me, Thou a-lone shalt
5. I am trust-ing Thee for pow-er; Thine can nev-er
6. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Nev-er let me

Thee! Trust-ing Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free.
bow; For Thy grace and ten-der mer-cy Trust-ing now.
flood; Trust-ing Thee to make me ho-ly By Thy blood.
lead, Ev'-ry day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
fail; Words which Thou Thy-self shalt give me Must pre-vail.
fail! I am trust-ing Thee for-ev-er And for all!
Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle.

James McGranahan, by per.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me,
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has echoed from eternity;

To guilty sinners, thro' the blood Of the Incarnate Son of God; All ye who toil, with fears opprest; Come, weary one, oh, come and rest!
And loud shall our hosannas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.

He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffered death for thee below,
He loves thee with o'er-flowing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above,
"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God,

He bore the wrath divine for thee, He groaned and bled on Calvary.
He all thy past-ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains, And glory give to Him who reigns.

CHORUS.

Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,
Good News.—Concluded.

To guilty sinners thro' the blood Of the Incarnate Son of God.

"Bless me—O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON. Geo. C. STERRENS, by per.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-
2. Thou dost destruction walk around us, Thou the
3. Thou the night be dark and dreary, Darkness
4. Should swift death this night o'er take us, And our

- pose our spirits seal: Sin and want we
arrows past us fly; Angel guards from
cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He who,
conch become our tomb, May the morn in

come confessing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.
heaven awake us; Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

171
No. 169. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5:12.


1. Sound the high praises of Jesus our King; He came and He conquer'd, His victory sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the enemy quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un-

ty-rant is broken, The triumph's complete o-verdeath and the grave; folds the glad story, The hosts of the blessed exult in His name; In

Vain is their boast-ing, Jehovah hath spok-en, And love He looks down from the throne of His glory, And

CHORUS.

Jesus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high praises of rescue the ruin'd who trust in His name.
Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.

No. 170. Pressing On.

“There remaineth therefore a rest.”—Heb. 4: 9.


1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth’s sultry noon, This is the day of
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time’s brief day; No turn-ing back in
3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney smil; Ours is the path the
4. The way may rough-er grow, The wea-ri-ness increase, We gird our loins and

Chorus.

serv-ice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Therere-
cow-ard fear, No lingering by the way.
Mas-ter trod Thro’ good re-port and ill.
has-ten on,—The end, the end is peace.

—mains a rest for us. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There-remains a rest for us.

173
No. 171. There is Joy among the Angels.

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

Edward A. Barnes, C. C Case, by per.

1. There is joy among the angels, Singing round the throne above,
2. There is joy among the angels, When a sinner heeds the call;
3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speeding on;

When repentant tears are flowing, While the risen Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ believing, And from Him is love receiving,
When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gospel work is bringing,

All the riches of His love, All the riches of His love, All the
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that
Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious

Chorus.

riches of His love. There is joy, oh, there is joy,
saves us one and all.

sheaves for harvest morn.

glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

Joy that never can be told, When a soul... that long has

never can be told, When a soul that long has

17-4
There is Joy.—Concluded.

wander'd, Comes within the Saviour's fold.

No. 172. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2:8.

JULIA Sampson. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Over the ocean wave, far, far away, There the poor
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from
3. Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that

CHORUS.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the

Fine.

heathen live, waiting for day; Gropping in ignorance,
God's own word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them
heathen band joyfully sing, "Over the ocean wave,

bread of life, hasten and come.

D.C. Chorus.

dark as the night, No blessed Bible to give them the light.
Bibles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

175.
No. 173. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D.

James McGananahan, by per.

1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong eternal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'rand duty, And affliction all are trod,
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the griefings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swelling Who the vast creation fills,
And we wake and see the beauty Of our Saviour and our God,
All the patient love that taught us, We'll remember evermore,

Shall we then recall the sadness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then recall the story Of our mortal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dearer, As we think of wea'ry ways,

When our hearts were turn'd from hardiness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glory Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clearer As we muse on cloud'y days.

Chorus.

Yes, we surely shall remember, And His grace we'll freely
Memories of Earth.—Concluded.

No. 174. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: “No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, must I go and empty handed?”

C. C. Luther.

(DAN. 12: 3.)

Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. “Must I go and empty handed,” Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but recall them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet ‘tis day,

Not one day of service give Him, Lay no trophy at His feet.
But to meet Him empty handed, Tho’ of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Saviour, To His will I’d gladly bow.
Ere the night of death o’er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Chorus.

“Must I go and empty handed,” Must I meet my Saviour so?

Not one soul with which to great Him, Must I empty handed go?

177
No. 175.  
My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—Rom. 14:1.

Rev. H. F. Colby.  
W. H. Doane, by per.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path beset with snares;
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife;
3. Temptations lure and fears assail My frail, inconstant heart;
4. Unfold Thy precepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;

But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet relief; Thou art the light of life.
But precious are Thy promises, And they impart new strength.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

REFRAIN.

To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified, The sinner's only plea,

Relying on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.
No. 176. The Pearl of Greatest Price.


1. I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet full of light,
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;
4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;
5. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.
My great High Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heavenly might.
He is the Sun of Right-eous-ness, With heal-ing in His wings.
And as my wond'rous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered Him-self to God.
My life be-low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

CHORUS.

I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.
**No. 177.**

**Faint, yet Pursuing.**

*MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.*

*(JUDGES 6: 4).* **GEO. C. STERRINS, by per.**

1. "Faint, yet pursu-ing," we press our way Up to the glorious
   gates of day; Following Him who has gone before,
   died for all; So should they come, as a mighty throng
   Cru-cified; Knowing, when darkly are skies overcast,
   Morn-ing Star, Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,

2. "Faint, yet pursu-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us,
   sorrow and sigh-ing will end at last.
   Keep-ing the way, to the gold-en street.

**CHORUS.**

O-ver the path to the brighter shore, "Faint, yet pursu-ing," from
Bear-ing His ban-ner a-loft with song.
Sor-row and sigh-ing will end at last.
Keep-ing the way, to the gold-en street.

3. "Faint, yet pursu-ing," till eve-n-tide, Un-der the cross of the
   day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

4. "Faint, yet pursu-ing," the eye a-far Sees thro' the dark-ness the
   Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pursu-ing, un-to life's end.

180
No. 178. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.


ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by perm.

1. Beside the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say:
2. Beside the pool Bethesda, I hear a mournful cry:
3. While scattered on the hill-side, The hungry ones were fed

"I want that living water, Give me to drink, I pray;
"No help, no hope is offered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most truly: "I am the living bread;"

The well is deep, O pilgrim, But deeper is my need,
Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The gospel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly manna, Who doth our souls restore;

I thirst for life eternal, The 'Gift of God' indeed."
Come to the house of mercy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him partaking We live forever more.

CHORUS.

Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living water buy!
'Tis He, the great Physician, Can cure the sin-sick soul.
Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living water buy!

Ye blessed ones that hunger, Take, eat and never die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye blessed ones that hunger, Take, eat and never die.

181
No. 179. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.  T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains, Shines one e-ter-nal day;
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er bliss?
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?

4. Filled with de-light, my rapt-ured soul Would here no long-er stay;
Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the
ev-er-green shore...... Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.
No. 180. **We'll Work till Jesus comes.**

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—**Jer. 31: 16.**

**Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.**

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

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is, not my home.
And lean for succor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

**Chorus.**

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

We'll work till Jesus comes,
No. 181.  

He Knows.

words arranged by P. P. Bliss.

MARY G. BRAINAED.  P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be-fore me, Tis all I need to see,

And o'er each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise; The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illu-sions flee;

And ev'-ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise. And sweet-ly through the si-ence, came His lov-ing "Fol-low Me."

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol-low, My trust in Him re-pose;

184
He Knows.—Concluded.

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rathed walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.
No. 182. When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES McGRAHAHAN, by per.

1. When we get home from our sorrow and care, And we

stand with the angels of light, Oh, what a meeting in

heaven there'll be, In that land without shadow or

night; Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain We'll

more: Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile, And

joy that will be There, to live and rejoice ever-
down, shall call home All of those who belong to His

fold; Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet, Or

2. When we get home to the mansions above, With the

loved ones gone over before, Oh, who can tell what a

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When we get Home.—Concluded.

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de-spair, storms of loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be-will you for-ev-er be lost? What is thy choice fleet-ing

tri-al and care We shall leave for that beau-ti-ful home. -yond earth-ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau-ti-ful land. pleas-u res of earth, Or a home when death's riv-er is cross'd.

CHORUS.

When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get home to glo-ry land, Prais-es we'll sing to Je-sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo-ri-fied band.

187
No. 183. **Not Half has ever been Told.**

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey, by per.

1. I have read of a beautiful city, Far away in the kingdom of God; I have read how its walls are of jasper, How its streets are all golden and broad. In the faithful, Rest forever with Christ over there; There is no entrance, And my glory eternal share. How the progression, If when asking they only believe. I have

2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to prepare; And the saints who on earth have been crowned which the gloried wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, sinners may ask and receive Peace and pardon from ev'ry transgression."
Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

midst of the street is life’s riv-er; Clear as crys-tal and pure to be-
sin ev-er en- ters, nor sor-row, The in-hah-i-tants nev-er grow
righteous are ev - er-more blessed As they walk thro’ the streets of pure
read how He’ll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His

old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto-ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told; Not half has ev - er been told; Not
been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit-y’s bright glo-ry To mortals has ev - er been told.
No. 184. Are you coming Home to-night?

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

Arranged, JAMES McGRAHAM, by per.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand’rers, Whom Je-sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt-y, Who bear the load of sin;

All foot-sore, lame and wea-ry, Your garments stain’d with sin;
Come, then no long-er lin-ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out-side you’ve long been stand-ing, Come now and ven-ture in;

Will you seek the blood of Je-sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav’-our’s prom-ise, And dare to trust Him quite;

Will you trust His precious prom-ise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come while He is call-ing, Are you coming Home to-night?
"Come un-to me," saith Je-sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

190
Are you coming Home?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are you coming Home to-night, Are you com-ing Home to-night.

Are you com-ing Home to Je-sus, Out of dark-ness in-to light?

Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you coming Home to-night.

To your lov-ing, heav’nly Fath-er, Are you coming Home to-night?
No. 185. Where is Thy Refuge?

“What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.”—Matt. 16:26.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love.
3. As summer is waning, poor sinner, Repent, ere the season is past;

Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure above:
God’s goodness to thee is extended, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that forever Must live on eternity’s shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou, in the dust art forgotten, When pleasure can charm thee no more,
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is ended, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

’Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.
No. 186. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—ISA. 13: 2.


1. Brightly gleams our ban- ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on- ward,
2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas- ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic- ing,
3. All our days di-rec t us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
4. Then with Saints and An-gels May we join a-bove, Off-ring end-less praise-

To their home on high; Jour-neying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a-stray,
O-ver ev-ry foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver, Then comes rest and peace—

CHORUS.

And with hearts un nit-ed, Take our heav'n-ward way. Brightly gleams our
Keep us, might-y Sav iour, In the nar-row way.
Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je-ans, in His bea-ty; Songs that nev-er cease.

ban- ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their home on high.
No. 187.

He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6:47.

P. P. B.  P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav’n? Life to a death-doomed race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me by His blood: When we the glad Good News refuse? Why not believe, When God hath said, Chorus.

2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an atone-ment then the atone-ment we receive. All, all our guilt "on Him" was laid.

3. Why not believe the glad Good News? Why still the voice of the voice of Purchased a pardon full and free. He that believeth, He that believeth hath ev-e-v-shat-ing life; He that believeth hath ev-er-last-ing life.

194
No. 188. Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.
Rev. H. N. COBB. S. J. VAIL. Used by per

1. The way is dark, my Father!
   Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly
   'O'er my head, and loud the thunders roar above me!
   Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! Father,
   Take my hand, and thru' the gloom lead safely home, safely home.
   Safe—ly home, Lead safely home Thy child!

2. The day declines, my Father! and the night
   Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
   Sees ghostly visions. Fears like a spectral hand
   Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
   And from the night lead up to light,
   Up to light, up to light,
   Lead up to light Thy child!

3. The way is long, my Father! and my soul
   Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;]
   While yet I journey through this weary land,
   Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
   And in the way to endless day,
   Endless day, endless day,
   Lead safely on Thy child!

4. The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
   Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
   And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
   Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
   Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
   Lead to rest, lead to rest,
   O lead to rest Thy child!

5. The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
   And fear of danger compass me about;
   And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
   Or go, alone. O Father! take my hand;
   And through the throng, lead safe along,
   Safe along, safe along,
   Lead safe along Thy child.

6. The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
   It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
   And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
   Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
   And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
   To the crown, to the crown,
   Lead to the crown Thy child.
No. 189.  

Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov-ing Saviour, go Thou with us, Be our com-fort and our stay;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell with-in us, May our souls Thy tem-ple be;
4. Heavenly Fa-ther, Lov-ing Saviour, Ho-ly Spir-it, Three in One,

Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e-vil ev'-ry heart.
Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren-der, For the joy we feel to-day.
May we tread the path to glo-ry, Led and guided still by Thee.
As a-mong Thy saints and an-gels, So on earth, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered pray'r and cheerful strain;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a-gain.

196
No. 190. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—John 3: 16.


1. The gospel of Thy grace My stinhhorn heart has won, For "God so loved the
2. The ser-pent "lift-ed up" Could life and healing give, So Je - sus on the
3. "The soul that sinneth dies:" My aw-ful doom I heard; I was for ev - er
4. "Nottocondemn the world" The 'Man of sorrows' came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un-he-lie - f!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like

world
world He gave His on - ly Son, That
cross Bids me to look and live; For
lost, But for Thy gracious word That "Who-so-ev - er will believe, shall
have Sal - va - tion thro' His name; For
ever-last - ing life receive!" "Shall ev - er - last - ing life receive!"

No. 191. Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and . . . . . . . . ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.
Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns;
3. Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out!
heath-en, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase, That He shall increase.
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives, Tell it
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home, Let it
Tell it Out.—Concluded.

might-y King of glory is the King of Peace; Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives, Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean's foam, That the

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! among the sinners that He came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out! weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam; Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 193. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.  Ira D. Sankey.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain;
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;

Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wand'ring, Praise after tears.
Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
After long agony, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.
No. 194. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24:7.

ANON.

1. Glory, glory be to Jesus, Glory to His precious name;
2. In the place of His rejection, Where He suffered, where He died,
3. Here was marred His blessed visage, Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
4. Yes, triumph-ant hal-le-lu-jahs Still arise to greet His name;

Sweet it is to sound His praises, Blest it is to spread His fame.

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Chorus.

'Still arise to greet His name, Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory be to Jesus' name,

Sweet it is to sound His praises, Blest it is to spread His fame.
No. 195. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
3. Nothing can for sin a tone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
5. Now by this I'll overcome—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
6. Glory! glory! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my pardon this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
No. 196. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—Rom. 5: 118.

B. E. Arr. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O Christ, in Thee, my soul hath found, And found in Thee alone,
2. I sighed for rest and happiness, I yearned for them, not Thee;
3. I tried the broken cisterns, Lord, But ah! the waters failed!
4. The pleasures lost I sadly mourn'd, But never wept for Thee,

The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now unknown.
But while I passed my Saviour by, His love laid hold on me.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wailed.
Till grace my sightless eyes received, Thy love-li-ness to see.

CHORUS.

Now none but Christ can sat- is-fy, None oth-er name for me,

There's love, and life, and last-ing joy, Lord Jesus, found in Thee.
No. 197.  

**Come, Prodigal, Come.**

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

**Mabel C. F'Nost.**  
**Isa D. Sankey.**

1. O soul in the far away country, A-weary, and famished and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Father, yet on the way; Assured of His tender compassion, worthy may be; He offers thee full restoration,

2. A-rise! and come back to thy Father, He'll meet thee while His welcome will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prodigal, O why wilt thou longer delay. And pardon abundant and free.

3. Although thou hast sinned against heaven, And weak and un-

**Chorus.**

come, And wander no longer a far from home; Come, come, prodigal, come, A welcome awaits in thy Father's home.

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203
No. 198.

We shall Reign.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

1. When the Lord from heav'n appears, When are banished all our fears,
   When the sleep-ers from the tomb, With the watch-ers reach their home.

2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo-rious Ma-jes-ty,
   When to Him we're call'd a-bove, Partners of His joy and love.
   And as ages roll a-long, Still will sing the glad new song.

3. Debt-ors to His matchless grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
   Com-fort to our hearts a-ford, 'Till the com-ing of the Lord.

4. Let this hope now puri-fy Those who on Thy word re-ly;
   Let this hope now puri-fy Those who on Thy word re-ly;

Chorus.

Then en-throned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign

Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign

E-ter-nal-ly, Then enthroned...... our Lord with

E-ter-nal-ly, Then enthroned our

Thee, We shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

Lord with Thee, We shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.
Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious."—Ps. 49: 8.

EL. NATHAN.  

1. Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath redeem'd thee by His blood;

2. Once from my God I wandered far, And with His ho - ly will made war:

3. O joy-ous hour when God to me A vis - ion gave of Cal - va - ry:

4. No work of mer - it now I plead, But Je - sus take for all my need;

5. Come, wea - ry soul, and here find rest; Ac - cept re - demp - tion, and be blest:

Delivered thee from chains that bound, And bro't thee to re - demp - tion ground.
But now my songs to God a-bound; I'm standing on re - demp - tion ground.
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound; I sang up - on re - demp - tion ground.
No righteousness in me is found, Ex - cept up - on re - demp - tion ground.
The Christ who died, by God is crown'd To par - don on re - demp - tion ground.

Redemption ground, the ground of peace, Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;

Here let our praise to God a-bound, Who saves us on re-demp - tion ground.

205
No. 200.  
Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—SONG OF SOL. 2: 10.

J. DENHAM SMITH.  Arr.  
Arr. by JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Rise up, and hast-en! my soul, haste a-long! And speed on thy
   Home, home is near-ing, 'tis coming in-to view, A lit-tle more of
2. Why should we lin-ger when heaven lies be-fore! While earth's fast re-
   Pleas-ures and treas-ures which once here we knew, No more can they

CHORUS.

jour - ney with hope and with song;
  toil - ing and then to earth a - dien. 
  Come then, come, and
  charm us with such a goal in view.

raise the joy - ful song! Ya chil-dren of the wil - der-ness, our

time can-not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de-

-lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.
Rise Up and Hasten.—Concluded.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Tolls all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 201. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.


1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare, For all that are washed

among men, How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should
around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now earnestly seek Him below, I shall
and forgiven; And many dear children are gathering there, "For of

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then.
little ones come unto Me." "Let the little ones come unto Me." 
see Him and hear Him above, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
such is the kingdom of heaven." "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless,
2. Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word, Since Thy voice of mercy,
3. Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Who-so-ever cometh,

Thou canst make me whole. There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
I have oft-ten heard, When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—

D.S.—Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;

FINE. CHORUS.

Thou hast died for sinners—therefore Lord for me. In Thy love confiding
On-ly may I heark-en, sitting at Thy feet.
These my soul’s salvation, Thou my Saviour God!

Guilt-y, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

I will seek Thy face, Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

208
No. 203.  

**Not My Own.**

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

**EL. NATHAN.**

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Jesus, Who redeemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I believing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my talent, freely all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me, One among the ransomed throng,

Gladly I accept the message, I belong to Christ the Lord.
Ev'rything to Him committed, While eternal ages roll.
To be used in joyful service, For the glory of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glory, And to Jesus Christ belong.

**CHORUS.**

"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Jesus, I....... belong to

Oh, no! Oh, no! Jesus, I belong, belong to Thee!

Thee!.... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all eternity.

-long to Thee!
1. With His dear and loving care, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rocky wilderness, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Saviour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Saviour lead us on, Till fair

hills and valleys fair, O- ver Jor-dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea- ry feet
land we shall possess, O- ver Jor-dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
ood and pleasant land, O- ver Jor-dan? Yes, where vine and ol-ive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O- ver Jor-dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

By the crys- tal wa-ters, sweet, When the peace- ful shore we greet,
Cloud- y pil- lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hun- ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part- ed wave be passed,

CHORUS.

O- ver Jor-dan, O- ver Jor-dan! O- ver Jor-dan! Yes, we'll
rest our wea- ry feet, By the crys- tal wa- ters, sweet, O- ver Jor-dan,
Praise Ye the Lord.

It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart—He telleth the number of the stars.”—Ps. 147:1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version, 1619. C. E. Pollock, by per.

1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them every one:

For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a comely thing.
He healeth, and their painful wounds, He tenderly upbinds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wisdom search can none.

CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, Praise to sing,

For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a comely thing.
No. 206.  I Left it all with Jesus.

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

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS.  Arr.  

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago, All my sins I bro't Him and my woe; and my woe, When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whisper: "Tis for thee!" "Tis for thee!" From my weary heart the burden rolled away: Happy day! happy day! Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light! Love seems it joy of heaven to abide At His side! at His side! Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

2. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows, for He knows. How to steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile, with His smile, Make the desert garden bloom a while, bloom a while, rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure haven of His breast, of His breast, hand, on His hand, Life and death are waiting His command, His command, Chorus.

3. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day; day by day; Faith can half thy story, but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whisper: "Tis for thee!" "Tis for thee!" From my weary heart the burden rolled away: Happy day! happy day! Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light! Love seems it joy of heaven to abide At His side! at His side! Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul; drooping soul; Tell not
I Left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.

From my weary heart the burden roll'd a-way; Happy day! happy day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of heav'n to abide, At His side! at His side!
Yes, His tender loving mercy makes thee room, Oh, come home! Oh, come home!

No. 207. Depth of Mercy.

"God is Love."—1 John, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From STEVENSON.

1. Depth of mercy! can there be mercy still reserved for me?
   Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

   Chorus.

   God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus lives, and loves me still:

   Jesus lives, He lives, and loves me still.

2. I have long withstood His grace
   Long provoked Him to His face:
   Would not hearken to His calls;
   Grievied Him by a thousand falls.

3. Now incline me to repent;
   Let me now my sins lament;
   Now my soul revolt deplore,
   Weep, believe, and sin no more.
No. 208.  **Precious Blood.**

Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

**MacLeod Wylie.**

1. The blood has always precious been, 'Tis precious now to me;
2. I will remember now no more, God's faithful Word has said,
3. Not all my well-recalled sins Can startle or dismay;
4. Perhaps this feeble frame of mine Will soon in sickness lie

Through it alone my soul has rest, From fear and doubt set free.
The follies and the sins of him For whom my Son has bled.
The precious blood atones for all And bears my guilt away.
But resting on the precious blood How peacefully I'll die.

**Chorus.**

Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide Which from my Saviour flowed;

And still in heav'n my song shall be, The precious, precious blood.
No. 209. *Is my Name written There?*

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven,"—Luke 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER, 

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glori-fied

heaven, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Saviour! Is suf-ficient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow.
-spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

CHORUS for 2d & 3d

Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.
No. 210. **My Soul will Overcome.**

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

Rev. R. Lowry.

Moderato.

1. Helpless I come to Jesus' blood, and all myself resign;
2. 'Tis Jesus gives me life within, and nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view, and foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weakness in that flood, and gather strength divine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, and took their pow'r away.
In Jesus' name I'll struggle thro', and enter heav'n with song.

REFRAIN.

My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; O-ver-come,

Over-come, My
My Soul will Overcome.—Concluded.

- over-come by the blood of the Lamb.
soon will o- ver-come.

No. 211. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, Whom, yet un-seen, we love;
2. O Bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who wondrous-ly hast wrought
3. In Thee all ful-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow’r di-vine;
4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma-tion Of this our song, a-bove,

D. C.—We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King!
Last v. And ev-er-more con-fess Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King!

— 217 —
"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. 3:5.

No. 212. Trust On!

ANON.

1. Trust on! trust on believer! Tho' long the conflict be
2. Trust on! trust on; thy failings may bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the danger presses; Temptation strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faithful Friend,

Thou yet shalt prove victorious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deepest sorrow, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids, He shall thy passage steer.
Trust on! trust on! believer, O trust Him to the end.

CHORUS.

Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho' dark the night and drear;

Trust on! (trust on!) trust on! (trust on!) The morning dawn is near.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.
No. 213.  

Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

A. S. Kieffer.  
T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still
watch of to-night, Say, will your spirit pass into torment,
world of despair; Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
mansions of light; Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,

2. Many sad spirits now are departing into the
Or to the land of delight? Say, are you ready,
Sin-ner, O sin-ner, beware!
O let Him save you to-night.

3. Many redeemed ones now are ascending into the
O are you read-y? If the Death angel should call;
Say, are you ready? O are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

219
No. 214.

Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Phil. 3: 13. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Trust-ing in the Lord thy God, On-ward go! On-ward go! On-ward go!
2. Has He call'd thee to the plough? On-ward go! On-ward go! On-ward go!
3. Has He giv'n thee gold-en grain? On-ward go! On-ward go! On-ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On-ward go! On-ward go! On-ward go!
5. In this lit - tle mo-ment then, On-ward go! On-ward go! On-ward go!

Hold-ing fast His promised word, Onward! onward!
Night is com-ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain; On-ward go!
Serv-ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac - knowl-ledge Him; Onward! onward go!

On - ward! Onward! onward!

Ne'er de - ny His worth-y Name, Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Faith and love in ser-vice blend; On His might - y arm depend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and waiting there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heav'nly bread up - on the way;
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleasure be;

Spreading still His wondrous fame, On-ward go!
Stand-ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an-swer prayer; On - ward go!
Lead- ing on to glo- ri-ous day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty, Onward, onward! Onward go!

Onward, onward go!
No. 215. *More than Tongue can Tell.*

"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 John 15: 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr. J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Jesus had for me, To suffer on the cruel tree,
   That I a ransomed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.

2. The man-ny sorrows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
   That I might live for ev-ver-more, Is more than tongue can tell.

3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads before the throne of God
   The mer-it of His pre-cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.

4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,
   The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can
   tell; The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.

than tongue can tell;
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

Rev. Henry C. Graves.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. All see - ing, gra - cious Lord— My heart be - fore Thee lies;
2. Thou know-est all my need, My in - most thought dost see;
3. Thou ho - ly bless - ed One, To me I pray draw near;
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given;

All sin of thought and life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
Ah, Lord! from all allurements freed Like Thee transformed I'd be.
My spir-it fill, O heavenly Son, With lov-ing, God-ly fear.
While I my all to Thee re-sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

CHORUS.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U - nite my heart to Thee;

Be-neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.
Ho. 217. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16. C. C. Williams.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quick ly and see; For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me. There are many and many a-clouds and the pit - i - ful sky. There is many a lamp that is gir-dle of glo-ry would shine! How all the dark places would be - round you, Who fol - low wher-ev-er you go, If you light-ed— We be-hold them a - near and a - far; But not bright-en! How the mists would roll up and a - way! How the broth - er? I pray you look quick - ly and see; For thought that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know. ma-ny a - mong them, my brother, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star. earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the mil - len - ni - al day! if it were burning, then sure-ly, Some beam would fall brightly on me!
No. 218.  

We are Going Home.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 5: 17.

EL. NATHAN.  

1. Our way is oft- en rug-ged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Marah's bit-ter wa- ters We oft have murmuring come,
3. When of the des- ert wea- ry, Our God' His grace has shown,
4. With hunger often fainting,
   We've made complaining moan;
5. Some stand to-day on Nebo,
   The journey nearly done,
   But, fed by heavenly manna,
   We still are going home.
   And some are in the valley;
   But all are going home.

JAMES McGHANAHAH.

1. Our way is often rugged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Marah's bitter waters We oft have murmuring come,
3. When of the desert weary, Our God His grace has shown,
4. With hunger often fainting,
   We've made complaining moan;
5. Some stand to-day on Nebo,
   The journey nearly done,
   But, fed by heavenly manna,
   We still are going home.
   And some are in the valley;
   But all are going home.

Chorus.

We're going, going,

going, we are going, Yes, we are going home;

We soon shall cross the river, And be with Christ at home.
No. 219. Come unto Me, and Rest.

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

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRAHAMAN.

1. Brother, art thou worn and weary, Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd?
2. Oh, He knows the dark forebodings Of the conscience-troubled breast;
3. To the Lord bring all your burden, Put the promise to the test;

Listen to the word of Jesus, "Come unto Me, and rest!"
And to such His word is given, "Come unto Me, and rest!"
Hear Him say, your burden-Bearer, "Come unto Me, and rest!"

REFRAIN.

"Come unto Me, and rest!"
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, "Come unto Me, and rest!"

5 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"
No. 220.  

**Gathering Home.**

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE.  

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. Be-fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one!
3. We too must come to the riv-er-side, One by one! one by one!
4. Oh, Jesus, Redeem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

As their wea-ry feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one!  
Thro' the wa-ters of death they en-ter life, Yes, one by one!  
We are near-er its wa-ters each e-ven-tide, Yes, one by one!  
We lift up our voi-ces trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown, Their travel-stained  
To some are the floods of the riv-er still, As they ford on their  
We can hear the noise of the dash-ing stream, Oft now and a-  
The waves of the riv-er are dark and cold, But we know the

garments are all laid down; They wait the white raiment the way to the heaven-ly hill; The waves to oth-ers run gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Sometime's the dark floods all the place where our feet shall hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the
Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Lord shall prepare For all who the glory with Him shall share.
Fierce-ly and wild Yet they reach the home of the unde-filed.
Banks o-ver-flow, Some-times in ripples and small waves go.
Deep-est midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

Refrain.

Gath’ring home! gath’ring home! Forging the river one by one!

Gath’ring home! gath’ring home, yes, one by one!

No. 221. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. CROZIER. Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Only a little while Of walking with weary feet,
2. Suffer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. Only a little while, For toiling a few short days, And

Patient-ly o-ver the thorn-y way That leads to the gold-en street.
Cal-va-ry’s cross to Zi-on’s crown, Is only a little way.
then comes the rest, the qui- et rest, E-ter-ni-ty’s end-less praise.
No. 222. **I hear the Words of Jesus.**

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.  C. C. CASE.

1. I hear the words of Jesus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word divinely blessed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Jesus, The tidings are for thee;

I see His cross—
Oh! clasp the Lamb, Christ Jesus, Who bore my heavy load;
His cross it brings salvation, The victim was the Lamb;
Oh! clasp the cross of Jesus, And there for refuge flee;

I trust the blood of Jesus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood procureth pardon, And justifies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Jesus, Be saved this very hour;

I love the name of Jesus, Who gave Himself for me.
His name, how sweet and precious, It makes the sinner whole.
Oh! love the name of Jesus, Blest name of wondrous pow'r.
No. 223  *Jesus is My Saviour.*

"—went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. My soul is happy all day long—Jesus is my Saviour; And all my life is full of song—Jesus died for me.

2. My heavy load of sin is gone—Jesus is my Saviour; At His dear cross I laid it down—Jesus died for me.

3. I heard the voice of mercy call—Jesus is my Saviour; I simply trusted, that was all—Jesus died for me.

4. Now will I tell it all around—Jesus is my Saviour; How sweet a blessing I have found—Jesus died for me.

**Chorus.**

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! To the loving Lamb for sinners slain; Hallelujah! Hallelujah! To the Lamb who lives again.
No. 224.  

I am Coming.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. — Matt. 9: 28.

HELEN R. YOUNG.

I. Sad and wea-ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek and low-ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a-bid-ing, in Thee hiding, Seeks my wea-ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;

I. Thee be-lieving, Christ re - ceiving, I would come to Thee to - day.
Keep me ev-er, let me nev -er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.
Till the dawning of the morn-ing, When I wake a - mong the blest.
Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Com-ing, Sav - ion to be blessed;

I am coming, I am coming, Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

230
No. 225. Deliverance will Come.

“We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you.”—Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M.

Rev. Jno. B. Matthias, 1836.

1. I saw a way-worn traveler In tatter'd garments clad,
   His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone,

2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow,
   But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home;

3. The songsters in the arbor, That stood beside the way,
   His watchword being “Onward!” He stopped his ears and ran,

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come;
His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow;
Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come;
Attracting his attention, Inviting his delay;
Still shouting as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.

Chorus.

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

4. I saw him in the evening, The sun was bending low,
   He'd overtopped the mountain, And reached the vale below:
   He saw the golden city—
   His everlasting home,—
   And shouted loud, Hosanna, Deliverance will come!

5. While gazing on that city, Just o'er the narrow flood,
   A band of holy angels Came from the throne of God:
   They bore him on their pinions
   Safe o'er the dashing foam;
   And joined him in his triumph,—
   Deliverance had come!

6. I heard the song of triumph
   They sang upon that shore,
   Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
   To suffer nevermore:
   Then, casting his eyes backward
   On the race which he had run,
   He shouted loud, Hosanna,
   Deliverance has come!
Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102:1.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thon help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was split;
3. I bow before Thy mercy-seat, Behold me, Savior, at Thy feet;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won;

Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work begin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.

Lord, I give myself to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

If I had work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.

When at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone, Oh, take me as I am.
"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own
selves."—James 1: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Once more we come, God's word to hear, The word so pure and ho- ly;
2. The life of God is in the word; And who-so-e'er be-liev-eth,
3. The word of God, by faith received, Imparts re-gen-er-a-tion;
4. So when the word of God we hear, Let us be humbly plead-ing

Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear, A spir-it meek and low-ly;
The re-cord there of Christ the Lord E- ter-nal life re-ciev-eth;
And he who hath in Christ believed Lives out a new cre-a-tion;
The Ho-ly Ghost to give us light, As we the word are heed-ing;

For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for con-dem-na-tion;
But if we hear, be-liev-ing not, We hear for con-dem-na-tion;
But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for con-dem-na-tion;
But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for con-dem-na-tion;

For "do-ers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's salva-tion.
No. 228. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113: 1

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Father in heaven,

2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sinful and sad,

3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spirit hath come

For the joy of salvation Thy gospel hath given.
By the word thou hast given, To Christ we were led.
To dwell with, and teach us, And guide us safe home.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! we praise Thee Thro' Jesus our Lord;

Hallelujah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee;
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.
No. 229.  

Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—Matt. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends bo - loved, no
3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long-er nigh, Submis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a-way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

Refrain.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will-Thy will be done! Thy will-Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

235
No. 230.

Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide Thou me; Till in

fitful tempest rages, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's eternal treasure, Hide Thou me; When tho
glory dawns the morrow, Hide Thou me; In the

mortal arm can sever From my heart Thy love for-
world its power is wielding, And my heart is almost
sight of Jordan's billow, Let Thy bosom be my

ever, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
yielding, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
pillow; Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.

236
No. 231.  

"I never knew you: depart from Me."—Matt. 7: 23.

Mrs. G. C. Needham.  C. C. Case.

1. When the King in His beauty shall come to His throne, And a-
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
3. Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham there; But for
4. O sinner, give heed to this story of gloom, For tho

round Him are gathered His loved ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His presence He healed, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their these is appointed an endless despair; It is vain that they call: He once hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom: Will you still reject mercy? still

fair palace door, To be answered within "There is mercy no more," friendship professed; But they never believed, for of them He confess'd; knock'd at their gate, But they welcomed Him not; so now this is their fate: hard on your heart? Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

Chorus

"I have never known you," "I have never known you," "I have never, I have never, I have never known you."

237
"The Lord direct your hearts into... the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3:5.

W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE, by perm.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
   When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone.

2. I am waiting; worn and weary With the battle and the strife,
   Hoping when the warfare's over To receive a crown of life.

3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ever, For a home of boundless love;
   Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss above.

4. Hoping soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "many mansions" be;
   Listening for the happy welcome Of my Saviour calling me.

CHORUS. I am waiting, only waiting,

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, only waiting, only waiting,

Till this weary life is o'er;

Till this weary, weary, weary—Till this weary life is o'er;

On-ly waiting for my welcome,

On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,

238
Only Waiting.—Concluded.

No. 233. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN.

1. Heav'nly Father, we Thy children, Gather'd round our risen Lord,
2. Gracious gales of heav'nly blessing, In Thy love to ns afford;

Lift our hearts in earnest pleading: Oh, revive ns by Thy word!
Let ns feel Thy Spirit's presence, Oh, revive us by Thy word!

CHORUS.

Send refreshing, send refreshing From Thy presence, gracious Lord!
Send refreshing, send refreshing, And revive us by Thy word!

3 Weak and weary in the conflict, "Wrestling not with flesh and blood," Help us, Lord, as faint we falter; Oh, revive us by Thy word!
4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us: Be our Guide and be our Guard: Fill us with Thy holy Spirit, Oh, revive us by Thy word!

239
No. 234.   Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven." — 1 Thess 4:16.

EL. NATHAN.     JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. Je-sus is com-ing! sing the glad word! Coming for those He re-
   deem'd by His blood, Com-ing to reign as the glo-ri-fied Lord!
   joy-ful sur-pri-se, Caugh-tup to-geth-er to Him in the skies.
   war-ring earth peace: Sinning, and sigh-ing, and sor-row, shall cease.
   faith-ful, the few, Wait-ing and watching, pre-pared for re-view?

2. Je-sus is com-ing! the dead shall a-rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a
   war-ring earth peace: Sinning, and sigh-ing, and sor-row, shall cease.
   faith-ful, the few, Wait-ing and watching, pre-pared for re-view?

3. Je-sus is com-ing! His saints to re-lease; Coming to give to the
   war-ing earth peace: Sinning, and sigh-ing, and sor-row, shall cease.
   faith-ful, the few, Wait-ing and watching, pre-pared for re-view?

4. Je-sus is com-ing! the promise is true; Who are the cho-sen, the
   war-ing earth peace: Sinning, and sigh-ing, and sor-row, shall cease.
   faith-ful, the few, Wait-ing and watching, pre-pared for re-view?

CHORUS.

Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! Je-sus is com-ing, is
   war-ing earth peace: Sinning, and sigh-ing, and sor-row, shall cease.
   faith-ful, the few, Wait-ing and watching, pre-pared for re-view?

Com-ing a-gain! Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!

Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!

240
No. 235. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126:2

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are children of a King, Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
2. We are trav'ling to our home, Bless-ed home, Bless-ed home,
3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Hea'vnward go, Homeward go,

We are children of a King, Sing-ing as we jour-ney;
We are trav'ling to our home, Sing-ing as we jour-ney;
Full of joy we on-ward go Sing-ing as we jour-ney;

Je-sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth-ing ter ri-fied,
Tow'r'd a cit-y out of sight Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing-ing all the jour-ney thro'—Sing-ing hearts are brave and true—

Follow close-ly at His side, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
For our Sav-iour is its light, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
Sing-ing till our home we view, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
No. 236. Who is on the Lord's Side?

“Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.”—1 Chron. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Spirited.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Who is on the Lord’s side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King’s own

help-ers, Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world’s side?
ar-army, Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claim-eth
life-blood, For Thy diadem; With Thy blessing filling
army, None can overthrow; Round His standard rang-ing,

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord’s side? Who for Him will go?
Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nam-eth Must be on His side.
All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
Vic-t’ry is secure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.

CHORUS.

Who is on the Lord’s side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
No. 237.  

Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. Trav'ling to the better land, O'er the desert's scorching sand,
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Father! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!

2. When at Marah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
   And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
   Make the bitter waters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!

3. When the wilderness is drear, Show me El-lim's palm-groves near,
   Every step brings Canaan nigher: Lead me on!
   And her wells as crystal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
   Never let me fall or tire,
   Never let me fear or shrink;
   Hold me, Father, lest I sink; Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
   Gaze upon the land of light,
   Gaze upon the land of light,
   Then transported with the sight, Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
   Every step brings Canaan nigher:
   When the victory is won,
   Then transported with the sight, Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
   And eternal life begun,
   Up to glory lead me on!
   Lead me on, lead me on!
No. 238.  **I've Passed the Cross.**

"Passed from death unto life."—John 5: 24.

P. P. Bliss.  **James McGranahan.**

1. Look unto me and ye saved, I heard the Jnxt One say;
2. By His atone-ment re-con-ciled, My Fa-ther's face I see;
3. Oh, glo-rious height of vant-age ground! Oh, blest vic-to-rious hour!

And as by faith on Him I gazed, My bur-den rolled a-way.
The empty tomb now inter-venes Between the world and me.
In Him to trust and ful-ly know His res-ur-rec-tion power.

**CHORUS.**

I've passed the cross at Cal-va-ry, I'm on the Heav-en side;
The world is cru-ci-fied to me, Since Christ my ran-som died;

The world is cru-ci-fied to me, Since Christ my ran-som died.
No. 239. We Take the Guilty Sinner’s Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 John 5:13.

H. F. WILLIAMS.

1. No works of law have we to boast, By nature ruined, guilty, lost;
2. No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone, 'Tis what He is—what He has done,
3. We do not feel our sins are gone, We know it by Thy word alone;
4. Because we know our sins forgiven, We happy feel—our home is heav'n;

Condemned already, but Thy hand Provided what Thou didst demand.
He is for us as given by God, It was for us He shed His blood.
We know that there our sins didst lay On Him who has put sin away.
O help us now as sons of God, To tread the path that Jesus trod.

We take the guilty sinner’s name, The guilty sinner’s Saviour claim;

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No. 240.  
**He Came to Bethany.**

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—John 12:1.

**James McGGranahan.**

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes; And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

2. There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes; For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

3. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes; And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

4. There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes; And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

**Chorus.**

Twas a happy, happy day in the olden time, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny came; Ope'n wide the door, let Him en-ter now! For, His love is ever the same! His love is ever the same!
He Came to Bethany.—Concluded.

His love is ever the same! Open wide the door,
is ever the same!

let Him enter now! for His love is ever the same!


"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14:17.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dis-may,
   [come,
   Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; Heav'n bids thee
2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die?
   Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o - bey.
Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.
No. 242.

This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, my trust I re-pose in Thee; O how great is Thy love to me! Thou the strength of my life shall be; This I know, gentle hand; On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know, mansion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know, mansion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know,

2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com-mand, Thou dost lead with a

3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a

REFRAIN.

this I know. Thine, Thine, and only Thine, Now and e-ver Thine;
this I know.
this I know.

Thou dost love me, Sav-iour mine; This I know, this I know.
No. 243. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1: 20.


1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilty soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
4. No other work save Thine, No meaner blood, will do;
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;

Not what this toiling flesh has borne, Can make my spirit whole.
Not all my prayers, or sigh, or tears, Can ease my awful load.
Can rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spirit free.
No strength, save that which is divine, Can bear me safely through.
He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

REFRAIN.

Thy work alone, my Saviour, Can ease this weight of sin;

Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.

No. 249
No. 244. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

Anon.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation,

2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Saviour liveth

3. I lift my eyes; the clouds grow thin; I see the blue above it;

I hear the sweet tho' far-off hymn That hails a new creation;
What tho' the darkness gather round? Songs in the night He giveth;
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it;

Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge clinging;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ever springing;

It finds an echo in my soul—How can I keep from singing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from singing?

250
Come Believing!

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

EL. NATHAN.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Once a-gain the Gospel mes-sage From the Saviour you have heard;
   Will you heed the in-vi-tation? Will you turn and seek the Lord?

2. Ma-ny sum-mer you have wast-ed, Ripened harvests you have seen;
   Win-ter snows by Spring have melted, Yet you lin-ger in your sin.

3. Je-sus for your choice is wait-ing; Tar-ry not: at once de-cide!
   While the Spir-it now is striv-ing, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4. Cease of fit-ness to be thinking; Do not long-er try to feel;
   It is trust-ing, and not feel-ing, That will give the Spir-it's seal.

5. Let your will to God be giv-en, Trust in Christ's a-ton-ing blood;
   Look to Je-sus now in heav-en, Rest on His un-changing word.

CHORUS.

Come be-liev-ing! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je-sus! look and live!

come! come! come! come!

look! Oh, look and live!

look! Oh, look and live!
No. 246. **Sound the Alarm!**

"Sound an alarm!"—**Joel 2: 1.**

FANNY J. CROSBY. 

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a- larm! let the watchman cry!—“Up! for the day
2. Sound the a- larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind,
3. Sound the a- larm on the mountain’s brow! Plead with the lost
4. Sound the a- larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a- loud

of the Lord is nigh; Who will es-cape from the wrath to come?
o’er the realms of earth; “Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
by the way-side now; Warn them to come and the truth em-brace;
that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!

**REFRAIN.**

Who have a place in the soul’s bright home?”Sound the alarm, watchman,
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a - bide.”
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

Sound the a- larm! For the Lord will come with a conq’ring arm; And the
No. 247.

Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

Lucy J. Rider.

Chorus.

Now in thy peaceful hours we rest, Far from earth's noise and strife.
Since thy first dawning, calm and clear, Out of the darkest night.
Fly at thy dawning, Jesus rose, Jesus dispelled the gloom.

Morning of resurrection joy, Day when the Saviour rose,
Sing-ing shall greet thy opening hour, Sing-ing shall mark thy close.

1. Beautiful morning! Day of hope, Dawn of a better life;
2. Beautiful morning! All the week Waiteth thy welcome light,
3. Beautiful morning! Grief and pain, Weeping before the tomb,

hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall wither and fall at His glance.
No. 248.  'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our journey here, Each broken sigh and falling tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea. Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam; The Pilgrim is longing For home, sweet home.

2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its every hope depart, And grief be mingled with its song; We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. meet again, 'twill not be long. Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

3. Tho' sad we mark the closing eye, Of those we loved in days gone by, Yet sweet in death their latest song—We'll end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

4. These checkered wilds, with thorns overspread, Thro' which our way so refrain. Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We
No. 249. **Tell me more about Jesus.**

"That I may know Him."—**Phil. 3: 10.**

**P. P. Bliss.**

**JAMES McGRANAHAN.**

1. 'Tis known on earth, in heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true; The "old, old story" is ever new; Tell me more about Jesus.

2. Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread your azure sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by; Tell me more about Jesus.

3. When overwhelmed with unbelief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kindly then to my relief; Tell me more about Jesus.

4. And when the Glory-land I see, And take the "place prepared" for me, Thro' endless years my song shall be— "Tell me more about Jesus."  

**Chorus.**

"Tell me more about Jesus!" "Tell me more about Jesus!"

"Tell me more about Jesus!" "Tell me more about Jesus!"

Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more about Jesus!"
No. 250. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The word of God is given To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wandered Far, far away from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spirit's seal,

That when the Lord from heaven In glory shall appear,
And precious hours we squander'd Up on the downward road;
That all our sins were pardoned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

We then shall be delivered From sorrow, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And given us to share
As strangers and as pilgrims, No place on earth we own,

And if for Christ we suffer, With Him we then shall reign.
The purchase of our Saviour, A mansion bright and fair.
But work and watch as servants, Till our Lord shall come.

Chorus.

We are going home to Jesus! Going home to Jesus!
We'll gather there in Glory.—Concluded.

Go-ing to the man-sions He's pre-par-ing there on high!

We are go-ing home to Je-sus! Go-ing home to Je-sus!

And we'll gath-er there in glo-ry, By and by! By and by!

No. 251. To Him be Glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

1. To Him who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dying pain.
2. To Him, the Lamb, our sacri-fice, Who gave His life the ransomed price.
3. To Him who died that we might die, To sin and live with Him on high.
4. To Him who rose that we might rise, And reign with Him beyond the skies.
5. To Him who now for us doth plead, And helpeth us in all our need.
6. To Him who doth prepare on high, Our home in immor-tal-i-ty.
7. To Him be glo-ry ev-er-more! Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore.

Refrain.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah to His name.

257
No. 252. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 63: 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

Moderato.

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks,
2. I've wrestled on 'toward heaven,' Against storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The summer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Now, like a weary traveler That leaneth on his guide,
Now these lie all behind me—O! for a well turned harp!

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand,
Among the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal-lolujah With yon triumphant hand!

And glory, glory dwell eth In Immanuel's land.
I hail the glory dawning From Immanuel's land.
Who sing where glory dwell eth In Immanuel's land.
No. 253. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley.

JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove,
3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e-ten-nal-ly to save;
4. He lives, my mansion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe-ly there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;
My hun-gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup-ply;
And while He lives I'll sing; He lives, my ev-er faithful Friend;
My Je-sus still the same: What joy this blest as-surance gives!

He lives, ex-alt-ed there on high, My ev-er-last-ing Head.
Ho lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Pro-phet, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re-deem-er lives." All glo-ry to His name!

CHORUS.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deem-er lives!

He lives! Ho lives! I know that my Re-deemer lives.
No. 254.  

**A Little While.**

"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

**EL. NATHAN.**  

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "A little while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a-pace,
   The bless-ed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face:
   How light our tri- als then will seem! How short our pil-grim way!
   Our life on earth a fit-ful dream, Dispelled by dawning day!

2. "A little while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?"
   For how can I with such a hope Of glo-ry and of home,
   With such a joy a-wait-ing me, Not wish the hour were come?
   How can I keep the long-ing back, And how sup-press the groan?

3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast!
   Each pass-ing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - last-ing rest:
   Thou knowest well—the time thy God Ap-points for thee is best:
   The morn-ing star will soon a-rise; The glow is in the East.

Chorus.

Then come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come, In glo-ry and in light!

260
A Little While.—Concluded.

Come take Thy long-ing children home, and end earth's wea-ry night!

No. 255. Only for Thee.

"For me to live is Christ."—Phil. 1:21.

ELIZA ANN WALKER. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Precious Sav-ior, may I live, On-ly for Thee! Spend the pow-ers
   Be my spir-it's deep de-sire On-ly for Thee! May my in-tel-

2. In my joys may I re-joice, On-ly for Thee! In my choos-ing
   Mock-ly may I suf-fer grief, On-ly for Thee! Grate-ful-ly ac-

3. Be my smiles and be my tears, On-ly for Thee! Be my young and
   Be my peace and be my strife On-ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.

Thou dost give On-ly for Thee! On-ly Christ who died for me
lec-t as-pire On-ly for Thee! make my choice On-ly for Thee!
cept re-lief, On-ly for Thee! rip-er years, On-ly for Thee!
be my life, On-ly for Thee!

Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' e-ter-ni-ty, On-ly for Thee!

261
No. 256.  

Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.  

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown;
2. Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
3. Only waiting till the angels Open wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Waiting for a brighter dwelling Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum - mer - time has fad - ed And the au - tumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the fields are ev - er green:

Till the night of death has fad - ed From the heart once full of day;
Quickly, reapers ! gath - er quickly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
E - veu now I hear their footsteps, And their voi - ces far a-way;
Waiting for my full re - demp - tion, When my Saviour shall re - store

Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with - er; Age and sor - row comen o - more.

262
No. 257.  

**I Will!**

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN.  

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;  
2. By grace I will Thy mercy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;  
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am, And how I fear to stray;  
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;  
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"

And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide; Shall I accept of Thee?  
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee alone!  
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—The strength Thou must supply!  
And from the heart to gladly with us say: "I will to Christ belong!"  
To them "I will!" was ever Thy reply; We rest upon it now.

**CHORUS, with promptness and spirit.**

I will!  I will!  I will be Thine!  
I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will, I will be Thine!  
I will be Thine!

Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—  I will be wholly Thine!

263
No. 258.  The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16:11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Geo. C. STERRENS.

1. It's a bon-nie, bon-nie war-l' that we're liv-in' in the noo',
2. Then a-gain, I've just been thinkin' that whena'-thing here's sae bright,
3. Oh! its hon-or heaped on hon-or that His courtiers should beta'en
4. Then let us trust Him bet-ter than we've ev-er done a-fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav-en, an' nae des-o-la-tin' sea,

An' sun-ny is the lan' that noo we aft-en traiv'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mane wi' quiverin' licht,
Frea the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His ser-vants frae His ev-er bounteous store:
And nae ty-rant hoofs shall tram-plo i' the cit-y o' the free;

But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o-cean i' the sim-mer; or the wood-land i' the spring,
An' its fu'-est love an' ser-vise that the Christians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clo-ser grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev-er-last-in' day-licht, an' a nev-er-fad-in'spring,

For its beau-ty is as naething tae the pal-ace o' the King.
What maun it be up yon-ner i' the pal-ace o' the King.
To the feet o' Him who reign-eth i' the pal-ace o' the King.
An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the pal-ace o' the King.
Where the Lamb is a' the glo-ry i' the pal-ace o' the King.

264
The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merr-y, merr-y tread,
It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that He prepares
The time for saw-in' seed, it is a wear-in', wear-in' done;
It's iv-ry halls are bon-nio up-on which the rain-bows shine,
We see oor freen's a-wait ns o-wer yon-ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar-y win-ter lays its bean-ties wi' the dead;
His cho-sen for the rai-ment which the ransomed sin-ner wears.
An' the time for win-nin' souls will be o-wer ver-ra sunny.
An' its E-den bow'rs are trellised wi' a nev-er fad-in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read-y, for ye ken it's get-tin' late;

For tho' bon-nio are the snawflakes, an' the doon on Win-ter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib-u- la-tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac-tive, if a fruit-fu sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Heav-en do a glo-ri-ous radiance fling,
Let oor lamps be bricht-ly burn-in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur-na touch the pal-ace o' the King.
"We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the pal-ace o' the King.
To a-dorn the Roy-al ta-ble i' the pal-ace o' the King.
On the star-ry floor that shimmers i' tho pal-ace o' the King.
For sure we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' tho pal-ace o' the King."
No. 259.

**Redeemed.**

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107:2.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
3. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" The word has brought repose,
4. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" O joy, that I should be

Give praise; give praise and glory to His name;
Should stoop, my soul, my guilty soul to save!
And joy, and joy that each redeemed one knows,
In Christ, in Christ, from sin forever free!

Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased freedom
That He the curse should bear for me, A sinful wretch, His
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid, And knows His blood the
For - ev - er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the

for the slave! And purchased freedom for the slave!
en - emy! A sinful wretch His en - emy!
ransom paid, And knows His blood the ransom paid.
guilt and shame, Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
A sinful wretch, His en - emy, His en - emy!
And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ransom paid,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!
Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

* "Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and all its woe! "Redeemed!" "redeemed" eternal life to know! "Redeemed!" "Redeemed" by Jesus' blood, "Redeemed!" "Redeemed!" Oh, praise the Lord!

* The chorus may be omitted if desired.

No. 260. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145:15.

P. P. Bliss.

God is great, and God is good, And we thank Him for this food:

By His hand must all be fed, Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
"Jeans rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MATT. 4:39.

Miss M. A. Baker.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;
3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

"Carest Thou not that we perish?"—How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more;

When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish! dear Master; Oh! hasten, and take control.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.
Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

"The winds and the waves shall obey My will, Peace, be still!...

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-

cres-

ev'er it be, No wa-ter can swallow the ship where lies The

Mast-er of o-ccan and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will;

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Peace, be still! 269
No. 262.  

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John 10: 9.

EL NATHAN.  
Moderato.  

JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gath'ring storm I behold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I enter the wide open door, In Christ I now have believed;

Exposed to the wrath of my God; Is there no sheltering fold,
No help in myself can I find; Is there no mercy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I enter therein,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and now I am saved,

CHORUS

Is there no sheltering fold? I am the door, by Me if any man
Is there no mercy for me?
How may I enter therein?
I trust and now I am saved!

enter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.
I am the Door.—Concluded.

by Me if any man enter in, He shall be saved, he shall be saved.*

No. 263. Autumn. 8s, & 7s.

"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee.—Matt. 19: 27.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

F. H. Barthelemon.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee,
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!

Na-ked, poor, despised, forsak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be,
Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there;

D.S.—Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per-ish ev'ry fond am-bition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days,

271
No. 264.  Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the River, a-
2. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the River, a-
3. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the River, a-

Along the River, The swiftly flowing, resistless tide, The
Along the River, A thousand dangers its currents hide, A
Along the River, Our Saviour only our bark can guide, Our

swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And near our course the
Saviour only, our Saviour only, But with Him we see-

end we'll see, Yes, soon t'will come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dreadful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

Float-ing, Float-ing, Out on the sea of eternity!

*If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.*
Along the River of Time.—Concluded.

No. 265.  

Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.  

Dr. Lowell Mason.

Let the words linger on the trembling chords;
When the weary ones we love enter on that rest above,
Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less?
See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

Let "the little while" between In their golden light be seen:
When the words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,
All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board;

Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
Hush! be every murmur dumb, It is only "Till He come!"
Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us on ly "Till He come!"
Some from earth, from glory some, Severed on ly "Till He come!"
No. 266. **Oh! to be over Yonder.**

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. Geo. C. STERRING.

1. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! In that land of won-der,
2. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! My yearn-ing heart grows fond-er
3. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! A-las! I sigh and won-der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell-ing Where an-gel voi-ces swell-ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon-der, Tho' lone-ly here I wan-der,

Where the an-gel voi-ces min-gle, and the an-gel harp-ers ring;
Of look-ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring
Why clings my poor,weak,sin-ful heart to an-y earth-ly thing:
In tri-umph-ant hal-le-lu-jahs,make the vaulted heav'ns ring?
Yearn-ing for the wel-come sum-mer—long-ing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor-row, And the anx-ious,dread to-mor-row,
Some tid-ings of the wake-ing, The cloud-less,pure day break-ing;
Each tie of earth must sev-er, And pass a-way for-ev-er;
Where the pearly gates are gleam-ing, And the morn-ing star is beam-ing?
The midnight may be drea-ry, And the heart be worn and wea-ry,

To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearn-ing—yearn-ing For the coming of the King.
But there's no more sep-a-ra-tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon-der In the presence of the King.
But there's no more shadow yon-der In the presence of the King.

274
Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh! to be over yonder, yonder, In that land, that land of wonder,

Oh! to be over yonder, In that land of wonder,

There........ to be for-ev-er In the pre-sence of the King.

There to be for-ev-er

No. 267.  Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.


1. Come, thou wea-ry, Je-sus calls thee To His wounded side;
2. Seek-ing Je-sus? Je-sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own;
4. Wilt thou still re-fuse His of-fer? Wilt thou say Him nay?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea-ry? Is thy soul distressed?

"Come to Me," saith He, "and ev-er Safe a-bide.
He is knock-ing, ev-er knock-ing At thy heart.
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dy-ing, To His throne.
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, re-ject-ed, Go a-way?
Take His of-fer, wait no long-er; Be at rest!

275
No. 268. Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

Ps. 145: 2.

J. E. A.

James McGranahan

1. My Saviour's praises I will sing, And all His love express;  
2. Redeemed by His almighty power, My Saviour and my King;  
3. On Thee alone, my, Saviour, God, My steadfast hopes depend;  
4. Oh, grant Thy holy Spirit's grace, And aid my feeble powers;

Whose mercies each returning day, Proclaim His faithfulness.  
My confidence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.  
And to Thy holy will my soul, Submissively would bend.  
That gladly I may follow Thee Thro' all my future hours.

CHORUS.

"Ev'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev'ry day will I bless Thee!"

And I will praise, will praise, Thy name For ever and ever!"

276
No. 269. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

"I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Joy-ful-ly I flee From this world of sor-row, With my Lord to be; Onward to the glo-ry, Upward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far above the skies.

2. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the des-ert Which my Sav-iour pressed; "Onward, up-ward, homeward!" I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share. Press with vig-or on; Yet a lit-tle mo-ment And the race is won.

3. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Come a-long with me; Ye who love the Sav-iour, Bear me com-pa-ny; "Onward, up-ward, homeward!"

Refrain.

On-ward to the glo-ry, Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the man-sions, Far a-bove the skies.
No. 270.  In The Hollow of His Hand.

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—John 10. 28.

LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD, alt.  GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, soul toss’d on the billows, far from friendly land.
2. Tho’ rag’ing winds may drive thee, a wreck upon the strand,
3. When strength is spent in toil’ing, and wea’riedly you stand,
4. When by the swell’ing Jordan, your feet in sink’ing sand,
5. And when at last we’re gathered, with all the ransomed band,

Look up to Him who holds thee in “The hollow of His hand.”
Still cling to Him who holds thee in “The hollow of His hand.”
Then rest in Him who holds thee in “The hollow of His hand.”
Re’member still He holds thee in “The hollow of His hand.”
We’ll praise our God who holds us in “The hollow of His hand.”

CHORUS.

In “The hollow of His hand,” In the hollow of His hand,

O how safe are all who trust Him, In “The hollow of His hand.”
No. 271.  

**Praise Him! Praise Him!**

“I will sing praises unto my God.”—Ps. 146: 2.

**Fanny J. Crosby.**

**Chester G. Allen.**

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins Ho
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav’nly por-tals,

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent

____

FINE.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins Ho
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav’nly por-tals,

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent

____

Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;

279
1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this saving faith To me He did impart,
3. I know not how the Spirit moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair.

Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love Redeemed me for His own.
Nor how believing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Revealing Jesus through the word, Creating faith in Him.
Of weary ways or golden days, Before His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is able

To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."
No. 273.  The Cleansing Fountain.


Rian A. Dykes.  Ira D. Sankey.

1. Be-hold a Fountain deep and wide,Be-hold its on-ward flow; 'Twas opened in the Saviour's side, And cleanseth "white as snow, And forth the wondrous crim-son tide That cleanseth "white as snow, That
2. From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died In sorrow, pain, and woe, Burst only in the precious blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That
3. O may we all the healing power Of that bless'd Fountain knew; Trust trust shall still be in the blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That
4. And when at last the message comes, And we are called to go, Our Chorus.

cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
Come to this Fount-ain, 'Tisflow-ing to-
cleanseth white as snow."
cleanseth white as snow."
day; And all who will may freely come, And wash their sins a-way.

281
Come to the Fountain

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 35: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Jesus is waiting for thee;
3. These are the words of the Saviour; They who repent and believe,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speaking voice;

Buried them deep in its waters, There thou wilt find a relief.
What tho' thy sins are like crimson, White as the snow they shall be.
They who are willing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall receive.
Over a sinner returning Now let the angels rejoice.

CHORUS.

Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;

Jesus is waiting to save thee, Mercy is pleading to-day.

282
1. O child of God, wait patiently When dark thy path may be,
2. O child of God, He loveth thee, And thou art all His own;
3. O child of God, how peacefully He calms thy fears to rest,

And though the clouds hang drearily Up on the brow of night,
And though thou watchest wearily The long and stormy night,
And He who bendeth silently Above the gloom of night,

Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
Will take thee home where endless joy Shall fill thy soul with light.
No. 276.

Redemption.

“In whom we have redemption through his blood.”— Eph. 1: 7.

F. J. CROSBY.

1. O wonderful words of the gospel! O wonderful
2. He came from the throne of His glory, And left the bright
3. O come to this wonderful Saviour, Come wea-ry and
4. There’s no other refuge but Jesus, No shelter where

message they bring, Proclaiming a blessed redemption Thro’
mansions a-bove, The world to redeem from its bondage; So
sorrow-oppressed; Behold on the cross how He suffered, That
lost ones may fly; And now, while He’s tender-ly call-ing: O

CHORUS.

Jesus our Saviour and King,
great His compassion and love.
you in His kingdom might rest.

“Turn ye,” “for why will ye die?”

mercy That flows like a fountain so free; Be-lieve, and re-

284
Redemption.—Concluded.

No. 277. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

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


1. Closer, Lord, to Thee I cling, Closer still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing I would ever be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as tempest-shock, Thou the billows roll, Wildest storm can not alarm, For, to learn to say, "Father, not my will," Learn that in affliction's hour, When the Blessed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love abide, Keep me

2. Closer yet, O Lord, my Rock, Refuge of my soul; Dread I not the clouds of sorrow lower, Love directs Thy hand of power; Closer, Lord, to Thee. ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of Ages" hide, Closer, Lord, to Thee.

3. Closer still, my Help, my Stay, Closer, closer still; Meekly there I stand, Trusting in Thy grace; I know not what the future holds, But hear the voice of love, "Come to Me," And I shall not be dismayed.

4. Closer, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Divine; Through the ever changing scene, Though the world should turn to gloom, Safe in Thy loving arms, I shall be blest, And all the world shall laugh to see.

5. Closer, Lord, to Thee I cling, Closer still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing I would ever be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as tempest-shock, Thou the billows roll, Wildest storm can not alarm, For, to learn to say, "Father, not my will," Learn that in affliction's hour, When the Blessed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love abide, Keep me
If God be For Us.

No. 278.  
G. M. J.  
ROM. 8: 13.  
JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy, cheer, He sun-ders the bands
2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might, Be loy-al and true,
3. Con-fide in His word, His promis-es so sure, In Christ, they are 'yee,
4. Abide in the Lord, se-cure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last-

CHORUS.

Je-sus is our 'all in all,'  
If God be for us, if
He will be our strength, our stay,  
If God be for us,
written o'er and o'er a-gain.  
If God be for us,
never, never can be done.  
If God be for us,

God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who,  
Who, who,

who. ........ Who can be a-gainst us, a-gainst us?  
Who can be against us?
No. 279.  

**God is Love!**

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4:8.

RIAN A. DYKES.  

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is Love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;  
2. "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it gladly, How the Saviour from above  
3. "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—May we all its fullness prove!  

Heav'n and earth with joy are telling, Ever telling, "God is Love!"  
Came to seek and save the lost ones, Showing thus the Father's love.  
Telling those who sit in darkness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"

**CHORUS.**

Hallelujah! tell the story, Sung by angel choirs above;  

Sounding forth the mighty chorus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

287
No. 280. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—EZEK. 34: 11.

A. N. E. E. HASTY, by per.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to
2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wandering a-
4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonder-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonder-ful—how could it be? Dying for me, for
far from the fold, Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for

Refrain. For me! For me! For me! For me!
me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dying for me! Dying for me! Dying for me! Dying for me!
me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!

Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dying for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!
No. 281.

**Jesus, I Come.**

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness in to Thy health, Out of my want and in to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above,
Out of the depths of ru-in untold, In to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in to Thyself, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bilant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for ay-e on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
No. 282.  Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—Psa. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Glory ever be to Jesus, God's own well-beloved Son;
2. Oh the weary days of wand'ring, Longing, hoping for the light;
3. In His safe and holy keeping, 'Neath the shadow of His wing,

By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is finished," all is done.
These at last lie all behind us, Jesus is our strength and might.
Gladly in His love confiding, May our souls His praises sing.

CHORUS.

Saved by grace thro' faith in Jesus, Saved by His own precious blood,

May we in His love abiding, Follow on to know the Lord.

Copyright, 1885, by I. D. Sankey.
No. 283. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—John 4: 42.

Choir. All.

| 1. Who came down from heav'n to earth? Jesus Christ our Saviour; |
| 2. Who was lift-ed on the tree? Jesus Christ our Saviour; |
| 3. Who hath prom-ised to for-give? Jesus Christ our Saviour; |
| 4. Who is now en-throned a-bove? Jesus Christ our Saviour; |
| 5. Who a-gain from heav'n shall come? Jesus Christ our Saviour; |

Chorus. All.

Came a child of low-ly birth? Jesus Christ our Saviour.
There to ran-som you and me? Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Who hath said, 'Be-lieve and live?' Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Whom should we o bey and love? Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Take to glo ry all His own? Jesus Christ our Saviour.

None so pre-cious, none so dear; Jesus Christ our Saviour.
Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

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

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

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

292
No. 285. **He is Coming.**

"I will come again."—John 14:3.

**Alice Monteith.**

**Ira D. Sankey.**

1. He is coming, the "Man of Sorrows," Now exalted on high;
2. He is coming, our loving Saviour, Blessed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is coming, our Lord and Master, Our Redeemer and King;
4. He shall gather His chosen people, Who are called by His name;

He is coming with loud hosannas, In the clouds of the sky.
In the glory of God the Father, On the earth He shall reign.
We shall see Him in all His beauty, And His praise we shall sing.
And the ransomed of every nation, For His own He shall claim.

**CHORUS.**

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He is coming again;

And with joy we shall gather round Him, At His coming to reign.
No. 286. Give Me Thine Heart!


E. R. LATTA. A. J. ABBEY, B. T.

1. Where'er we may go, by night or day, A loving voice with-
2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad-ly hear, And choose the Lord to-
3. We may have chosen long from Him to roam, Yet He will welcome

in doth gen-ty say: My son, from ev'-ry way of sin de-part; Be
day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im-part; Oh,
us, if we but come; Oh, may we not de-lay, but quickly start—While

Sa-tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"
hear Him call-ing still, "Give Me thy heart!") "Give Me thy heart, give
Je-sus say-eth still, "Give Me thy heart;"

Me thy heart; O wea-ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."
No. 287.  They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—DAV. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O list to the voice of the Prophet of old, Pro-
   claim-ing in language di-vine, The won-der-ful, won-der-ful
   why should we ev-er re-pine? When faithful and true, is the
   beau-ty and splen-dor com-bine, Will per-ish, for-get-ten and
   zeal that shall nev-er de-cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the
   mess-age of truth That "they that be wise shall shine."
   prom-ise to all That "they that be wise shall shine."
   crum-ble to dust, But "they that be wise shall shine."
   prom-ise be-lieve That "they that be wise shall shine."

2. Tho' rug-ged the path where our du-ties may lead, O!

3. The grand-eur of wealth, and the tem-ples of fame, Where

4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With

CHORUS.

They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the firmament jeweled with light;

Rit.

And they that turn many to righteousness As the stars for-ev-er bright.
Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 16.

Arr. from W. L. by El. Nathan.

1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace, Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my crucified Lord, Believed in redemption a-
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on

reconciled face, Believed in His message of pardon and peace; I be-
lonethro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word: I be-
blessed and free, Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be-
high on the throne, Believed in His coming in glory full soon; I be-

Chorus.

believed, and I keep on believing. Believe! and the feeling may

come or may go, Believe in the word, that was written to show That

all who believe, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

296
No. 289.  Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

E. G. TAYLOR. Geo. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'nly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far beyond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No bereavements we shall bear;

Where our Lord has entered in, And there comes no taint of sin;
When this troubled life shall cease, Meet me where is perfect peace;
There no sighings for the dead, There no farewell tear is shed;

With our friends of long ago, Clad in raiment white as snow,
Where our sorrows we lay down For the kingdom and the crown,
We shall, safe from all alarms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,

Such as all the ransom'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Jesus doth a home prepare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
And in Jesus' glory share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!
Be Ye also Ready.

No. 290

GEO. R. CLARK.

MATT. 24: 44.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Are you ready, are you ready for the coming of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you waiting, are you waiting for the coming of the King? Have you
3. Have you risen, have you risen from the heavy midnight sleep? Have you

living as He bids you in His word? Are you walking in the light? Is your
bundles of the golden grain to bring? Can you lay at Jesus' feet any
risen from your slumber long and deep? Are your garments washed from sin, are you

hope of heaven bright? Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you ready?
gather'd sheaves of wheat, There your blessed Lord to greet? Are you ready?
cleansed and pure within? Are you ready for the King? Are you ready?

CHORUS.

Therefore be ye also ready, (therefore) be ye also

298
Be Ye also Ready. — Concluded.

1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Jo-sus is the name that charms us; He for con-flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev-er; He is faith-ful, changing nev-er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving To Thy-self, and still be-liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;

Glad-ly let us ren-der to Him All we are and have.
Noth-ing moves and noth-ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
Nei-ther force nor guile can sev- er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re-ceiv-ing Promised joys in heaven.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.
No. 292.  **Shine on, O Star!**

"The bright and morning Star."—Rev. 22: 16.

VICTORIA STUART.  
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Shine on, O Star of beauty, Thou Christ enthroned above;
2. Shine on, O Star of glory, We lift our eyes to Thee;
3. Shine on, O Star unchanging, And guide our pilgrim way,
4. And when, with Thy redeemed ones, We reach the heav'nly shore,

---

Reflecting in Thy brightness, Our Father's look of love.
Beyond the clouds that gather, Thy radiant light we see.
Until we see the dawning of heav'n's eternal day.
May we with Thee in glory Shine on forevermore.

CHORUS.  
Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on;
Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on;
Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on;
No. 293.  Go Ye Into all the World.

G. M. J.

1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, 
Millions of souls for ever may be lost; 
Who, who will go salvation's story telling, 
Rise and enter in! Brethren, awake! our forces all uniting, 
ECHO in His Name; Jesus hath died to save from death appalling, 
Umphantly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,

2. See o'er the world the open doors inviting, 
Soldiers of Christ, a- 
"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling, "Why will ye die?" ro-
CHORUS.

Look-ing to Jesus, heeding not the cost?  
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.  
"All power is given unto me, 
Shout "Hallelujah for the Lord is King!"

All power is given unto me, Go ye into all the world and 
preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always."

3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling, "Why will ye die?" ro-

4. God speed the day when those of every nation "Glo-ry to God" tri-

5. Far, far away in heathen darkness dwelling, 
Millions of souls for ever may be lost; 
Who, who will go salvation's story telling, 
Rise and enter in! Brethren, awake! our forces all uniting, 
ECHO in His Name; Jesus hath died to save from death appalling, 
Umphantly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,

6. See o'er the world the open doors inviting, 
Soldiers of Christ, a-
"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling, "Why will ye die?" ro-
CHORUS.

Look-ing to Jesus, heeding not the cost?  
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.  
"All power is given unto me, 
Shout "Hallelujah for the Lord is King!"

All power is given unto me, Go ye into all the world and 
preach the gospel, and lo, I am with you always."

301
No. 294. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10:7.

FRANCES R. HAYEGERAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.  
And sweeter is the thought of Thee Than any lovely song.  
Without the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!

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No. 295.  

O Precious Word.

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

Fanny J. Crosby.  

Ira D. Sankey.

1. O precious word that Jesus said! The soul that comes to Me,  
2. O precious word that Jesus said! Behold, I am the Door;  
3. O precious word that Jesus said! Come, weary souls oppressed,  
4. O precious word that Jesus said! The world I o-ver-came;

I will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.  
And all who en-ter in by Me Have life for-ev-er-more.  
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
And they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My name.

REFRAIN.

Who-ev-er he may be, Who-ev-er he may be,  
Have life for-ev-er-more, Have life for-ev-er-more, And  
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come  
Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con-quer in My Name, And

will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.  
all who en-ter in by Me Have life for-ev-er-more.  
take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My Name.
No. 296. **O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.**

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that faileth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

G. M. J. James McGranahan.

1. Wea-ry glean-er in the field, poor or plen-ty be the yield, La-bor
2. Je-sus now has gone a-bove to complete His work of love, His re-
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief, When a

on for the Mas-ter, noth-ing fear-ing, There's a promise of re-ward,
turn day by day is sure-ly nearing, When His own He will re-
crown in the glo-ry we are wear-ing, O the rapture who can tell,

at the com-ing of the Lord, Un-to all them that love His ap-pear-ing.
and a wel-come He will give, Un-to all them that love His ap-pear-ing.
as for ev-er there we dwelt, With redeem'd ones that lov'd His appearing.

CHORUS.

O the crown . . . . the glo-ry crown,

The glo-ry crown, the glo-ry crown,

304
O the Crown.—Concluded.

day the happy day is nearing, When the crown of rich reward shall be

given by the Lord, Unto all them that love His appearing.

No. 297. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6:19.

N. J. SQUIRES. H. H. McGRAHAN.

1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Saviour and our guide;
2. We lift our prayer to Thee, Who only heareth prayer;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, Increased by grace divine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;

O make us from our burdens free, And keep us near Thy side.
They who on earth do thus agree, Shall find Thy blessing there.
Help us, O Lord, Thy foot-steps see, And on Thy help recline.
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy likeness in us shine.
1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And has prepared a place for me; And crowns of victory He gives now to scatter me; I know His blood now speaks for me; I'm listening for the welcome call; I stand and wonder at His love—That He from heav'n to earth was brought; Time will not be long, 'Till I shall reach my heavenly home,

summons: "child, come home," For I am only waiting here

FINE. CHORUS.

To those who would His children be, To say: "The Master waiteth thee!" Then ask me not to die, that I may live above, And join the everlasting song.

To hear the summons: "child, come home!"

D.C.
No. 299.  Not far from the Kingdom.

"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

Words arr.  IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. Away in the dark and the danger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis only a little space;

How many are coming and going!—How few there are entering in!
Too timid to enter boldly, So linger still outside the gate.
There Jesus is waiting to lead you So tenderly into His fold.
But oh, you may still be for ever Shut out from your heavenly place!

REFRAIN.

How few there are entering in! How few there are entering in!

How many are coming and going!—How few there are entering in!
No. 300. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENY.

1. On ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
heart of a wea-ry trav'-ler Was cheer'd by its wel-come sight.
On ly a beam of sun-shine That fell from thearch a bove, And

2. On ly a beam of sun-shine That in- to a dwell-ing crept, Where.
over a fad-ing rose-bud, A moth-er her vig-il kept.
On ly a beam of sun-shine That smil'd thro' her fall-ing tears, And

3. On ly a word for Je-sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To
per-ish-ing souls a-round you The mes-sage of love pro-claim.
Go, like the faith-ful sun-beam, Your mis-sion of joy ful-fill;

1. On ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The

2. On ly a beam of sun-shine That in- to a dwell-ing crept, Where.

3. On ly a word for Je-sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To

- member the Saviour's prom- ise, That He will be with you still.
Only a Beam of Sunshine.—Concluded.

Chorus.

On-ly a word for Je-sus, On-ly a whisper'd pray'r

O-ver-some grief-worn spir-it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

No. 301. Awake, my Soul.

JOEL BARLOW. (ST. PETER. C.M.) A. R. REINAGLE.

1. A-wake, my soul! to sound His praise, A-wake my harp! to sing;
2. A-mong the peo-ple of His care, And thro' the na-tions round,
3. Be Thou ex-alt-ed, O my God! A-bove the star-ry train;
4. So shall Thy chos-en sons re-joice, And throng Thy courts a-bove;

Join, all my pow'rs! the song to raise, And morning in-cense bring.
Glad songs of praise will I pre-pare, And there His name re-sound.
Dif-fuse Thy heav'nly grace a-broad, And teach the world Thy reiga.
While sin-ners hear Thy pard'ning voice, And taste re-deem-ing love.
No. 302. The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2:5.

Hattie E. Buell.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His
poorest of them; But now He is reigning for ever on high, And will
alien by birth! But I've been adopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me over there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the

3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

CHORUS.

coffers are full,—He has riches untold.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
I'm the child of a King! The
glory to God, I'm the child of a King!

child of a King! With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!
No. 303. **Songs of Gladness.**

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

**HORATIUS BONAR.** Alt.  
**IRA D. SANKEY.**

1. Songs of gladness, never sadness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
2. Ever sunshine, never shadow, Calm, mild, celestial day;
3. Ever gazing, loving, praising, With the angel hosts above;
4. Never sighing, never sinning; No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;

Anthem swelling ever telling Of the joy of souls forgiven.
Ever summer in its brightness, Ever winter or decay.
One eternal Hallelujah, One eternal song of love.
Thro' the long unending ages, Thro' the long eternal years.

**REFRAIN.**

Sweetest music ever swelling Thro' the courts of heaven above;

Ev'ry singing, ev'ry saying, God is Life, and God is Love!
1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God, born of His Spirit, washed in His blood. This is my story.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, visions of rapture now bursting my sight. Angels descending bring from above echoes of mercy, whispers of love. Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest. I in my Savior am happy and blest. Watching and waiting, looking above. This is my song, praising my Savior all the day long; this is my story, this is my song, praising my Savior all the day long.

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No. 304.

**Blessed Assurance.**

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6:47.

**FANNY J. CROSBY.**

**MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.**

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Copyr. 1872, by Mrs. F. Knapp.
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can never repay The debt of love I owe;

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith
rolled a-way,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

313
No. 306. In the Shadow of His Wings.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.


1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
   2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
   3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

In the shadow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings,
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings,
There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings.

CHORUS.

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings:
   sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,
In the Shadow of His Wings.—Concluded.

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings.
Sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

No. 307. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

(LYTE. 6s. 4s.) J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

J. G. DECK.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
2. Thon, bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood,
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my Ref - uge be,
4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then,

Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me! Nothing to
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great is Thy love, All oth - er
Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear? What earth - ly
Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall

please I see, Nothing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
like Thee be, Then ev - er more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

315
**Jesus is Calling.**


**FANNY J. CROSBY.**

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Jesus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther away?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.

**Refrain.**

Calling to-day, calling to-day; Calling, calling to-day, to-day; Calling, calling to-day, to-day;

Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.
Jesus is tenderly calling to-day,
No. 309. **Shall you? Shall I?**

G. M. J.  
(Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will enter the pearly gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will gladly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the triumphant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glories that there await, Shall you? shall I?  
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown, Shall you? shall I?  
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?  
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will travel the streets of gold, Beautiful visions will  
Some one the glorious King will see, Ever from sorrow of  
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will strive when the  
Some one will greet on the golden shore Loved ones of earth who have

there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?  
earth be free, Happy with Him through eternity: Shall you? shall I?  
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?  
gone before, Safe in the glory for evermore: Shall you? shall I?
No. 310. **Oh, Wondrous Name!**


**Victoria Frances.**

1. Oh, won-drous Name, by proph-ets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo-rious Name, the an-gels praise, And ransomed saints a-dore,—
3. Oh, pre-cious Name, ex-alt-ed high, To Him all pow’ris given;

They saw Him com-ing from a-far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
The Name a-bove all oth-er names, Our Ref- uge ev-er- more.
Thro’ Him we tri-umph o-ver sin, By Him we en-ter heaven.

**Chorus.**

The Won-der-ful! The Coun-sel-lor! The Great and Might-y Lord!

The ev-er-last-ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!

318
No. 311. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

Jno 3: 16.

JNO 3: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can never tell
3. Now this love unto all God commends, Not one would His mercy pass
4. Who is he that can separate those Whom God doth in love justi-

Refrain.

love that gave Jesus to die. O the love that gave Jesus to
die, The love that gave Jesus to die; Praise God, it is mine, this
love so divine, The love that gave Jesus to die.

319
1. O brother, life's journey beginning, With courage and firmness arise;  
2. O brother, yield not to the tempter, No matter what others may do;  
3. O brother, the Saviour is calling; Be aware of the danger of sin;  

But one leadeth on to destruction,—The other to joy and delight.  
Fight manfully under your Leader, O obeying the voice of His word.  
And share by and by in the glory That never shall vanish away.
O Brother.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

God help you to follow His banner, And serve Him wherever you go;

And when you are tempted, my brother, God give you the grace to say "No."

No. 313. O God, our Help.

ISAAC WATTS. (BEMERTON. C.M.) H. W. GREATOREX.

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Under the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell secure;
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. A thousand ages, in Thy sight, Are like an evening gone;

Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.

321
No. 314

Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR.

GEO. C. STERRINS.

His might has won the field:... Thy strength is in the Lord:
The water of His word:... Thy fainting soul shall bless,
With thee, to give His aid:... And He will strengthen thee,
Give water from the rock:... And bring you to His home!

REFRAIN.

Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word;

Lift up your head: rejoice... In Jesus Christ thy Lord!

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great reward;
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy distress;
3. Fear not! be not dismayed! He evermore will be
4. Fear not! ye little flock; Your Shepherd soon will come,
No. 315. **There shall be Showers of Blessing.**

**Ezek. 34: 26.**

**James McGranahan.**

1. "There shall be showers of blessing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing;"—Precious reviving again;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

There shall be seasons refreshing, Sent from the Saviour above.
Over the hills and the valleys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a refreshing, Come and now honor Thy Word
Now as to God we're confessing, Now as on Jesus we call!

**Chorus.**
Showers of blessing,

Showers, showers of blessing, Showers of blessing we need;

Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.
No. 316.  Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—Hosea 1:10.


1. When we gather at last over Jordan, And the ransom'd in glory we see,
   As the number-less sands of the sea-shore—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from sorrow and trials are free, Meeting there with a heav-en-ly greet-ing—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

3. When we stand by the beauti-ful riv'er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree, Gaz-ing o-ver the fair land of prom-ise—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

4. When at last we behold our Re-deem-er, And His glo-ry transcendent we see, While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—What a won-der-ful sight that will be!

CHORUS.

Numberless as the sands of the sea-shore! Oh, what a sight 'twill be, of the shore!

324
Numberless,—Concluded.

When the ransom’d host we see, As numberless as the sands of the sea shore!

No. 317.

Abide with Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 21: 32.


1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ehbs out life’s lit-tlo 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

deep-ens—Lord, with mo 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

fail, and com-forts 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 he? Thro’ cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
earth’s vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

325
No. 318.  Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God’s own word your doubts destroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And sheltered from the world’s alarm;
3. For nothing anxious I shall be, But trusting Thee in every thing,
4. The joys that mem’ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that never end;

Let those that trust in Him rejoice, Yea, let them shout for joy.
Why should I sink beneath my load, When leaning on Thine arm.
With thanks for every gift from Thee, My troubles all take wing.
My loss I count my richest gain, For Christ His joy doth send.

Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord alway;
Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, Rejoice!
Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord,

326
No. 319. **O, Land of the Blessed!**

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—Matt. 25: 46.

EMILY H. MILLER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. O Land of the blessed! thy shadowless skies
   Sometimes in my dreaming I see;
   I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing,
   And whisper: "Would God I were there!"
   
   D.S.—I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light,
   Steal over Eternity's sea; Though dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair.
   
   D.S.

2 Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
   Sometimes to my vision unfold;
   Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
   Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
   Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
   And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
   No shadow of changing can mar;
   How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy!
   How blest thine inhabitants are!
   Who knows if its dawning be near?—
   When He who doth love me shall call me away From all that hath burdened me here?
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians 6:14.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer; Near-er the cross from day to day, I am coming nearer; Near-er the cross where Jesus died, Near-er the fountain’s crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour’s clear I see Jesus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

2. Near-er the Christian’s mercy seat, I am coming nearer; Feasting my soul on manna sweet I am coming nearer; Stronger in faith, more love my soul desires, I am coming nearer; Near-er the end of

3. Near-er in pray’r my hope aspires I am coming nearer; Deep-er the cross where Jesus died, Near-er the fountain’s crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour’s clear I see Jesus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

4. I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer, still would be; Still I’m coming nearer, Still I’m coming nearer, soon shall wear; I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day defence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Secure whatever ill betide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes afright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll never leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our helper ever near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A weary land, a wea-ry land; Oh,

Jesus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.
Mighty to Save.

No. 322.  

"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isaiah 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. Todd.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh, who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain,
2. Oh, why is Thine apparel So very deep dyed?
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?

With wounded side; with garments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.
Like them that tread the wine-press red? Oh, why this crimson tide?
With mercy fraught, Thine arm has brought Salvation in Thy name!

"I that saw thy soul's distress, A ransom gave;
"I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath sorrow's wave;
"I the victory have won, Conquered the grave:

"I that speak in righteousness, Might-y to save!
Of the people there was none Might-y to save!
Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save!

D.S.—Lord, I'll trust Thy wondrous love, "Might-y to save!"

FINE.

CHORUS.

Might-y to save! to save! Might-y to save! to save!

330
No. 323.  

Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L.  

Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Saviour! Waiting the
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Saviour! Vainly they
3. Death cannot keep His prey—Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the

CHORUS. faster.

coming day—Jesus, my Lord! Up from the grave He arose,
seal the dead—Jesus, my Lord! With a
bars away—Jesus, my Lord! He arose,

might-y triumph o'er His foes; He arose a Victor from the

dark domain, And He lives for ever with His saints to reign; He arose!

He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!
He arose! He arose!
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Chorus.

Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, Come home,
No. 325.  

Whoever Will.

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

A. Montieth.  

Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wand'ring souls, why will you roam Away from God,
   a - way from home; The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say,
   Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
   whoever will, whoever will may come today;

2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night
   are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still;
   Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
   whoever will, whoever will may come today;

3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun-
   - dant grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill,
   Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
   whoever will, whoever will may come today;

4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him
   sweet rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, ech - o still,
   The bless - ed who - so - ev - er - will.
   whoever will, whoever will may come today;

   Whoever will may come today, And drink of the water of life.
No. 326.  The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON.

Art. by Ira D. Sankey.

1. Af- flic-tions, tho' they seem se- vere, In mer-cy oft are sent;
   2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-gry, shame, and fear?
   3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face;
   4. His fa- ther saw him com-ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,

They stopp'd the prod-i-gal's ca-reer,  And caused him to re-pent.
   My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread,  While I am starv-ing here!
   Un- wor-thy to be called his son,  I'll seek a ser vant's place;
   And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re-bellious child!

CHORUS.

"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor

starve in for-eign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup-plices, And

5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!
   "Enough," the father said;
   "Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
   For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
   To call poor sinners home;
   More than a father's love He feels,
   And welcomes all that come.
No. 327. Casting all your Care upon Him.

FROM CESAR MALAN, by J. E. A. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1 Pet. 5: 7.

1. How sweet, my Saviour, to re-pose On Thine al-might-y pow’r!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev-’ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy lov-ing care, And look to Thee al- lone,
4. Why should my heart then be distrest By dread of fut-ure ill?

To feel Thy strength up-hold-ing me, Thro’ ev-’ry try-ing hour!
To Thee re-fer each ris-ing grief, Each new per-plex-i-ty;
To calm each troubled thought to rest, In prayer be-fore Thy throne.
Or why should un-be-liev-ing fear My trembling spir-it fill?

CHORUS.

Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him.

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335
No. 328.  

L Abor On

"The harvest truly is plentiful; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

C. R. Blackall.  

Spirited.  

W. H. Doane.

1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the gleaner's path may be rich reward, Though the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gained by each

and the reapers few; And the Master's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night,
and the labor hard; For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

Chorus.

Heed the call that He gives today. Labor on! labor
Take the place of the gold-en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. Labor on!

on! Keep the bright-reward in view; For the Master has

la-bor on!

said, He will strength re-new; Labor on till the close of day!

336
No. 329. Glory to God the Father.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2:11.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "For God so loved!" Oh, wondrous theme! Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Father's name,
3. As man He tarried here below, The power and love of God to show;
4. Upon the cross His life He gave, His people from their sins to save;
5. By God exalted from the dead, He reigns on high the living head

A Saviour sent to sinful men—Glory to God the Father!
And in the Son salvation claim—Glory to God the Father!
To help and heal all human woe—Glory to God the Father!
For them descended to the grave—Glory to God the Father!
Of every soul for whom He bled—Glory to God the Father!

CHORUS.

Glory to God the Father! Glory to God the Father!

Glory, Glory, Glory to the Father! Glory, Glory, Glory to the Father!

Glory, Glory, Glory to God the Father!
No. 330.  **Wait, and Murmur Not.**

"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—Sam. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY.  

W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Beyond the reach of toil and care; A
   Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n, allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look
   If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If
2. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The
   home where changes never come; Who would not fain be resting there?
   grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a holier than thou,
   day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O,

wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; O, wait, meekly wait,


By permission.
No. 331. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.
Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je-sus will re-cieve; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men, E-ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin-ful-est; Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is-fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev-ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en-ter in.

Refrain.

Sing it o'er............. and o'er a-gain............. Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

ceiv-eth sin-ful men;........ Make the mes-sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ receiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain.

clear and plain:............. Christ receiv-eth sin-ful men.
Make the message plain:
Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3:20.

1. There's a Stranger 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 heav'ny Guest; Let Him 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 Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend,
He is standing at the door; Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak yoursins for-giv'n, And when earth - tics all are riv'n,

Je-sus Christ, the Father'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 heav'n; Let the Savour in! Let the Savour in!

Copyright, 1851, by John F. F.
I looked to Him,

'I looked to Him, to Him I looked,' 'Tis true, His 'Who-so-ev-er;''

He looked on me,

"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for ev-er."
No. 334.  

Let Us Crown Him.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellest thou in might."

Ps. 8: 9.

Rev. E. Perronet.

Allegretto moderato.

James McGranahan.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev'ry kin-dred ev'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sacred thron'g We at His feet may fall:

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem. And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Let us crown Him, let us crown Him.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all;

Crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all. Let us crown Him.
Let us crown Him Lord of all,

Let us crown Him, Let us crown Him Lord of all.
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the Great Redeemer Lord of all.

342
Take Me as I Am.

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

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Moderato.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. J e- sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me I must die;

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,

3. No prep-ar-a-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break,

4. Be-hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see-st meet;

Oh, bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be-gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.

And take me as I am. And take me as I am.

My on-ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.
No. 336. Souls of Men, why will ye scatter?

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. 53: 6.

F. W. Faber.

1. Souls of men, why will ye scatter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
2. It is God! His love looks mighty, But is mightier than it seems:  
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven;

Foolish hearts! why will ye wander From a love so true and deep.  
'Tis our Father, and His friendliness Goes far out beyond our dreams.  
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kindly judgment given.

Was there ever kinder Shepherd, Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
There's a wiseness in God's mercy, Like the wiseness of the sea;  
There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;

As the Saviour who would have us Come and gather round His feet?  
There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty.  
There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in His blood.

4 But we make His love too narrow,  
By false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.  
There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would all be sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
No. 337. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15: 24.

Horatius Bonar. Ira D. Sankey.

1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone,
2. "From the land of hunger, Fainting, famished lone,
3. "Leave the haunts of riot, Wasted, woe-be-gone,

Hear a far voice calling, "My son! my son!"
Come to love and gladness, My son! my son!
Sick at heart and weary, My son! my son!

Chorus.

"Welcome! wanderer, welcome! Welcome back to home!

Thou hast wandered far away: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"
No. 338.  What a Gathering!

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

F. J. CROSBY.  

1. On that bright and golden morning, when the Son of man shall come,
2. When the blest who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall arise,
3. When our eyes behold the city, with its many mansions bright,
4. O the King is surely coming, and the time is drawing nigh,

And the radiance of His glory we shall see; When from
From the silence of the grave, and from the sea, And with
And its river, calm and restful, flowing free; When the
When the blessed day of promise, we shall see; Then the

Every clime and nation He shall call His people home,
Bodies all celestial they shall meet Him in the skies,
Friends that death has parted shall in bliss again unite,
Changing "in a moment," "in the twinkling of an eye."

What a gathering of the ransomed that will be.
What a gathering and rejoicing there will be.
What a gathering and a greeting there will be.
And forever in His presence we shall be.

346
What a Gathering!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

What a gath'-ring, what a gath'-ring,

What a gath'-ring of the

ransomed in the sum-mer land of love; What a

gath'-ring, what a gath'-ring,

gath'-ring, what a gath'-ring,

Of the ransomed in that hap-py home a-bove.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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

My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliverer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliverer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliverer, come.
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliverer, come.

Refrain.

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

O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliverer, come.
No. 340.  **God be with You!**

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

J. E. RANKIN.  

W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet again!—By His counsel's guide, uphold you.
2. God be with you till we meet again!—Neath His wings protecting hide you.
3. God be with you till we meet again!—When life's perils thick surround you.
4. God be with you till we meet again!—Keep love's banner floating found you.

- hold you, With His sheep securely fold you; God be o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be
- hide you, Daily manna still divide you; God be
- found you, Put His arms unfailing round you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet again! Till we meet!... Till we meet!
with you till we meet again! Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet again!
with you till we meet again! Till we meet!
with you till we meet again!

meet!... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! Till we meet again!

349
No. 341. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23: 4.

Rian A. Dykes. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I must walk thro' the valley and the shadow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the valley and the shadow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the valley and the shadow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the valley and the shadow, I shall

journey in a loving Saviour's care; He hath said He will
wea ry days of toll ing will be o'er; For the strongarms of

glo ry of the dawn ing I shall see; I shall join in the
fol low where my Lord has gone before; Thro' the mists of the

D.S.—But the dark waves of

never, never leave me, With His Staff He will comfort me there.
Jesus will en fold me, And with Him I shall sor row no more.
anthem o ver Jordan, Where the loved ones are waiting for me.
val ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ever green Shore.

Jordan will not harm me, There is peace in the valley, I know.

CHORUS.

Thro' the valley, thro' the valley, thro' the valley and the shadow I must go,
No. 342.  
**Peace, Peace is Mine.**

"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. God’s al-might-y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine;
2. While I hear life’s rug-ged bil-lows? Peace, peace is mine;
3. Ev-ry tri-aI draws Him near-er, Peace, peace is mine;
4. Wel-come ev-ry ris-ing sun-light, Peace, peace is mine;

Judgment scenes need not con-found me, Peace, peace is mine.
Why sus-pend my harp on wil-lows? Peace, peace is mine.
All His strokes but make Him dear-er, Peace, peace is mine.
Near-er home each roll-ing mid-night, Peace, peace is mine.

Jo-sus came Him-self and sought me! Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
I may sing with Christ beside me, Tho’ a thousand ills be-tide me;
Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gen-tly, and to heal de-light-eth;
Death and hell can-not ap-pal me; Safe in Christ what-e’er be-fall me;

Then my bless-ed free-dom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.
Safe-ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.
’Tis a-gainst my sins He fight-eth, Peace, peace is mine.
Calm-ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.
No. 343.  

Look Unto Me.

EL. NATHAN.

Isa. 45: 22.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "Look unto me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest command, Salvation full! Salvation free! Proclaim through every land. Soul, "Twas there on Me thy sins were laid, Believe and be made whole. Hour, The needful grace I'll freely give, To keep from Satan's pow'r. Thee; For pardon peace and all thy need, Look only unto Me.

2. "Look unto me," upon the cross, O weary, burdened Hour, The needful grace I'll freely give, To keep from Satan's pow'r. Thee; For pardon peace and all thy need, Look only unto Me.

3. "Look unto me," thy risen Lord, In dark temptation's Hour, The needful grace I'll freely give, To keep from Satan's pow'r. Thee; For pardon peace and all thy need, Look only unto Me.

4. "Look unto me," and not with thy burdened Hour, The needful grace I'll freely give, To keep from Satan's pow'r. Thee; For pardon peace and all thy need, Look only unto Me.

CHORUS.

"Look unto me,................. and be ye saved, 
"Look unto me,................. and be ye saved, 
"Look unto me,................. and be ye saved, 
"Look unto me,................. and be ye saved, 

all the ends of the earth,...... for I am God, all the ends, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, I am God, there is none else. Look unto me, and be ye saved, there is none else, and be ye saved, and be ye saved,“
No. 344.

**My Mother's Prayer.**

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 23.

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

SOLO. Moderate.

1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear familiar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same within;
3. Quick I drew it from the rubbish, Covered o'er with dust so long:

Bro't with-in my recol-lec-tion Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly for-got;
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be-hold, I heard in fancy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,

There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here, the deep, old fashioned well,
To the garret dark as-ascending—Once a source of child-ish dread—
Oft-en sung by my dear mother To me in that trun-dle bed;

With its old moss-covered bucket, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer-ing thro' the mist-y cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name!"

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the memory of her counsels
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* Use second ending.
No. 345.  **Oh, Wonderful Word!**

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter 1:25.

J. L. Sterling.  

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, wonder-ful, won-der-ful Word of the Lord! True
2. Oh, wonder-ful, won-der-ful Word of the Lord! The
3. Oh, wonder-ful, won-der-ful Word of the Lord! Our
4. Oh, wonder-ful, won-der-ful Word of the Lord! The

wis-dom its pa-ges un-fold;  
And tho’ we may read them a
lamp that our Fa-ther a-bovo  
So kind-ly has light-ed to
on-ly sal-va-tion is there;  
It car ries con-vic-tion down
hope of our friends in the past;  
Its truth, where-so firm-ly they

thou-sand times o’er, They nev-er, nev-er, grow old!  
Teach us the way That leads to the arms of His love!
deep in the heart, And shows us our-selves as we are.  
anch-ored their trust; Thro’ a-ges o-ter-nal shall last.

Each line hath a trea-sure, each prom-ise a pearl, That  
Its warn-ings, its coun-sels, are faith-ful and just; Its  
It tells of a Sav-iour, and points to the cross, Where  
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful Word of the Lord! Un-
Oh, Wonderful Word.—Concluded.

all if they will may secure; And we know that when time and the judgments are perfect and pure; For we know that when time and the pardons we now may secure; And we know that when time and the changing, abiding and sure;

world pass away, God's Word shall for ever endure.

No. 346. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven The name, before His wondrous birth, To Christ the Saviour (Omit) given.

2. And when He hung up on the tree, They wrote this name above Him That all might see the reason we For evermore must (Omit) love Him.

D.C. For there's no word ever heard So dear, so sweet, as (Omit) "Jesus!"

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him blessed Jesus!

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—Almighty to release us From sin and pain—He ever reigns, The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name Thy grace shall fall us never To-day as yesterday the same, Thou art the same for ever!

355
No. 347.  The Harbor Bell.

"We were nearing a dangerous coast, and night was drawing near; suddenly a heavy fog settled down upon us; no lights had been sighted, the pilot seemed anxious and troubled, not knowing how soon we might be dashed to pieces on the hidden rocks along the shore; the whistle was blown loud and long, but no response was heard; the Captain ordered the engines to be stopped and for some time we drifted about on the waves; suddenly the pilot cried. — Hark! And far away in the distance, we heard the welcome tones of the Harbor bell, which seemed to say, This way—this way,—Again the engines were started, and guided by the welcome sound we entered the port in safety."

JOHN H. YATES.  (Solo and Chorus.)  IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the
gales of sin and grief, While on the wind-ward and the
great deep we hear; Like harbor bells inviting

2. O let us now the call obey, And steer our
bark for yonder shore, Where still that voice directs the
song, Who faithful to the end endure; God's Holy

3. O tempted one, look up, be strong; The promises
of the Lord is sure, That they shall sing the victor's
above, The blissful home beyond the grave; There safe from

4. Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love Conduct us
o'er life's stormy wave; O guide us to the home a-
deep a call we hear, Like harbor bells inviting
life wrecks strew the sea; They're going down at every
Spir-it comes to thee, Of His abiding love to
rock, and storm, and flood, Our song of praise shall never

356
The Harbor Bell.—Concluded.

voice; It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the swell; "Come un - to me," "Come un - to me," Rings out th' tell; To bliss - ful port, o'er storm - y sea, Calls heav'ns in - cease, To Him who bought us with His blood, And brought us

CHORUS.

trem - bling soul re - joice.
assur - ing har - bor bell.
This way, this way, O heart op -
to the port of peace.

press'd, So long by storm and tem - pest driv'n; This way, this

way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the har - bor bells of heaven.
No. 348.  

**No Hope in Jesus.**

"Having no hope, and without God in the world."

—EPH. 2: 12.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.  
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No Rock, no Refuge nigh!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! How lonely life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus; His pard'ning love receive;

When the dark days round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!  
Like a sailor, lost and driven, On a wide and shore-less sea.  
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shadows, Thou must press thy way alone.  
For the Saviour now is calling, And He bids thee turn and live.

**Chorus.**

Oh, to have no hope in Jesus! No Friend, no Light in Jesus!  
* Come to Jesus, He will save you; He is the Friend of sinners;

Oh, to have no hope in Jesus! How dark this world must be!  
Then, when thou hast found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!

* For last verse only.
No. 349.

There is a Land.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.


1. There is a land which lies afar, Where grief is all unknown;
2. We are but pilgrims on the earth, And brief our sojourn here;
3. There is a realm of boundless love, A goal for hearts distress,

A land wherein the angels sing Around the heavenly throne.
But well we know when hence we go, There is a brighter sphere.
Where all may find for endless years A home among the blest.

REFRAIN.

O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet Upon that distant shore,
Whereon the glorious sun ne'er sets, But shines for evermore,
But shines for evermore.
No. 350.  I am He that Liveth.

"And was dead; and behold I am alive forever more."—Rev. 1: 18.

C. R. H.  J. H. BURKE.

1. He dies! He dies! the low - ly Man of sor - rows, On whom were laid our ma - ny griefs and woes; Our sins He bore, beneath God's awful bil - lows, And He hath triumph'd over all our foes.

2. He lives! He lives! what glorious con - so-la - tion! Ex - alt - ed in - ter-ces - sion, En - a - bles all His saints by grace to stand.

3. He comes! He comes! O blest an-tic - i - pa - tion! In keep-ing con - sum-ma - tion—Caught up, to be "for - ev - er with the Lord."

CHORUS.

"I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth and was dead,

Copyright, MCMCCCLX, by The Bierme & Main Co.
"I am He that Liveth."—Concluded.

I am He that liveth, that liveth and was dead;

And behold, I am alive forevermore,
I am, I am alive forevermore;

Behold, I am alive forevermore;
I am, I am alive forevermore;

I am He that liveth, that liveth and was dead, And behold...

And behold, I am alive forevermore, I am, I am alive forever ever more.
No. 351. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. WIELENAND.  
E. S. LORENZ, (Arr.)

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head: For joy com-eth in the morning!
2. Yet trembling saints, dismiss your fears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
3. Let ev-ry burden'd soul look up: For joy com-eth in the morning!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way: For joy com-eth in the morning!

For God in His own Word hath said That joy com-eth in the morning!
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears: For joy com-eth in the morning!
And ev-ry trembling sin-ner hope: For joy com-eth in the morning!
Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way: For joy com-eth in the morning!

Chorus.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morn-ing!

Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; But joy com-eth in the morn-ing!
No. 352. Rejoice, Rejoice Believer.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

Grace J. Frances.

Hubert P. Main.

1. Re-joice, re-joice be-liev-er, And let thy joy and glo-ry ev-er be
2. Re-joice in thy Re-deem-er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;
3. Re-joice, re-joice, be-liev-er, A home on high is waiting now for thee;
4. Re-joice, re-joice, be-liev-er, Press on to join the happy, happy throng;

In Him, the Great De- liv-'rer, Who gave Himself a sac-ri-fice for thee,
He bids thee dwell in safe-ty, And rest beneath the shadow of His love.
And there, in all His beau-ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev-er-last-ing song.

Chorus.

Re-joice, be-liev-er, Re-joice ... and sing Of
O re-joice, O re-joice,

Him who lives for-ev-er, Thy great High Priest and King.

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

NATH. NORTON.

GEO. C. STERRINGS.

1. "Come unto Me," It is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice; O weary heart, with
2. Weary with life's long struggle full of pain, O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again; Thy doubts shall vanish,
3. Oh, dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed, With conscience wak'ned, of thy God afraid; Twixt hopes and fears—oh,
gives us, not beyond the tomb—But here, and now, on
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Saviour end the anxious strife, "Come unto Me," and I will give you life,
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

"Come unto me," "come unto me," "Come unto me, and

"Come unto me," oh, come unto me, Come unto me,
No. 354.  Safe Home in Port.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107:20.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,
   Torn sails, provisions short, and only not a wreck:
   But, oh! the joy, upon the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er.

2. The prize, the prize secure!
   The wrestler nearly fell;
   Barc all he could endure,
   And bare not always well:
   But he may smile at troubles gone
   Who sets the victor-garland on!

3. No more the foe can harm!
   No more of leaguered camp,
   And cry of night alarm,
   And need of ready lamp:
   And yet how nearly had he failed—
   How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4. The exile is at home!
   Oh, nights and days of tears!
   Oh, longings not to roam!
   Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
   What matters now grief's darkest day,
   When God has wiped all tears away!

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No. 355. **Calvary.**

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—**Luke 23: 33.**

W. M'K. DARBWOOD.  

Moderato.  

Jno. R. SWENLEY, by per.

1. On Calvary's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my Lord was crucified: He bled for me, And purchased there my pardon free.
2. 'Mid reading rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour bows his head and dies; The opening vail and endless day. To heaven's joys on Calvary?
3. O Jesus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou should'st give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

CHORUS.

O Calvary! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me;
Calvary.—Concluded.

No. 356. Hold Thou my Hand.

“I the Lord have called thee and will hold thine hand.” Isaiah 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help- less, I dare not

2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear

3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be-fore me Without the

4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone

take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing

self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should

sun-light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-di-ant

riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash a-long its

Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.

wan-der, And, miss-ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

wa-ters, And ev-’ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be.
No. 357. **Be ye Strong in the Lord.**

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—EPH. 6: 10.

**EL. NATHAN.**

**IRA D. SANKEY.**

1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," Firmly standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safely through the thickest of the fight. You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," Never turning from the face of the foe; He will surely by you stand, as you battle for the right. In the power of His might onward go.

3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," For His promises shall never, never fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while battling for the right. Trusting Him thou shalt for ever-more prevail.

**CHORUS,**

Firmly stand for the right, On to Firmly stand for the right,
Be ye Strong in the Lord.—Concluded.

No. 358.  
Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 Thess. 4:18.

S. BARING-GOULD.  
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. On the Res-ur-rec-tion morning, Soul and bod-y meet a-gain,
2. Here a-while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir-ed bod-y Wait in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap-py East-er morning All the graves their dead re-store,
5. Soul and bod-y, re-un-it-ed, Hence-forth nothing shall di-vide,

No more sor-row, no more weep-ing, No more pain.
Waiting in a ho-ly still-ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright-est East-er morn.
Fa-ther, moth-er, sis-ter, broth-er, Meet once more.
Wak-ing up in Christ's own like-ness, Sat-is-fied.

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1. Sons of God, beloved in Jesus! O the wondrous word of grace;
2. Blessed hope now brightly beaming, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the power of grace transforming, We shall then His image bear;

In His Son the Father sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light celestial gleaming, We shall see our Saviour's face.
Christ His promised word performing, We shall then His glory share.

CHORUS.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear,
but we know... that when He shall appear, what we shall be:
but we know, we know, we know that when He shall appear,

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Beloved, now are we. — Concluded.

—pear, ... we shall be like Him; we shall be
know that when He shall appear,
like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

No. 360. There is a Name I love.


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

It sounds like music in mine ear— The sweetest Name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood— The sinner's perfect plea.
Who in each sorrow hears a part That none can hear below.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.
No. 361. **Blessed be the Fountain.**

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psalm 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
3. Father, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Blessed be the dear Son of God: Only by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered thus not in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me—Water can not wash them away.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Jesus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

**Chorus.**

Whiter than the snow, . . . . Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,
Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.

than the snow; . . . . Wash me in the Blood of the

whiter than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb, . . . . And I shall be whiter than snow.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

No. 362. Now the Day is Over.

For the shadows of the evening are stretched out.”—Jer. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose;
3. Thro' the long night-watches May Thine angels spread
4. When the morning wakes, Then may I arise
5. Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son,

Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
Their white wings above us, Watching round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy holy eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spirit, Whilst all ages run. Amen.

evening Steal across the sky.
No. 363. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM XXXI. 20.

ELLN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide! Evill
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
3. Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus side! Earthly
there is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring; and my
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall then be your reward; and when—

cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low; for when Satan comes to
Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He ne'er, ne'er
e'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the

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In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.

tempt me, to the secret place I go, to the secret place I go,
utter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet,
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
image of the Master in your face, of the Master in your face.

No. 364.

Till He Come.

“For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.”—Heb. 10: 37.

HENRY ALFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words linger on the trembling chords,
2. When the weary ones we love enter on that rest above,

D. C. Let us think how heaven and home lie beyond that, "Till He come!"
D. C. Hush! be every murmur dumb, It is only "Till He come!"

Let the "little while" between in their golden light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer fall no longer on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

S. Baring-Gould.

Presto.

A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye faithful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Jesus going on before, Christ, the royal Master,
Treading where the saints have trod. We are not divided,
Jesus constant will remain. Gates of hell can never
Voices, in the triumph-song: Glory, laud, and honor,

Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See, His banners go.
All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Unto Christ the King: This, through countless ages, Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the
Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

With the cross of Jesus, going on before.

No. 366. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. (PILOT, 7s 6 lines.)

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst subdue the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass come from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fiearnot, I will pilot thee!"
"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2:1
C. W. FRY.  
Arr. from J. R. MURRAY by I. D. SANKEY.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus,  
   He's every-thing to me; He's the
   fair-est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lily of the Valley," in
   Him a- lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me full-ly whole:
   In sorrow He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He

2. He all my grief has tak-en,  
   and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
   Him a- lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me full-ly whole:
   In sorrow He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He

3. He'll nev- er, nev- er leave me,  
   nor yet for-sake me here, While I
   noth-ing now to fear: With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
   In sorrow He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He

He's the "Lily of the Valley," in
   Him a- lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me full-ly whole:
   In sorrow He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He
The Lily of the Valley. — Concluded.

tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
riv-ers of delight shall ever roll; He's the "Lily of the Valley," the

tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
D.S. for Chorus.

bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

No. 368. Jesus, the very Thought.

E. Caswall, tr. 

(ST.AGNES. G.M.) JOHN B. DYES.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ry find.
3. Oh, hope of ev-ry con-trito heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

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I Am the Way.

No. 369.

G. M. J.

JNO. 14: 6.

1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a-stray;
2. Be-wild'ered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go;
3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come, no more to roam;

To "Life" and peace within the fold, How may I find the way?
While ma-ny cry "Lo here! lo there!" The Truth how may I know?
He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E-ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

I . . . . am the way, . . . . the truth, . . . and the
I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

life; . . . No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me.
truth, and the life;

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I Am the Way.—Concluded.

1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy pardon to believe, Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will conquer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;

He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
Have faith the Spirit to receive; Have faith, have faith in God.
And give the triumph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
In life, in death, what-e'er betide, Have faith, have faith in God.

No. 370. Have Faith in God.

MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Copyright, 1871, by James McGranahan.

1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy pardon to believe, Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will conquer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;

He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.
Have faith the Spirit to receive; Have faith, have faith in God.
And give the triumph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.
In life, in death, what-e'er betide, Have faith, have faith in God.
No. 371. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

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

press the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the find each broken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the gather friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be

loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we star that, fading here, Left our hearts and homeso drear, We shall fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall

REFRAIN.

come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by. I know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by.

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Some Sweet Day, etc.—Concluded.

No. 372. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) WEBER, arr. by H. P. M.

1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
   star of hope Grow dim or disappear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,
   future scene I gladly trust with Thee: Straight to my home above
   Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; Thou'veen thro' many a tear, Let not my hand of love I would my all resign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
   star of hope Grow dim or disappear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,
   future scene I gladly trust with Thee: Straight to my home above
   Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing hand of love I would my all resign; Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
   star of hope Grow dim or disappear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,
   future scene I gladly trust with Thee: Straight to my home above
   Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
No. 373. *What will you do with Jesus?*

"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27: 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON.  

1. Oh, what will you do with Jesus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Jesus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glory From heav'n to earth come down,

1. As tenderly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;
The solemn words are sounding In every list'n'ing ear;
His life so pure and holy, His death, His cross, His crown;

2. Oh, soul so sad and weary, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
Im mortal life's in the question, And joy thro' eternity;
Of His divine compassion, His sacrifice for thee;

3. Then what will you do with Jesus? Oh, what shall the answer be?

Copyright, 1877, by Geo. C. Stebbins.
What will you do with Jesus?—Concluded.

REPRAIN.

What shall the answer be? What shall the answer be?

No. 374. Laborers of Christ, Arise.


1. Laborers of Christ, arise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick recline, Where mourning hearts deplore;
3. Be faith, which looks above, With pray'r, your constant guest.
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er despoil,

The dew of promise from the skies Already cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sorrow pine, Dispense your hallowed lore.
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love A mantle round your breast.
And the blest gospel's saving health Re-pay your arduous toil.
No. 375.  God is Calling Yet.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.  E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I
   still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing
   years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
   Call - ing,  Call - ing,
   God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing
   voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind
   care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
   God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the
   clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing
   to re-ceive, And shall I dar-o His Spir-it grieve?
   God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in
   bond-age live? I wait, but He does
   not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
   God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is

5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with
   out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well, from
   the I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

   Chorus.

   Call - ing,  Call - ing,
   God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him, God is
No. 376. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg. (ADRIAN. 8. M.)

J. E. Gould.

1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On restless wing to roam;
2. Behold the ark of God! Behold the open door!
3. There safe thou shalt abide, There sweet shall be thy rest;
4. Ah, yes! I all for-sake, My all to Thee re-sign;

All this wide world, to either pole, Hath not for thee a home.
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.
And ev'ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.
Gracious Redeem-er, take, oh take, And seal me ev-er Thine!
No. 377. *How shall we Escape?*

*HER. 2: 3.*

G. M. J.  

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. God loved a world of sinners, For them He gave His Son;  
2. Behold the bleeding Saviour Upon the cruel tree,—  
3. God loves the vilest sinner, But hates the smallest sin;  
4. Return to God, O wanderer, Thy purchased pardon take;  

And who-so-e'er receives Him, He saves them, every one;  
The Just condemned, for-saken—He dies for you and me;  
Then who shall see His Kingdom? Or who can enter in?  
Thy sins He'll not remember, For thy Redeemer's sake;  

He came to bring salvation, To bear our sins away;  
The "Son of God" beloved, For us a curse was made;  
The precious blood of Jesus—Let every creature know—  
He'll cast them all behind Him, Or 'neath the deepest sea;  

That we with Him in glory Might live thro' endless day.  
That we might have redemption, The awful price He paid.  
Can make the "chief of sinners" Full whiter than the snow.  
And love us ever freely Thro'out Eternity.

388
How Shall we Escape.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

No. 378. Come to Jesus! come away!


1. Come to Jesus! come away! For-sake thy sins—Oh, why de-lay?
2. Come to Jesus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!"
3. Come to Jesus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
4. Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come! Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,

His arms are open night and day; He waits to welcome thee!
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee," Oh, thou shalt welcome be!
Thou shalt at last a vic-t'ry win, And He will welcome thee!
But with my Saviour be at home; I know He'll welcome me!
No. 379. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Daniel 5:5.

Words and Music by Knowles Shaw. Arr. by Ira D. Sankey.

1. At the feast of Bel-sha-zar and a thousand of His lords,
2. See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now:

While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book of Truth records—
And re-buk'd the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong;
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the secret of his might;
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus—to His royal mandates bow.

In the night, as they revelled in the royal palace hall,
As he read out the writing—t'was the doom of one and all,
In his home in Judea, or a captive in the hall,
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,

They were seized with consternation—t'was the Hand upon the wall!
For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand upon the wall!
He understood the writing of his God upon the wall!
When the sinners' condemnation will be written upon the wall!
The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the writing on the wall!

hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or writing on the wall!

shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall?

writing on the wall!

No. 380. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

1. Jeru-sa-lem! my happy home! Name ev-er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courtsa-scend,
3. Jeru-sa-lem! my happy home! My soul still pants for thee;

When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!
Where con-grega-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.
No. 381. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60. 4.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRAHAAN.

1. There's a royal banner given for display To the soldiers of the King; As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day, Marching on! Marching on! Marching on! For Christ count every-thing, every-thing but loss; And to

2. Thou' the foe may rage and gather as the flood, Let the standard be displayed; And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! on! the world shall sway.

3. Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell, Make the glorious tidings known; Of the crimson banner now the story tell, Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! the world shall sway.

4. When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near—It is hast'ning day by day—Then before our King the foe shall disappear, Marching on! Marching on! Marching on! the world shall sway.

Chorus.

While as ransomed ones we sing, For the truth be not dismayed! While the Lord shall claim His own! Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! the world shall sway.

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The Banner of the Cross.—Concluded.
crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the banner of the cross.
crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Beneath the banner of the cross.

No. 382.  A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 16.

C. J. B.

Slow.

1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be; And I wondered if ray of light could I see; And the thought filled my voice sweetly whispered to me; Saying, Christ the Redeemer could save a poor sinner like me.

2. I wandered 'round in the darkness, Not a

3. And then, in that dark lonely hour; A

4. I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour That was speaking so kindly to me; I cried, 'I'm the chief of sinners, Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!'

5. I then fully trusted in Jesus; And oh, what a joy came to me! My heart was filled with His praises, For saving a sinner like me.

6. No longer in darkness I'm walking, For the light is now shining on me; And now unto others I'm telling How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7. And when life's journey is over, And I the dear Saviour shall see, I'll praise Him for ever and ever, For saving a sinner like me.

393
No. 383.  There is a Calm.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

1. There is a calm beyond life's fitful fever, A deep repose, an everlasting rest; Where white-robed angels high above life's surging wave; Finds life in death, and wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up- welcome the believer Among the blest, among the blest. fade-less flow-ers springing From the dark grave, from the dark grave. - on thy past life grieving, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!

2. There is a Hope, to which the Christian, clinging; Is lifted

3. There is a spotless Robe of Christ's own weaving; Will you not pose, an ever last-ing rest; Where white-robed an-gels high a - bove life's surg-ing wave; Finds life in death, and wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand'ring child, up- welcome the believer Among the blest, among the blest. fade-less flow-ers springing From the dark grave, from the dark grave. - on thy past life grieving, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!

There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings, And si-lent There is a Crown pre-pared for those who love Him; The Christian There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav-en;—A - las! that
There is a Calm.—Concluded.

prayer's shall be at last fulfilled; Where strife and sorrow,
sees it in the distance shine, Like a bright beacon
any should Thy gift refuse!—The awful choice of

murmurings and heart burnings At last are stillled, at last are stillled.
glittering above him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"
life and death is given—Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

No. 384. There is a Stream.

ISAAC WATTS.

(WARD, L. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God;
2. That sacred stream, Thy holy Word, Supports our faith, our fears controls;
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide;

Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro', And water our divine abode.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And gives new strength to fainting souls.
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

395
1. A guilty soul, by Phar-isees of old, Was brought accused, a-lone,
2. A learn-ed Mas-ter, Rul-er of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain,
3. "Good Mas-ter," pray can aught be lacking yet? Thy laws I do o-bey;

But Je-sus said, "Let him with-out a sin, Be first to cast a stone,"
With all the lore and cul-ture of the age, He "must be born a-gain,"
"Go sell and give, then come and fol-low me," But sad he turned a-way.

CHORUS.

"There is none righteous, no, not one, All, all have sinned,"

There is none righteous, for all have sinned, and come short of the

glo-ry, the glo-ry of God, Come short of the glo-ry, Come
There is None Righteous.—Concluded.

No. 386. Little Lights.


1. Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a little
   candle burning in the night; In the world is darkness;
   knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heaven,
   dark-ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sorrow;

2. Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He see and
   so we must shine, You in your corner and I in mine.

3. Jesus bids us shine then for all around, Many kinds of
   He sees us shine, You in your corner and I in mine.

   so we must shine, You in your corner and I in mine.

397
No. 387. Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. Hoffma.

P. P. Bliss.

He will abundantly pardon.—ISA. 55: 7.

1. Who-ev-er re-ev-eth the Cruc-i-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
   liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect sal-
   va-tion shall have: For He is a-bud-ant-ly a-ble to save.

2. Who-ev-er re-ev-eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
   power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal re-
   demp-tion shall have: For He is both a-ble and willing to save.

3. Who-ev-er rep-ents and for-sakes ev'-ry sin, And o-pens his
   heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect cal-
   va-tion shall have: For Je-sus is read-y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas-ter is call-ing for thee;
Brother, the Master is come, and is call-ing for thee;
His grace and His mer-cy are wondrously free;
Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;

398
Abundantly Able to Save.—Concluded.

His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave, Brother, His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave,

And He is abundantly able to save.

And He is abundantly able to save.

No. 388.  Come, Come to Jesus.
"Come unto me."—Matt. 11:28.

Geo. B. Peck.  Hubert P. Main, by per.

1. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to welcome thee
2. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to ransom thee
3. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to light thee
4. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to give thee

O wand’rer, eagerly Come, come to Jesus!
O slave! so willingly; Come, come to Jesus!
O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Jesus!
O blind! a vision free; Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to shelter thee
6 Come, come to Jesus! He waits to carry thee
O weary! blessedly
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

399
No. 389.  *Carried by the Angels.*

**Luke 16: 22.**

1. Sitting by the gateway of a palace fair, Once a child of
   What shall be the ending of this life of care? Oft the question
   follower of Jesus, scanty tho' thy store, Treasures, precious
   Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord; Time and talent

2. God was left to die; By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share;
   cometh to us all; Here upon the pathway hard the burdens bear,
   treasures wait on high; Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;
   all in His employ; Small may seem the service, sure the great reward.

3. CHORUS.

   See the change awaiting there on high.
   Carried by the angels to the land of rest.
   And the burning tears of sorrow fall.
   Music sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcomed by the

   O the change that's coming bye and bye.
   Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

   Carried by the angels to the land of
   Music sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcomed by the

   400
Carried by the Angels. — Concluded.

Saviour to the heav'ly feast, Gathered with the loved in Para-dise.

No. 390.  
Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.  
Trans. from Dr. Malan.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

ISA. 41: 10.

1st time.  2nd time.

1. O Christian trav'ller, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;
   Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams On thy defenceless (Omit.) head.

2. Thy Saviour, who up'on the cross Thy full redemption paid,
   Will not from thee, His ransomed one, Withhold His promised (Omit.) aid.

Chorus.

"Fear thou not, for I . . . am with thee: Be not dis-

mayed, for I am thy God;

Fear thou not, for

I . . . am with thee: Be not dis-mayed, for I am thy God."

3 A safe retreat and hiding-place
   Thy Saviour will provide;
   And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
   While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
   When every joy seems flown,
   Believer, thou shalt never tread
   The toilsome way alone.

401
1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our
2. Has the God above our supreme true love? Have we bowed to
3. Do we honor or those who have soothed our woes? Have we rendered
4. Are we always true in the thing we do? In our words, our
5. Dare a mortal say—for a singleday—"I have kept Thy

souls' "first love?" Neither cold nor hot, God commends us not, Him alway? Do we own His claim and revere His name, good for ill? Are we pure in heart, doing all our part works, our ways? Are we quite content with the blessings sent, law, O God! Undeleted by sin, I am pure within,

CHORUS.

Nor our luke-warm ways approve, And ob-serve His ho-ly day? To ful-fill the Saviour's will? Giv-ing God a-lone the praise? And I need no cleansing blood?"

'Tis the call of God to ev'ry land; Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye,
Repent Ye!—Concluded.

repent ye! For the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

No. 392. Cling to the Bible.


1. Cling to the Bible, tho' all else be taken; Lose not its promises.
2. Cling to the Bible, this jewel, this treasure bring to us honor and fame.
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would try.

precious and sure; Souls that are sleeping its echoes a-wake.

saves fallen man; Pearl whose great value no mortal can measure,
otherwise fall; Hope for the sinner whose best days are squander'd,

Chorus.

Drink from the fountain, so peaceful, so pure.
Seek and secure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the aged, and best hook of all.

Cling to the Bible! Cling to the Bible, Our Lamp and Guide.
Hark, Hark! my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER.

C. C. CONVERSE, Arr. by I. D. S.

1. Hark, hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling. Of that new life when sin shall be no more. thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the Gospel leads us home.

2. Far, far away, like bells at ev'ning pealing, The voice of it ev'ning pealing. The voice of the watchman, O'er fields and sea. How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling. Of that new life when sin shall be no more. thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the Gospel leads us home.

3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling. Of that new life when sin shall be no more. thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the Gospel leads us home.

CHORUS.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watch-ers keeping; Sing us sweet
Hark, Hark! my Soul!—Concluded.

fragments of the songs above, Till morning’s joy shall end the night of weeping, And life’s long shadows break in cloudless love.

No. 394. Guide Me.

"For thy name’s sake, lead me, and guide me."—Psalm 31: 3.

W. WILLIAMS. Wm. L. Viner.

FINE.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro’ this barren land; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

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

405
1. We bow our knees unto the Father Of Christ the Lord of earth and heaven, That riches of His grace and glory And power for hearts doth dwell; Our root in Him, thro’ storms may lower, Victorious breadth and length; A boundlessly beyond our asking, Beyond our here today, And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glory Within His

2. O fill the inward man with power, As Christ within our service may be given. love we still shall tell. We are waiting for the promise of the Father—church thro’ endless day.

3. The love that passeth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and thought gives us Thy strength. For the Holy Spirit’s power; O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are

4. Thy power it is that worketh in us, O multiply it

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Waiting for the Promise.—Concluded.

(May end here.)

waiting, e - ven now, this ver - y hour. We are wait - ing for His com - ing,

We are waiting for His coming, For the Ho - ly Spir - it's power; O our

Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait - ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

No. 396. Come, Praise the Lord.

Con spirito. A. Mc. G.

1. Come, praise the Lord, ex - alt His name, Our Sav - iour and our King;
2. How great, how pre - cious is His name, How poor the praise we bring;
3. A day will come, its dawn we greet, When heav'n itself shall ring,

'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
His peo - ple still should own His claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
And all the saints with joy shall meet, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.
1. Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But
2. And is this all He meant when first He said, “Come
3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts, But
4. Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all For

that is all; Sometimes He looks on me and
unto me?” Is there no deeper, more en-
love His love; Do thou full justice to His
ever-more; Christ and His light shall shine on

seems to smile, But that is all;
during rest In Him for thee?
tender ness, His mercy prove;
all thy ways For ever-more;

408
But is that All?—Concluded.

Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace, But
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him? O
Take Him for what He is, O, take Him all, And
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul For

that is all;
Sometimes I think I hear His
come and see;
Is there no deeper, more en-
look above;
And do not wrong Him by thy
ever-more;
Christ and His love shall be thy

loving voice Upon me call.
During rest In Him for thee?
Heavy thoughts, But love His love.
Blessed all For ever-more.
No. 398. **Christian, Walk Carefully.**

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—**Eph. 4: 1.**


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1. Christian, walk carefully, danger is near; On in thy
2. Christian, walk cheerfully thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the
3. Christian, walk prayerfully, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-
4. Christian, walk hopefully, sorrow and pain Cease when the

---

journey with trembling and fear. Snares from without and temp-
sky with its threat of alarm. Soon will the clouds and the
get on thy Saviour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each
haven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the

---

tations within, Seek to entice thee once more into sin.
tempest be o'er, Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest ev-
trials and care, If thou art clad in the armour of prayer.
Judge, thy reward: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

---

**CHORUS.**

Christian, walk carefully, Christian, walk carefully,
Christian, walk cheerfully, Christian, walk cheerfully,
Christian, walk prayerfully, Christian, walk prayerfully,
Christian, walk hopefully, Christian, walk hopefully,
Christian, Walk Carefully.—Concluded.

Christian, walk carefully, danger is near.
Christian, walk cheerfully through the fierce storm.
Christian, walk prayerfully, fear lest thou fall.
Christian, walk hopefully, rest thou shalt gain.

No. 399. He Holds the Key.

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

Rev. John Parker.
Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. He holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad;
2. What if tomorrow's cares where here Without its rest?
3. The very dimness of my sight Makes me so sure;
4. I cannot read His future plans, But this I know:
5. Enough; this covers all my wants, And so I rest;

If other hands should hold the key, Or, if He trusted
I'd rather He unlocked the day, And, as the hours were:
For, groping in my misty way, I feel His hand; I
I have the smiling of His face, And all the refuge
For, what I cannot, He can see, And, in His care I

It to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
Open, say, "My will is best," "My will is best."
Hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."
Of His grace, while here below, while here below.
Safe shall be, For ever blest, For ever blest.
No. 400. Hallelujah for the Cross!

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

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It's
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our

fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
triumph let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone,
sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,

The world its hate hath shown, Ye it is not o-ver thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a- tona, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Of Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

*Solo. Sop. or Ten. or Duet.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Soprano and Alto.

Cho. mp Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Tenor and Bass.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, omitting the middle Staff.
Hallelujah!—Concluded.

lu - jah for the cross, Hal-le-lu-jah,
lu-jah for the cross, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suffer loss.
Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suffer, nev-er suffer loss.

f FULL CHORUS.

* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross;

Cres. ff

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suffer loss.

Cres. ff

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.
No. 401. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4:7.

P.S.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

SOLO.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies your safety, When you the long journey begin;
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek only the brave and the true;

You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each city with evil is ripe.
Your trust in a heavenly Father Will keep you unspotted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in trial, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

This world is a stage of excitement, There's danger wherever you go;
Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine cup to know,

But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
Have Courage, my Boy.—Concluded.

No. 402.

God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

JOSEPH COOK.

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1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Holy-ness, or heaven lose;  
2. End-less sin means end-less woe; Into endless sin I go,  
3. As the stream its channel grooves, And within that channel moves,

While what heaven loves I hate, Shut for me is heaven's gate.  
If my soul from reason rent, Takes from sin its final bent.  
So doth habit's deepest tide Groove its bed, and there abide.

4 Light obeyed increaseth light,  
Light resisted bringeth night;  
Who shall give me will to choose,  
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;  
Let the Light its sceptre wield;  
While thy God prolongeth grace,  
Haste thee toward His holy face!
O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

DUET.

1. "Some day" we say, and turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair hills of Par-a-dise;
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o-ver sin and wrong;

Some day, sometime, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;
Some day, sometime, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for-get,

Solo. Alto.

Some day, sometime, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo-ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;


Some day, sometime, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo-ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;

Slowly.  Tempo.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o-ver in the morning land,
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,
O Morning Land.—Concluded.

Just o-ver in the morning land; Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
That happy time will come, we know; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,

Just o-ver in the morning land; O morning land! O morning land!
That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

No. 404. O What a Saviour.
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Come to the Saviour, hear His loving voice Never will you find a Friend so true;
2. Blest words of comfort, gently now they fall, Jesus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;
3. Softly the Spirit whispers in the heart, Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace;
4. Light in the darkness, joy in any pain, Refuge for the weary and oppressed;

Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice, Tenderly He calleth you.
Come to the fountain, there is room for all, Jesus bids you come to-day.
Gladly receive Him, let Him not depart, Happy they who seek His face.
Still He is waiting, calling yet again, Come and He will give you rest.

D.S.—Still He is waiting, grieve His love no more, Tenderly He calleth you.

O, what a Saviour standing at the door, Haste while He lingers, pardon now implore!
O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O golden day, O day of God, When sin-less
2. To Christ the Lord up-on the tree, A sinner
3. O golden day when Christ descends, The curse re-

1. O golden day, &c.

souls the garden trod! In bliss supreme,
cries:— "Remember me!" "To-day shalt thou;"
moves and sorrow ends; All glory clad,

'nethery sunny skies, In Eden fair,
the Lord replies, "Be with me there
to the ransomed rise To reign with Him

CHORUS.

in Paradise.
in Paradise." } O Paradise, sweet Paradise, From.
in Paradise.

418
O Paradise!—Concluded.

scapes of earth we long to rise; O Paradise, bright Paradise,

Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies. 2. The fatal
beyond the skies,

fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,
brow, the silvered hair, The aching heart,

thesword a-flame, The curse, the crime beyond dis-
the vacant chair, The grassy graves, the broken

go to Chorus.

guise, The earth no more is Paradise.
ties, Are not the scenes of Paradise.
No. 406. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 69.

F. H. RAWLEY.  

PETER BILNÉ.

1. I will sing the wond'rous stö-ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I often tread,
5. He will keep me till the river rolls its waters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo-ry, For the cross on Cal-va-ry,
Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back into His way,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all,
But the Sav-iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safely led,
Then He'll bear me safely over, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing . . . the wondrous stö-ry

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous stö-ry

Of the Christ . . . who died for me

Of the Christ who died for me

Sing it with . . . the saints in glo-ry

Sing it with the saints in glo-ry

420
I will Sing.—Concluded.

He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

No. 407. Loving Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not withstanding all;
3. Thou'rt man's hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,

Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
No. 408.  

The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES.  
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Well, wife, I've found the model church, And worshipp'd there to-day;  
2. The sexton did not set me down, Away back by the door;  
3. I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, It had the old-time ring;  

It made me think of good old times, Before my hair was gray;  
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;  
The preacher said with trumpet voice, Let all the people sing:  

The meeting house was finer built, Than they were years ago,  
He must have been a Christian man, He led me boldly through  
"Old Coronation," was the tune; The music upward roll'd,  

But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.  
The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church, To find a pleasant pew.  
Until I thought the angel-choir Struck all their harps of gold.  

422
My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;"

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring
forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;"

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there, In
heaven above Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

All join in singing the old tunes.

423
The Gospel Call.

No. 409.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

ETHUR T. PIERSON.

1. The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And take the water of life!
2. Let every one who hears, say, "Come!" And joyful witness give;
3. Ye souls who are a-thirst, forsake Your broken cisterns first;
4. Yea, who-so-ever will may come, Your longings Christ can fill;

O blessed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!
Then come, partake, One draught will slake Your soul's consuming thirst.
The stream is free To you and me, And who-so-ever will.

CHORUS.

The Spirit says, "Come!" The bride... says, "Come!"

The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"

And take of the water of life... freely.
And take the water of life, of life, The water of life freely.

The Spirit says, "Come!" The bride... says, "Come!"

The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.


No. 410. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.


1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!

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Come, sinner come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sinner come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

425
No. 411. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT, Arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sunlight falls in gladness On the river and the rills, We recall our Father's promise, We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with

2. Oft we tread the path before us With a weary burden'd heart; Oft we toil apart. But the Saviour's "Come ye blessed" those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of our redemption, We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with

3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with

4. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with

Chorus.

We shall know . . . as we are known, Never more . . . to walk alone, . . . In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day: We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone.
When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.

We shall know each other better, When the mists have rolled away.

No. 412. Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

John Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins.

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our

gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the

us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy

sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thee voices shall bid our

wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing wait Thy word of peace.

hearts from shame, That in this house have called up on Thy name.

child-ren free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.

con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.
No. 413. **What a Wonderful Saviour!**

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—**ISA. 9: 6.**

E. A. H.                                                    ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a wonder-ful Saviour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a wonder-ful Saviour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a wonder-ful Saviour!
4. He walks beside me in the way, What a wonder-ful Saviour!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a wonder-ful Saviour!
That reconciled my soul to God; What a wonder-ful Saviour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a wonder-ful Saviour!
And keeps me faithful day by day; What a wonder-ful Saviour!

CHORUS.

What a wonder-ful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus!

What a wonder-ful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
And triumph in each trying hour;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
The world shall never share a part;  
What a wonderful Saviour!
No. 414.  
A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 Sam. 22: 2.

F. H. Hedge, tr.  
Martin Luther.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;
   Our Helper He, amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
   Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing.

3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us;
   We will not fear, for God hath will'd, His truth to triumph through us.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe: His craft and pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate—On earth is not his equal.

Is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the battle, they may kill; God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is for ever.
No. 415.  O Glorious Fountain.


REV. F. BOTTOME  JAMES McGRAHAE.

1. Beneath the glorious throne above, The crystal fountain springing,
2. Through all my soul its waters flow, Thro' all my nature stealing;
3. The barren wastes are fruitful lands, The desert blooms with roses;
4. My sun no more goes down by day, My moon no more is waning;
5. Oh, depth of mercy! breadth of grace! Oh, love of God unbound-ed!

A river full of life and love, Is joy and gladness bring-ing.
And deep with-in my heart I know The consciousness of heal-ing.
And He, the glory of all lands, His love'ly face disclo-es.
My feet run swift the shin-ing way, The heavenly portals gain-ing.
My soul is lost in sweet amaze, By won-drous love con-found-ed.

CHORUS.

O glorious fountain now flowing so free,

flow-ing, flow-ing so free,

O fountain of cleans-ing opened wide to me.
No. 416. **Hear us, O Saviour.**

"There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 23.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. **Hear us, O Saviour, while we pray, Humbly our need confessing;**
2. **Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call, Boldly Thy throne addressing;**
3. **Trusting Thy word that cannot fail, Master, we claim Thy promise;**

Grant us the promised show'rs to-day, Send them upon us, O Lord.
Pleading that show'rs of grace may fall,—Send them upon us, O Lord.
Oh that our faith may now prevail,—Send us the show'rs, O Lord.

**REFRAIN.**

Send show'rs of blessing; Send show'rs refreshing;

Send us show'rs of blessing; Send them, Lord, we pray.
No. 417.  His Praises I Will Sing.

“I will sing praise to the Lord”—JUDG. 5: 3:

J. B. ATCHINSON.  
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've learn'd to sing a glad new song Of praise unto our King.
2. I've learn'd to sing the song of peace, 'Tis sweeter every day.
3. I sing the song of perfect love, It casteth out all fear.
4. I've learn'd to sing the song of joy, My cup is running o'er.
5. Soon I shall sing the new, new song Of Moses and the Lamb.

And now with all my ransomed powers His praises I will sing.
Since Jesus calmed my troubled soul, And bore my sins away.
O breadth, O length, O depth, O height! O love so full of cheer!
With blessings full of peace and love, And still there's more and more!
With all the sainted hosts above, Before the great I AM!

CHORUS.

His praises I will sing, He is my Lord and King;

And now with all my ransomed powers His praises I will sing.

432
Hope On.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord."—Ps. 146: 5.

ROBERT BRUCE.

1. Hope on, hope on, O troubled heart; If doubts and fears o'er thee, take thee, Remember this—the Lord hath said, He never will forsake thee; Then murmur not, still bear thy lot, Nor yield to care or sorrow; Be sure the clouds that frown to-day Will break in smiles to-morrow.

2. Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep The shadows gather o'er thee; Be not dismayed; thy Saviour holds the lamp of life betoken, Directed by the word of truth, so full of consolation; There is a calm for every storm, a joy for every sorrow, Be not afraid, but trust and wait; The sun will shine to-morrow.

3. Hope on, hope on, go bravely forth Through trial and temptation; Do not yield to care or sorrow, A night from which the soul shall wake To hail an endless morrow.
1. Why do you linger, Why do you stay In the broad road, that most
2. Do you find pleasures, Lasting and pure, In the gay scenes that the
3. Come then, beloved, No longer stay; Leave the broad highway, O

1. Why do you linger, Why do you stay In the broad road, that most
dangerous way—While right before you, narrow and strait, Is the bright
2. Do you find pleasures, Lasting and pure, In the gay scenes that the
thoughtless allure—While your Redeemer, With love so great, Points to the
3. Come then, beloved, No longer stay; Leave the broad highway, O
leave it today; Make your decision, Oh, do not wait; Take thou the

REFRAIN.

path-way to heav'n's pearly gate? Nar-row and strait, . . . . . .
way that is narrow and strait? Nar-row and strait, Nar-row and strait,
path-way so narrow and strait.

Narrow and strait, . . . .
Narrow and strait, Is the bright pathway to heav'n's pearly gate.
No. 420.  
_O Rock of Ages._

“The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages.”—Isa. 26: 4.

Rev. H. L. Hastings.  
Hubert P. Main.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I'll hide me in this refuge strong, From ev'ry stormy blast;
3. Ye comfortless and tempest-tost, By sins and woes oppressed,
4. Ye thirsty, from this smitten Rock Life's crystal waters spring;

A sure and certain anchorage ground In Christ within the vail.
And sit and sing until the waves Of wrath are overpast.
Ye tempted, troubled, ruined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev'ry stormy shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.

O Rock of Ages cleft for me, In Thee my soul securely hide;
O Rock In Thee

My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safely there abide.

“He is able also to save them to the uttermost.”—HEB. 7: 25.

CLAUDIA MAY FERRIN. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Je-sus saves! O bless-ed sto- ry, Full of love and peace di-vine,
2. Je-sus saves! O, who can fath-om All the ful-ness of His love?
3. Je-sus saves! O sinner, heark-en To the call of love to-day;

Bursting from the realms of glo-ry, Echoing thro' this world of time.
He once died for our re-de-mption, Now He waits for us a-bove.
There's no oth-er way to heav-en, Je-sus is the on-ly way.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves! O glo-ry! glo-ry! Shout the ti-dings o'er and o'er;

Tell to all the earth the sto-ry, Je-sus saves for ev-er-more.

436
No. 422.  Christ is my Redeemer.

"I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer."—Isa. 49: 26.

EL. NATHAN.  JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegro.

1. How sweet the joy that fills my soul, Christ is my Redeemer;
2. The foeman oft my way oppose, Christ is my Redeemer;
3. When trials come I still confess, Christ is my Redeemer;
4. The victory by this I gain, Christ is my Redeemer;

His precious blood has made me whole, Christ is my Redeemer;
With this I boldly meet my foes, Christ is my Redeemer;
He gives me grace each care to bless, Christ is my Redeemer;
By this I break sin's gallivan chain, Christ is my Redeemer;

My sins were all upon Him laid, A full atonement He hath made,
'Twas this that gave me life and light, 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
He guides and keeps me day by day, He closer comes when dark the way,
And if He tarries and I sleep, My dying hour this hope shall keep,

For me He hath the ransom paid; Christ is my Redeemer,
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright; Christ is my Redeemer,
He doth with this my fears allay; Christ is my Redeemer,
That when He comes the grave to reap, Christ is my Redeemer.
1. Lead to the shadow of the Rock of Refuge My weary feet;
2. Lead to the shadow of the Rock Eternal My heart oppressed;
3. Lead to the shadow of the "Rock of Ages," O keep thou me

Give me the water from the life stream flowing Clear, pure and sweet.
There in the secret of Thy holy presence, Calm shall I rest.
Safe from the arrows of the world's temptations, Close, close to Thee.

CHORUS.

There from the billows and the tempest hiding,

Under the shelter of Thy love abiding,
The Shadow of the Rock.—Concluded.

Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of Ages," Joy shall be mine.

No. 424.   To Thee I Come.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

Words arr. J. E. GOULD.

1. Jesus, I come to Thee for light, Restore to me my blind-ed sight, And from my soul dispel the night—
   precious day; I would Thy word at once obey—

2. Jesus, I come—I cannot stay From Thee another spot-less Lamb; Thou wilt my trou-bled spir-it calm—

3. Jesus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the holy, Jesus, to Thee I come! Jesus, to Thee I come!

439
No. 425.  
**Ride on in Majesty.**

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN.

Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Ride on! ride on in majesty! Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
   2. Ride on! ride on in majesty! The angel armies of the sky
   3. Ride on! ride on in majesty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
   4. Ride on! ride on in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die;

---

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd,
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approaching sacrifice.
The Father on His sapphire throne Awaits His own anointed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

---

CHORUS.

Ride on, ride on, ride on in majesty;...
Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in majesty, in majesty;

---

In lowly pomp, ride on... to die...
In lowly pomp, in lowly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

440
No. 426.  Raise high the Song.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

THOS. LAURIE.

1. Our Sav- iour will descend a-gain, Earth's buried millions rais - ing;
2. And though these bod- ies lie in dust Before that glad ap- pear- ing,
3. What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower, And a-ges pass in sad - ness?
4. Then, safe at last, this bless - ed throng, Set free from trib- ula - tion,

With Him will come a glo- rious train, A- dor- ing Him and prais - ing.
Yet shall they stand among the just, Our Sav- iour's im - age wear - ing.
Yet we may see that glo- rious hour, And hail the dawn with glad - ness.
Shall ev - er praise in ho - ly song The God of their sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

Raise high the song that loud and long Before Him ceas-eth nev - er,

Till, cast- ing down each gold- en crown, We worship Him for - ev - er.

J. J. LOWE.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—Jno. 3: 16.

M. FRASER. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis a true and faithful saying, Jesus died for sinful men;
2. He has made a full atonement, Now His saving work is done;
3. Still upon His hands the nail prints, And the scars upon His brow,
4. But remember this same Jesus In the clouds will come again,

Tho' we've told the story oft en, We must tell it o'er again.
He has satisfied the Father, Who accepts us in His Son.
Our Redeemer, Lord and Saviour In the glory standeth now.
And with Him His blood-bought people Evermore shall live and reign.

CHORUS.

O glad and glorious Gospel! With joy we now proclaim

A full and free salvation, Through faith in Jesus' name.
No. 428.

**Why Not Now?**

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

**EL NATEAN.**

C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a-way; Do not risk another day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, confession make; Come to Christ and pardon take;

While your Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, today, accept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

**CHORUS.**

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now?
No. 429. Victory Through Grace.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev 6:2.

S. Martin. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in His might;
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonderful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, Thou Ruler of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the armies which He leadeth, While of His glory they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

Seethem with courage advancing, Clad in their brilliant array;
He is our Lord and Redeemer, Saviour and Monarch divine,
Yet shall the armies Thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them exulting—ly say,
They are the stars that forever Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions eternal Rest when their warfare is past.

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Victory Through Grace.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the battle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faithful Victory is promised through grace.

No. 430. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

Andrew Reed. (Mercy, 7s.) L. M. Gottschalk, arr by H. P. M.

1. Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine;  
2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  

Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.  
Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.  

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
Reign supreme—and reign alone.
Rejoice! Ye Saints.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

C. R. H.

1. Rejoice! ye saints, again rejoice, And sing, with one accord;
2. Rejoice! lift up your head, And praise the living God,
3. Rejoice! let praise abound Before Jehovah's throne,
4. Rejoice! the Lord will come, According to His word,

Rejoice with all your heart and voice, In Christ your risen Lord.
That for your souls the Saviour shed His own most precious blood.
For dead ones raised, and lost ones found, And prodigals brought home.
And gather all His ransom'd home, "For ever with the Lord."

CHORUS.

Rejoice, in the Lord, Rejoice in the Lord, Rejoice in the Lord always;

Rejoice, in the Lord, Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, Rejoice.
No. 432.  Never Shone a Light so Fair.

"I am come a light into the world."—John 12: 46.

F. J. CROSBY.  Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Never shone a light so fair, Never fell so sweet a song, As the chorus
2. Still that Jubilee of song Breaks upon the rising morn; While the anthem
3. Welcome now the blessed day When we praise the Lord our King; When we meet to

in the air, Chanted by the angel-throng; Every star took up the rolls a-long, Floods of light the earth a-dorn; Old and young take up the praise and pray, And His love with gladness sing; Let the world take up the

story, story, Christ has come, the Prince of glory, Come in humble story,

hearts to dwell, God with us, God with us, God with us, Im-man-u-el.

447
No. 433. Hallelujah, Bless His Name.

"And again they said, Alleluia."—Rev. 19:3.

M. FRASER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O brethren, rise and sing, Make hallelujahs ring To our Almighty King, And bless His name.
2. He wins for us the fight, He makes our darkness light, All dreary doubts take flight When He appears.
3. No lack or want have they Who make the Lord their stay; New strength for every day His grace supplies.
4. O trust Him then to guide, And for His own providence Should weal or woe betide, Trust to the end.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, bless His name; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

448
Hallelujah, Bless His Name.—Concluded.

No. 434. Following Fully.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Psa. 23: 1.

M. FRASER.

M. A. SEA.

1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said,

Come, follow me;

What wonder that in haste I rose,

So kind was He!

With such a Guide, who would not follow,

Go where He will?

Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow

Hard after Thee.

Upon the night wind rose the cry of

One in great fear.

My feet are stumbling on the mountains;

Oh! succor me.

Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary

Mine arm shall aid."

The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safely home.

1. One day the Shepherd passed, and turning, said,

Come, follow me;

What wonder that in haste I rose,

So kind was He!

With such a Guide, who would not follow,

Go where He will?

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Oh! succor me.

Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and the weary

Mine arm shall aid."

The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and Brought safely home.
No. 435. Whosoever Will May Come.


A. Montieth. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O wand'ring souls, why longer roam, Away from God, a-
2. Behold His hand extended now, The dews of nightmare way from home? The Sav-
3. In simple faith His word believe, And His abundant grace receive; No love like His the heart can fill; Oh, rest and home; Let Him that hear-eth echo still, The
4. The "Spirit and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet way from home? The Sav-

CHORUS.

ev - er will" may come to-day, come to Him, "who-ev- er will." All praise and glory be un-
come to Him, "who-ev-er will." bless-ed "who-so-ev-er will.

Je-sus, For He hath pur-chased a full sal-

450
No. 436. **Hear Me, Blessed Jesus.**

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

**Words arr.**

1. Hear me, bless-ed Je-sus, Bid all fear-de-part; Let Thy Spirit
2. Let me ful-ly trust Thee, Rest-ing on Thy Word; Let me still with
3. Hid-ing in the shad-ow Of Thy shel-ter-ing wings, I shall rest con-

**CHORUS.**

whis- per Peace within my heart.
pa-tience Wait on Thee, O Lord. Then, whate'er Thou send-est,
fid-ing In the King of kings.

Happy shall I be, Je-sus, my Redeem-er, Look-ing un-to Thee.

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No. 437. Yes, We'll Meet in the Morning.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

G. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. Yes, we'll meet again in the morning, In the dawn of a fairer day; Where no shadows veil the sunshine, Where our footsteps never roam.

2. Where our precious ones now are dwelling, Free from toil and from every care; When our pilgrimage is completed, By the pearl-y gates we stand.

3. With their garments spotless and shining, Like the robes that the angels wear. Those were their garments spotless and shining, Like the robes that the angels wear.

O - ver there in the heav'n-ly land, And the crys - tal waves of the riv - er, Ever flow o'er the gold - en sand.

And our foot-steps no longer roam, By the pearl-y gates glad - ly wait - ing. They will give us a wel - come home.

We shall praise Him with harp and voice; We shall sing the grace that redeemed us, While our hearts in His love rejoice.
No. 438. Gird on the Sword and Armor.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 11.

C. H. MANN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gird on the sword and armor, Go raise the banner high;
2. Gird on the sword and armor, Let faith be thy strong shield;
3. Gird on the sword and armor, Press on the foe to fight;

The Captain of Salvation To thee is ever nigh.
His promise shall sustain thee On every battle field.
No enemy can harm thee, For God sustains the right.

Chorus.

Then wave the glorious banner, Press forward in His name;

And soon thy Guide and Captain Will victory proclaim.

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No. 439. My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—Jno. 6: 37.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. How do I know my sins forgiven? My Saviour tells me so;
2. By trusting Christ the witness came, My Saviour tells me so;
3. Believe and thou shalt surely live, My Saviour tells me so;
4. Though through the way, I shall endure, My Saviour tells me so;
5. How do I know I'll live again? My Saviour tells me so;

That now I am an heir of heav'n? My Saviour tells me so.
The pardon's free in Jesus' name, My Saviour tells me so.
The Spirit's witness God will give, My Saviour tells me so.
His sheep are ever kept secure, My Saviour tells me so.
With Christ in glory I shall reign, My Saviour tells me so.

CHORUS.

Away with doubt, away with fear, When this by faith I know;

God's word shall stand forevermore, My Saviour tells me so.
No. 440.

Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me In Thy holy place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is raging O'er life's troubled sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is breaking With its weight of woe;

Resting there beneath Thy glory, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on ocean's billows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the comfort Thou canst a-lone bestow.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Saviour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safely hide me;

O Saviour, keep me safely, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Saviour, keep Thou me.
No. 441. **Throw Out the Life-Line.**
(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford.  E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cuo be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of tempta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter- ni-ty's shore, Hasten then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But

Chorus.

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share? out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! \(\text{Throw out the Life-Line!}\)
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow. \(\text{Throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.}\)

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the
No. 442. O Worship the King.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Psa. 145:10.

ROBERT GRANT. 
F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King all glorions a-bove, And grate-ful-ly sing
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air,
4. Frail children of dust, and fco-blo as frail, In Thee do we trust,

His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
whose can-o-py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain,
nor find Thee to fail; Thy merices how ten-der! How firm to the end,

Pav-i-lion'd in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak-er, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
No. 443. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

"He shall teach you all things."—John 14:26.

L. W. MUNHALL. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
2. Comforter indeed Thou art, Giving strength to every heart;
3. Sent to be our Guide to-day, Keep us in the narrow way;
4. Teacher, Comforter, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou abide;

Come, perform Thine office now, Teach us ever more.
Let Thy presence ne'er depart, Comfort ever more.
Grant that we may never stray, Guide us ever more.
And in life, what'er betide, Help us ever more.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er, Com - fort, guide, and leave us never; Dwell within us, we implore, Now and ever more.
No. 444.  Preach the Gospel.

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

1. Preach the gospel, sound it forth, Tell of free and full salvation;
2. Preach the gospel full of joy, While on grace and mercy dwelling;
3. Preach the gospel, make it clear, By the blood of Christ remission;
4. Preach the gospel full of love, Christ's compassion fully knowing;
5. Preach the gospel as if God Sinners lost through you were seeking;

Spread the tidings o'er the earth, Go to every tribe and nation.
Heart and soul in full employ, As the story you are telling.
Give the message, make them hear, This alone is our commission.
Seek the power from above, While His great compassion showing.
His salvation through the word, Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

CHORUS.

Jesus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glory.
Jesus hath redeemed us, Jesus hath redeemed us, O

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No. 445. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. BURKE.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee for pow-er, Thine can nev-er fall;
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Jo-sus, Nev-er let me fall;

I am trust-ing, trust-ing, Trust-ing on-ly Thee!
I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing,
I am trust-ing, trust-ing, Trust-ing on-ly Thee.
I am trust-ing, trust-ing, I am trust-ing,

460
"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Words arr. Geo. O. Stebbins.

1. After the toil and trouble, There cometh a day of rest;
2. After the night of darkness, The shadows all flee away;
3. After the hours of chastening, The spirit made pure and bright;
4. After the pain and sickness, The tears are all wiped away;

After the weary conflict, Peace on the Saviour's breast;
After the day of sadness, Hope sheds her brightest ray;
After the earth's dark shadow, Clear in the light of light;
After the flowers are gathered, No more of earth's decay;

After the care and sorrow, The glory of light and love;
After the strife and struggle, The victory is won;
After the guiding counsel, Communication full and sweet;
After the deep heart sorrow, An end of every strife;

After the wilderness journey, The Father's bright home above.
After the work is over, The Master's own word, Well done.
After the willing service, All laid at the Saviour's foot.
After the daily crosses, A glorious crown of life.
No. 447. 

**Sin no More.**

"Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."—John 8:11.

M. A. B., arr. by El Nathan.  
Jimie McGranahan.

1. Sin no more, thy soul is free; Christ has died to ransom thee;
2. Sin no more, but closely keep Near the hand that guards the sheep;
3. Sin no more, His blood hath bought; Think on what His love hath wrought;
4. Sin no more, O sin no more, Jesus lives to keep thee pure;

Now the power of sin is o'er, Jesus bids thee sin no more.
Shun the snares that lured before, Trembling go, and sin no more.
Think of what for thee He bore, Weeping go, and sin no more.
If o'er taken He'll restore, Saying, "Go, and sin no more."

**Chorus.**

Sin no more; . . . thy soul is free; . . . . . . Christ has sin no more; thy soul is free;

died . . . . to ransom thee; . . . . . . Sing the Christ has died to ransom thee;

message o'er and o'er. Christ forgives thee, sin no more.
No. 448. Take Time to be Holy.

"Boye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be holy, The world rushes on;
3. Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul,

Abide in Him always, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone;
And run not before Him, What ever bondage;
Each thought and each motive Beneath His control;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak;
By looking to Jesus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spirit To fountains of love;

Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fitted For service above.

463
No. 449. The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 6.


The Lord is coming by and by, Be ready when He comes;
He comes from His fair home on high, Be ready when He comes;
He soon will come to earth again, Be ready when He comes;
Begin His universal reign, Be ready when He comes;
Behold! He comes to one and all, Be ready when He comes;
He quickly comes with trumpet call, Be ready when He comes;

He is the Lord our Righteousness, And comes His chosen ones to bless,
With Hallelujahs heav'n will ring, When Jesus does redemption bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thither by His mighty hand,
And at His Father's throne confess; Be ready when He comes,
O trim your lamps to meet your King! Be ready when He comes,
Before His throne we all must stand; Be ready when He comes.

CHORUS.
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?
Will you be ready when He comes?

464
The Lord is Coming.—Concluded.

No. 450.  Behold a Stranger.

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

Rev. J. Grigg.  (FEDERAL ST. L. M.)  HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Behold a Stranger at the door, He gently knocks, has knock'd before;

2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands;

3. But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will, the very Friend you need;

4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en-e-my and thine,

Has waited long,—is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-destroying mon-st er, Sin; And let the heavenly Stranger in.

465
No. 451. We Praise Thee, we Bless Thee.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

For Thou hast redeemed us; All praise to Thy name.
With joy and thanksgiving Thy praises we sing.
So read-y their humble Petitions to hear.
And soon we shall praise Thee In mansions above.

KOSCHAT, arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

For Thou hast redeemed us; All praise to Thy name.
With joy and thanksgiving Thy praises we sing.
So ready their humble Petitions to hear.
And soon we shall praise Thee In mansions above.

1. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Our Saviour divine, All pow'r and do-
2. All honor and praise to Thine excellent name; Thy love is un-
3. The strength of the hills, and The depths of the sea, The earth and it-
4. Thine infinite goodness Our tongues shall employ; Thou giv-est us

min-ion For-ever be Thine; We sing of Thy mer-cy With
changing, For-ever the same; We bless and a-door e Thee, O
full-ness, Be-long un-to Thee; And yet to the low-ly Thon
rich-ly All things to en-joy; We'll fol-low Thy foot-steps, We'll

joy-ful ac-claim; For Thou hast redeemed us; All praise to Thy name.
Saviour and King; With joy and thanksgiving Thy praises we sing;
bend-est Thine ear, So read-y their hum-ble Pe-ti-tions to hear;
rest in Thy love, And soon we shall praise Thee In mansions a-bove;

We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.
What a Gospel!

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1:16.

M. Fraser.

1. It is finished; what a gospel! Nothing has been left to do,
   Bringing news of victory won,
   Here each weary breast,
   Jesus died to save your soul;

2. It is finished; what a gospel! Bringing news of victory won,
   That acceptance God's gracious offer,
   Enter into perfect rest,
   Have you taken His salvation? Have you let Him make you whole?

Chorus.

But to take with grateful gladness What the Saviour did for you.

1. It is finished; Hallelujah! It is finished, Hallelujah!
2. It is finished; Hallelujah! All who will may have their pardon Through the blood of God's own Son.

* Repeat for Alto and Tenor only.

467
No. 453. There is a Paradise of Rest.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

W. R. LINDSAY; Ira D. Sankey.

1. There is a Paradise of rest On yonder tranquil shore;
2. There is a City crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell;
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give
4. Oh, then be faithful unto death, Press on the heavenly way,

Meet me there, ... oh, meet me there, At the dawning of that morning bright and fair; Meet me there, ... oh, meet me there,
There is a Paradise of Rest.—Concluded.

meet me there, In the land beyond the riv-er, meet me there.

No. 454. Lead, Kindly Light.

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.  JOHN R. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Shouldst lead me on; [Thou I loved to choose and seem my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure Will lead me on [it still O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, The night is gone, [till And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
No. 455.  
I will Pass over You.

“When I see the blood, I will pass over you.”—Ex. 12: 13.

EL. NATHAN.  
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. When God the way of life would teach And gather all His own, 
2. By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God, The precious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee salvation thus By God is freely giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Upon the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm the judgment hour shall pass To all who do obey

He placed them safe beyond the reach Of death, by blood alone. 
When He fulfilled God's holy word, And suffered in our stead.
The blood of Christ atones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by the shedding of His blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God about the blood, And make that word their stay.

CHORUS.

It is His word, God's precious word, It stands forever true:
It is His word, God's precious word,

When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass over you.
When I, the Lord shall see the blood,
No. 456. **Calling to thee.**

"Arise, he calleth Thee."—Mark 10: 49.

**GRACE J. FRANCES.**

**HUBERT P. MAIN.**

1. Out on the mountain, sad and forsaken, Lost in its mazes, no light canst thou see; Yet in His mercy, full of compassion, Lo! the Good Shepherd is calling to thee. fly from its dangers, While the Good Shepherd is calling to thee. boundless compassion, Still the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

2. Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wander? Deep in darkness thy pathway will be; Turn from thy roaming, Chorus.

3. Flee from thy bondage, Jesus will help thee, Only be- lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Wonderful mercy,

**Call-ing to thee, calling to thee; Jesus is calling, "Come unto Me;"

Call-ing to thee, calling to thee, Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.
No. 457.  The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—Jer. 45: 5.


1. I do not ask for earthly store Beyond a day's supply;
2. I care not for the empty show That thoughtless worldlings see;
3. What e'er the crosses mine shall be, I will not dare to shun;
4. And when at last, my labor o'er, I cross the narrow sea,

I only covet, more and more, The clear and single eye,
I crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;
I only ask to live for Thee, And that Thy will be done;
Grant, Lord, that on the othershore My soul may dwell with Thee;

To see my duty face to face, And trust the Lord for daily grace.
Well satisfied that sweet reward Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While pressing on my homeward way.
And learn what here I can-not know, Why Thou hast ever loved me so.

CHORUS.

Then shall my heart keep singing While to the cross I singing, singing.

472
The Eye of Faith.—Concluded.

cling; For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet, While

home-ward faith keeps wing-ing, While homeward faith keeps wing-ing.

No. 458. Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Trav'ling to the better land, O'er the desert's scorch-ing sand,
2. When at Marah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
3. When the wilder-ness is drear, Show me E-lim's palm-groves near,
4. Thro' the wa-ter and the fire, This, O Lord, my one do-sire:
5. When I stand on Jordan's brink, Do not let me fear or shrink;

Fa- ther, do Thou hold my hand,
Make the bit-ter wa-ters sweet,
With its wells, as crys-tal clear,
With Thy love my heart in-spire,
Hold me, Fa-ther, lest I sink,

And lead me on.

And lead me on.
No. 459.  Only a Little Way.

"Make no tarrying, O my God."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis only a little way on to my home, And there in its sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam; While all the day long I jour - ney with

2. 'Tis only a little way far - ther to go, O'er mount - ain and val - ley where dark waters flow; My Saviour is near with blessings to

3. 'Tis only a little way; there I shall see The friends that in glo - ry are wait - ing for me; Their voic - es from home now float on tho

song, O beau - ti - ful E - den-land, thou art my home, cheer, His word is my guid - ing-star; why should I fear? 'Tis only a air, They're calling me ten - der - ly, calling me there.

lit - tle way, on - ly a lit - tle way, 'Tis only a lit - tle way on to my home.
I Will Praise Thee.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm 148:1.

No. 460.

EL. NATHAN.

Allegretto.

JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. I will praise the Lord my Glory, I will praise the Lord my Light;
He my cloud by day to cover, He my fire to guide by night.
Near the angels who adore Him, "Holy, holy," I will sing.
O'er the lonely hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing through endless ages, Only my Redeemer's praise.

2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Holy Priest and Righteous King;
With the angels who adore Him, "Holy, holy," I will sing.
O'er the lonely hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing through endless ages, Only my Redeemer's praise.

3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Pasture, Door and Fold;
He my cloud by day to cover, He my fire to guide by night.
Near the angels who adore Him, "Holy, holy," I will sing.
O'er the lonely hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing through endless ages, Only my Redeemer's praise.

4. I will praise the Lord my Father, Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
He my cloud by day to cover, He my fire to guide by night.
Near the angels who adore Him, "Holy, holy," I will sing.
O'er the lonely hills He sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing through endless ages, Only my Redeemer's praise.

5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the remnant of my days;
I will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O Thou most high.
I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;
I will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O Thou most high.
No. 461.  
**Not Try, but Trust.**

"I will trust and not be afraid."—ISA. 12: 2.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D.  
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Not saved are we by trying, From self can come no aid; 'Tis
2. 'Twas vain for Israel bitten By serpents on their way, To
3. No deeds of ours are needed To make Christ's merit more; No

on the blood relying, Once for our ransom paid; 'Tis looking
look to their own doing, That awful plague to stay; The only
frames of mind, or feelings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis simply

unto Jesus, The holy One and Just; 'Tis His great work that
way for healing, When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's re-
to receive Him, The holy One and Just, 'Tis only to be-

CHORUS:
saves us, It is not Try, but Trust.   vealing, It was not Try, but Trust. It is not Try, but Trust; It belie Him, It is not Try, but Trust.

476
Not Try, but Trust.—Concluded.

is not Try, but Trust; 'Tis His great work that saves us; It is not Try, but Trust.


"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, Like a dove descending, Rest Thou upon us While we meet to pray; Show us the Saviour, All His gladness, Thro' the Master's name; Bring to our memory Words that Teach-er, Com-fort-er and Guide—Our thoughts direct-ing, Keep us love revealing; Lead us to Him, The Life, the Truth, the Way. He hath spoken, Then shall our tongues His wondrous grace proclaim. close to Jesus, And in our hearts For-ev-er-more a-bide.
"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you."—Acts 2: 22.

JESUS OF NAZARETH

EL NATHAN.

1. "Jesus of Nazareth!" O what a name! Let us rejoice and His
   glory proclaim; Saviour and Keeper for ever the same,
   life He began, Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,
   death might be free, Bearing the curse all for you and for me,

2. Jesus of Nazareth, truly a man, Low in His cradle His
   life He began, Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,
   death might be free, Bearing the curse all for you and for me,
   still in our stead, Made for us ever our glorified Head,

3. Jesus of Nazareth, nailed to the tree, Dying that wo by His
   death might be free, Bearing the curse all for you and for me,
   still in our stead, Made for us ever our glorified Head,
   grace to apply Life through the word unto men far and nigh,

4. Jesus of Nazareth, raised from the dead, Spotless and holy, and
   grace to apply Life through the word unto men far and nigh,
   soon He shall bring, Nations of saved ones His praises shall sing;

5. Jesus of Nazareth, seated on high, Sending the Spirit of
   grace to apply Life through the word unto men far and nigh,
   soon He shall bring, Nations of saved ones His praises shall sing;

6. Jesus of Nazareth, earth's coming King, Peace to the warring world

CHORUS.

Shepherd, Redeemer and Lord.
Righteous, obedient One.
Dying a ransom for all.
Rais'd from the dead for us all.
Off'ring salvation to all.
All shall bow down at His name.

Jesus of Nazareth, once crucified.
Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

I belong to Jesus


M. A. Ska.

1. I belong to Jesus; I am not my own; All I have and

2. I belong to Jesus; He is Lord and King, Reigning in my

3. I belong to Jesus; What can hurt or harm, When He folds a-

4. I belong to Jesus; Blessed, blessed thought! With His own most

5. I belong to Jesus; He has died for me; I am His and He is mine,

6. I belong to Jesus; He will keep my soul, When the deathly waters dark

7. I belong to Jesus; And ere long I'll stand With my precious Saviour there.

In the glory land.
No. 465. O Come to the Saviour.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

Words arr. J. J. LOWE.

1. O come to the Saviour while now He is calling, O
2. There's no other name among men that is given, There's
3. The door of His mercy is now standing open; O
4. And he that be-lieveth, the promise is writ-ten, Is

come while there's mercy and pardon so free; O trust in His grace, He will
no other way to be saved but this way; O trust in His mercy; too
has-ten and en-ter, for "Yet there is room;" For if you re-ject Him, this
saved thro' the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One; The Spir-it is pleading; O

keep thee from fall-ing, And strength too'ercome He of-fers to thee.
long hast thou striven With sin and with self; O come while you may.
word He hath spo-ken, That where He now is "Ye nev-er can come."
will you not has-ten, And find in His love a ref- uge and home.

REFRAIN.

O come, come to the Sav-iour, O come, come while you may;

480
O Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.

No. 466. Quiet, Lord, my foreward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—ISA. 32: 18.


1. Quiet, Lord, my foreward heart, Make me teachable and mild,
   What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
   Upright, simple, free from art; Make me as a little child—
   From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2. What Thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive;
   Being neither strong nor wise, Fears to take a step alone—
   What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
   'Tis enough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the burden bear?

3. As a little child relies On a care beyond its own,
   As a child receive;
   As a child receive;
   Let me thus with Thee abide, As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

4. What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
   What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
   Let me thus with Thee abide, As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

5. From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
   'Tis enough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the burden bear?
   From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
   Let me thus with Thee abide, As my Father, Friend, and Guide.
No. 467. Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Holy, holy, holy is the Lord! Sing, O ye people,
gladly adore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
Let the hills be joyful before Him; Mighty in wisdom,
boundless in mercy, Great is Jehovah, King over all.

2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zion,
herald the story; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of His glory; Praise Him, ye angels,
ye who behold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine,
joyful awakening. There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

3. King eternal, blessed be His name! So may His children
gladly adore Him; When in heav’n we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness

Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

No. 468. Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

H. F. Lyte.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fathers in distress;
3. Angels, help us to adore Him, Ye behold Him face to face;

Ransomed, heal’d, restored, forgiven, Who like thee His praise shall sing?
Praise Him still, the same as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him, Dwellers all in time and space;

Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ever-las ting King!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!
No. 469.  
Christ, my All.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1. In the hour when guilt-as-sails me, On His gra-cious name I call,
2. In the night when sorrow clouds me, And the burn-ing teardrops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor-tal Shall fling off its mor-tal thrall,

Then I find the heavenly fullness, Christ, my right-cous-ness, my all.
Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.
Then my song of res-ur-reec-tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.

CHORUS.

All my song when stand-ing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,

This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all;"

This shall ev-er be my anthem, "Christ my glo-ry, Christ my all."

484
No. 470.  O Wondrous Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

1. Watts, Ht.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand d' in living green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. 
Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. 
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. 
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS.

O wondrous land beyond the sky, O land so bright and fair.

When shall we reach thy golden gates? And dwell forever there?
No. 471.  Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. 2: 20.

EL NATHAN.  JAMES McNIRAN.

1. As lives the flow'rin within the seed, As in the cone the tree,
2. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
3. As rays of light from you-der sun The flow'rs of earth set free,
4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
But in God's word the light I found, Now Christ liv-eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ living in me.
As on the wond'rous tho' I dwell, That Christ liv-eth in me.

CHR. US.

Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me.

O what a sal - va - tion this, That Christ liv - eth in me!  
me, O
No. 472. We Have Felt the Love of Jesus.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3.

Rev. J. P. Hutchinson.
Arr. by E. N.

Will that love forsake and leave us? Never, no! Oh, never, no!
For our fail-ures will He leave us? Never, no! Oh, never, no!
When the last dread hour approaches? Never, no! Oh, never, no!

If on beds of pain we languish, Earthly friends may lightly go,
'Tis in Christ the Fa-ther sees us, To His Son the love doth flow;
And when safely home in glo-ry, When sad tears no longer flow,

Will He leave us in our an-guish? Never, no! Oh, never, no!
Will He turn a-way from Je-sus? Never, no! Oh, never, no!
Can we e'er forget the sto-ry? Never, no! Oh, never, no!

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No. 473. We'll Meet Each Other There.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 17.

R. L.

Robert Lowry.

1. Soon will come the setting sun, When our work will all be done,
2. Deep the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale,
3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years,

And the weary heart at last be still; But the Lord with gentle cry,
Long and dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way,
Let the days of earth be fill'd with care; But the Lord at length will come,

Will a-wake us by and by, And we'll meet again on Zion's hill.
To the shining realms of day, With the shadow and the storm no more.
In His love to take us home, And we'll never know a sorrow there.

Chorus.

We'll meet each other there, Yes, we'll meet each other there,

And the Saviour's likeness bear, When we meet each other
We'll Meet Each Other—Concluded.

There; We'll meet each other there, Yes, we'll meet each other there.

And His glory, and His glory we shall share.

No. 474.

"'Tis Midnight."

"It is finished."—John 19: 30.

Wm. B. Tappan. Virgil C. Taylor.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt, The Man of sorrow weeps in blood;

'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays alone.
Ev'n that disciple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not forsaken by His God.

489
No. 475. **Blessed Saviour, Ever Nearer.**

> "Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. 2: 13.

**Furnished by MERTON SMITH.**

**Arr. by E. L. NATHAN.**

**JAMES McGRANAHAN.**

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1. **Bless-ed Saviour,** ev-er near-er I am draw-ing to Thy feet;

2. **Bless-ed Sav-iour,** I would nev-er, Nev-er more Thy love re-ject;

3. **Bless-ed Sav-iour,** draw me near-er, Ev-er near-er to Thy heart,

4. **Bless-ed Sav-iour,** let me lu-ger Ev-er near Thy precious feet,

---

Thou hast born me ev-ery sor-row, I am made in Thee complete;
At Thy feet I learn the les-son How Thine im-age to re-flect;
When I'm wea-ry, heav-y la-den, And I feel the tem-pter's dart;
Till I hear that welcome sum-mon, Come, thy loved ones now to greet;

For Thy love my soul is yearn-ing, More and more its pow'r im-part;
There I go when all for-sake me, When by foes I am op-pressed;
Oft I stum-ble, oft I fal-ter, Oft I'm toss'd on an-gry seas;
Oh, the joy that there a-waits me, While I hope and watch and pray!

I have heard Thy ten-der plead-ing, Come and dwell with-in my heart.
Then I hear Thy loved voice say-ing, Come to me, I'll give you rest.
But I know that Thou wilt gui-deme, Thro' the storm, to end-less peace.
For the morn-ing light is dawn-ing, Of the fair and end-less day.
Behold Him!


F. J. CROSBY.  GEO. C. SERRINS.

1. Look up! look up! ye weary ones, Whose skies are veiled in night,
   For He who knows the path you tread Will yet restore the light;

   Look up! and hail the dawning of hope's triumphant morning.
   Look up! and hail the dawning of joy's transcendent morning.

   Behold Him! behold Him! Your Saviour lives today;
   Behold Him! behold Him! The clouds have roll'd away.

2. Tho gifts ye brought with loving hand Your Lord will not disdain;
   Their odors sweet to heav'n shall rise Like incense 'round His throne;

   All heav'n proclaims the dawning of love's all-glorious morning.

3. Rejoice, the grave is over-come, And let the angels sing;
   The grandest triumph ever known Has come thro' Christ our King;

   491
Lead me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,) Gen-tly lead me all the way; (all the way;) I am safe when by Thy side, (by Thy side,) I would in Thy love abide. (love abide.)

2. Thou the refuge of my soul, (of my soul) When life's storm-y billows roll, (billows roll,) I am safe when Thou art night, (Thou art night,) On Thy mercy I rely. (I rely.)

3. Saviour, lead me, till at last, (till at last,) When the storm of life is past, (life is past,) I shall reach the land of day, (land of day,) Where all tears are wiped away. (wiped away.)

4. Lead me, lead me, Saviour, lead me, lest I stray; Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;

CHORUS.
Lead me, Saviour.—Concluded.

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

stream of time,
all the way.

No. 478. Return, O Wanderer!

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—ISA. 55: 7.

W. B. COLLYER, arr.

Geo. F. ROOT.

1. Re-turn! re-turn! O wan-d’rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn!

2. Re-turn! re-turn! O wan-d’rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn!

3. Re-turn! re-turn! O wan-d’rer, now re-turn! Re-turn! re-turn!

And seek thy Father’s face; Those new de-sires which in thee burn
He hears thy hum-ble sigh; He sees thy soft-en’d spir-it mourn
Thy Saviour bids thee live; Come hum-bly to His feet and learn

Were kin-dled by His grace, Were kin-dled by His grace.
When no one else is nigh, When no one else is nigh.
How free-ly He’ll for-give, How free-ly He’ll for-g’-e.
No. 479.  
Tenderly Calling.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Ezek. 33: 11.

F. J. Crosby.  
Ira D. Sankey.

1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and weary, Lo! the good Shepherd is calling to-day; Seek-ing to save thee, waiting to cleanse thee far from the fold? Yet, with His life-blood, He has redeem'd thee.

2. Still I do is waiting, why wilt thou perish, Tho' thou hast wand'red so sins on the tree; Perfect remission, life everlasting, He is the Door; He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling.

3. List to His message, think of His mercy! Sinless, yet bearing thy He is the Door; He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling.

4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, Enter thro' Jesus, for

Chorus.

Hasten to receive Him, no longer delay, Wondrous compassion that cannot be told! Thro' His atonement, He offers to thee, Come in thy weakness and wander no more.

patiently calling, Hear the good Shepherd calling to thee: 494
Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.

Tenderly calling, patiently calling, Loving-ly say-ing; “Come unto Me!”

No. 480.

Search me, O Lord.

“And know my heart.”—Psa. 139: 23.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.

1. Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine,
   Search me, and prove if I in-deed am Thine; Test by Thy word, that never
   soul a deep-er love in-spire; Hid-e Thou my life, that I, su-

2. Search me, O Lord, sub-du-e each vain de-sire, And in my gold, and keep me pure within; Search Thou my tho’ts whose springs Thine
   flect in ev-’ry act of mine, Till at Thy call my waiting

3. Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin, Ro - fine as
   changed can be, My strength of hope and liv-ing faith in Thee.
   preme-ly blest, Be - neath Thy wings in per-fect peace may rest.

4. Search me, O Lord, let faith thro’ grace di-vine Thy - self re-
   eyes can see, From se - cret faults, O Saviour, clean-se Thou me.
   soul shall rise, Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the skies.

495
No. 481. *Hear the Blessed Invitation.*


G. M. J.  JAMES McGRAWAHAN.

1. Hear the blessed invitation, Come, come, come; To the fountain
2. 'Tis the voice of Jesus saying, Come, come, come; Now His blest com-
3. 'Tis the Holy Spirit calling, Come, come, come; Ere the shades of
4. Lo! the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, come, come; And let him that

of salvation, Come, come, come; Healing streams are flowing still; Welcome,
mand obeying, Come, come, come; He will cleanse from every ill; Welcome,
death be falling, Come, come, come; He the heart with peace will fill; Welcome,
heareth now say, Come, come, come; And let him that is a-thirst Come, and

"whosoever will; Let him take the water of life freely."

CHORUS.

Let him take, Let him take, Let him take, Let him
take the water of life freely; Let him take, Let him take,
Invitation.—dHondtoM

No. 482. **Up Yonder.**

"Where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

M. A. Sea.

1. **Safe up- on the heav'nly shore,** Done with pain for ev- er-more, Wea- ri- ness and weakness o'er, Up yon- der; O the calm and qui- et rest.

2. **Storm shall never reach us there,** No more sor- row, pain or care, No more cross for us to bear, Up yon- der; Gain for them that suf- fered loss, ness and weakness o'er, Up yon- der; Nev- ermore to know a fear.

3. **Safe up- on the heav'nly shore,** Done with sin for ev- er-more, Wea- ri- ness and weakness o'er, Up yon- der; Up yon- der, Crowns for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yon- der. Nevermore to shed a tear, Better far than ev- er here, Up yon- der.

On the loving Saviour's breast; It is bet- ter than earth's best, Up yon- der.

Crown for them that bore the cross, And a calm for hearts that toss, Up yon- der.

Nev- ermore to shed a tear, Bet- ter far than ev- er here, Up yon- der.
No. 483.  
**In Heavenly Pastures.**

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker.  
Geo. F. Root.

1. In the heav'n-ly past-ures fair, Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
2. Far from all the noise and strife That disturb our dai-ly life,
3. O how good and true and kind, Seek-ing His stray sheep to find,

Let us rest be-side the liv-ing stream to-day; Calm-ly
Let us pause a-while in si-lence and a-dore; Then the
If they wan-der in-to dan-ger from His side; Ev-er

there in peace re-cine, Drink-ing in the truth di-vine, As His
sound of His dear voice Will our wait-ing souls re-joice, As He
close-ly may we tread Where His ho-ly feet have led, So at

lov-ing call we now with joy o-bey (with joy o-bey).
neat-eth us His own for ev-er-more (for ev-er-more).
last with Him in heav'n we may a-bide (we may a-bide).

498
In Heavenly Pastures.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Glorious stream of life eternal, Beantous fields of living green (living green),

Tho' revealed within the word Of our Shepherd and our Lord,

By the pure in heart alone can they be seen (ever seen).

No. 484. I'm Going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—Jno. 14: 2.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there: If glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Cho. I'm going 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!

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

3 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'er- Be mine a happier lot to own [flow; A heavenly mansion near the throne.
No. 485.

_Satisfied._

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawnning
2. When I shall see Thy glory face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze upon the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev’er night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt pen all Thy store of grace,
dear ones long removed, And find how faithful Thou to me hast prov’d,
eyes no longer dim, And praise Him with the ever-lasting hymn,

REFRAIN.

I shall be satisfied, be satisfied. I shall be satisfied, I shall be

I shall be satisfied, When I shall wake in I shall be satisfied, When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I shall be satisfied, I shall be
Satisfied.—Concluded.

sat-si-fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.
When I shall

No. 486. Take Thou My Hand.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Choose Thou my way; "Not as I will," O Fa- ther, Teach me to say; What though the storms may gather? Ho-ly Spir-it This heart of mine; Then in the hour of tri- al perfect im-age Help me to grow; Still in Thine own pa-vil-

2. Take Thou my hand, and lead me—Lord, I am Thine; Fill with Thy will," O Fa- ther, Teach me to say; What though the storms may gather? Ho-ly Spir-it This heart of mine; Then in the hour of tri- al perfect im-age Help me to grow; Still in Thine own pa-vil-

3. Take Thou my hand, and lead me, Lord, as I go; In- to Thy will," O Fa- ther, Teach me to say; What though the storms may gather? Ho-ly Spir-it This heart of mine; Then in the hour of tri- al perfect im-age Help me to grow; Still in Thine own pa-vil-

Thou knowest best; Safe in Thy ho-ly keeping, There would I rest.
Strong shall I be— Read-y to do, or suf-fer, Dear Lord, for Thee.
Shel-ter Thou me; Keep me, O Father, keep me, Close, close to Thee.

501
No. 487.  

Waiting at the Door.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

Mrs. K. M. Reasoner.  

T. C. O'Kane.

1. I am waiting for the Master, Who will bid me rise and come
   To the glory of His presence, To the gladness of His home.
2. Many a weary path I've traveled, In the darkest storm and strife,
   Bearing many a heavy burden—Often struggling for my life.
3. Many friends that traveled with me Reached that portal long ago;
   One by one they left me battling With the dark and crafty foe.
4. Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter, And their triumphs soon er won;
   Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.

CHORUS.

They are waiting at the portal, They are waiting,
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are waiting, they are

—ing at the door; Waiting only for my

—ing at the door; Waiting only, waiting only for my

502
Waiting at the Door.—Concluded.

No. 488. They Crucified Him.

"—and parted his garments."—Matt. 27: 35.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.
Reverently.

Geo. F. ROOT.

1. From the Bethlehem manger-home, Walking His dear form be-side, We to
2. Scorn-ful words the soldiers fling; Wicked rul-ers Him de-ride, Say-ing,
3. Wondrous love for sin-ful men, Of the sin-less One that died! May we

Chorus.

Calvary's mount have come, Where o’er Lord was cru-ci-fied.
If thou be the King, Save Thy-self, Thou cru-ci-fied.}
Sweet tones of
wound Thee not a-gain, Thou, O Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

love come down the ages through: Fa-ther, for-give, they know not what they do.

503.
No. 489.  

**Pass it On.**

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

**M. Fraser.**  
*Allegretto moderato.*

**James McGranahan.**

1. Pass along the invitation, Who-ever will may come;  
2. Pass along the cup of comfort That the Lord has given you;  
3. Pass along each boon and blessing That may come to you through life;  
4. Pass along the watchword, "Courage;" Soon the darkness will be o'er;

---

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass along the loving message Unto every thirsty one; Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass along the loving spirits Need to taste its sweetness too; Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass along the loving hearted Who are faint amid the strife; Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass it on, pass it on, Pass along the loving breaking On the bright celestial shore; Pass it on, pass it on.

---

**Chorus.**

Pass along the invitation, Pass along the word of God.
Pass it On.—Concluded.

Un - til every tribe and nation Shall have heard of Christ the Lord, Shall have heard, Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

No. 490. More of Jesus.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 Peter 1: 2.

M. FRASER. M. A. SEA.

1. More of Je-sus, More of Jo-sus, 'Tis the Christian's yearning cry;
2. More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, While I tread earth's weary ways;
3. More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, O to feel His love each hour!
4. More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, In my weakness and my pain;
5. More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, Sorely do I need His grace;

More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, On - ly He can sat - is - fy.
More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, Till in Heav'n I hymn His praise.
More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, O to re - al - ize His power!
More of Je-sus, More of Je-sus, He can turn my loss to gain.
More of Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, When shall I be - hold His face?

505
The Wondrous Cross.

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

ISAAC WATTS, arr.  IRA D. SANKEY.

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

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

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
   Sorrows and love by far too small;
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were all the realm of nature mine,
   Flow mingled down;
   A love so great and so divine,
   Demands my life, my all.

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The Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O wondrous cross where Jesus died, And for my sins was crucified;

My longing eyes look up to Thee, Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary.

No. 492. Our Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

Mrs. C. Warren.

1. Jesus, Thou Refuge of the soul, To Thy dear arms I flee;
2. Tho' clouds may rise, tho' tempests rage, Thou wilt my shelter be,
3. No power on earth, or power below, Can tear me from Thy side,
4. Not death itself, that last dread foe, Can hold me with his chain;

From Satan's wiles, from self and sin, O make and keep me free.

While with a steadfast heart and true, My trust is stayed on Thee.

If 'neath Thy sheltering wings of love, Dear Refuge, I abide.

Thro' Christ, who conquered Death, I rise, And life eternal gain.
No. 493. In Me ye shall have Peace.

"In me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.  J. H. TENNEY.

1. In times of sorrow, God is near, His vigils never cease,—

2. Tho' long and weary is the night, And morn brings no relief,

3. His love we may not understand, While trials increase,

4. Soon shall our eyes the land behold Where pain and care shall cease;

His tender, loving voice I hear, "In Me ye shall have peace."
Yet faith the promise still believes, "In Me ye shall have peace."
But yet we know His word is sure, "In Me ye shall have peace."
Till then we'll trust the promise sweet, "In Me ye shall have peace."

CHORUS.

O blessed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! That
O blessed peace! O blessed peace! sweet boon of heav'n! sweet boon of heav'n! That

bids our trouble cease; O precious word, divinely giv'n, "In Me ye shall have peace!"
1. Am I a soldier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord:

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

Chorus.

In the name... of Christ the King, Who hath
In his name
of Christ the King,
purchas'd life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-'er my cross may be.
No. 495. **My God and my All.**

"Behold, God is mine helper."—Ps. 54: 4.

WM. YOUNG.  J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and defend—er, No
cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter--rors appalling; The wiles and the
strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall; My comfort and
joy will I answer Thy mercyful call, And quit this poor

2. Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger, My
snare of the world will but render more lively my hope in my
joy in this land of the stranger, My treasure, my glory, my
earth but to find Thee in heaven, My portion forever, my

3. And when Thou demand--est the life Thou hast giv--en, With

Refrain.

My God and my all, My

God and my all.

God and my all.

My God, my all,
"Let me talk with thee."—JER. 12: 1.

Words arr. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O I love to talk with Je-sus, for it smooths the rug-ged road; And it seems to help me on-ward, when I faint be-neath my load;
2. Oft I tell Him I am wea-ry, and I fain would be at rest; That I'm dai-ly, hour-ly, long-ing to re-pose up-on His breast;

When my heart is crush'd with sor-row, and my eyes with tears are dim, And He an-swers me so kind-ly, in the tend'rest tones of love,

There is nought can yield me com-fort like a lit-tle talk with Him, "I am com-ing soon to take thee to My hap-py home a-bove."

3 Though the way is long and dreary to that far off distant clime, Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time; And the more I come to know Him, and His won-der-ous grace explore, How my long-ing growth stronger still to know Him more and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time, And along the upward path-way still my pil-grim feet shall climb; Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be, I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with me.

511
No. 497.  **Sing unto the Lord.**

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30:4.

J. H. JOHNSTON.  

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<th>JAMES MCGAHAN.</th>
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"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, sing, sing, sing,

Sing unto the Lord, And at the remembrance of His holiness,

FINE.

O give thanks unto the Lord."

1. O Lord, Thy loving kindness Doth

2. Thy goodness we remember, We

3. Let saints recount His mercies, And

compass all our ways, And "Thy compassions fail not," Thro' all the praise Thy holiness, We look to Thee, O Saviour, To save, and fill His courts with praise; Let all who know His goodness, Their hallelujahs raise.

512
Sing unto the Lord.—Concluded.

passing days; To Thee, O great Je-ho-vah, In ‘time of need’ we cry; heal, and bless; ’Tis by Thy lov-ing fa-vor Thy trusting children stand, lu-jahs raise; Praise God, the lov-ing Fa-ther, And Jesus Christ His Son,

And all who call up-on Thee Shall find Thee ev-er nigh. Up-held, and kept, and guid-ed, By Thy pro-tect-ing hand. With God the Ho-ly Spir-it, The glo-rious Three in One.

No. 498. I wait for Thee, O Lord.

“My soul waiteth for the Lord.”—Ps. 130: 8.

E. B. M. A. SEA.

1. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy glo-rious face to see,
2. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Bo-fore Thy feet to fall,
3. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy lov-ing hand to feel,
4. I wait for Thee, O Lord! Thy rapt-ure deep to know,
5. I wait for Thee, O Lord! But for a lit-tle while;

That ho-ly face that once was marred, Was marred, O Lord, for me. To wor-ship low-ly and a-dore My Sav-iour, all in all. Whose ten-derness touch can e-ven now The wounded spir-its heal. Of liv-ing ev-er-more with Thee; Love can-not more be-stow. This night my long-ing, eyes may meet Thy joy-ful, wel-come smile.

513
No. 499. **The Many Mansions.**

"Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14: 1.

**CHARLES BRUCE.**

1. How oft our souls are lifted up, When clouds are dark and drear,
2. How oft amid our daily toil, With anxious care oppressed,
3. O may our faith in Him be strong, Who feels our every care,
4. Then let us work, and watch and pray, Relying on the love

**IRA D. SANKEY.**

For Jesus comes, and kindly speaks These loving words of cheer.
We hear again the precious word That tells of joy and rest.
And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven prepare.
Of Him who now prepares a place For us in heav’n above.

**CHORUS.**

"In my Father’s house are many mansions; If it

we were not so I would have told you; In my Father’s
The Many Mansions.—Concluded.

No. 500. We would see Jesus.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

Anna B. Warner.

F. Mendelssohn, Arr.

1. We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
   Across this little landscape of our life; We would see Jesus, our weak
   Feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
   Years we have rejoiced to see; The blessings of our pilgrim-

2. We would see Jesus—the great Rock-foundation, Where on our
   Faith to strengthen the last weariness—the final strife.
   Can hence remove us, if we see His face.

3. We would see Jesus—other lights are pal ing. Which for long
   Age are failing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
   Risen, pleading; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mortal night!

4. We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and

house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you."
No. 501.  Pray, Brethren Pray!

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Moderato.

1. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling; Pray, brethren, pray! God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending; Praise, brethren, praise! The
3. Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dying; Watch, brethren, watch! Old
4. Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark! The

Allegro.

voice is calling, You turret strikes the dying chime; We
fight is ending, Bear hold, the glory draws near the

time is flying! Watch as men watch the parting breath, Watch

dead are waking, With girded loins all ready stand; Be-

Refrain. Slow.

kneel upon the verge of time;
King Himself will soon appear:

Eternity is drawing nigh!

After last verse only.

Adagio.

Eternity is drawing nigh! is drawing nigh!
No. 502. Young Men in Christ the Lord.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the World.

ROBERT WEIDENSAU.

GEO. C. STERRINS.

1. Young men in Christ the Lord, Own Him your Saviour God,
2. Young men in Christ the Lord, Be mighty in His word,
3. Young men in Christ the King, Your grateful tribute bring,
4. Young men in Christ the Friend, On Him all hopes depend,

His name adore; For by His wondrous sacrifice,
Its truths declare; And seek the Holy Spirit's power,
Of love and praise; United in His royal name,
Of true relief; To every burdened soul you meet,

He paid the great redemption price, That all might have eternal life,
By faith and persevering prayer, That ye may witness anywhere,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim, Throughout the world to all Young Men,
His gracious, loving words, so sweet, "Come unto me," with love repeat,

That come to God thro' Him.
That sinful men are found.
"Ye must be born again."
"And I will give you rest."

5 Young men in Christ, arise,
The world before you lies,
Enslaved in sin;
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command,
To save lost men in every land,
At any sacrifice.

6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed;
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

517
No. 503. "Coming Home To-Night."

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are coming home to Jesus, We have heard His welcome voice;
2. We are coming home to Jesus, For He died that we might live;
3. We are coming home to Jesus, By the cross, our only way;

We are trusting in His goodness, In His mercy we rejoice.
He is willing to receive us, He is waiting to forgive.
There He finished our redemption, And we can no more delay.

REFRAIN.

We are coming home, we are coming home,
com-ing, com-ing

We are coming from the darkness to the

Coming Home To-Night.—Concluded.

light; We are coming home, We are light, to the light; coming, coming

coming home, We are coming home to-night.

coming, coming coming, coming

No. 504. At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—Luke 9:11.

Rev. Henry Twells. Timothy B. Mason.

1. At even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
2. Once more 'tis evening; and we, Oppress'd with various ills, draw near;
3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick and some are sad,

Oh, what divers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went away!
What if Thy form we cannot see! We know and feel that Thou art here.
And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all.

519
No. 505.  

Beseecchings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

EL NATHAN.  
Moderato.

1. O tender beseechings of Jesus! How sweetly they fall on the ear!
2. Beseecching in love for our Saviour, Unworthy we pray in His stead;
3. Beseecching His blood-bought, His ransom'd, Your bodies to Him glad-ly yield,
4. Beseecching the saints to be holy, I'll'd always with meekness and love;
5. Beseecching that all for His coming Unshak-en may ev'er re-main,

O gospel of grace and of kindness, God's love and compassion bro't near!
Believe in the word of forgive-ness, Accept of the ransom He made.
That, in you, and thro' you, and by you, His grace may be fully revealed.
Like Jesus so gentle and lowly, Reflecting the light from a-bove.
And stand with the saved and the chosen, With Him in His glo-rious reign.

CHORUS.

Is the Spirit of Jesus now striving? His warning, my brother, o-bey;

cres-cen-do.  
Rit.

Resist not His gracious beseecching, O grieve not the Saviour a-way.

520
He Died for Thee.

"The Son of man is come to save."—Matt. 10:11.

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Troubled heart, thy God is calling! He is drawing very near; Do not hide thy deep emotion,
2. Come, the Spirit still is pleading, Come to Him, the meek and mild; He is waiting now to save you,
3. Art thou waiting till the morrow? Thou may'st never see its light; Come at once! accept His mercy;
4. Let the angels bear the tidings upward to the courts of heav'n! Let them sing, with holy rapture,

CHORUS.

Do not check that falling tear.
Wilt thou not be reconciled? He is waiting—come to-night.
O'er another soul forgiv'n!

O, be saved, His grace is free!

O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee!
No. 507.  Wonderful Love!

“As the Father loved me, so have I loved you.”—John 15: 9.

Grace J. Frances.  Hubert P. Main.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. D. Sabin.

1. O Lord, my soul rejoiceth in Thee, My tongue Thy mercy is tell-ing; I've found Thy love so precious to me, My heart with its rapt-ure is swell-ing.

2. I came to Thee o'er-burdened with care, My guilt with sorrow con-sid-ering; 'Twas love, Thy love, that ban-ish'd my fear, And gave me for-rad-ing; And ev'-ry hour some long-ing to-ken of love New joy to my spir-it is bring-ing.

3. To Thee, my hope and refuge di-vine, My faith is fervently par-ing, Wilt call me home for-ev-er with Thee, The bliss of tho song of its fulness for-ev-er; I've found the way that

4. I look be-yond this val-ley of tears, Where Thou, a man-sion pre-

Refrain.

Won-der-ful love! O won-der-ful love! I'll sing of its ful-ness for-ev-er; I've found the way that
Wonderful Love!—Concluded.

lead - eth a - bove, The way to the life giv - ing riv - er.

No. 508.  O Blessed Word.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."—EPH. 6: 17.

L. W. MUNNALL.  IRA D. SANKEY.

1. E - ter - nal life God’s Word proclaims To lost and dy - ing men;
2. God’s grace is in His Ho - ly Word; We need it ev - ‘ry day;
3. By this same Word we know our work, And how it should be done;

By it a - lone we know the Lord, Un - seen by mor -tal ken.
In all our con - flicts this the sword Our ev - ‘ry foe to slay.
How we should live, and how thro’ grace The prom - ised crown is won.

D.S.—O may it be our Strength and Sword, Till earth - ly strife is o’er.

CHORUS.

O bless - ed Word, O gra-cious Word, We love it more and more;

523
No. 509. O Come to the Merciful Saviour.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. 11. 28.

F. W. Faber, att. Ira D. Sankey.

**Moderato.**

1. O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you, O
2. O come then to Jesus whose arms are extended To
3. Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows bright-er Tho

come to the Lord who forgives and forgets; Tho' dark be the
fold His dear children in closest embrace; O come, and your
longer you look at the depths of His love; O fear not, 'tis
fortune on earth that befalls you, A bright home awaits you whose
exile shall shortly be ended, And Jesus will show you the
Jesus, and life's cares grow light-er While thinking of home and the

**Chorus.**

Come home, . . . come home, . . .

sun never sets, light of His face, come home, come home, In
O Come to the Merciful Saviour.—Concluded.

darkness no longer to roam, 'Tis Jesus who tenderly

calls you today, Oh brother, my brother, come home.

No. 510. My Saviour.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take Him at His word indeed; "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sinful man to die,
4. And O that He fulfilled may see The travail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

I only know at His right hand Is One who is my Saviour!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Saviour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Before I knew my Saviour!
And with His work content-ed be, As I with my dear Saviour!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Saviour!
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaneth us from all sin."—1 Jno. 1: 7.

Newman Hall.

C. C. Case.

1. Fountain of purity opened for sin, Here may the penitent wash and be clean; Jesus, Thou blessed Redeemer from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Though I have labored again and again, All my self-cleansing is utterly vain; Jesus, Redeemer from sorrow and woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3. Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I implore, Help me Thy benity to grow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4. Whiter than snow! nothing further I need, Christ is the Chorus.

Whiter than snow, Whiter than snow,
Christ the Fountain.—Concluded.

snow, whit - er than snow, Wash me, Re - deem - er,
Wash me, Re - deem - er,

And I shall be whit - er than snow, whit - er than snow.

No. 512. My Offering.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES McGRAHAN.

1. I bring to Thee, O Mas - ter, My bur - den and my grief;
2. I bring my guilt - y nature, For cleans - ing and for cure;
3. Thy mer - cy reach - es low - er Than all the depths of sin;
4. My fal - tering faith I bring Thee, My weak and wavering will;

I do believe Thy prom - ise, Help Thou mine un - be - lief.
Oh, heal my sore dis - eas - es, Re - store and make me pure.
As Thy com - pas - sions fail not, Oh, give me peace with - in.
My spir - it falls and fal - ters; Thy prom - is - es ful - fill.
No. 513.

**Coming To-Day.**

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

F. J. Crosby.

1. Out on the desert, seeking, seeking, Sinner, 'tis Jesus seeking for thee; Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
2. Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting; O what compassion beams in His eye! Hear Him repeating, gently, gently, bears with thee yet; Thou canst be happy, happy, happy;
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, though slighted, 

**Refrain.**

Hith-er, thou lost one, O come unto Me. 
Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die? 
Jesus is calling, 
Come ere the life-star forever shall set. 
Jesus is calling; Why dost thou linger? why tarry away? 

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

528
God Bless You.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts."—2 Thess. 2: 16, 17.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRAHANAN.

1. "God bless you!" from the heart we sing, God give to ev'ry one His grace,
2. God bless you on your pilgrim way, Thro'storm and sunshine guiding still;
3. God bless you in this wold of strife, When of the soul would homeward fly,
4. God bless you, and the patience give To walk thro' life by Jesus' side;
5. God bless us all, and give us rest When Christ shall come and glory dawn;

Till He on high His ransomed bring To dwell with Him in endless peace. 
His presence guard you day by day, And keep you safe from ev'ry ill. 
And give the sweetness to your life, Of waiting for the rest on high. 
For Him to bear, for Him to live, And then with Him be glorified. 
Our sun is swinging toward the west, Life's little day will soon be gone.

CHORUS.

God bless you! God bless you! Bless and keep us all in Jesus' love,

And, when our partings here are o-ver, Take us to the joys a-bove.

529
No. 515. Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 King. 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. Charles, arr.  
Ira D. Sankey.

1. Is thy cruse of comfort failing? Rise and share it with a friend,
2. For the heart grows rich in giving; All its wealth is living grain;
3. Lost and weary on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;

And thro' all the years of famine It shall serve thee to the end.
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, And together both shall glow.
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless longings still.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy handful still renew;
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Art thou wounded in life's battle? Many stricken round thee moan;
Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;

Scanty fare for one will often Make a royal feast for two;
Help to lift thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee;
Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;
It can only live by loving, And by serving, love will grow;
Is Thy Cruse, etc.—Concluded.

Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will bear both and thee.
Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serv-ing love will grow.

No. 516. Jesus, my All.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

F. J. CROSBY.

1. Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be-gin,
2. Tears of re-pen-tant grief Si lent-ly fall; Help Thou my un-belief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
3. Still at Thy mer-cy-seat, Sav-iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy prom-ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
No. 517. *Singing with Grace to the Lord.*

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—**Col. 3: 16.**

**J. H. Johnston.**

**James McGranahan.**

1. Come into His presence with singing, O worship tho
2. Not yet as the angels in heav'n, May mortals their
3. Then come to His courts with rejoicing, And join in tho

Lord with a song, A tribute of gratitude bringing,

To Him to whom praises belong; But oh, while you join in thanks-

The thanks which your loving hearts raise; With grace in your heartseven

giving, With voices in tuneful accord, Remember, He

ra-tion, The heart in the hymn and the pray'r, Will be an ac-

duty Will change in to pleasure ere long, And see-ing the
Singing with Grace to the Lord.—Concluded.

watch - es your liv - ing, And sing with your hearts to the Lord.
cept - ed ob - la - tion, And light - en life's bur - den and care.
King in His beau - ty, Your life shall then be as a song.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing . . . . . . . . . . sing - ing . . . . .
Sing - ing with grace in your heart to the Lord,

This is true wor - ship and love; Liv - ing . . . . .
Liv - ing and sing - ing in

sing - ing . . . . This is ac - cept - ed a - bove.
sweet - est ac - cord,

533

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBRINS.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Under the standard exalted and royal, glorious King; Valiant endeavor and loving obedience, reign there alone, O ver our wills and affections victorious.

2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance Yielding henceforth to our Chorus.

Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee. Free ly and joy ously now would we bring. Free ly surrend ered and wholly Thine own. Peal out the watchword! Chorus.

si lence it nev er! Song of our spirits rejoicing and free; silence Song rejoicing and free;
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

Peal out the watch-word! loyal forever,
Peal

King of our lives, By thy grace we will be.
King

No. 519. Blest Jesus, Grant Us Strength.

"Give Thy strength unto thy Servant."—Ps. 86:16.


1. Blest Jesus, grant us strength to take Our daily cross, what e'er it be,
2. And day by day, we humbly ask That holy mem'ries of Thy cross
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till at Thy feet we lay it down;

And gladly, for Thine own dear sake, In paths of duty follow Thee.
May sanctify each common task, And turn to gain each earthy loss.
Wint'ro' Thy blood our pardon there, And thro' the Cross attain the Crown.
1. How sweet, O Lord, Thy Word of grace Which bids a sinner seek Thy face, And never seek in vain; That face, once set so steadfastly To meet Thy cross of night; Yet, in that face a love appears Which scatters all my grief and scorn, Nor from the dews of low, above, Thy majesty I trace, Thy majesty I written word With beams of heavenly grace, With beams of heavenly agony, Can never me disdain, Can never me disdain.
gloom y fears, And fills my soul with light, And fills my soul with light. spirit dies, Until I see Thy face, Until I see Thy face.
ance divine As Thy most blessed face, As Thy most blessed face.

2. Thy visage, marred and crowned with thorn, Thou didst not hide from the heavens declare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be the hosts of Heaven shine With no such rapture.

3. The heavens declare Thy power and love; In all Thy works, be the hosts of Heaven shine With no such rapture.

4. The brightness of Thy glory, Lord, Fills heaven and earth and
"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56:7.

E. A. Hoffman.

J. H. Trumey.

1. 'Tis the hallowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our doubts and ours ears To our Saviour and King; For we know that He de-breathe the Spir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of soul is breathing here The com-mu-nion of love; Ev-ry heart is sweet-ly

2. 'Tis the pre-cious hour of pray'r, And we hum-bly en-treat: Fa-ther, breathetheSpir-it now, As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of

3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

lights A glad wel-come to give, And the blessing that we ask for song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-stow the ben-e-di-c-tion filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the place is like to heav-en

We shall ful-ly receive. Of Thy peace from a-bove. } Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r! Where such true joys abound.

Sac-red sea-son of com-mu-nion, It is sweet to be there!
1. Behold how plain the truth is made; Since Christ the ransom price has paid,
2. The death of Christ upon the tree Was for the judgment due to thee;
3. By raising Jesus from the dead Our blessed God has surely said,
4. And now to God as sons brought nigh We come and "Abba Father" cry,

And all our sins on Him were laid, We must in Him be saved.
He died that thou mightst ransom'd be And live by faith in Him.
That He accepts the blood He shed As cleansing us from sin.
And seek the Spirit's full supply That we as sons may live.

CHORUS.

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, Confess with thy mouth the Lord

Jesus, And believe in thine heart That God hath raised

Him from the dead, Thou shalt be saved, Thou shalt be saved.
No. 523. The Lord Keep Watch Between Us.

"Mizpah; * * * The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Gen. 31: 49.

J.H. JOHNSTON.

James McGranahan.

Allegro.

1. The Lord keep watch between us, The ever present Friend;
2. Though absent from each other, We are not far from Him;
3. Though time and space may sever The Master's servants here,
4. The Lord Himself is watching, In tenderness and love;

No love like His so mighty, To keep and to defend.
Let not our courage falter, Let not our faith grow dim.
'Tis only for a season, The meeting-time draws near.
Let praises meet and mingle Around the throne above.

CHORUS.

Mizpah, Mizpah,
The Lord keep watch between us, Keep watch in tendrest love,

Until our praises mingle Around the throne above.
No. 524. Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5:4.

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped along the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
   And press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies;
   Against the foe in vales below, Let all our strength be hurled;
   Faith is the victory, we know, That overcomes the world.

2. His banner over us is love, Oursword the word of God;
   We tread the road the saints above With shouts of triumph trod;
   By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept o'er the ev'ry field;
   The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shining shield.

3. On ev'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread array;
   Let tents of ease be left behind, And onward to the fray;
   Salvation's helmet on each head, With truth all girt about,
   The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And echo with our shout.

4. To him that overcomes the foe, White raiment shall be given;
   Before the angels he shall know His name confessed in heaven.
   Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;
   We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Jesus' conquering name.

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Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!
Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!

Oh, glorious victory, That overcomes the world.

No. 525. Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

F. J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Great Jehovah, mighty Lord, Vast and boundless is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall China wake, Afric's sons their chains shall break;
4. India's groves of palm so fair, Shall resound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway, East and West Thy voice obey;

King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign forevermore.
All confess Messiah's name, All His wondrous love proclaim.
Egypt, where Thy people trod, Shall adore and praise our God.
Ceylon's isle with joy shall sing Glory be to Christ our King.
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.
No. 526. The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sleep on, be-loved, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up-on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep; But until the shadows from this earth are cast, Until, made beautiful by Love Divine, Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—Good-night!

3. Until the shapes of thine have passed, Un-down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies, Until the dead in Jesus shall arise, And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine, Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!" A little while, and all His saints shall dwell In hallowed union indivisible—Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne, Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own, Until we know even as we are known—Good-night!

5-4-2
No. 527.

Christ is Risen.

"For he is risen, as he said."—Matt. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

2. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Friends of Je-sus, dry your tears;
3. Christ hath ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! He hath ris-en, as He said;

Lo, the grave is rent a-sun-der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
Thro' the vail of gloom and dark-ness, Lo, the Son of God ap-pear.
He is now the King of glo-ry, And our great ex-alt-ed Head.

Refrain.

Christ is ris-en! Hal-le-lu-jah! Gladness fills the world to-day;

From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a-way.
No. 528.  

In Jesus' Face.

"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

Ez Nathan.  James McGarahan.

1. The living God, who by His might Spake but the word and there was light,
2. This mighty Christ, so strong and true, Has come from God, His work to do;
3. In Jesus' face our God we know, And trust in Him to bear us through;
4. When darkness gives the soul distress, When sorrows on our pathway press,
5. Then come, ye weary ones, and rest; Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed;

Hath promised now to show His grace To sinful men, in Jesus' face.
He comes with power the soul to save, To give the vict'ry o'er the grave.
He will not leave us to defeat, But make our victory complete.
One look at Him will clouds displace, While comfort beams from Jesus' face.
Within your heart give Christ His place, And see God's love in Jesus' face.

CHORUS.

In Jesus' face! in Jesus' face! O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!

The living God through sin concealed, In Jesus' face is now revealed.
No. 529. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. ERIK.

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom, yet unseen, we love;
2. O bringer of salvation, Who wondrously hast wrought,
3. In Thee all fullness dwelleth, All grace and power divine;
4. Oh, grant the consummation, Of this our song, above,

O Name of might and favor, All other names above.
Thyself the revelation, Of love beyond our thought.
The glory that excelleth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In endless adoration, And everlasting love.

CHORUS.

We worship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee alone we sing!

We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Saviour, Lord and King.
No. 530.  
A Home on High.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

L. W. MANSFIELD.  
Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Beyond the light of setting suns, Beyond the clouded sky,
2. Beyond all pain, beyond all care, Beyond life's mystery,
3. Swift-flying worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light,
4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all farewell:

Beyond where starlight fades in night,—I have a home on high.
Beyond the range of time and change,—My home's reserved for me.
Will bring no darkness to my soul; My home's beyond the night.
High up amid th'o-ter-nal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

CHORUS.

A mansion there, not made with hands,
A mansion there, not made with hands,

place prepared for me;
A place prepared for me;

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A Home on High.—Concluded.

No. 531. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16: 23.

C. WORDSWORTH.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light;
On thee the high and lowly, Thro' ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy," To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
No. 532. Stretch Forth Thy Hand.

"And it was restored whole, like as the other.—Matt. 12: 13.


1. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy pulsed hand, Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;
2. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy empty hand, No gift of thine will God command;
3. "Stretch forth thy hand," thy helpless hand, Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand;

Seek not from Him to hide thy sin, Confess, and ask to be made clean.
The empty hand that shows thy need, Of this alone will He take heed.
Fight not in thine own strength the foe, But trusting Jesus, onward go.
Thro' all the billows Christ shall guide, And bring thee safe to Canaan's side.

Chorus.

"Stretch forth thy hand," on Christ believe, "Stretch forth thy hand," the pow'r receive;

He offers grace so full and free, "Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.
No. 533. Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13:7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D.  

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the better land,  
2. We'll catch the broken threads again, And finish what we here began;  
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were over many a cherished plan;  
4. Why what we long for most of all, Endes so oft our eager hand;  
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with merciful hand;  

We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.  
Heav'n will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.  
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.  
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

CHORUS. a little faster.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. cres. ad lib.  

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

* Repeat for alto only.
Only Remembered.

"I will make thy name remembered."—Ps. 45:17.

Horatius Bonar, (alt.)

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Fading away like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the glorious sun—Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what we have done.

2. Shall we be missed tho' by others succeeded, Reaping the fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sowers may pass from their labors, Only remembered by what they have done.

3. Only the truth that in life we have spoken, Only remembered in life we have spoken, Only the truth that in life we have spoken, Only the light in the glorious sun—Thus would we pass from the fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sowers may pass from their labors, Only remembered by what we have done.

Refrain.

On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered, Only remembered by what we have done; Thus would we pass from the earth and its
Only Remembered.—Concluded.

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,
All be remembered by what they have done.

No. 535. Work for Time is Flying.

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89:47.

Horatius Bonar.

1. Work, for time is fly-ing, Work with heart sincere; Work, for souls are
2. In this glorious call-ing, Work till day is o'er; Work, till evening
3. There where saints adore Him, Where the ransom'd meet, Joy they show be-
dy-ing, Work, for night is near; In the Master's vine-yard,
fall-ing, You can work no more; Then your labor bring-ing
fore Him, Bow-ing at His feet; Hear the Master say-ing,

Go and work to-day; Be no nse-less slug-gard Stand-ing in the way.
To the King of kings, Borne with joy and singing Home on angels' wings.
From His heav'ly throne, When thy toil reward-ing, "La-bor-er, well done!"
No. 536.  
*Have You Sought?*  

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Eze. 34:6.

F. J. C.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered, Far away on the 
2. Have you been to the sad and the lonely Whose burdens are 
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dying, The message of 
4. If to Jesus you answer these questions, And to Him have been 

dark mountains cold? Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd, To 
heav y to bear? Have you carried the name of Jesus, And 
mer cy to tell? Have you stood by the trembling captive A-
faith ful and true, Then behold, in the mansions yon der Are 

bring them again to the fold? Have you followed their weary 
ten der ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal-
lone in his dark prison cell? Have you pointed the lost to 
crowns of rejoicing for you; And there from the King o-

footsteps? And the wild desert waste have you crossed. Nor 
lin gered till 
va tion He died on the cross to secure? Have you asked them to 
Je sus, And urged them on Him to believe? Have you told of the 
ter nal Your welcome and greeting shall be, "In as much" as twas
Have You Sought?—Concluded.

safe home returning, You have gathered the sheep that were lost?
trust in the Saviour Whose love shall forever endure?
life everlasting That all, if they will, may receive?
done for "my brethren," Even so it was done "unto me."

No. 537. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

"I will praise thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 64: 6.


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find,
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; A - like at work and prayer,
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
May Je - sus Christ be prais'd; Be this th'e - ter - nal song,

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
My com - fort, still is this, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
Thro' all the ages long, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
No. 538.  

Let us go Forth.


EL NATHAN.  

1. "THE" call of God is sounding clear, O "CHRISTIAN," let it reach thine ear; 
2. Let us go forth, as call'd of God, Redeem'd by Jesus' precious blood; 
3. Let "Christ a-lone" our watch word be—The Son of God who made us free; 
4. The Christ of God to glorify, His grace in us to magnify, 

"ENDEAVOR" now of souls to bring A "BAND" to love and serve the King, 
His love to show, His life to live, His message speak, His mercy give. 
He bore our sins, He makes us pure, For His name's sake we all endure. 
His word of life to all make known, Be this our work, and this a-alone.

CHORUS.

Let us go forth, the call is clear, 
Let us go forth, no tarrying here;
Let us go Forth.—Concluded.

For Him to live, the Christ, the Lord, the Christ, the Lord,
A crown from Him, our high reward.

No. 539. I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

Psalm 121.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber nor sleep.
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand; moon by night.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall serve thy soul. ever more. Amen.

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"Ye shall be gathered one by one." — ISA. 27: 12.

F. J. C.

No. 540. 

Press On.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Rejoicing in the Lord,
2. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Along the heav'ly way;
3. Press on, press on, O pilgrim, Tho' clouds and storms may rise;

Believing in His promise, And trusting in His word;
Remember God commands us To watch and work and pray;
The Light that never faileth Shines brightly in the skies;

Fear not, for He is with us, What-e'er the cross we bear;
He bids us all be faithful, And cast on Him our care;
Press on where crowns await us, In yonder mansions fair;

And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather over there.
And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather over there.
And soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather over there.
Press On.—Concluded.

Refrain.

Gather over there, Gather over there; And
soon, beyond the swelling tide, We'll gather over there.

No. 541. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty.
There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in His blood.
And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.
No. 542.  The Palace of the King.

Psalm 45: 10-17.  Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. O daughter take good heed, Incline, and give good ear;
   Thy beauty to the King, Shall then delightful be;

2. The daughter then of Tyre There with a gift shall be,
   The daughter of the King All glorious is within;

Thou must forget thy kindred all, And father's house most dear,
And do thou humbly worship Him, Because thy Lord is He.
And all the wealth of the land Shall make their suit to thee,
And with embroideries of gold Her garments wrought have been.

CHORUS.

With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shalt bring, And they together

enter shall The palace of the King, The palace of the King; The

palace of the King; And they together enter shall, The palace of the King.

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The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto Thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

4 And in Thy fathers’ stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.
CHO.—With gladness, etc.

No. 543. Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144:15.

P. DODDRIDGE.

From E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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

3. ’Tis done, the great transaction’s done;
I am my Lord’s and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow’d on,
Charm’d to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix’d on this blissful centre, rect;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess’d.

5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew’d shall daily hear,
Till in life’s latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

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No. 544.

**Speed Away.**

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MARK 16: 15.

F. J. CROSBY.

I. H. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a-way, speed a-way on your mis-sion of light,
   To the lands that are ly-ing in dark-ness and night; 'Tis the
   Mas-ter's command; go ye forth in His name, The won-der-ful
   Gos-pel of Je-sus pro-claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
   work while 'tis day,

2. Speed a-way, speed a-way with the life-giv-ing Word,
   To the na-tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
   wings of the morn-ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
   mo-ment's de-lay,

3. Speed a-way, speed a-way with the mes-sage of rest,
   To the souls by the tempt-er in bond-age op-press'd; For the
   Sav-iour has pur-has'd their ran-som from sin, And the ban-quet is
   read-y, O gath-er them in; To the res-cue make haste, there's no
   time for de-lay,

speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way.
No. 545. Hallelujah! Christ is Risen.

"Who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again."—1 Pet. 1:3.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, alt.

JAMES MCGRANAHA.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
2. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first fruits Of the ho-ly har-vest-field,
3. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry be to God a-bove!

Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
Which will all its full abundance, At His glorious advent, yield;
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Saviour, Fount of life and source of love;

Sing to God a hymn of praise;

He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal-va-tion bled,
Then the gold-en ears of har-vest Will be-fore His presence wave,
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Spir-it; Let our high as-crip-tion be,

Je-sus Christ the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.
Ris-ing in His sun-shine joy-ous, From the fur-rows of the grave,
Hal-le-lu-jah, now and ev-er, To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty.
No. 546. Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl.—11: 1.

Anon.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," You who have but scant supply; Angel eyes will watch above it;

worn with care; Oft en sitting in the shadow,

bountiful store; It may float on many a billow,

You shall find it by and by; He who in His

Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to

It may strand on many a shore; You may think it

righteous balance, Doth each human action weigh;

these around you Sing some little song of hope,

lost forever, But, as sure as God is true,

562
Cast thy Bread, etc.—Concluded.

Will your sacrifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
In this life, or in the other, It will yet return to you.

No. 547. Come, Come Away.

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

F. J. CROSBY.

1. Oh, list to the watchman crying, Come, come away; The
2. The Spirit of God is pleading, Come, come away; The
3. The mercy of God is calling, Come, come away; How
4. The angels of God entreat you, Come, come away; The

CHORUS.

arrows of death are flying, Come, come today.
Saviour is interceding, Come, come today.
Sweetly the words are falling, Come, come today.
Father Himself will meet you, Come, come today.

Come, come away; Jesus is gently calling, Come, come today.

563
No. 548.  Whosoever calleth.

JULIA STERLING.  IRA D. SANFORD.

1. Oh, hear the joyful message, 'Tis sounding far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in darkness, The path of sin have trod;
3. Ye weary, heavy laden, Oppressed with toil and care,

Good news of full salvation, Thro' Him, the Crucified;
Behold, the light of mercy! Behold the Lamb of God;
He waits to bid you welcome, And all your burdens bear;

God's Word is Truth Eternal; Its promise all may claim,
With all your heart believe Him, And now the promise claim,
A precious gift He offers, A gift that all may claim,

Who look by faith to Jesus, And call upon His name,
That none shall ever perish, Who call upon His name,
Who look to Him believing, And call upon His name,

Who so ever calleth, Who so ever calleth, Who so ever calleth,

Whosoever calleth on His name shall be saved! Whosoever calleth,

564
Whosoever Calleth.—Concluded.

No. 549. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. Crosby.

DUET. Gently.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more! no more;

"Look un-to Me. ye peo-ple," Salth the Lord your God;

Quartet.

Tho' they be red like crim-son, They shall be as wool;
He is of great com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow," Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

W. H. Doane.

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565
No. 550. They that Wait upon the Lord.

G. M. J. Allegretto.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Ho, reapers in the whitened harvest! Oft feeble, faint and few,
2. Too oft weary and discour aged, We pour a sad complaint;
3. Re joice, for He is with us alway, Lo, even to the end!

Come wait upon the blessed Master, Our strength He will renew,
Believing in a living Saviour, Why should we ever faint?
Look up, take courage and go forward, All needed grace He'll send.

CHORUS. Isa. 40: 31.

"For they that wait upon the Lord shall renew,
that wait upon the Lord shall renew,

their strength, they shall mount up with wings, they shall
shall renew their strength, they shall mount. up with wings,

they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

mount up with wings as eagles; They shall run and not be

weary, they shall walk and not faint; They shall
not be weary, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;

566
No. 551. Neither do I Condemn Thee.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O words of wondrous grace;
2. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—For there is therefore now
3. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—I came not to condemn;
4. "Neither do I condemn thee,"—O praise the God of grace;

Thy sins were borne upon the cross, Believe, and go in peace.
No condemnation for thee, As at the cross you bow.
I came from God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.
O praise His Son our Saviour, For this His word of peace.

CHORUS.

"Neither do I condemn thee," O sing it o'er and o'er;

"Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more;"
No. 552. **Our Saviour King.**

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1

J. H. JOHNSTON, JAMES McGARANAHAN.

1. He lives and loves, our Saviour King; With joyful lips your tribute bring;
2. His Hand is strong, His word endures, His sacrifice our peace secures;
3. Each day reveals His constant love, With "mercy new" from heav'n a-bove;

Repeat His praise, exalt His Name, Whose grace and truth are still the same.
From sin and death He doth redeem, His changeless love be all our theme.
Thro' ages past His word has stood; Oh, taste and see that He is good.

**Chorus.**

His mercy flows, an endless stream, To all eternity the same;
To all eternity, to all eternity, To all eternity the same.

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No. 553. **His Mercy Flows.**

1 O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

2 Whose wisdom gave the heav'n's their
And on the waters spread the earth;
Who taught you glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.

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No. 554. **Morning Lights.**

**Psalm 143.**

(Metrical Version) WILL H. YOUNG.

1. When morning lights the east-ern skies, Thy mer-cy, Lord, dis-close;
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Because Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;
4. Re-vive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And, for Thy judgment's sake,

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568
Morning Lights.—Concluded.

And let Thy loving kindness rise; On Thee my hopes repose.
Re deem me from the rag ing foes; To Thee, O Lord, I fly.
O lead me in the perfect way By Thy good Spirit still.
From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim, My soul from tribule take.

Refrain.

On Thee my hopes repose, On Thee my hopes repose.
On Thee, on Thee my

And let Thy loving kindness rise; On Thee my hopes repose.

No. 555.  Bless the Lord.

Psalm 103.  (Metrical Version.)  James McGranahan.

Not too slow.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that In me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for get ful be;
3. All thy iniquities who doth Most gracious ly for give;
4. Who doth redeem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;

Be lifted up His holy name, To magnify and bless.
Of all His gracious benefits He hath bestowed on thee.
Who thy diseases all and pains Both heal, and thee relieve.
Who thee with loving-kindness doth And tender mercies crown.

Chorus.

"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord;"
**I'll Thee Exalt.**

1. I'll Thee exalt, my God, O King,
   Thy name I will adore;
   I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
   Thy name forevermore.

2. The Lord is great, much to be praised,
   His greatness search exceeds;
   Race into race shall praise Thy works,
   And show Thy mighty deeds.

3. Of Thy glorious majesty
   The honor will record;
   I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
   Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4. Men of Thine acts the might shall show,
   Thine acts that dreadful are;
   And I, Thy glory to advance,
   Thy greatness will declare.

By permission.

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**I Cried to God.**

(Psalm 77. Metrical Version.)

By permission of the author.

1. I cried to God, I cried, He heard; In day of grief I sought the Lord;
2. I thought of God, and was distressed; Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
3. The days of old I called to mind, The ancient years when God was kind;
4. Will God cast off for evermore? His favor will He never restore?

All night with hands stretched out I wept, My soul no comfort would accept,
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake; So great my grief I cannot speak,
I called to mind my song by night; My musings spirit sought for light;
Has grace for ever passed away? Or, doth His promise fail for aye?

CHORUS.

Hath God forgotten to be kind? His tender love in wrath confined?

My weakness this, yet faith doth stand Re-calling years of God's right hand.

---

570
No. 558.  Whiter than Snow.

PSALM 51.  (Metrical Version.)  J. B. HERBERT.

1. In Thy great loving kindness, Lord, Be merciful to me;
2. O wash me thoroughly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee only have I sinned, Done evil in Thy sight;
4. Be hold, I in iniquity My being first received;

In Thy compassion great blot out All my iniquity.
For my transgressions I confess; I ever see my sins.
That when Thou speakest Thou mayest be just, And in Thy judging right.
And with a nature all corrupt My mother me conceived.

CHORUS.

Wash........ Thou me, yes, wash........ Thou me, And
Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea, wash Thou me,

then I shall be whiter than the snow,........ I shall be whiter than the snow.

snow, the snow.

No. 559.  Thee will I Love.

PSALM 18.  (Metrical Version.)  JAMES McGranaHan.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My fortess is the Lord,
2. The Lord is worthy to be praised, Up on His name I'll call;
3. In my distress I call'd on God, Cry to my God did I;
4. I therefore will to Thee, O Lord, In songs my thanks proclaim;

571
Thee will I Love.—Concluded.

My rock, and He that doth to me Deliverance afford,
And He from all my enemies Preserve me safely shall.
He from His temple heard my voice, To His ears came my cry.
And I among the heathen will Sing praises to Thy name.

CHORUS.

My God, whom I will trust, A buckler unto me,......

The horn of my salvation, too, And my high tow'r is He.

No. 560.

As Pants the Hart.

(Psalm 42.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Far from Thy sacred courts my tears Have been my food by night and day,
2. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sacred way
3. O why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so disquiet thee?

While constantly, with bitter screams, "Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.
To Zion, praising God on high, With thongs who keep the holy day.
Still hope in God, and Hinn exalt, Whose face brings saving health to me.

CHORUS.

As pants the hart As pants the hart for water brooks, So pants my

[Music notation and lyrics continued]
As Pants the Hart.—Concluded.

soul, pants my soul, O God, for Thee: For Thee it

thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the living God to see.

No. 561. For Jehovah I am Waiting.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 130.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. From the depths do I invoke Thee, O Jehovah, give an ear;
2. Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3. Israel, hope thou in Jehovah, Mercies great are found with Him;

To my voice be Thou attentive, And my supplications hear.
But with Thee there is forgiveness, That Thy name may fear command.
He, abounding in redemption, Israel will from sin redeem.

CHORUS.

I am waiting, I am waiting, And my
For Jehovah I am waiting, waiting.

573
For Jehovah I am Waiting.—Concluded.

hope is in His word. I am waiting, ever
My hope is in His word. In His word of promise, my

No. 562.  O Praise Him.

(Psalm 150.

JAMES McGRAHANAHAN.

1. O praise our Lord, where rich in grace His presence fills His holy place;
2. O praise Him for His deeds of fame, O praise the great-ness of His name;
3. O praise Him with the notes of joy, And ev'ry harp in praise employ;

Praise Him in yon celestial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round.
On cymbals loud, Je-ho-vah praise, On cymbals high His glory raise.

CHORUS.

Where holds His pow'r its glorious march,
With harp and psaltery answering round, 
O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of fame; O praise Him, O praise Him, O
O Praise Him.—Concluded.

praise His might-y name; Let all that breathe with glad ac-

Lift up their voice,

cord Lift up their voice, their voice, and praise, and praise the Lord.

No. 563.

Remember Me.

(Psalm 25.)

C. E. Pollock.

1. To Thee I lift my soul, O Lord; My God, I trust in Thee;
2. O Lord, let none be a-shamed. Nor foes ex ult o'er me.
3. Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy paths; Lead me in truth, teach me;
4. For of my safety Thou art God; All day I wait on Thee.

Chorus.

Re-member me, re-member me, O Lord, re-member me;

In mercy for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord, re-member me.

575
No. 564.  **Follow On!**

W. O. Cushing.  

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow; Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With His hand to lead me I will follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Any-where, ev'ry-where, I would follow on!

3. Down in the valley, or up on the mountain steep, Close beside my Saviour would my soul ev'er keep; He will lead me safely, in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

Refrain.

No. 565.  **Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.**

W. O. Cushing.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Jesus know'st thy sorrow, Know'st thine ev'ry care; Know'st thy deep con-

2. Trust the heart of Jesus, Thou art pre-cious there; Sure-ly He would follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

3. Jesus know'st thy con-flict, Hears thy bur-dened sigh; When thy heart is

576
Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.—Concluded.

...-tria -tion. Hearsthy feeblest prayer; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy shield thee from the tempter’s snare; Safely He would lead thee By His own sweet wound-ed, Hears the plaintive cry; He thy soul will strengthen, O-ver-conq-thy

grief; Cast on Him thy bur-den, He will bring re-lief.
way, Out in-to the glo-ry of a bright-er day.
fears; He will send thee com-fort, Wipe a-way thy tears.

No. 566. Gather Them In.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

1. Gather them in! For yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gather them in! For yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in! For yet there is room; Tis a message from God a-bove;

Oh, gather them in!—let His house be filled, And the hun-gry and poor be fed.
To think of the many who slight the call That may nev-er be heard a-gain!
Oh, gather them in-to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour’s love!

REFRAIN.

Out In the high-way, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gath-er the wan-d’rers lu!

577
No. 567. **We're Marching to Zion.**

ISAAC WATTS.  
Spirited.  
Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, John 
2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But 
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be- 
4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're 

in a song with sweet accord, John in a song with sweet accord, And 
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May 
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or 
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To 

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

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're 

We're marching on to Zion, 

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

No. 568. **Have you any Room for Jesus?**

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M.  
C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. Have you any room for Jesus, He who bore your load of sin; 
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the crou-ched; 
3. Have you any room for Jesus, As in grace He calls a-gain? 
4. Room and time now give to Jesus, Soon will pass God's day of grace; 

578
Have you any Room, etc.—Concluded.

As He knocks and asks ad-mis-sion,
Not a place that He can en-ter,
O to-day is time ac-cept-ed,
Soon thy heart left cold and slent,
Sinner will you let Him in?
In your heart for which He died?
To-morrow you may call in vain,
And thy Saviour's spirit cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je-sus, King of glo-ry,
Hast-en now His word o-bey,
Swing the heart's door widely o-pen,
Bid Him en-ter while you may.

No. 569. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. Biss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Cono- come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
Turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
Loom comes at last! "Al-most" can not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call,
lingering near, Pray'tres' arise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'er come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wall—"Al-most—but lost!"
No. 570. The Ninety and Nine.
E. C. CLEPHANE. To be sung only as a Solo. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of Thee. But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wandered away from cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine: Are they not e - nough for A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender me, And, although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3. But none of the ransomed ev - er know How deep were the wa - ters gold— A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender me, And, although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back," "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"

5. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back," "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." "But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

No. 571. Revive Thy Work.
ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES McGrANAHAN.

1. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis-turb this sleep of death; Quicken the smouldering
3. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre-ate soul-thirst for Thee; But hungering for the
4. Re-vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex-alt Thy precious name; And, by the Ho-ly

580
Revive Thy Work.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Revive!.... revive!.... And

wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
embers now By Thine Almighty breath.
bread of life, oh, may our spirits be!
ghost, our love For Thee and Thine inflame.
Revive Thy work! revive Thy work! And

give refreshing showers; The glory shall be all Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.
give, oh give, refreshing showers;

No. 572. I am Thine, O Lord.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the power of grace divine;
3. O— the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

near-er, near-er,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

581
No. 573. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. 

1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bills roll; 
2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this best assurance control, 
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—My sin—not in part but the whole, 
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, 

What ever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul. 
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. 
Is nailed to His cross and I hear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! 
The trumpet shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul. 

CHORUS. 
It is well with my soul, It is well with my soul. 

No. 574. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. 

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly; So sinful, so weary, Thine, I am in the conflicts, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe; How often when trials, like wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee, sea-bills roll, Have I hid—den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. 

IRA D. SANKEY. 

2. In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when tempests of life, on its surface beat, I am bowed by storms of life, and the tempests in war, I have fled to Thy refuge and breathed out my woe: How often when trials, like wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee, sea-bills roll, Have I hid—den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. 

3. How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe; How often when trials, like wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee, sea-bills roll, Have I hid—den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
Hiding in Thee.—Concluded.

Chorus.


No. 575. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

Eben E. Rexford.

Geo. F. Root.

1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripe and far and wide The world now is waiting,
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gather together,

from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
—ing the harvest tide; But reapers are few, and the work is great,
er the golden grain; Toll on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest 'til the "harvest home;"
But gather from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home;"

who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh,

who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.
No. 576.

To the Work.


1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us
   follow the path that our Master has trod; With the
   balm of His counsel our strength to renew, Let us
   do with our might what our hands find to do.

2. To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed; To the
   fountain of Life let the weary be led; In the
   cross and its banner our glory shall be, While we
   herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!" Tolling on,
   tolling on, tolling on, tolling on.

3. To the work! to the work! there is labor for all, For the
   kingdom of darkness and error shall fall; And tho
   name of Jehovah exalted shall be In the
   shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free!" Tolling on,
   tolling on, tolling on, tolling on.

4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
   robe and a crown shall our labor reward; When the
   home of the faithful our dwelling shall be, And we
   hope, Let us watch, And labor till the Master comes.
   and trust, and pray.

584
1. I will sing of my Redeemer And His wondrous love to me;  
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save;  
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant pow'r I'll tell;  
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heavenly love to me;  

On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free,  
In His boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave,  
How the victory He giveth over sin, and death, and hell,  
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Chorus.

No. 578. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

Copyright, 1872, by Ira D. Sankey.

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will

Refrain:

[Music notation]

No. 579. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life, Let mem-ore of their
2. Christ, the ben-efit One gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life, Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life, Of-fer pardon and

[Music notation]

beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life, Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;
loving call, Won-der-ful words of Life. All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heaven.
peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life. Jo-sus, on-ly Saviour, San-cti-fy for-
ev-er.
Wonderful Words of Life.—Concluded.

No. 580. Behold, what Love!

M. S. S.

JAMES McGRANAHER.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cepted in the "Well - believed," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pro - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what man - ner of love! What manner of

love the Fa - ther hath be - stowed up - on us, That we, that

we should be call'd, Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,
No. 581. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Simply trusting ev'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine In to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I cannot fail, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3. Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in danger, for Him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till within the jasper wall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust as the moments fly; Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him what' er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

No. 582.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. Palmer.

H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev'ry to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

2. Shun evil companions; Bad language disdain; Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev'ry to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3. To him that overcometh God giveth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer, Though oft cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev'ry to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer.
Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.

No. 583. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, Alt. 

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

No. 583. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Ev'rything to God in prayer.
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
No. 584.  I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him,
And not a love the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heaven.
So wise a Counselor and Guide, So mighty a Defender!

And 'round my heart still close ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver:
The eternal glories gleam afar, To nerve my faint endeavors;
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sever?

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and ever.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ever.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for ever.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for ever.

No. 585.  Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort More than life to me,
Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

While on others Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

Chorus.

No. 586. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon, by per.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
   For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
   My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
   If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
   And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
   I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
   If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
   And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
   I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
   If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,
   I'll ever adore Thee in heav'n so bright;
   I'll ever adore Thee in heav'n so bright;
   I'll ever adore Thee in heav'n so bright;
No. 587. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.                      J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ev’ry soul by sin oppressed, There’s mercy with the Lord,
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow;
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest;
4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go,

And He will surely give you rest, By trusting in His word.
Believe in Him without delay, And you are fully blest.
To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 588. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.                  JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength in deed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow’r, and that alone,
3. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the leper’s spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I’ll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary’s Lamb.
**All to Christ I Owe.**—Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

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

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

**No. 589. I Am Praying for You.**

S. O'MALEY CLIFF.

IRASANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-lour, He's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, lovin-Sav-lour tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lovin-Sav-lour is

earth-friends be few: And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, And
bless-ed and true: And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But
wonder-ing view: Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in bright-ness, peer
world nev-er knew: My Sav-lour a- lone is its Author and Giv-er, And
your Sav-lour too; Then pray that your Sav-lour may bring them to glo-ry, And

CHORUS.

oh, that my Sav-lour were your Sav-lour too,
oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
friends, could I see you re-ciev-ing one too!

{ For you I am pray-ing, For
pray'r will be answered—twas answered for you!

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

593
No. 590.  I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earthly temple, Why not here content abide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I surrender, See myself as crucified;
4. Soul of mine, continue pleading; Slay rebuke, and folly chide;

Why art thou forever pleading? Why art thou not satisfied?
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me? Why art thou not satisfied?
Turn from all of earth's ambition, That thou may'st be satisfied?
I accept the cross of Jesus, That thou may'st be satisfied.

CHORUS.

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied.

When I awake in His likeness, I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied, When I awake in His likeness,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied.

No. 591.  Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Saviour! Thy dying love, Thou gavest me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My feeble
3. Give me a faithful heart Like-ness to Thee— That each de-
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

594
Something for Jesus.—Concluded.

Something for Thee. What shall I give Thee, Lord?  A heart pure and true.

No. 592.  Rescue the Perishing.

1. Rescue the perishing: Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
   Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive, Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently;
   Grace can restore: Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kind ness, Lord will provide: Back to the narrow way Pächt-ly win them;

   CHORUS.

   Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. He will forgive if they only believe.
   Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

   Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

595
No. 593. Saviour, More than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray, I can never, never lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

Refrain.

Every day, every hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; May Thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

Every day and hour, every day and hour,


P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss.

1. More holiness give me, More strivings within;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More purity give me, More strength to overcome;

More patience in suffering, More sorrow for sin;
More pride in His glory, More hope in His word;
More freedom from earth's sin, More longings for home.

596
My Prayer.—Concluded.

More faith in my Saviour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be;

More joy in His service, More purpose in prayer,
More meekness in trial, More praise for relief,
More blessed and holy, More, Saviour, like Thee.

No. 595. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
   For cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flowed on Calvary.

2. Thou comest weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.

3. Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

4. Tis Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to welcomed grace, Where reigns the power of sin.

CHORUS.

I am coming Lord! Coming now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

5 And He the witness gives To loyal hearts and free, That every promise is fulfilled, If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!
No. 596. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we believe That tho

Gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in
tender compassion His children to hear; When He tells us we may
Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym-pathizing
blessings we're needing we'll surely receive, In the fullness of this
faith, His protection to share;
est at His feet ev'ry care; Whata balm for the weary! O how
heart He removes ev'ry care; Trust we shall lose ev'ry care;

D.S. — What a balm for the weary! O how

FINE. CHORUS.

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

No. 597. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWES.

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

598
I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace afford.
Thine Can peace afford.
Thine Can peace afford.
Thine Can peace afford.
Thine Can peace afford.

When Thou art near, in me full, deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev-ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-lour! I come to Thee.


F. J. Crosby.

1. Je-sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre-cious fount-a in.
2. Near the Cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-for-e me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er,

Free to all—a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mount-ain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed its beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

599
No. 599.

Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ever-lasting portion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;

All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Gladly will I toll and suffer, Oily let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Gladly will I toll and suffer, Oily let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

No. 600. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERTAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home above,

600
I Gave My Life for Thee.—Concluded.

That thou might'st ran some be,
I left, for earth-ly night,
Sal - va - tion full and free,
And quick - ened from the dead;
For wand'rings sad and lone;
To res-cue thee from hell;
My pur - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 601. There is a Green Hill far away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.
Moderato.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-ty wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin:

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all,
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there,
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood,
He only could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh deary, deary has He loved, And we must love Him too;
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

601
No. 602. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, I shall be soon.
2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the hope and the dreading, I shall be soon.
4. Beyond the frost chain and the fever, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

I shall be soon. Sweet, sweet home! Lord tarry not, but come.
Love, rest and home! Lord tarry not.

No. 603. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they never cease;
2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall;
3. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! To their varied, loud and low;
4. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb.

We are weared with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in under tone sublime, Sounding clear ly through them all,
In a long, unrest ing line We are marching to and fro;
And in joy and peace sublime, We shall feel the silence come;

GO2
Eternity.—Concluded.

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
Is a voice that must be heard, As our moments onward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will stake, And our eyes the King will see,

If thy shores are drawing near, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
And it speak-eth, aye, one word, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
I or thy breath doth wrap us round, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
When thy glorious horn shall break, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

No. 604. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON.  HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the river, By and by, by and by; And the darkness
2. We shall strike the harp of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re-
3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Whose crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest

shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by; With the toil-some journey done,
demption's story, By and by, by and by; And the strains for ever-more
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the angels who ful-
rapture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone

And the glorious battle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by,
Shall resound in sweetness o'er yonder ever-lasting shore, By and by,
All the mandates of His will shall attend, and love us still, By and by,
To the land of life and song,— We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by,

603
1. Christ is coming! let creation From her groans and travail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the story Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
3. Though once cradled in a manger, Oft no pill—low but the sod;
4. Long Thy exiles have been pinning, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that “blessed hope” before us, Let no harp remain unstrung;

Let the glorious proclamation Hope restore and faith increase;
She shall yet behold Thy glory, When Thou comest back to reign.
Here an alien and a stranger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heavenly treasures shining, Soon they shall Thy glory see.
Let the mighty ransome'd chorus Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

CHORUS.

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!

No. 606.

Joy to the World.

(ANTIQU. C.M.)

I. WATTS.

ARR. BY GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The
ev'ry heart prepare Him room; And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy; Re-
glories of His right-ous-ness, And wonders of His love; And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

GO 1
Joy to the World.—Concluded.

No. 607.  My Aun Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1800–1881.  MRS. IONE T. HANNA, 1861.  Har. by H. P. M.

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mon-y-tinted, fresh an' gay.  
   An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, The birdies war-bie blithe-ly, for my Father made them sae: 
   D.C. But these sights an' these sound's will as naething be to me, When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

2. I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King the earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mon-y-tinted, fresh an' gay. 
   To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring; The birdies war-bie blithe-ly, for my Father made them sae: 
   Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see The birdies war-bie blithe-ly, for my Father made them sae: 
   An I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mon-y-tinted, fresh an' gay. 
   An' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mon-y-tinted, fresh an' gay.

3. Sae little noo I ken, o'yon blessed, bonnie place, For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me, 
   I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face; An' carries them His own', to His ain countrie. 
   It was surely be eneuch for ever mair to be Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest, For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me, 
   In the glory o' His presence, in our ain countrie. 
   I was fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast, An' carries them His own', to His ain countrie.

4. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again, He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; 
   He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; For the soundin' o' His footsteps this side the sounden gate: 
   To gang at any moment to my ain countrie. 
   To gang at any moment to my ain countrie. 
   He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; God gie His grace to like ane wha' listens noo to me, 
   To gang at any moment to my ain countrie. 
   That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.
No. 608.  Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up on the breeze Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
He gently leads me with his hand, For this is heaven's borderland.
And flow'rs that never-fading grow, Where streams of life for ever-flow.
As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore, My heaven, my home forevermore.

No. 609.  Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadow, Fearing not the clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Though the loss sustained our
Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
vint-er's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it of ten grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

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

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing.
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing.
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing.

No. 610. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY. F. W. KÜCKEN. Arr. H. P. MAIN.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can it be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not
3. Now, in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; Now my

God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners spare? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
fool re-volt de-lore, Look, believe, and sin no more, Look, believe, and sin no more.

607
No. 611.  The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN.  JAMES McGRAHAAS.

1. Our Lord is now rejected, And by the world disowned,
   By the many still neglected, And by the few enthroned,
   But soon He'll come in glory, The hour is drawing nigh,
   Oh, the crowning day is coming by and by,

2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they
   The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array,
   The beauty of the Saviour, Shall dazzle ev'ry eye,
   When our Lord shall come in "power," And "glory" from on high.

3. Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more,
   Behind us all of sorrow, And naught but joy before,
   A joy in our Redeemer, As woe to Him are nigh,
   When our Lord shall come in "power," And "glory" from on high.

4. Let all that look for, hasten The coming joyful day,
   By earnest consecration, To walk the narrow way.
   For the crowning day is coming by and by.
   When our Lord shall come in "power," And "glory" from on high.

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The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

Oh, the glorious sight will gladden, Each waiting, watchful eye,

In the crowning day that’s coming by and by.

No. 612. Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD. E. H. PHILPS, by per.

1. Oh, tender and sweet was the Master’s voice As He lovingly called to me, “Come over the line, it is only a step—I am waiting, my child, for thee.”

2. But my sins are many, my faith is small, Lot the answer came quick and clear; “Thou needest not trust in thyself at all, Step over the line, I am here.”

3. But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said, And the way I cannot see; I fear if I try I may sadly fall, And thus may dishonor Thee.

4. All, the world is cold, and I cannot go back, Press forward I surely must; I will place my hand in His wounded palm, Step over the line, and trust.

REFRAIN.

“Over the line,” hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:

“Over the line,” Why should I remain With a step between me and Jesus.

4th v. “Over the line,” I will not remain, I’ll cross it and go to Jesus.
No. 613.  How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.  (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.)  M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said.—To you, who still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My not ov-er-flow: For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti-ly sert to His foes; That soul—'ho all hell should en-deavor to shake, I'll nev-er-no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled? gra-cious, on nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious on nip-o-tent hand, to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sancti-ly to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, nev-er-no nev-er for-sake? I'll nev-er-no nev-er-no nev-er forsake!"

No. 614.  Glory be to the Father.

H. W. CHATEOREX.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; A-men, A-men.
No. 615. Stand up for Jesus.
G. DUFFIELD.
(WEBB. 7.6.) G. J. WEBB.

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

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

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of battle, The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally!

3 Blest river of salvation! Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

No. 617. Sometimes a Light Surprise.
S. F. SMITH.

1 Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in his wings; With comfort in his declining, He grants the soul again A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation, We sweetly then pursue The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new; Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say, Let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing, But He will bring us through; Who gives the Israel clothing, Will clothe His people too; Beneath the spreading heavens, No creature but is fed; And He who feeds the ravens, Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither, Their wonted fruit should bear, Though all the fields should wither, Nor flocks, nor herds be there; Yet God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice, For while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.
No. 618.  

"Whosoever Will."  

No. 619.  

Crown Him.

P. P. B.  

Joyfully.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the word around; Spread the joyful news wherever man is found: Enter while you may; Jesus is the true, the only Living Way: 

2. Whosoever cometh need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, ev-er must endure; "Whosoever will," tis life for ev-er-mo-re: Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Whosoever will, may come."

3. "Whosoever will," the prom-i-se se-cure, "Whosoever will," for Chorus.  

4. "Whosoever will, may come." "Whosoever will, who-so-ever will," by Geo. C. Stebbins.

5. Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand’rer home: "Whosoever will, may come.

No. 619.  

Crown Him.  


Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-ri-ous; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;  

2. Crown the Savour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;  

3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him; Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim;  

4. Hark! the bursts of ac-la-ma-tion! Hark! these loud tri-umphant chords;  

612
Crown Him.—Concluded.

From the fight return'd victorious, 
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow. 
In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, 
While the vault of heav'n rings. 
Saints and angels crowd around Him, 
Own His ti'tle, praise His name. 
Jesus takes the high est station, 
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

REFRAIN.

Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings;"

Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

No. 620. Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Jesus Christ is passing by, Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mercy see; Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes, and is salvation's hour;

As the precious moments flee, Cry, be merciful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He calleth thee in deed.
Let it penetrate my soul, All my heart and life control.
Jesus gives from guilt release, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

613
No. 621. **That will be Heaven for Me.**

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRAWAHAN.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come,
   To take me away to His own dear home;
   But I know that His presence will light up the gloom,
   And that will be glory for me.

2. I know not the song that the angels sing,
   I wel come me there, And that will be heaven for me.
   And that will be glory for me,
   Oh, that will be glory for me;
   And that will be music for me,
   Oh, that will be music for me;
   And that will be heaven for me,
   Oh, that will be heaven for me.

3. I know not the form of my mansion fair,
   I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
   But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
   And that will be heaven for me.
   But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
   And that will be heaven for me.
   But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
   And that will be glory for me.
   But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
   And that will be music for me.
   But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
   And that will be heaven for me.

No. 622. **Ring the Bells of Heaven.**

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.

GEO. W. ROOT.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
   For a soul, released from the family of Cain,
   That is ready to its home in the skies,
   With the angels, swell the anthem of the free.

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
   For the wanderer, driven from the path of life,
   That is ready to its home in the skies,
   With the angels, swell the anthem of the free.

3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
   For the sinner, brought from the brink of death,
   That is ready to its home in the skies,
   With the angels, swell the anthem of the free.

D.C. - Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the fine.

turning from the wild;
now is reconciled;
glad triumphant strain!
See the Father meets him out upon the way;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way;
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
Ring the Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Wel-coming His wea-ry, wand’ring child,
And is born a-new a ransomed child,
For a pre-ious soul is born a-gain.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the

angels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 623.

Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. Stockton.

WM. G. Fischer.

1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost, And ru-ined by the
2. Een now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris-en Son of
3. Love brings the glo-rious ful-ness in, And to His saints makes

fall; Sal-va-tion full, at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.
known The bless-ed rest from in-bred sin, Thro’ faith in Christ a-lone.

CHORUS.

Oh, ’twas love, ’twas won-drous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Saviour from a-bove, To die on Cal-va-ry.

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

5 Of victory now o’er Satan’s power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.
No. 624.  Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.  (DUKE STREET. L. M.)  JOHN HATTON.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run.
2. To him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head:
3. People and realms of every tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns
   The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
   And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Let every creature rise, and bring
   Peculiar honors to our King:
   Angels descend with songs again,
   And earth repeat the loud amen.

So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
   The honors of our Saviour God;
   When his salvation reigns within,
   And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion hears our spirits up,
   While we expect that blessed hope,—
   The bright appearance of the Lord:
   And faith stands leaning on his word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 625.  Tune—Duke Street. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
   The holy gospel we profess;

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
   The honors of our Saviour God;
   When his salvation reigns within,
   And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion hears our spirits up,
   While we expect that blessed hope,—
   The bright appearance of the Lord:
   And faith stands leaning on his word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 626.  The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B.  P. P. BLISS.

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The
   Light of the world is Jesus; Like sunshine at noon-day His

2. No darkness have we who in Jesus abide, The
   Light of the world is Jesus; We walk in the Light when we

3. Ye dwellers in darkness with sin blinded eyes, The
   Light of the world is Jesus; Go, wash, at His bidding, and

4. No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told, The
   Light of that world is Jesus; The Lamb is the light in the

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616
The Light of the World.—Concluded.

Glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
Ciy of Gold, The Light of that world is Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,

Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus.

No. 627. The Prodigal Child.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been
dark, And so lone-ly and wild; O prod-i-gal child! Come
gates, While the shad-ows are piled; O prod-i-gal child! Come

Chorus.

Come home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
Come home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!

3. Come home! come home! From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame, And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child! Come home, oh come home!

4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there; Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child! Come home, oh, come home!
No. 628.  
Not Now, My Child.

MRS. PENNEFATHER.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing, A
   little longer on the billows' foam; A few more journeyings
   thou must call them in with patient love; Not now, for I have
   thou not cheer them with a kindly smile? Sick ones, who need thee

2. Not now; for I have wand'ring in the distance, And
   thou must follow them where'er they rove, In their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary; Wilt
   in the desert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Father's Home! sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

4. Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
   And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
   Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
   They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing;

5. Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
   And speak that Name in all its living power;
   Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
   Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
   The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
   One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
   Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 629.  
The Great Physician.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus:
   Your many sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
   All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
   His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus;

2. A little more rough tossing, A little longer on the billows' foam; A few more journeyings thou must call them in with patient love; Not now, for I have thou not cheer them with a kindly smile? Sick ones, who need thee

3. Not now; for I have wand'ring in the distance, And thou must follow them where'er they rove, In their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4. Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing: Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling, They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing;

5. Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying, And speak that Name in all its living power; Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary? Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning, The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm; One little hour! and then the hallelujah! Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

618
The Great Physician.—Concluded.

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.

CHORUS.

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

No. 630. To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH, D.D.  LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wanderers, come; O ye nighted souls,
2. To-day the Saviour calls; O hear Him now; Within these sacred walls
3. To-day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls
4. The Spirit calls to-day; Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not a way,

CODA.

Why longer roam? Come home, come home, The Saviour calls, come home,
To Jesus bow. And death is nigh. 'Tis mercy's hour. Come home, come home,

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Come home, come home, The Saviour calls, come home,
Come home, come home, come home.
No. 631. Where is my Boy to-night?

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tenderest care, Tho' face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as his.

2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No prattie and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!

3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in olden time, When bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?

Chorus. Not too fast.

O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night? My heart overflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

No. 632. It Passeth Knowledge.

Mary Sherleton. Ira D. Sankey.

1. It pass - eth knowledge, that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!

2. It pass - eth tell - ing! that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!

3. It pass - eth prays - es! that dear love of Thine! My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
yet this soul of mine Would of that love, in all its depth and length, Its
yet these lips of mine Would fain pro-claim to sin-ners far and near A
yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free, Which

height, and breadth, and ev-er-las-ting strength, Know more and more.
love which can re-move all guilt-y fear, And love be-get.
brought an un-done sin-ner, such as me, Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fullness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought;
Yet, I may come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"Thou lovest me."

6 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw
And never to another fountain fly [nigh,
But unto Thee!

7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting
My soul shall sing.

No. 633. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ry bless-ing, 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.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-hove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ehenezer,
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 de-btor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a letter,
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.

621
No. 634.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford.  
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make hour of prayer; And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief;

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

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

No. 635.

There is Life for a Look.

AMELIA M. HULL.  
REV. E. C. TAYLOR.

1. There is life for a look at the Crucified One, There is

2. Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin, If on

3. It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayer, But the

4. Then doubt not, thy welcome, since God has declared There re-

5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once The
There is Life for a Look.—Concluded.

life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be saved,
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
Bloody that atones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou may - est at once
maineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,
life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as-sur - ance thou nev - er canst die,

REFRAIN.

Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree,
If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
Thy weight of un -iq - uil -ties roll.
And complet-ed the work He be -gan.
Since Je - sus thy righteouness, lives,

Look! look! look and live! There is
life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is life at this moment for thee.

No. 636.  Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's
shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to - day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"
forth and rejoice, And let us free-y make Him our choice; Do not delay, but come,
minds, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

D.S.—And we shall gather Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

623
No. 637.  
He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore.  
WM. B. Bradbury.

1. He leadeth me! Oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

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

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 638.  
Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.  
GEO. F. Root.

1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His
2. He will gather, He will gather The gems for His
3. Little children, little children, Who love their Ro-

jewels, All His jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own kingdom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own
deem-er, Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own

624
Jewels.—Concluded.

Like the stars of the morn’ ing, His bright crown a-

dorn’ ing, They shall shine in their beau ty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 639.  Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless’ ing Thou art scattering full and free-
2. Pass me not, O gra- cious Fa- ther, Sin- ful tho’ my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten- der Sav’ iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir- it! Thou canst make the blind to see;

Show’s the thirst- y land re-fresh- ing; Let some droppings fall on me-
Thou might’st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mer- cy fall on me-
I am long-ing for Thy fav’ or; Whilst Thou’rt calling, oh, call me-
Wit-ness-er of Je-sus’ mer- it, Speak the word of pow’r to me-

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless- ing fall on me.

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

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—
No. 640.

*Here am I; Send Me.*

S. M. GRANNIS.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus crying, "Who will go and work to-day? Fields are
white, and harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the
masters call, Rich reward He offers thee; Who will answer, gladly
give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for
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saying, "Here am I; send me, send me!" "Here am I; send me, send me!"
Jesus, Will be precious in His sight, Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
to the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach, [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep.
"Place the food within their reach,"
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 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!"

No. 641.

*Nothing but Leaves.*

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves of life's fair rip'ning grain; We
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves No veil to hide the past; And
4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Oh,

626
Yet There is Room.

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

IRa D. Sankey.

**Refrain.**

"Yet there is room!"—The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glory, beckons thee along; Light makes haste to go! be the Bridegroom's guest: not too full for thee: Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now! Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee; That cup of everlasting love is free; Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now! All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The angels beckon thee the prize to win: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom; Then the last, low, long cry:--"No room, no room!"

No room, no room:--oh, woful cry, "No room!"

627
No. 643. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B.  

1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon, and night to pray? In his chamber he remembers Zion, Though in exile far away.
2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to share; For the God of Daniel will deliver, He will send His angel there.
3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly sing; Set your faces toward the hill of Zion, Therefore our coming King!

CHORUS.

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem, Though as captives here a "little while" we stay? For the coming of the King in His glory, Are you watching day by day?

No. 644. The Glorious Morning.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.  

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Soon shall we see the glorious morning, Saints arise! saints arise!
2. Hear ye the trump of God re-sounding, Saints arise! saints arise!
3. The saints who sleep, with joy awakened, All arise! all arise!
4. Fast by the throne of God behold them Crown'd at last! crown'd at last!

628
The Glorious Morning.—Concluded.

Sinners, attend the notes of warning; Saints arise! saints arise!
Thro' all the vaults of death rebounding; Saints arise! saints arise!
Their beds of death are quick forsook; All arise! all arise!
See in His arms the Saviour folds them, Crowned at last! crowned at last.

The resurrection day draws near, The King of Saints shall soon appear,
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare, Put on your bridal garments fair,
Not one of all the faithful few Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
With wreaths of glory crown their head, No tears of sorrow now are shed,
And high His royal standard rear; Saints arise! saints arise!
And hail your Saviour in the air; Saints arise! saints arise!
But starts with bliss his Lord to view; All arise! all arise!
To joy's full fountain all are led, Crowned at last! crowned at last!

No. 645. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. E. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. Man of Sorrows, what a name For the Son of God, who came,
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim! Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
"It is finished," was His cry,
4 Lifted up was He to die,
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, In my place condemned He stood; Scald'd my pardon with His blood; Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Now in heaven exalted high; Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
3. Guilt-y, vile and helpless, we; Spotless Lamb of God was He; "Full atonement!" can it be? Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
5 When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

629
No. 646.   Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.  
I. B. W.  
Spirited.  
I. P. Woodbury.

1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade? Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come? The gold-en morn is passing, Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain; The night is fast ap- Proaching, And soon will come again; The Mas- ter calls for reapers, And shall His call in vain? Shall His sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?

3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no-words of knowledge That human hearts should know, Be faith-ful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord. And then a gold-en chaplet Shall be thy just re-ward.

No. 647.   Jesus is Mine.  
Mrs. C. J. Bonar.  
T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-ery ten-der tie;

2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je-sus is mine! Here would I ev-er stay; Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,

3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je-sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light; Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried, ter-ni-ty; Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest.

4. Fare-well, mortai-ty; Je-sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a- lone can bless, Je-sus is mine! Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine! Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat-is- fied, Je-sus is mine! Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!
No. 648. \textbf{Knocking, Knocking.}

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. \hspace{1cm} GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;

’Tis a Pilgrim, strange and king'ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-yy-vine,
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing ten-dris, Ev-er round the hinges twine.
Beam the patient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-lour, wait-ing there.

No. 649. \textbf{I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.}

H. BONAR, D.D. \hspace{1cm} (EVAN. O. M.) \hspace{1cm} WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, “Come un-to me and rest;
2. I came to Je-sus as I was—Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, “Be-hold, I free-ly give
4. I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast,”
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
The liv-ing wa-ter—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live,”
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
   “I am this dark world's light;
   Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
   And all thy day be bright.”

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
   In Him my Star, my Sun;
   And in that light of life I'll walk
   'Till trav'ling days are done.
No. 650.  The Half was Never Told.

P. P. B.  P. P. Bliss.

1. Repeat the story o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I only knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My highest place is lying low At my Redeemer's feet;
4. And oh, what rapture will it be, With all the host above,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.
Until the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my weary breast.
No real joy in life I know, But in His service sweet.
To sing through all eternity The wonders of His love!

Chorus.
The half was never told,

The half was never told, The half was never told;
never told, The half was never told;

1. Of grace divine, so wonderful, The half was never told.
2. Of peace, etc.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

No. 651.  Christ Returneth.


1. It may be at morn, when the day isawakening, When sunlight through
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, it may be, per-
darkness and shadow is breaking, That Jesus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into light in the

632
Christ Returneth.—Concluded.

While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."

3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

No. 652. Dare to be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's command,
2. Man-ny might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand,
3. Man-ny gi-nants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-to-ry grand!

Hon-or them, the faith-ful few! All hall to Dan-iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's Band.
Sa-tan and his hosts de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's Band.

Chorus.

Dare to be a Dan-iel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!
No. 653.  Arise, my Soul, Arise.

Ch. Wesley.  (Lenox. 6s, 8s.)  Lewis Edson.

1. Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sacrifice
2. He ever lives above, For me to intercede; His all redeeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers;
4. My God is reconciled; His parting voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

In my behalf appears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
They strongly plead for me; Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands,
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Ab-ha, Father, cry.

No. 654.  The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.  Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whirling flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne.
No. 655.  The Beautiful Land on High.

JAMES NICHOLSON.  WM. U. BUTCHER.

1. There's a beautiful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly.
2. There's a beautiful land on high, I shall enter it by and by;
3. There's a beautiful land on high; Then why should I fear to die,

When by sorrows pressed down, I long for my crown. In that beautiful land on high.
There with friends whose hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.
When death is the way to the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high!

CHORUS.

In that beautiful land I'll be, From earth and its cares set free;

My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare a place in that land for me.

4. There's a beautiful land on high, And my kindred its hills enjoy; And methinks I now see them waiting for me, In that beautiful land on high.
5. There's a beautiful land on high, Where we never shall say "good-bye;" Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring, In that beautiful land on high.
No. 656. Why not To-night?

ELIZA REED.  Ira D. SANKET.

1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;  2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long do-lud-ed sight;  3. The world has nothing left to give— It has no new, no pure de-light;  4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night? This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night? Oh, try the life which Christians live! Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night? Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

No. 657. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R.  G. F. ROOT.

1. She on-ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,  A-mid the crowd that 2. She came in fear and trem-bling be-fore Him, She She felt that from Him 3. He turn'd with "Daugh-ter, be of good com-fort," Thy faith hath made thee whole;" And peace that pass-eth

636
The Hem of His Garment. — Concluded.

Gather'd around Him, And straight-way she was whole.
Vir-tue had healed her, The might-y deed was done.
All un-der-stand-ing With glad-ness filled her soul.

Chorus.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav-ing pow'r this very hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 658. I am Coming to the Cross.
Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has evil reigned within; Je-sus

3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store; Soul and

Cho.-I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Hum-bly

count-ing all but dross, I shall full salva-tion find.
sweet-ly speaks to me,-’I will cleanse you from all sin.
bod-y Thine to be,- Wholly Thine for ev-er-more.
at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

7 In thy promises I trust, Now I feel the blood applied:
When I prostrate in the dust,
In Christ am crucified.

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

637
No. 659. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

PANNY J. CROSBY.
W. H. DOANE.

1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the mor-ning, He shall call us
3. Have we not been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory

noon or night, Faith-ful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one. When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

Refrain.

Rich.

With our lamps all trimm’d and bright?
Will He an-swer ther—Well done?
We shall have a glo-rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

Oh, can we say we are

read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul’s bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 660. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.
W. H. DOANE.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend’rest care;
2. In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare.
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful thou’st we be;
   Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fed us, Seek us when we go a-stray.
   Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Saviour, Like a Shepherd.—Concluded.

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, We will early turn to Thee;

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, We will early turn to Thee.

No. 661. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish, Come to the
mercy-seat, fervently kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can-not heal.

2. Joy of the desolate! light of the straying, Hope of the
penitent, fadeless and pure! Here speaks the Comforter,
tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can-not cure,

3. Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing Forth from the
throne of God, pure from above: Come to the feast of love,
come, ever knowing, Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.
What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. Emily S. Oakley.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair,
   Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high,
   Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
   Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with a aching heart
   Sowing the seed while the tears-drops start,

Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spill,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Chorus.
Sown................... In the darkness or sown................... In the darkness.
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or...
What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

light. Sown....... in our weakness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Sown............ in our might................. Gather'd in time or e-
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gather'd in time or e-

ter-ni-ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har-

ter-ni-ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har-

No. 663. Take My Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAYVERGAL.
W. A. MOZART, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-scra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways-on-ly—for my King.
Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

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

5 Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.

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No. 664.  "Come."

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Mrs. JAS. G. JOHNSON.
Voices in Unison.

1. O word of words the sweetest, Oh words, in which there lie
   All promise, all fulfillment, And end of mystery;
   I hear the "Come!" of Jesus, And to His cross I fly.

2. O soul why shouldst thou wander From such a loving Friend?
   Cling closer, closer to Him, Stay with Him to the end;
   For I am ever wandering, And coming back again.

3. O, each time draw me nearer, That soon the "Come" may be
   Naught but a gentle whisper, To one close, close to Thee;
   I'll take Thy hand and follow, At that sweet whisper "Come!"

Refrain.

Come, oh, come to me, Come, oh, come to me, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

Weary, heavy laden, Come, oh, come to me, Oh
"Come."—Concluded.

Come, oh, come to me,............ Come, oh, come to me,............

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

Wea- ry, heav-y la- den, come, oh, come to me.

No. 665. The Shining Shore.


1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrimstranger,

Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.

D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most discov-er.

CHORUS.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are passing o-ver; And,

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,

We need not cease our singing;

Each cord on earth to sever;

That perfect rest naught can molest,

Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our

Where golden harps are ringing.

For, oh! for ever!

For, oh! we stand, etc.

For, oh! we stand, etc.

Fine.
No. 666. I am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

Rev. John Parker.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Jesus' blood;
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, He up-holds me by His might;
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate Where the bless-ed for me wait;
4. Burst are all my pris-on bars; And I soar bey-ond the stars.

I am watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait. Soon on
And His arms en-fold, and com-fort while I wait. I am
Where the wea-ry work-ers rest for-ev-er-more; Where the
To my Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es-tate. Lo! the

wings of love I'll fly, To my home be-yond the sky,
lean-ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet-ness of His rest,
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the song im-mor-tal wakes,

To my wel-come, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
Rob'd in white-ness I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Wash'd from ev-ry stain I am;

Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.

644
No. 667. **Pardon, Peace and Power.**

**EL. NATHAN.**

1. Would we be joyful in the Lord? Then count the riches o'er.
2. For ev'ry sin, by grace divine A pardon free bestowed;
3. Of grace to break the power of sin, He gives a full supply;
4. The power to win a soul to God, The Spirit, too imparts;
5. These blessings we by faith receive, By simple child-like trust;

Revealed to faith within His word, And note the boundless store,
And with the pardon peace is mine, The peace in Jesus' blood.
The Holy Ghost, the heart within, From sin doth purity.
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells now in all our hearts.
**In Christ,** 'tis God's delight to give; He promised, and He must.

**CHORUS.**

There is pardon, peace and pow'r; And purity, and Paradise;
With all of these in Christ for me; Let joyful songs of praise to Him arise!

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645
No. 668  Come now saith the Lord.

W. W. D.  JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by pen.

1. Come souls that are long-ing for plea-sure, Our
2. The plea-sures of sin are de-ceiv-ing, They've
3. The plea-sures of sin are all fleet-ing, They
4. Then all who are long-ing for plea-sure, Ye
5. Of Je-sus, thy choice be now mak-ing, Re-

Sav-iour has plea-sures to give; Come find in His love the rare
go-thing for yes-ter-day's pain, But hope of to-mor-row re-
van-ish with life's pass-ing morn; Like dew-drops the morn-ing sun
wea-ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure
doom-er, and Sav-iour, and Lord; And soon in the glo-ry a-

tre-asure, That makes ev-ry true plea-sure live.
ceiv-ing, And then, Its to-mor-row a-gain.
greet-ing, They el-g ten and then they are gone.
tre-asure, That from you shall nev-er be torn.
wak-ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re-

CHORUS.

Come now saith the Lord, let us rea-son, Come now and your pur-pose de-

Is it pleasures of sin for a sea-son, Or pleasures the glo-

646
No. 669.

**Beautiful River.**

R. LOWEY.

*Cheerful.*

**Rev. Robert Lowry, 1864.**

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shimmering river, Lay we every burden down;

With its crystal tide for ever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day,
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

**CHORUS.**

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

4. At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

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

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No. 670.

**Come, Ye Sinners.**


*(ZION. 8s. 7s. & 4.)*

**Dr. Thos. Hastings.**

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; He is able,
   Jesus readily stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power;
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify; Without money,
   True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh,—

He is willing; doubt no more; He is able; He is willing; doubt no more.
Come to Jesus Christ and buy; Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to all.
No. 671. God is Love.  
SIR JOHN BOWRING.  
(WILMOT, 3s. 7s.)  
C. M. VON WEBER.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
   Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens, God is wisdom, God is love.  
2. Time and change are busy ever; Man decays, and angels move;  
   But His mercy waneth never; God is wisdom, God is love.  
3. Even the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;  
   From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wisdom, God is love.  
4. He with earthly cares twineth Hope and comfort from above;  
   Everywhere His glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.

No. 672. Tune—Duke St. L. M. No. 624.  
Rev. S. Y. HARMER.  
Rev. WM. MCDONALD, 1857.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator’s praise arise;  
   There is rest for the weary. There is rest for you,  
   In the Christian’s home in glory, There remains a land of rest;  
   [There my Saviour’s gone before me, [Omit.]  
   To fulfil my soul’s request, There is rest for the weary. There is rest for you.

2. Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
   Eternal truth attends Thy word; [shore,  
   There is rest for the weary. There is rest for you,  
   Till suns shall rise and set no more. Isaac Watts.

3. Sing, O! sing, ye heirs of glory!  
   Shout your triumph as you go;  
   There is rest, etc.  
   Zion’s gate will open for you;  
   There is rest, etc.

4. He is fitting up my mansion,  
   Which eternally shall stand,  
   There is rest, etc.  
   For my stay shall not be transient,  
   There is rest, etc.

   In that holy, happy land.

   There is rest, etc.
No. 674.  **Sun of My Soul.**

J. KEBLE.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-vour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My weared eye-lids gent-ly steep,
3. A-hide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;

No. 675.  **Tune—Lenox.** 6s, 8s. No. 653.

1 Come every joyful heart, That loves the Saviour's name! Your noblest powers exert, To celebrate His fame; Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to Him we owe.
2 His starry crown, And laid His robes aside; On wings of love come down, And stop, and bleed, and died; What He endured no tongue can tell, To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose— The mansion of the dead; And thence His mighty foes In glorious triumph led; Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode And reigns on high the Saviour God.
4 From thence He'll quickly come— His chariot will not stay— And bear our spirits home To realms of endless day; There shall we see His lovely face, And ever be in His embrace.

No. 676.  **Labuan.**

S. W. (Dr. Lowell Mason).

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; 3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine arm or down:

No. 677.  **Tune—Christmas.**  C. M. No. 693.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in fall survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice, That calls thee from on high, 'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.
4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee Have I my race begun; And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

649
No. 678. The Lord's My Shepherd.
Psalm 23.
BEMONT. C.M. W. GARDINER, 1812.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth restore again; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear none ill;

In pastures green: He leadeth me The quiet waters by,
With in the paths of righteousness, Even for His own name's sake,
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnished
   In presence of my foes;
   My head thou dost with oil anoint,
   And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
   Shall surely follow me;
   And in God's house for evermore
   My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 679. Tune—Belmont. O. M.
1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
   Upon the Saviour's brow;
   His head with radiant glories crowned,
   His lips with grace overflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
   And flew to my relief;
   For me He bore the shameful cross,
   And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
   He brings my weary feet;
   Shows me the glories of my God,
   And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
   Such proofs of love divine,
   Had I a thousand hearts to give,
   Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

No. 680. Warwick. C. M.
Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

1. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
   And mortal life shall cease,
   I shall possess, within the vail,
   A life of joy and peace.

No. 681. Tune—Marlow. C. M. Key G.
1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
   With all Thy quickening powers;
   Kindle a flame of heavenly love
   In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
   At this poor dying rate?
   Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
   And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
   With all Thy quickening powers;
   Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
   And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.
No. 682. Just as I Am.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury, by par.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd’st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
3. Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Thou who, home-less, sole, forlorn,
   Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, Long hast borne the proud world’s scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste,
   O Lamb of God! I come, I come! Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

5. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
   Because Thy promise I believe, Because Thy promise I believe, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
   O Lamb of God! I come! O Lamb of God! I come! In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

No. 683. Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

I come, said Jesus’ sacred voice
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

I. While life prolongs its precious light,
   Shall death command you to the grave,—

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
   How sweet the Gospel’s charming sound!

3. Soon, borne on time’s most rapid wing,
   Shall death command you to the grave,—

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
   No Sabbath’s heavenly light shall rise,—

5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
   How sweet the Gospel’s charming sound!

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 684. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, B.D.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blest the day! Come, sinners, haste, O haste a-way While yet a pard’ning God is found,
3. Soon, borne on time’s most rapid wing, Before His bar your spir-its bring, And none he found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath’s heavenly light shall rise,— No God regard your bitter prayer;
5. Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the Gospel’s charming sound! No Saviour call you to the skies.

While yet a pard’ning God is found.
No. 685.  Olive's Bower.  T. M.
Rev. Hugh Stowell.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friends hold fellowship with friend:

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat,
A place than all beside more sweet, 'Tis the blood-bought mercy-seat,
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet, Around one common mercy-seat.

No. 686.  Tune-No. 600.

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.

Cho.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!

3 O cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

REV. A. T. Pierson.

No. 687.  Tune-St. Thomas.  S. M. No. 692.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with restless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

Oswald Allen.

No. 688.  Shirland.  S. M.
Timothy Dwight, D. D.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abide,
2. I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend;

The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And grave'en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

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

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

652
No. 689. Isaac Watts.

Boylston. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars slain,
   The blood of beasts On Jew- ish altars slain,
   Dr. Lowell Mason.

2. But Christ, the heav'n- ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
   But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;

3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
   My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,

4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,
   My soul looks back to see The bur - den thou didst bear,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.

A sac - ri - fice of no-bier name And rich - er blood than they.
A sac - ri - fice of no-bier name And rich - er blood than they.

While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.

While hang-ing on the curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
While hang-ing on the curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

No. 690. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1. How solemn are the words, And yet to faith how plain, Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
   "Ye must be born again!"
   "Ye must be born again!"

2 "Ye must be born again!"
   For so hath God decreed; No reformation will suffice—
   Tis life poor sinners need.
   Tis life poor sinners need.

3 "Ye must be born again!"
   And live in Christ must have;
   In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
   Tis He alone can save.

4 "Ye must be born again!"
   Or never enter heaven;
   Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
   The ransomed and forgiven.

No. 691. Tune—Boylston. S. M.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,
   Shine on us with Thy face;
   That th’earth Thy way, and nations all May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
   Let people all Thee praise!
   Oh, let the nations all be glad,
   In songs their voices raise!

3 Thou’lt justly people judge,
   On earth rule nations all;
   Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them Praise Thee, both great and small!

4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
   Our God shall blessing send;
   God shall us bless; men shall Him fear Unto earth’s utmost end.
   Psalm 67.

No. 692. Rev. Wm. Hammond.

St. Thomas. S. M.

G. F. Handel.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo- ses and the Lamb;

2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - en power;

3. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on’s cit - ies, sing;

4. Thereshall each rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim;

Wake, ev - ry heart and ev - ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour’s name.
Wake, ev - ry heart and ev - ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour’s name.

Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.

Bo - jol - ice ye in the Lamb of God— In Christ th’e - ter - nal King.
Bo - jol - ice ye in the Lamb of God— In Christ th’e - ter - nal King.

And sweet - er vol - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.
And sweet - er vol - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.
No. 693. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground. The angel
2. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind. Glad tidings
3. To you, in David's town, this day, Is born of David's line, The Saviour,
4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find, To human view displayed, All meanly

of the Lord came down. And glory shone a-round, And glory shone a-round.

of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;

No. 694. Tune—Azmon. O. M. Key A.

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

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

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

No. 695. Tune—Mear. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, O let me know The love of Christ to me; Its conquering, quickening power bestow, To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height, To scan its breadth and length; Drink in its ocean of delight, And triumph in its strength,

3 It is Thine office to reveal My Saviour's wondrous love; Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal, And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart, And be my constant Guide; With richer gladness fill my heart; Be Jesus glorified.


1 O my soul, bless thou Jehovah, All within me, bless His name; Bless Jehovah, and forget not All His mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions, Thy diseases all who heals; Who redeems thee from destruction, Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee, Who with good-things fills thy mouth, So that even like the eagle Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah Will deliver those distressed; He will execute just judgment In the cause of all oppressed.

No. 697. Tune—Wilmot. 8s. 7s. No. 671.

1 Jesus only, when the morning Beams upon the path I tread; Jesus only when the darkness Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows Cold and sullen o'er me roll; Jesus only, when the trumpet Rends the tomb and awakens the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment Bonding fears my heart afflict; Jesus only, when the wretched On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when adoring, Saints their crowns before Him bring; Jesus only, I will, joyous, Through eternal ages sing.

REVEREND ELIAS MASON.
No. 698. In the Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. (Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;

All the light of sacred story, Gather round its head sublime,
Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it grows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new ins - tiga - tion to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

No. 699. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1. We are waiting by the river, We are watching by the shore.
   Only waiting for the boatman; Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
2. Through the mist hang o'er the river, And its billows loudly roar.
   Yet we hear the song of angels, Wafted from the other shore.
3. And the bright celestial city,— We have caught such radiant gleams
   Of its towers like dazzling sunlight, With its sweet and peaceful streams.
4. He has called for many a loved one,
   We have seen them leave our side;
   With our Saviour we shall meet them
   When we too, have crossed the tide.
5. When we've passed the vale of shadows, With its dark and chilling tide,
   In that bright and glorious city
   We shall evermore abide.

Miss Mary P. Griffin.

No. 700. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

1. Saviour! visit Thy plantation; Grant us Lord a gracious rain;
   All will come to desolation, Unless Thou return again.
2. Keep no longer at a distance;— Shine upon us from on high.
   Lest for want of Thine assistance, Every plant should droop and die.
3. Let our mutual love be fervent; Make us prevalent in prayers;
   Let each one, esteemed Thy servant, Shout the world's enticing suares.
4. Break the tempter's fatal power; Turn the stony heart to flesh;
   And begin from this good hour, To revive Thy work afresh.


No. 701. Tune—Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

1. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
   There for ever to abide;
   All the heavenly hosts adore Thee, Seated at Thy Father's side.
2. 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.
4. Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
   Bring your sweetest, holiest lays;
   Help to sing our Savion's merits—
   Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Barlow.

No. 702. Tune—Autumn. 8s. 7s. No 683.

1. Jesus wept! those tears are over
   But His heart is still the same.
   Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother
   Is His everlasting name.
   Saviour, who can love like Thee,
   Gracious One of Bethany.
2. When the pangs of trial seize us,
   When the waves of sorrow roll,
   I will lay my head on Jesus,
   Pillow of the troubled soul.
   Surely, none can feel like Thee,
   Weeping One of Bethany.
3. Jesus wept! and still in glory
   He can mark each mourner's tears;
   Living to retrace the story
   Of the hearts He solaced here.
   Lord when I am called to die,
   Let me think of Bethany.
4. Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
   Are a legacy of love;
   Yesterday, to day to-morrow,
   He the same doth ever prove,
   Thou art all in all to me,
   Living One of Bethany.

Sir Edward Denme.
No. 703. I Waiting for the Lord.  
(DUNDEE. C. M.)  
ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

1. I waited for the Lord my God, And patiently did bear;  
2. He took me from a fearful pit, And from the miry clay;  
3. He put a new song in my mouth, Our God to magnify;  
4. O blessed is the man whose trust upon the Lord relies;  

At length to me He did incline My voice and cry to hear.  
And on a rock He set my feet, Establishing my way.  
May you shall see it, and shall fear, And on the Lord rely.  
Respecting not the proud, nor such As turn aside to lies.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benightened soul of mine.  
3 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;  
4 Ashamed of Jesus; yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.  

JOSPH GRIGG.

No. 705. Arlington. C. M.  
REV. JOHN NEWTON.  
THOS. A. ARNE.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear;  
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;  
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build My shield and hiding place;  
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
5. I would Thy boundless love proclaim With every fleeting breath;  

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.  
The manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.  
My never-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace.  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.  
So shall the music of Thy Name refresh my soul in death.
No. 706.  
Save, Jesus, Save!  
ANON.  
Geo. C. Stebbins, by perm.

1. Save, Jesus, save! Thy blessing now we crave; For every anxious
   sinner here, oh, let Thy mercy now appear, Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
2. Save, Jesus, save! Thy banner o'er us wave, Of love eternal
   and divine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
3. Save, Jesus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give every fettered
   soul release, And to the troubled whisper Peace, Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
4. Save, Jesus, save! And Thou a lonesome have The glory of the
   work divine, Yea, endless praises shall be Thine! Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.


1 Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
   Though pressed by every foe,
   That will not tremble on the brink
   Of any earthly foe.
2 That will not murmur or 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 clear
   When tempests rage without;
   And when in danger knows no fear,
   In darkness feeds no doubt.
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
   And then, whatever may come,
   We'll taste e'en here the bann'd bliss
   Of an eternal home.

REV. W. H. BATHURST.

No. 708.  
"Looking Home."  
K. J. T. SPITTA.  
Wm. B. BRADBURY, by perm.

1. Ah, this heart is void and chill, Mid earth's noisy thronging; For my Father's
   mansion, still earnestly I'm longing; Looking home, looking home,
2. Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing; Night will be ex-
   changed for morn, Sighs give place to singing.
3 Oh, to be at home, and gain,
   All for which we're sighing,
   From all earthly want and pain
   To be swiftly flying.—
4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
   There no more to sever;
   Soon we'll meet around the throne
   Praising God forever.

657
No. 709. Hamburg. L. M.
ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God:

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride,
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacri-fice them to His blood.

3. Seal from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love did mingle 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 an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 710. Rockingham. L. M. Wm. Cowper. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. What vari-ous hin-dran-ces we meet, In com-ing to the mer-cy-stat-

Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish-es to be oft-en there?

2 Prayer makes the dark-ened clouds with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's arm-or bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.


1. Faith is a liv-ing pow'r from heaven Which grasps the promise God has giv'n;
2. Faith finds in Christ what-'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
3. Faith to the consci-ence whispers peace; And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
4. Such faith in us, O God, Im-plant, And to our pray'rs Thy fav-or grant.

658
Sessions.—Concluded.

Se - cure-ly fixed on Christ a- lone, A trust that can not be o'er-thrown.
Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
By faith the children's right we claim, And call up-on our Father's name.
In Jo-sue Christ, Thy sav-ing son, Who is our fount of health a-lone.

No. 712.

Jennis. S. M.  
Rev. John Fawcett.  
H. G. Nageli.

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

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

Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
3 He wept that we might weep!  
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

No. 713. Tune—Boylston. S. M. No. 689.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks he dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
2 The Son of God in tears  
The wonder-ing angels see;

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

No. 714.

Bleyel's Hymn. 7s.  
Thomas Scott.  
Ignaz Bleyel.

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

659
No. 715. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, Thou all-mighty King. Help us Thy name to sing. Help us to praise: Father, all-glorious. O'er all victorious. Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days! People bless and give Thy word success; Spirit of holiness! On us descend, mighty art, now rule in every heart! And never from us de-part, Spirit of power! Majesty may we in glory see, and to eternal love and adore.

2. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me, rich grace impart; Strength to my fainting heart; zeal inspire, as thou hast. While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread, be Thou my guide; bid darkness pass through those gates of gold; and reign in light.

3. May the rich grace impart; strength to my fainting heart; zeal inspire, as thou hast. When ends life's tempest, when death's cold, sullen claim for Thine own the spheres, for Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage. Long of the rolling years! Claim for Thine own the spheres, for Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage.

4. To the great One in Three, the highest praise be, hence evermore! His sovereign grace impart; strength to my fainting heart; zeal inspire, as thou hast. When ends life's tempest, when death's cold, sullen claim for Thine own the spheres, for Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage.

No. 716. Tune—Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

1. Sound, sound the truth afar, bear ye the word of God; through the wide world: tell what our Lord has done, tell how the day is won, and from His lofty throne Satan is hurled.

2. Speed on the wings of love, Jesus, who reigns above, bids us to fly; they who His message bear should neither doubt nor fear, He will their friend appear, He will be nigh.

3. Ye, who forsaking all, at your loved Master's call, comforts resign; soon will your work be done; soon will the prize be won; brighter than yonder sun then shall ye shine.

No. 717. Tune—Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise into Thy native skies; assume Thy right; and where in many a fold the clouds are backward rolled—

2. May Thy rich grace impart; strength to my fainting heart; zeal inspire, as thou hast. While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread, be Thou my guide; bid darkness pass through those gates of gold; and reign in light.

3. When ends life's tempest, when death's cold, sullen claim for Thine own the spheres, for Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage. Long of the rolling years! Claim for Thine own the spheres, for Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage.

4. And then was heard afar star answering to star—"Lo! these have come followers of Him who gave His life their lives to save; and now their palms they wave, brought safely home."
My Faith Looks up to Thee.—Concluded.

while I pray, Take all my guilt away. Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine! died for me, Oh may my love to Thee pure, warm, and changeless be A liv-ing fire! turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away. Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side, then, in love, Fear and dis-trust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

No. 719. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY, 6s. 4s.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee Near-er to Thee; Enum, thought it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-get,

Near-er to Thee!

No. 720. Come to Jesus Just Now.

E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.

1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now,
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now,

Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc.
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you'll trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.
No. 721.  Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
   While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;
   D.C.—Safe into the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Saviour, 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 defenceless head
   With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
   Grace to cover all my sin:
   Let the healing streams abound;
   Make me, keep me, pure within.
   Thou of life the Fountain art,
   Freely let me take of Thee;
   Spring Thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all eternity.

No. 722.  Tune—MARTYN. 7s. D.

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 723.  All for Me.

ANON.

Tenderly.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Suffering Saviour, with thorn crown, Bruised and bleeding sinking down; heavy laden,
   though I be, Thou didst suffer this for me— All for me, yes, all for me.

2. Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild Let me ever be Thy child; so unworthy
   of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

3. Pain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord forbid it not; in the kingdom
   weary worn, Fainting, dying, crushed and torn—All for me, yes, all for me.
No. 724.  

Jesus Loves Me!

Anna B. Warner.    Wm. B. Bradbury, by perm.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so; Lit-tle
2. Jesus from His throne on high, Came in to this world to die; That I
3. Jesus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to o - ben wide! He will
4. Jesus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and wholly Thine; Thou hast

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me!
might from sin be free, Bleed and died up - on the tree.
Wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.


1. Glory to God on high! 
   Let heaven and earth reply, 
   “Praise ye His name!”
   His love and grace adore, 
   Who all our sorrows bore; 
   Sing loud for evermore, 
   “Worthy the Lamb.”

2. While they around the throne 
   Cheerfully join in one, 
   Praise ye His name— 
   Ye who have felt His blood, 
   Sealing your peace with God, 
   Sound His dear name abroad, 
   “Worthy the lamb!”

3. Join, all ye ransomed race, 
   Our Lord and God to bless— 
   Praise ye His name— 
   In Him we will rejoice, 
   And make a joyful noise, 
   Shouting with heart and voice, 
   “Worthy the Lamb!”

4. Soon must we change our place, 
   Yet we will never cease 
   Praising His name; 
   To Him our songs we bring;

   Chor. Hallelujah! Thine the glory! 
   Hallelujah! Amen! 
   Hallelujah! Thine the glory! 
   Revive us again.

No. 726. (Tune, No. 19.)

1. My God I have found
   The thrice blessed ground,
   Where life and where joy, and true comfort abound.

   Chor.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
   Hallelujah! Amen!
   Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
   Revive us again.

2. ’Tis found in the blood
   Of Him who once stood
   My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

   3. He here on the tree
      The sentence for me,
      And now both the surety and sinner are free.

   4. And though here below
      ’Mid sorrow and woe,
      My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

   5. And this I shall find
      For such is His mind,
      “He’ll not be in glory and leave me be-

   Bound.”

No. 727. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7th. D.) Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer
2. Oth - er refuge have I none. Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin; Let the heal - ing

waters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide. Till the
not a - lone Still sup - port and com - fort me; All my trust on Thee is stayed. All my
cheer the faint. Heal the sick; lead the blind; Just and ho - ly is Thy name. I am
streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within, Thou of life the Fountain art. Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart. Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 728. Windham. E. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Stay, Thou In - suit - ed Spir - it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de - spite,
2. Though I have most un - faith - ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace re - ceived;
3. Yet O, the chief of sinners spare, In hon - or of my great High Priest;
4. O Lord, my wea - ry soul ro - lease, Up - raise me by Thy gracious hand;

Cast not the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thy nev - er - last - ing flight.
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.
Nor in Thy righteous an - ger swear I shall not see Thy peo - ple's rest.
Guide me in - to Thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the prom - ised land.
No. 729.  All Hail the Power.
E. PERRONET.
(CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN, 1792.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
   No. 730. Tune—Coronation. C. M.
1 for a thousand tongues to sing
   The glories of my God and king,
   To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
   Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
   To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
   We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.
   We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall;

No. 731. Hendon. 7s.
REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.
(C. P. A. MALAN.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know? That de-light and stirs me so? What the high re-
   ward I win? Whose the name I glory in? Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2. What is faith's foundation strong! What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
   sin—ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3. Who de-feats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my
   faint—ing heart, Healing all its hid-den smart? Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4. Who is life in life to me?
   This delights and stirs me so;
   Faith in Him who died to save,
   Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
   5 This is that great thing I know;
   This bids our sorrows cease;
   His blood can make the foulest clean; Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
   His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.
No. 732. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. (GREENVILLE 8s. 7s. & 4s.) J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1752.

I. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; D.C.—O refresh us, O, refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

Let us each, Thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace;

2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; Ever faithful, Ever faithful, To the truth may we be found.

3 So, when'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away, Borne on angel's wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey, May we ever, May we ever Reign with Christ in endless day!

No. 733. There is a Fountain.

REV. WILLIAM COWPER. (COWPER, C. M.) DR. LOWELL MASON.

I. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, 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 may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.
No. 734.  
Mercy's Free.  

RICHARD JUKES, 1842.  

From D. F. E. AUBER.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, On the tree;  
To every nation He is crying, Look to me, Look to me;  
And did He snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be?

2. He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,  
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;

Hark, hark what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free,  
And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:  
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,  
Unto me, Unto me;  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 735.  
Tune—Belsize. C. M. No. 673.

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

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

No. 736.  
Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

1 I wait, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To His gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon His word  
As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case,  
Seem peculiar still to Thee,  
God has promised needful grace  
As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief  
In succession thou may'st see,  
This is still thy sweet relief  
As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With Thy promise firm and free,  
Faithful, positive, and sure—  
As thy days thy strength shall be."

Wil. F. Lloyd.

No. 737.  
Tune—Hendon. 7s. No. 731.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer.  
He Himself has bidden thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There Thy blood-sought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.


S. F. Smith, D.D., 1832. (AMERICA. 6s. 4s.) H. Carey, 1742.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride.

2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free. Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and hills. My heart with rapture swells, Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break The sound prolong.

4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of Liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might. Great God, our King!

No. 739. The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee.

(Written for Mr. Moody's Schools at Northfield, Mass.)

Lucy Rider Meyer.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make His face shine up on thee, and be gracious unto thee: And be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance, his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.
By ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

No time for hate, sweet friends, no time for hate!
Without are clashing swords,
As warring worlds rush headlong on their fate;
But we—we are the Lord's!

No time for grudges—hush! the vengeful blast
Beats at the shuddering doors!
Oh, gather closer while it rushes past!
Our peace its rage ignores.

No time for coldness—the averted eye—
The lukewarm hand's release!
Oh, listen, brothers, while War rushes by,
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—Sunday School Times.
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