GLAD NEWS

A Collection of Sacred Songs, both New and Old, for the Church, the Sunday-School, the Revival, the Singing School, the Singing Convention, and all kinds of Religious Work and Worship.

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Eliza Daves Book

PREFACE.

Glad News is the name given to this collection of sacred songs which we now offer to the Christian Public. The present collection is an attempt to supply the ever increasing demand for new hymns and new tunes in religious work.

In this collection, we have used music that has good, smooth, singing Melody, rich Harmony, and easy Rhythm. The greater part of the material used in the book is new, never having been published before. We request that Teachers and Leaders try every new song in the book.

A large number of the old hymns and tunes of the church have been inserted in the book, but making it suitable for all kinds of religious work where songs are used.

This book is intended to be used in all religious work, and we request that All Denominations of Christians use it in their worship.

The hymn-editor has been done by Rev. W. N. Cook, Hickory, North Carolina, and he has seen to it that each hymn is in accordance with scriptural truth, and fit to be used by all churches.

We thank the Christian Public for the patronage we have received in the past, and we hope to merit a more liberal patronage in the future. With the above remarks as an explanation, we send forth Glad News on its mission in the world, hoping that it will be a guide to many on their journey toward that better and better kingdom.

Hudson, North Carolina, January 1, 1916.

The Authors.

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Eliza Daves Book
Give Your Best.

1. Give your best to Christ, the Lord, Hoping not to gain reward, All you have be-
2. Give your best with willing heart, And you'll joy to you in part, De-
3. Give your best, oh! never withhold service glad nor pal-

Song to Him, 'tis not your own ('tis not your own); Thinking of the debt you owe, wondrous peace will ever bring (will ev-

At his bidding gladly go, In what'er you can his love to x-

Oh! give .... Christ your best ....... He's the truest Friend you'll ever

know; Thinking not of blessings He will be sted; you'll ev-

Copyright by J. H. Nation, 1839.
No. 2.  O Be True!

Katheryn B ance. J. R. Laugherty.

1. O be true each day, walk the narrow way That will lead to the Father above;
2. O be true in strife, keep the way of life, Let the tempter control you no more;
3. O be true indeed, Christ of these has need Who for worldly applause never care;
4. O be true, press on till the morning dews, And the glories of heaven you see;

Shun the paths of wrong, and be ever strong In the pow'r of his might and his love!
Looking to the Lord, trusting in his word, Loyal be till the battle is o'er!
Standing on the Rock, bravely meet each shot, Radiant vict'ry thru! Him you may share!
Then with angels bright, robed in spotless white, Radiant rapture your portion shall be!

Chorus.

O be true,........... O be true,. ........... Not to Christ prove faithless to Christ, the Lord,

what- so-e'er be-tide; O be true,............... O be to Christ, the Lord,

true,.............. Na'er be-tray or grieve the One who for you died! to Christ, the Lord, who for you died!
No. 3. They Are Safely Crossing.

G. Clark Williams.

Verse 1.
1. Rescued ones are safely crossing to the happy, golden shore, Earth-life
2. One by one they’re safely crossing, guided by the Saviour’s hand, Seen with
3. They are crossing, safely crossing, for they’ve heard the Saviour’s voice, And so-

end-ed, from all tall and sorrow free; Trusting only in their Saviour, joy they’ll stand up on the streets of gold; Oh, no foes or sinful ones canCEPT-ed Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way; Brother, sister, heed his pleading.

D. S.—With the Saviour as their Pilot

Verse 2.
safe the angry billows roar, Going home with Him to spend eternity, reach the promised glory land, But the pure in heart shall Christ forever behold! in his mercy now rejoice That you safely cross and share heart’s joy for aye.

to the home of endless life, They are crossing, they are crossing safely o’er.

Refrain.

They are crossing, safely crossing from the scenes of pain and strife,

D. S.

Having won the victory forever; forever;永远
Loved Ones Gone.

No. 4.

A. G. G.

Arthur G. Connaker.

1. We have loved ones gone before us (gone before us) To that
   happy, peaceful home (that peaceful home) And they're sing ing with the
   angels (with the angels) Where no sin . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
   glo ry (peace and glory) With the Saviour they adore (whom they adore),
   yonder (loved ones yonder) We may dwell . . . . . . bliss for aye (in bliss for aye).

2. Safe are they who sleep in Jesus (sleep in Jesus), All their
   Father, keep us ever faithful (ever faithful) In the
   straight and narrow way (the narrow way), That with Thee . . . . . . . . . .

Chorus.

Oh the joy . . . . that thrills our spirit.
As we

Oh the joy

As we

think of loved ones gone.
For thro' faith . . . . in Christ we'll

As we think of loved ones gone, For thro' faith
Loved Ones Gone. Concluded.

No. 5.  Sweet Hour of Prayer.


1. Sweet hour of pray'{-r, sweet hour of pray', That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known.
   And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and trust His grace.
   And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'{-r.}

2. Sweet hour of pray'{-r, sweet hour of pray', My wings shall my plea-ti- tion bear,
   To Him whose trust and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
   This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ever-lasting prize.
   I'll cast on Him my ev'-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'{-r.

3. Sweet hour of pray'{-r, sweet hour of pray', May I thy con-so-la-tion share,
   Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my Saviour and take my flight;
   And shall while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'{-r.
   And shall while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'{-r.
No. 6. To That Glory Land.

A. M. Davenport.

1. Ooh! how sweet 'twill be, when we all get home, when we all get home,
2. God shall wipe all tears, from our eyes a-way, from our eyes a-way,
3. To that glory land, all the saints of earth, all the saints of earth,

Free from toil and care, where no partings come, where no partings come;
There will be no death, in that land of day, in that land of day;
In triumphant joy, shall at last go forth, shall at last go forth;

In that glory land, with our Lord and King, with our Lord and King,
We shall meet our friends, who have gone before, who have gone before,
Lay their trophies down, at the Saviour's feet, at the Saviour's feet;

We shall live for aye, and his praise we sing, and his praise we sing,
When we safely land, on fair Canaan's shore, on fair Canaan's shore,
And in ecstasy, find a welcome sweet, find a welcome sweet,

D. S.--And go marching on, to the glory land, to the glory land.

Chorus.

Don't you want to go, to that kingdom blest,
Don't you want to go, to that kingdom blest,
To That Glory Land. Concluded.

Where the angels sing
Where the angels sing and no cares molest?

Jesus bids you come will you join our band,
Jesus bids you come, will you join our band.

No. 7. Summer.

Arranged from Swans.

1. I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, Where storm after
2. I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb since Jesus hath
3. Who, who would live alway, a-way from his God; A-way from you
4. Where saints of all ages, in harmony meet, Their Saviour and

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few loc-kid mornings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till He
heaven, that blissful abode, Where rivers of pleasure flow
brethren transport-ed to greet, While anthems of rapture un-

dawn on us here. Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer,
bid me arise To hail Him in tri-umph de-scend-ing the skies,
e'er the bright plains. And the noon-tide of glory et-ter-nal-ly reigns
mass-ly roll. And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?
1. Are you ready for the dawning of that morning bright and fair, When you'll
2. When the nations have been gathered from the land and from the sea, And the
3. When the great tribulation's over and the saved have heard "Well done," And are

see the Saviour coming with the angels in the air? Is your life ruling been translated with their Lord for eyes to be, And you stand singing hallelujah in the Father and the Son, Will you be a

doomed and spotless, are your garments white as snow? Could you welcome now your last in judgment, knowing earth-life lies are riven, Will a place of endless among the number, pain and sorrow passed a-way, There to reign with Him in

Saviour, and with Him in glory go! When you stand, be

anzigalsh, or a crown of life, be given? gladness thru' one bright eternal day? yes, when you stand

fore the throne, Will you be he - fore the throne, then will you be

Property of J. D. Hill. 1886.
The Judgment. Concluded.

No. 9. Nettleton.

Robert Robinson.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hitherto by thy help I've come;
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

D.S.—Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of God's un-changing love.
He is my resuce from danger, In tendered his precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh! take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a-bowse!

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a-bowse;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
No. 10.  Home Eternal.


1. Home eternal, yonder in the wondrous summer land, Where no cruel words shall ever wound the heart. Beauty far beyond description is for the faithful ones of earth to share; O'er yonder, yonder, what delight its matchless beauty just to view;

2. Home eternal, glorious mansion mortal eye hath never beheld. Waiting, o'er yonder, yonder, what delight its matchless beauty just to view; O'er yonder, yonder, what delight its matchless beauty just to view;

3. Home eternal, where our precious Saviour reigns the King of kings. Gladdening every heart, and giving peace and love, Thru' the endless ages, while the joyous rays on ev'ry hand. And the golden light of day shall never depart; Sustained in their love, and filled with its peace and joy, Happy hosts shall seek their glad-tide to revel.

Chorus.

Home eternal . . . . . yonder, What delight its matchless beauty just to view; Home eternal . . . . . yonder, What delight its matchless beauty just to view; Home eternal . . . . . yonder, What delight its matchless beauty just to view; O'er yonder, yonder, what delight its matchless beauty just to view;
Home Eternal. Concluded.

...Where the righteous shall be giv'n a welcome true,
...a welcome true!

No. 11. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stearns.

Miss M. Durbase.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
   To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-sess-sions lie.

2. Oh! the transporting rapturous scene That rises to my sight!
   Sweet fields arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv'rs of de-light.

3. Over all those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines out e-ter-nal day;
   There God, the Son, for-er-er reigns, And sept-ers night a-way.

4. When shall I reach that hap-py place And be for-ever blessed?
   When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

5. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;
   Tho' Jordan's waves shall round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

Cae-ana.

I am lead for the promised land, I am lead for the promised land;

Oh! who will come and go with me? I am lead for the promised land!
No. 12.  
On That Morning.

Rev. Millard H. Smith.  
C. H. Lanee.

1. When we gather at the river on that morning bright and fair, 
   And with joy behold the beauty of that country o'er there, 
   We shall find the once we said the matchless splendor of the happy land, 
   All their sorrows will be to receive his chosen where sad partings come no more; 
   May such life be fought with cherished ere they went from earth away, 
   With them we shall dwell forever, never ending, pain can never enter there—Oh! what bliss to know his coming duny thro' this sinful world of care, 
   Till we reach our home of glory where no shadows mar the day. 
   On that morning bright and fair, On that morning so bright and fair, 
   We shall gather o'er there, 
   In the glad, eternal land, 
   Yes, o'er there, 

Chorus.

We shall gather o'er there, 
   In the glad, eternal land, 
   Yes, o'er there, 

Property of C. H. Lanee, 1855.
On That Morning, Concluded.

Just beyond the golden strand—On that morning bright and fair.

No. 13. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Therappi.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Mark we need thy tender care;
2. We are thine, oh Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
4. Har-ly let us seek thy fa-vor, Har-ly let us do thy will;

In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare.
Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us. Seek us when we go astray.
Thou hast mercy to re-ceive us, Grace to cleanse and peace to free.
Bless-ed Lord and only Sav-ior, With thy love our bosoms fill.

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, think we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh! hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, think we are!
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh! hear us when we pray!
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, We will early turn to Thee!
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still!

G. C. W. G. Clark Williams.

1. Our Redeemer has gone to prepare us a home, But He'll come (yes, He'll come) by and by and by; For obeying and trusting, He'll take us to dwelling, we never shall roam, but with gladness rise to meet Him in the sky.

2. If we're faithful to Jesus, we'll know endless joy, When He comes (when He comes) by and by and by; And He'll take us to come and join Him alway, For we know His wondrous coming now is nigh.

3. May we faithfully serve Him, be loyal each day, Till He comes (Till He comes) by and by and by; And He waiting to welcome us (yes, He'll welcome) by and by and by; For we know His wondrous coming now is nigh.

CHOIR:

He will come, yes, surely come, Christ, the wonderful Saviour of men; From unrighteousness free, let us
Our Redeemer Is Coming Again. Concluded.

No. 15. Keep Us, Father.

1. Keep us, Fa-ther, now we pray, As we sep - a - rate to - day;
2. Keep us, Fa-ther, Shepherd true, As we seek thy will to do;
3. Keep us, Fa-ther, be our Guide O'er life's dark, uncertain tide;
4. Keep us, Fa-ther, hear our plea, When we reach e-ter - ni - ty;

Fill each heart with perfect love, Lead our tho'is to things above,
Thanks we give, as we dis - band, For the blessings from thy hand.
May the trail's we've traced with love Bless us thru' each coming year.
Stand upon the wondrous brink, May we find each broken link.

Keep us, Father, as of yore, In thy tender, loving care;
Keep us, Father, ev - er - more, Give us grace each cross to bear.
No. 16. **Waiting Yonder.**

M. H. S.  

Rev. Millard H. Smith.

1. We have loved...ones waiting yon-der (waiting yon-der). On that

2. They have left...this vale of sor-row (vale of sor-row). Gone to

3. What re-joic-ing on that morn-ing (on that morning)? Neath the

bright...unchanging shore (unchanging shore). And through-out...the years e-

man...alone fair and bright (yes, fair and bright). And we know...they're safe for-

won...dumns heav'nly dome (the heav'nly dome). As with crowns...their honors a-

ter-nal (years e-ter-nal). We'll be parted...never more (no, never more).

ever (forever) Where no cru-

el storms can light (no storms can light), dar-

ing (known adorning). They shall bid...as welcome home (yes, welcome home).

They are wait-ing, waiting yon-der, In that land.......

They are waiting, waiting yon-der, In that land

beyond the sea; Happy with...their King to be.

beyond the sea; Happy with their King to be.

Property of Rev. Millard H. Smith, 1883.
No. 17.  He Is My Refuge.


1. When the storms of life are raging and my soul is sad, Jes-sus is my
2. If I'm tossed about by doubts and my way grows drear, Jes-sus will my
3. O the joy, this mighty refuge, to the sin-sick soul, To be sheltered
4. When I come to death's cold river and shall fear to cross, Precious Jes-

refuge sweet; He, the Mighty One, can still the storms and make me glad, As I
refuge be; I shall find sweet comfort, pity, courage for my fear, Till all
in his arms, And be eased from ev'ry weakness, made completely whole, Nor se-
will be there; O I'll trust to Him, my refuge, tho' the ill-owe toss, And in


Chorus:

kneel at his dear feet, doubts and shadows flee. O as precious is that refuge that we sing for joy,
rear from all a - larms! hear's my soul? He'll hear!

There is no harm can ev - er come; ............ We'll be safe thro' all the
can ev - er come;

a - ges, nothing can an - noy, When we reach our heav'n-ly home!
our heav'n-ly home!

Prepared by W. T. Smith, 1880.
No. 18. In The Book of Life.

Laurence Hillfield.

A. E. Helton.

1. When this life is done, and the Master reads (and the Master reads)
   and the Master reads (and the Master reads)
2. Evil acts and words near the page so fair (near the page so fair)
   near the page so fair (near the page so fair)
3. If the books shall fall, of glad service spent (of glad service spent)
   of glad service spent (of glad service spent)
4. For the book of life, will be opened too (will be opened too)
   will be opened too (will be opened too)

The true record made of our lives and deeds (of our lives and deeds)
   of our lives and deeds (of our lives and deeds)
Every sinful act is recorded there (is recorded there)
   is recorded there (is recorded there)
Of a fight well fought and life's battles won (and life's battles won)
   and life's battles won (and life's battles won)
There are found the names of the good and true (of the good and true)
   of the good and true (of the good and true)

Will the pages white be a joy to claim (be a joy to claim)
   be a joy to claim (be a joy to claim)
We must give account of the savedLost (of the saved 
   of the savedLost (of the saved 
With what loving heart we can hear Christ say (we can hear Christ say)
   we can hear Christ say (we can hear Christ say)
They shall find a place at their Lord's right hand (at their Lord's right hand)
   at their Lord's right hand (at their Lord's right hand)

Or, dejected by lots, cause us grief and shame (cause us grief and shame)
   cause us grief and shame (cause us grief and shame)
And the time God gave which we have mispent (which we have mispent)
   which we have mispent (which we have mispent)
"Come and enter in" share my joy today (share my joy today)
   share my joy today (share my joy today)
Wherein spotless robes ransomed souls shall stand (ransomed souls shall stand)
   ransomed souls shall stand (ransomed souls shall stand)

Chorus.

When the hosts shall stand in a mighty throng.
   in a mighty throng.

Property of A. E. Helton, 1909.
In The Book of Life. Concluded.

And the Lord shall judge deeds of right and wrong;
And the Lord shall judge deeds of right and wrong;

When the dead arise at the trumpet's sound,
When the dead arise at the trumpet's sound,

In the book of life will our names be found?
In the book of life will our names be found?

No. 19. The Man of Sorrows.

Laurence Higfield. (MALE VOICES.) W. T. Smith.

1. Who is like the Man of sorrows,
   He who in Gethsemane prayed;

2. He whose life was pure and stainless,
   Paid the debt that men might be free;

3. Christ, the lowly Man of sorrows,
   Sore our griefs up Calvary's hill;

4. Touched by all our shame and weakness,
   Since his feet earth's pathway once trod;

5. Unto Christ, the Man of sorrows,
   All our pain and sorrow we tell;

He who drained the cup of anguish,
That the price of sin might be paid;

Suffered, befriended, for aye;
Who has known such sorrow as He?

Wounded for a world's transgression,
His great heart yearns o'er us still.

In his heart is sweet consolacion,
In his hand the healing of God.

He alone can give us comfort,
He alone can say, "All is well."

Property of W. T. Smith, 1839.
No. 20.  When We Get Home.

M. H. S.  Rev. Millard H. Smith.

1. We shall know un-ending glory, When we get home,
   Singing love's triumphant story, When we get home;

2. Free we'll be from sin and sorrow,
   And our Lord we'll see with gladness,

3. We God's praise we'll be voicing,
   Joining in the great rejoicing,

There will be no pain or sorrow, And no dismal, dark tomorrow,
By life's flowing, crystal river We will crown Him King forever,
No good-byes will there be spoken, And no loving hearts be broken,

Chorus:
When we get home, oh! when we get home! When we get home,
When we get home,
When we get home.

when we get home, Safe we'll be where death and darkness never can
when we get home,
When We Get Home. Concluded.


Melville H. Smith.

W. T. Smith.

1. The judgment day (and day) Is coming to each soul (to each soul);
2. I've loved, once gone (yes, gone) To heaven's land so fair (land so fair);
3. Our sins...shall all (shall all), The now in gloom concealed (glim concealed);
4. O Lord...may I (may I) Be dressed in spotless white (spotless white);
5. I want...to walk (to walk) With in the narrow way (narrow way);

Will grief...be yours (be yours), While end-less a-gos roll (goss roll)?
When Je - sus calls (yes, calls), I'll go to meet them there (meet them there).
He brought...to light (to light), When rec-ords are re - vealed (are re - vealed).
When I...shall reach (shall reach) That blest-ed land of light (land of light).
And hear..."Well done" ("Well done"), When comes the judgment day (judgment day).

Chorus.

Trust on...pray on...Tho' sorrow's darkest hour...

Trust on, pray on, Trust on, pray on, Trust on, pray on.

Copyright of W. T. Smith, 1859.
No. 22. Telling Of The Glories.

Laurence Hightfield.

A. E. Helton.

Telling of the glories in the Saviour's love; Urging men to follow,
Telling of the glories in the Saviour's love; Guiding them to put as-
Telling of the glories in the Saviour's love; As we point them on to
Telling of the glories in the Saviour's love; Pleading with them to ac-

Him and seek a home in heaven,
Him whose presence we are near-ing;
Him who the gift the Fa- ther gave them,
Telling of the glories in the

Saviour's love. We will hope,
We will hope and pray, we will hope and trust and pray,
Faithful to our Lord we will ever strive to prove;
We will gladly go.

Property of A. E. Helton, 1902.
Telling Of The Glories. Concluded.

on our way.... Telling of the glories in the Saviour's love,
on our journey all the way,

No. 23. Parting Hand.

Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. My Christian friends, in bands of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
2. How sweet the hours have passed away, Since we have met to sing and pray!
3. And since it is God's holy will We must be parted for a while.
4. O glorious day! O blessed hope! My soul leaps for ward at the thought.

Your friendship's like a drawing hand, Yet we must take the parting hand,
How loath we are to leave the place, Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
In sweet submissiveness, all as one, We'll say, Our Father's will be done!
When in that happy, happy land, We'll no more take the parting hand!

Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear,
Oh! could I stay with friends so kind, How it would cheer my drooping mind!
My youth ful friends, in Christian ties, Who seek for man's eternal skies,
But with our blessed, holy Lord, We'll shout and sing with one accord,

Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.
But Jesus makes me understand That we must take the parting hand.
Right on! we'll gain that happy shore, Where parting will be known no more!
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell—So, loving Christians, fare you well!
No. 24. My Father's Home.

1. From my Father's dwelling I shall never stray... Fa\linebreak insecure light is shining thru' the perfect day... We shall need no star-light, for so
ever gone no more to come... To a land far brighter, yes, than
presenceneath the heav'nly dome... In that glorious kingdom, ruled by

2. Twill dispel my trials when I reach his home... Every thought of
night o'er cometh there... And my Father's glory maketh all things fair.
any earthly clime... And its matchless grandeur I'll be held some time.
Jesus' love a love... We shall meet, rejoicing round the great white throne.

3. I shall rest forever in my Father's home... Safe within his

Chorus:
What a happy meeting in my Father's home! happy, happy, Father's home, my Father's home!

There no storm-clouds gather, and no tempests come... All will storm-clouds, storm-clouds temperate, tempests come, o'er come;

Property of E. L. Bering, 1857.
My Father's Home. Concluded.

No. 25. Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.  E. F. Rinckhart.

1. Oh! happy day that fixed my choice On Thee my Saviour and my God!
2. Oh! happy soul that seals my vows To Him who nears its all my love.
3. The done—the great transaction's done; I am the Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest my long-divided heart! Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
5. High heav'n that hears the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear;

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
He draws me, and I follow on, Rejoiced to own the soul of vine.
Here have I found a nobler part, Here heart's pleasures fill my breast.
Till in life's last nest here I bow, And bliss in death a bond so dear.

Chorus.

D. S.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus waded my sins a-way! {He taught me how to wait and pray.}
{And live rejoicing ev'ry day.}
1. Thanks be to God, my blessed choice, In Him each day I will rejoice.
2. Thanks be to God, for his dear Son, Who died to save the lost, undone (the lost, undone) Thro' Him I me each cross to bear (each cross to bear) When e'er I hold his glorious face (his glorious face) With ev'ry pain He is my Friend And One on whom have a home on high Where love and joy call He's always near My soul with grace care and trial o'er I'll sing his praise.

Thanks be to God shall never die (shall never die) un-told to cheer (untold to cheer) for ev'ry more (for everyone) Thanks be to God... for grace and

For grace and love For ev'ry blessing yes, from above
Thanks Be To God. Concluded.

He guides and keeps me all the day.
He guides and keeps me all the day.

Thanks be to God, my King, alway!
Thanks be to God, my King, alway!

No. 27. Revive Us Again.


1. We praise Thee, O God for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who
2. We praise Thee, O God for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

 Died, and is now gone a-bove!
 Ever, and scattered our night
 sine, and has cleansed ev'ry stain! Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glory, Hal-le-
 sought us, and guid-ed our way! Kind-ed with fire from a-love!

 Hal-le-lu-jah! Amen. Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.
No. 28.  Christ Will Hear Your Plea.

Stella May Thompson.

1. Christ will hear your plea to-day, O sinner, will you seek his grace? None shall

2. Christ will hear your plea, O sinner, re-ceive for giv-ness at the cross! There's no

3. Christ will hear your plea in love, for ne'er a change in Him is found, As the

"Our be turned a-way who will sal-va-tion's pathway trace; Cast your burdens at his

time in sin to wait, de-lay shall bring e-tor-nal loss; You are wasting precious

ow-ing stream, free pardon, peace and joy a-bound. Do you re-al-ize this

feet, and He will ev-ry promise keep. He will welcome to his fold, and bless each

hours which should be given to your Lord, Let us strive each day to please Him, hoping

change you miss which gold can never buy. And in vain you may re-quest, when dis-su-

CROSS.

weary, wand-ering sheep, Christ will hear your ear-nest plea,

not to gain re-ward, shades of death are nigh? Christ will hear your plea, hear your ear-nest plea,

n'en tho' your soul is stained with sin;

n'en tho' your soul is stained with sin;
No. 29. There Is Pardon For You.

Stella May Thompson.

Minnie Florence.

1. Thou're straying in darkness away from the fold, In blindness o'er deeming your
blessings but few. If to-day you'll re-pent, there is re-turn un-told, A glo-
2. Our Re-demp-ter has promised to all who be-lieve The boon of for-giv-ness. 1
3. There's a place at the feet of our Saviour and King so sa-b-y to find; If
faith you pur-sue; With a heart that is hum-ble your burdens now bring, There's glo-
4. Since his blood is suf-ficient for ev-er-y sin, Oh! come as the Saviour is

Come, come, there's pardon for you. O sin-
or, there's par-
son Thro' Ja-
son, there's pardon, there's pardon for you,

O sin-
or, there's par-

own sac ri-ficed blood; Too long in your doubting you've stood; his own blood;
your doubting you've stood;

Property of Missie Florence, 1870.
1. If you go before me to the heavenly home, Will you tell my mother some time I will come? Tell her that you left me in the nar-row way, And I'll oh! it makes me glad, Just to know I'm go-ing to that realm so fair, With my 'mid the ransomed band, We shall sing together round the great white throne, For no surely meet her there some hap-py day. Will you tell my mother precious mother all its joys to share! scenes of parting ev-er shall be known. my mother, will you tell, oh! dear That I'm sad, and lone-ly here? tell my mother dear and lonely, tell her that I'm sad and lone-ly here?

When you meet up yon-der 'with the brea-thy One, Tell my precious mother I am com-ing home.

Property of John D. Matthews, 1838.
No. 31. Be Strong In the Lord.

Katharyn Bacon. Annie Lee Crouch.

1. Put the armor on that with firmness you may stand in the evil.
2. Spotless be and pure, with your heart's plate righteousness. Looking to the
3. All along life's way take the mighty shield of faith. With it yield the
4. With the word of God, follow Christ whatever be - side. Knowing all the

day, read-y at your Lord's command, God's aid with the saving truth con - ceal
Lord who each effort true will bless. Spread the gospel of his peace, that will
for, pro - ving loyal un - to death, Let your hel - met al - ways be bl - ing
way He will be your Friend and Guide, Ever watch - ing un - to pray'r, fail - ing

give to age and youth, Christian sol - der, oh! be strong in the Lord!
fast - ered soul re - lone, Dumeless ev - er, oh! be strong in the Lord!
of sa - va - tion free, Pressing on - ward, oh! be strong in the Lord!
not to do and dare, Trust-ing, toil - ing, oh! be strong in the Lord!

Chorus.

Be strong in the Lord, Trusting Him, as you
Oh! be strong, be strong the risen Lord, Trusting, fully trusting Him

fight, And the pow'r of his might, pow'r of his might!
for truth and right; pow-er of his might, pow'r of his might!
No. 32. Thanks Be To God We Can Win.

Lawrence Hightield. J. L. Hodges.

1. Thanks be to God that we can win.
   Ev'ry battle waged with shame and sin.
2. Thanks be to God for faith's bright shield.
   Our foe-men yield, our faith in truth will be.
3. Thanks be to God, death's reign is o'er.
   Fear is swallowed up forevermore.

Our faith is in God, our strength will be.
As we bravely go, we shall make our choice.
In life or death, we shall conquer shro good or ill.

D. B. — As we bravely go.
Free. Chorus.

To victory (to victory), In life or death,
Glad victory (glad victory),
His victory (his victory).

In life or death,
To victory (glad victory).

In life or death, We o'er our foes shall conquer shro good or ill,
Tho' fears may threaten, we in
Thanks Be To God We Can Win. Concluded.

No. 33. Onward, Christian Soldiers.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus;
   Go-ing on before! Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;
   Forward into battle, See his han-ners go!
   March-ing as to war.

2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are travel-ing;
   Where the saints have trud; We are not di-vi ded, All one bod-y we;
   One in hope and devo-tion, One in char-ty.
   March-ing as to war.

3. At the sigh of tri-umph, Ha-ten's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
   To vic-to-ry! Bell's foun-da-tions quiv-er, At the shout of praise;
   Brothers, lift your voice up, and your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers,
   March-ing as to war.

4. Crowns and thrones may pos-sess, King-doms rise and wane, But the church of Jesus
   Con-stant will re-main! Gates of hell can nev-er Gainst that church prevail;
   We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
   March-ing as to war.

5. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices
   In the tri-umph song! Glo-ry, land and hon-er! Un-to Christ, the King;
   March-ing as to war.

Refrain.

Forward into battle, See his han-ners go!
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore!
No. 34. A Song Of Praise.

Laurence Hiffeld.

Adiel A. Leedy.

1. Un-to Him who bowed in pray'r a-lone In and Geth-sen-a-ne, We will pray, with faith made stronger by his pain. For we know He un-der-stands us, bring the tribute of our earnest praise, Since his life was of-fered will-ing-ly to ransom you and me. And his sac-ri-fice has moved with joy our days, press-ing on-ward 'mid the light. Longing for the day when we shall meet Him there.

and will lis-ten to our plea. No one ever asked the Master's help in vain.

2. Un-to Him who bore the sins of men up-on the cru-el tree, We will pray, with faith made stronger by his pain. For we know He un-der-stands us, bring the tribute of our earnest praise, Since his life was of-fered will-ing-ly to ransom you and me. And his sac-ri-fice has moved with joy our days, press-ing on-ward 'mid the light. Longing for the day when we shall meet Him there.

3. Un-to Him who light-ed up the way to heav'n with glo-ry bright, He who pray, with faith made stronger by his pain. For we know He un-der-stands us, bring the tribute of our earnest praise, Since his life was of-fered will-ing-ly to ransom you and me. And his sac-ri-fice has moved with joy our days, press-ing on-ward 'mid the light. Longing for the day when we shall meet Him there.

Chorus.

Hearts and lips... with new shall tell The sac-ri-fice of Je-sus

Hearts and lips shall praise

Christ, the Son of God... He who bore our sin and sor-row to the

Christ, the Son of God,
A Song Of Praise. Concluded.

cross on which He died, Hath made a shin - ing path-way
Hath made a shin - ing

of the road He trod; As with joy that knows no measure we ext - alt, his

ho - ly name, Singing praise to Je - sus Christ, the Son of God (the Son of God).

No. 35. Mason's Chant.

Charles Wesley. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Master and my God! As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus—tho' the name that calms my fears, That bids my sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of reign - ing sin, He sets the pris - ner free;
5. Let us o - bey, we then shall know, Shall feel our sins for-giv'n.

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!
To spread, thro' all the earth a - bound, The hon - ors of thy name.
Tis mu - sic to my rav - ished ears, Tis life, and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
An - tis - 1 - pate our hear'n be - low, And own that love is hea'rn.
No. 36. The Hem Of His Garment.

1. Touching the hem of Christ's garment, Hoping his strength to feel,
   Since you are sure that his mercy Can all your afflictions heal.

2. Drawing so near you can touch Him, Weary, and needing rest,
   Sweet is the pledge He has given That they who believe are blessed.

3. Touching the hem of his garment, Faith draws you to his side,
   Heart-sick and eager with longing With Him alway to abide.

4. Touching his garment, believing, That when death's vale is passed,
   Close in his arms He will shelter You safe and secure at last.

Chorus:

By touching... his garment, Healing and strength are found;
By touching the hem of his garment, are found;

In touching... his garment, Gladness and hope abound;
In touching the hem of his garment, abound.

If touching... his garment, Brings to you balmy rest;
If touching the hem of his garment, sweet rest,

Property of H. L. Styles, 1905.
The Hem Of His Garment. Concluded.

No. 37. Sweet By And By.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The re - lo - di - ous songs of the blast.
3. To our beul - ti - ful Fa-ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way To pre - pare us a dwell-ing place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ings that halo - low our days.

Chorus.

In the sweet...by and by...We shall meet on the beau-ti - ful
by and by, In the sweet by and by

shore...by and by...We shall meet on the beau-ti - ful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by
1. Hear the voice of the One who on Calvary died to save you, As He
tenderly calls you wherever you may roam:...Fully

presence of Jesus, the Lord, for one and all;...Led by

longing your spirit from sin and death to free:...All, yes,

trusting, oh I turn from the sins that now enslave you, At his...

faith, leave the desert of woe and want and sadness...In all of his blessings your famished soul is needing, Quickly...


2. Though you labor in sorrow, here's comfort, rest and gladness in the

3. Tar-ry not, for in mercy and love the Lord is pleading, Waiting,

bidding for mercy and pardon boldly come! Answer,

be-dience answer the loving Saviour's call,

answer his call and be blest eternally! Answer his

answer.......

O...accept your Lord today, Come in contrition, call,.....O accept your Redeemer today,.....


Answer the Call. Concluded.


William Hammond. Anselm Abbott.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In compassion now descend;
3. In thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
4. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford;
5. Comfort those who weep and moan, Let the time of joy re-torn;
6. Grant that those who seek may find Thee, a God su-preme-iy kind;

Oh! do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise. Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow. Let thy Spir-it now im-part Full salva-tion to each heart. Those who are cast down, lift up, Strong in faith, in love and hope. Heal the sick, the cap-tive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee.
No. 40.  What Excuse Can You Make?

Katharyn Bacon.  J. J. Sholl.

1. What the gospel of Jesus and his saving truths you've heard, How life's
water lost ones freely may take; If you fail to accept Him,
and reject his blessed Word. For your folly, what excuse can you make?

2. O for you Jesus suffered on the cross of Calvary! Death nor
anguish could his faithfulness shake; By his plan of redemption
every sinner may be free. If you spurn it, what excuse can you make?

3. By the power of conviction He has called you over and over. And re-
membrance of his love and your own sin, what excuse can you make?
when the sinner comes to you. At the judgment, what excuse can you make?

4. In the strength of the Saviour, trusting every promise true, Now the
ways of sin and darkness forsake; If you're still un forgiven
grace and love Christ has shown. What excuse can you make that Christ has shown?

Property of J. J. Sholl, N.Y.

make..... If you stand condemned and lost at the throne! to calm your fears, the Savior's throne?

No. 41. I Expect To Wear A Crown.

P. P. O. P. P. Orr.

1. In that fair land a-cross death's seas, I expect to wear a crown some day;
2. For but a stranger in this land, I expect to wear a crown some day;
3. The storms of life will soon be o'er, I expect to wear a crown some day;
4. Let none what will of grief and pain, I expect to wear a crown some day;
5. The Lord has promised life to me, I expect to wear a crown some day;

With - in that man- ten - bles built for me, I expect to wear a crown some day.
With joy I'd leave this earth - ly land, I expect to wear a crown some day.
My fragile harp - ons shall reach the shore, I expect to wear a crown some day.
With joy I'll rise and we - v'ry gain, I expect to wear a crown some day.
His gent - le hand will set me free, I expect to wear a crown some day.

Chorus.

I expect to wear a crown, When I lay my armor down, And I'll live with first for -

ever - more; To his king - dom I am heir, End - less glo - ry I shall share.

Property of P. P. Orr, 1856.
1. For the burden lifted that no more annoy, And salvation's peace that nothing can destroy, Endless praises we will sing, to our blessed Lord and King, that He gave us day, Endless praises we will sing, as to Him we close our eyes.

2. For the Saviour's presence all along life's way, And the countless blessings, our cry will be clear, Endless praises we will sing, loving tributes to Him bring, his prospering care, Endless praises we will sing, making earth and heaven ring.

3. When in faith we call on Jesus, He will hear, And in every hour of Chorus.

4. None in faith—futility with Jesus can compare, We are safe, forever in vacation's joys are showing, As in faith and hope we're daily we are showing.

O our hearts with love and gladness are ever on-ward going;
Endless Praises We Will Sing. Concluded.

No. 43. Jesus Is Calling For You.

1. Lost one, where-ev'ry sin you mayrove, Jesus is calling for you;
2. Will you believe and con-fess Him just now, Jesus is calling for you;
3. Sin-ner, dear sin-ner, no lon-ger de-lay, Jesus is calling for you.

Come and be saved and ac-cept his great love, Jesus is calling for you.
Come with re-pent-ance be-fore Him and bow, Jesus is calling for you.
Now is the time, oh! ac-cept Him to-day! Jesus is calling for you.

Coda.

Calling for you, why will you still roam? Jesus is calling for you;

Hear his sweet voice, dear sinner, come home, Jesus is calling for you.
No. 44. I Am Working For My Saviour.

1. I've enlisted in the service Of my Saviour, Priest and King; And where I must labor, To his cross with faith I'll cling. For I know that to up-build his kingdom, Since by grace he saved my soul; O I'll tell the story, as I go along, Ready at his least command: Truly, gladly with me, and will guide me to the end. Keeping me from sin and wondrous story. To the erring ones I meet, Hiding them in deep rest. I will serve him till my earthly sun goes down. Then, with all the faithful

2. I am working for my Saviour, Yielding all to his control. Striving ever I must labor, To his cross with faith I'll cling. For I know that to up-build his kingdom, Since by grace he saved my soul; O I'll tell the story, as I go along, Ready at his least command: Truly, gladly

3. I am working for my Saviour, Guided by his blessed hand. Shunning danger, as I journey on my way. I am working for my Saviour, Priests seek for pardon at his feet. Workers, I'll receive a robe and crown. working for my Saviour, I am working for my Saviour, And I'll never weary, never weary be; working for my Saviour, never, and I'll never weary, never weary be;

Property of John D. Matthews, 1863.
I Am Working For My Saviour. Concluded.

No. 45. Little Soldiers.

1. We are lit-tle soldiers, mar-ching on our way, To that home in heav'n, bright-er far than day; Je-sus is our Lead-er, Him we trust and love, strong in Je-sus' might; Fear-less and un-daunt-ed what-ev-er op-pose, peace and love and life; O we strive to fol-low Christ in all we do, vic-to-ry to win; Je-sus goes be-fore us, and when life is o'er, And with faith and glad-ness at his bid-ding move. Knowing Christ can van-quish all our earth-ly foes. We are lit-tle sol-diers, ask-ing Him to keep us va-liant, pure and true! He'll re-ceive and crown us vic-tors ev-er-more.

2. We are lit-tle soldiers, fight-ing for the right. Pressing on-ward, And with faith and glad-ness at his bid-ding move. Knowing Christ can van-quish all our earth-ly foes. We are lit-tle sol-diers, ask-ing Him to keep us va-liant, pure and true! He'll re-ceive and crown us vic-tors ev-er-more.

3. We are lit-tle soldiers, hap-py in the strife, if it brings to lost ones

4. We are lit-tle soldiers, ex-tin-ces of six. Join our ranks and help us

D. S. - On his strength re-ly-ing, for-ward we will go,

Fin. Chorus.

Till we gain the vic-t'ry o-ver ev-ry foe.

D. S.

loy-al to our King, And with hearts and voic-es we his praise-ers sing;
No. 46. When the Harvest is Past.

Sylvia Lee.

Adiel A. Loody.

1. Never sowing a seed for the kingdom on high.
   Or accepting God's love.
   That around you cast, thinking only of self.
   And the pleasures that die;
   When the harvest is past.

2. Disregarding God's laws, and from many in need.
   For withholding the gold, that thru' Him you've amassed.
   Or their want and despair come at last (and the night comes at last);
   Will you hear His "Well knowing life was in vain;"
   When the harvest is past?

3. Standing idle each day, till the glorious grain.
   By the faithful is stored, and the night;
   Come at last (and the night comes at last); Empty-handed to God.
   Proudly giving no heed;
   Can you joyfully years, when the harvest is past?
When the Harvest is Past. Concluded.

Chorus:

Letting summer go by, with its brightness and bloom,

Never taking a thought of the winter's cold blast,

Or that daily you are speeding on to the tomb,

And that lost you will be when the harvest is past.
No. 47. Christian Faith.

Laurence Highfield.

(FEMALE VOICES.)

Adlat A. Lowey.

1. In a Christian's heart, doubt can have no place,
   looking up to God, trusting in his grace, trusting in his grace;
   To the eye of faith, visions bright appear,
   And the glory-land, seems a country near.

2. God is all in all, faith in Him be gain,
   looking up to God, faith with vision clear
   faith with vision clear
   faith with vision clear
   faith with vision clear
   faith with vision clear

3. To a Christian's heart, all the way seems plain,
   looking up to God, trusting in his grace, trusting in his grace;
   To the eye of faith, visions bright appear,
   And the glory-land, seems a country near.

Chorus.

Looking up to God, faith with vision clear

Looking up to God, faith with vision clear

Copyright of Adlat A. Lowey, 1869.

Sons the father-land as a country near;
Sons the father-land as a country near;

Walking not by sight, mounting ev'ry height,
Walking not by sight, mounting ev'ry height,

In a Christian's heart is no doubt nor fear,
In a Christian's heart is no doubt nor fear.

No. 48. Lottie.

Benjamin Beddome.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wood'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In

Goods of pen-tential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye,
thou as-tounded, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee!
heavn a-lone no sin is found; There is no weeping there.
No. 49. Which Way Will You Choose?

Stella May Thompson.

1. Which way will you choose for your faltering feet, The question is yours to decide? The Lord you must see will faith that's complete. Or drift with the merciless tide?

2. Which way will you choose in life's springtime so fair, When evil and error today! While angels now watch, and wait to rejoice, Take Christ as your Pilot for eyes.

3. Which way will you choose? how important the choice You're making, my brother, Which way will you choose, oh! which way will you choose, The one that leads down, and leads you from God. Or that which our Saviour hath trod?

Chorus.

Which way will you choose, oh! which way will you choose, The one that leads down, and leads you from God. Or that which our Saviour hath trod?
No. 50. Tell It Now.

Tell it now with gladsome heart, salvation's story true, In compassion,

Tell it now, the tidings spread, in light on ev'ry soul. There are many,

Tell it now, another day your eyes may never behold, And you'll go with

and in love the Savior died; Gave his life, O sin-fal one, to ransom 'round you who are in despair; Knowing not the Savior's blood can cleanse and

sacred duty left undone; Let the lost your Savior know, oh! win them ev'n you! Why, oh! why have you your life to Him do theft? Tell it now,

make them glad. They would gladly hear the message you can bear to his fold. He is ready to receive and bless each one! Tell it now,

oh! wondrous story. Of the gracious pardon Christ will give to wondrous story

day: save the comrade who has fallen by the way! will give to-day

you, by the way!
No. 51. Song Of The Ages.

Laurence Nightfield.

1. Ringing down the years... from the birth of time...
2. All crea-tion sings... of his sovereign grace...
3. Sounding in the wind... and the tempests blast...

With in six-teen strains... comes a hymn sublime (comes a hymn sublime);
He who gave each star... its as-signed place (its as-signed place);
Beauties in lovely tints... when the storm is past (when the storm is past).

Since the morn-ing stars... at the world's first dawn...
Rocks and rivers join... in the glad re-frain,
Re-gal maj-es-ty... rules both suns and stars...

Voiced their song of praise... earth has borne it on (earth has borne it on);
It is e-choed back... from the sea and plain (from the sea and plain);
And thro' sun and skies... will his peo-ple bless (will his peo-ple bless).

Chorus:

Praise the loy-ing God... sing it o'er and o'er,

Praise the loving God... sing it o'er and o'er,
Song Of The Ages. Concluded.

Come ex-tol his might and his name adore;
Join the deathless song
Honor and ac-claim

Distant ages knew,
Distant ages knew,
Honor and ac-claim
are his right-ful due.
are his right-ful due.

No. 52. Dennis.

John Fawcett. H. G. Nagger.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ex-dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mut-tual woes, Our mut-tual bur- dens bear, And
4. When we a- sunder part, It gives us in- ward pain, But

fel-lo-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bore,
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares,
- ten for each oth-er flows The sym - pa-this - ing tear,
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
1. O the joy, when I have risen
   From death's narrow, gloomy prison,
   And the glory of the resurrection seal!
   Happy in my soul's possession.

2. O the joy, to know that never
   An evil thing from Him can sever,
   And that shining gate the sinner's heart opens,
   For it was那里 that we dwelt.

3. O the joy, beyond all telling,
   With my Saviour to be dwelling 'Mid the
   blest abode of the heavenly land so fair!
   Joining with the host victorious, I shall

Bliss shall have expression, as I view the Lamb of God who died for me!
   Perfect, wrongs be righted; There my King will reign supreme for evermore!
   Sing his praise, glorious, And eternal blessings gladly with Him share!

O the joy, to be free,
When I wake upon the
resurrection day;
O the joy, Christ to see;
O the joy, to see.

Property of S. S. Talbot, 1908.
O The Joy! Concluded.

No. 54. In That Day.

W. T. S. W. T. Smith.

1. Far be-yond those scenes of night in the hap-py home a-love, In that...
2. As the great tri-bu nal bar, when the souls of men are tried.
3. O how sweet to be prepared, a ble there thru faith to stand.
4. If we’ve loved, obeyed, believed, and been faithful to our Lord, In that day, that
day. We shall meet our friends again, heirs of endless life and love.
Faithful ones shall be approved, robed in white and glorified.
And to have a welcome true at the presence Lord’s right hand.

D. S.—With all sorrows passed away, gladness shall be sure for eye.
Fine. Cessa. In that day, that wonderful crowning day.
In that day, that wonderful crowning day.
In that day, that wonderful crowning day.
No. 55. We Are Going Home.

Ellen McAtee, C. A. Stock.

1. We are going home some morning (yes, some morning) To a country
   Star-ry crowns...we'll wear up yonder (wear up yonder), Songs of glad
   O how sweet...we'll be that morning (in that morning), When we meet.......

try bright and fair (so bright and fair), Where no sin...and death can
verse ever sing (yes, ever sing). And we'll strike...our harps to
son that bright shore (in that bright shore), Sharing with...our blessed

once (we can enter) With their an...quies and despair (their great despair),
gather (harp together), Praising Christ...our glorious King (our glorious King),
fove (our best fave) Wondrous blessings evermore (for evermore).

Choice.

We are going home some morning.............From all care.............We are going
yes, some morning,.............From all care

and sorrow free;.............There to dwell.............With Christ, our
all sorrow free;.............There to dwell

\* Property C. A. Stock, 1880.
We Are Going Home. Concluded.

No. 56. Go Tell It To Jesus Alone.


1. When you are weary, discouraged, oppressed, And burdens too heavy have grown,
   Go tell it to Jesus, and with Him find rest, O tell it to Jesus alone!
   There's One who is faithful, your crosses He'll bear, Go tell it to Jesus alone!
   Sweet rest and forgiveness thru' Him you'll receive, Go tell it to Jesus alone!

2. If you have troubles no mortal can share, Are tempted, for ask on, undone,
   Go tell it to Jesus alone, Go tell it to Jesus alone.
   When sorrows are near, He's the one who will hear, Go tell it to Jesus alone!
No. 57.  Enlist Beneath His Banner.

Florence Ethel Norris.

S. L. Ellis.

1. Jesus today is calling from his home above, Will you 
2. Come, there's work for all enlisted, there is much to do. Help is 
3. For advancing is the foe, and darker grows the day. O en-
4. O enlist beneath his banner, quickly heed the call. Be a

not enlist beneath his banner bright! Shield and sword He now will give you, 
needed in the army of the King. War is waged and soldiers faithful list, that life eternal may be sure. For unless you're beneath Christ's banner, victory thru' the power of His Word; Night with all its gloom's approaching,

O accept His love, And for Jesus brave and loyal serve the right! 
must today pursue Satan's hosts till all are vanquished—victory bringing.
in the blessed way, You'll be lost far from the Flayer and the purg
soon its shades will fall, Now enlist and ever battle for the Lord!

Chorus.

O you must...enlist today...Bravely march...O you must enlist today, 
Bravely march with in this way...Do not longer idle 
with in this way; Do not longer

Property of S. L. Ellis, 1915.
Enlist Beneath His Banner. Concluded.

No. 58. I Want to Bring the Lost to Jesus.

Stella May Thompson.

W. N. Cook.

1. I want to bring the lost to Jesus, That they his saving pow'r may know;
2. I want to bring the lost to Jesus, How much they need his love and care!
3. I want to bring the lost to Jesus, Oh! hark! they're calling now for aid!
4. I want to bring the lost to Jesus, He's ever ready to receive

The' now they're stained by dark transgressions, His blood can wash them white as snow.
Without the strength He kindly giveth, I cannot lead them from despair.
With faith in Him, our Helper ever, I'll bid them now he not afraid.
The soul who will, he seeks confess-ion, His blessed promise as He Here.

Cho. I want to bring the lost to Jesus, Oh! grant that I while yet His day

Some helpless ones for Thee may rescue, And lead them to the narrow way!
No. 59.
Sylvie Lee.

He is Near.
A. B. Holton.

1. The life's storms in fury may around us beat (around us beat), He is near.

2. No one can separate us from the Lord (us from the Lord), He is near.

3. All our sorrows and our trials He will share (will gladly share); He is near.

4. O, how sweet in death and danger just to know how sweet to know), He is near.

He is near; He is near; In the glory of his presence there's a safe and sure retreat, O we fear no want or harm, He is near.

And will help us to be And with love He will en- to guide and cheer; And thru' Him who changes

the Friend so dear, the blessed name.

In his mercy we're rejoicing ev'ry day, He is near, yes, ev'ry day, the blessed name.

He is near; To protect, uphold and bless us all the oh! He is near;
He is Near. Concluded.

No. 60.  O Help Me, Lord!  
Katheryn Beason.

1. O help me, Lord, to do thy will With holy love and fear;
2. O help me, Lord, as in the past, Over evil to prevail;
3. O help me, Lord, to follow Thee Whatever is my lot;
4. O help me, Lord, for Thou alone Can all my wants supply;

Into my heart thy life instill, And ever be Thou near!
On Thee, in faith, myself I cast, Alone I can but fail!
Content, if Thou my Guide will be, To trust and murmur not!
O help me till around the throne I shall Thee glorify!

Coda.

O help me, Lord, in all I do, For constant is my need...

O help me be steadfast and true, And honor Thee indeed....
No. 61. Welcome Home, Repentant One.

Stella May Thompson.

1. Far over the hills a message comes today, Welcome home,
   A stranger to mercy, oh! no longer stray,
   Welcome home, repentant one; 'Tis there that the sinner free forgiv'n meets.

2. Oh! hear ye the voice that's calling unto you,
   Tis ringing again in accents glad and true,
   Oh! listen and hear its echo 'mid the din,
   Oh! welcome home, repentant one!

3. When shadows are falling and you're lost in sin,
   Oh! welcome home.

4. By faith you can enter, for He still repeats:
   Oh! welcome home.

   - Fine. Chorus.
   Welcome home, repentant one;
   Oh! welcome home, repentant one!

   Gentle Shepherd say: "Welcome home, repentant one;
   Oh! welcome home.

   His beckoning hand be-hold today;
   be-hold today.
No. 62. Golgotha.


1. There a - cross a cross on Gol-go-tha's height, Where the Son of God for
2. Tho' his hands and feet by rude nails were torn, And his brow marked by the
3. Hang-ing on the cross He be-held them there, And his heart di-vine com-
4. Ut- to God He cried from a brok-en heart: "Father, hast Thou too for-
5. Oh! the ag - o- ny of that cru - el day, When the sun in pit - y

sin - ners died; He who came to fill all the earth with light, By the
thorn -y crown, They re - viled Him still, and with taunts and scorn Bade Him
pas-sion knew; Pray-ing un - to God to for - give their sin, Je - sus
sak en me?" Then the tem - ple veil was rent wide a - part, And his
hid his face! Hills and vales were rocked by the trag e - dy, Tho' it

Chorus.

hands of men were cru - el - fed.
from the cross -tree to come down,
said: "They know not what they do." Jesus came to ran - som and re - deem his
spir - it; from his pain was free,
meant re - demp - tion to the race!

now, He their King and Priest would be, But they nailed Him to the tree; Ne -

now, his death could for their sins a - tone, Since He gave his life to make them free.

I Will Trust My Lord.

Florence Ehrst-Norris.

1. I will trust my blessed Lord, And o- bey his precious Word, For each day I
2. On- ly Christ can grace impart To the wea- ry, long-ing heart, And re- new and
3. I will trust Him with my all, Knowing I shall nev- er fall, And each grief and
4. When I'm weak and sure oppresed, Jo- see surely gives me rest, End-less praise on

I love Him more and more (yes, more and more), As his ho- ly will I do, Teaching
cleanses the souf from sin (the soul from sin); Lost one, fully trust Him now, In con- 
trust- en. He will hear (He o'er will hear); Oh! He is the on- ly Friend Who can
Him I will be- strow (I will be- strow); Oh! His He who lights my way, He who

friends to trust Him too, That sure in love divine their sorrows may be o'er,
tri- umph to Him bow, And the peace and blessings of sal- va- tion you shall win,
com- fort to the soul, And will safely lead me to my home in heaven so fair! 
strengthens day by day, How I love Him, trust Him, serve Him, as I on- ward go!

Chorus

I will trust my Lord, While the temp-
I will trust my Lord,
I'll trust Him while

set rag so high; Cling to the temp'st rag as, rag as high; (Staying to his Word,

Property of J. L. Hodge, 1917.
I Will Trust My Lord, Concluded.

No. 64. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelter'ning dome,
3. To Je-sus 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 soc-cor on his breast, Till He conduct me home.
With Him I'll brave earth's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

Coda.

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

We'll work... till Je-sus comes, We'll be gathered home.
We'll work
1. With a contrite heart, Lord, to Thee I come,
Thou the tears drop start, and the lips are dumb (and the lips are dumb);
Sheer of empty pride, I confess my sin (I confess my sin). On each evil word, every sinful deed (every sinful deed). 
Humble as a child, at Thy mercy seat.

2. With a contrite heart, that would faln confess.
From Its inmost part, its unworthiness (its unworthiness);
On each evil word, every sinful deed (every sinful deed).
Humble as a child, at Thy mercy seat.

3. With a contrite heart, I would ask for grace.
Id not depart from before Thy face (from before Thy face);
This is all I ask, more than I deserve (more than I deserve).
Humble as a child, at Thy mercy seat.

4. With a contrite heart, I for pardon plead.
May Thy love impart strength for every need (strength for every need).
Have compassion, Lord, help and comfort me (help and comfort me).
Humble as a child, at Thy mercy seat.
Contrition. Concluded.

I would kneel to share
In the promises sweet,
I would kneel to share... in the promises sweet...

That the contrite heart... Thou wilt not despise...
That the contrite heart
Thou wilt not despise...

But will hear the voice... that for mercy cries...
But will hear the voice
That for mercy cries.

No. 66. Ortonville.
Wm. Cowper. Thomas Hastings.

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blest spot I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have
4. The dearest 1 did I have known, What's er that 1 did do, Help me to
5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer

shine up on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb!
reg. re-frash'ing view Of Jesus and his word. Of Jesus and his word!
left an aching void The world can never fill, The world can never fill,
tear it from thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee, And worship on - ly Thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
No. 67.  The Shining Light.

1. There's a light that shines with unfailing sight, And it safely guides thro' the gloom of night. To that home so fair on the heav'nly shore, Where the bight of sun we'll adore, And its pow'r to save is the same to-day. An' when Jesus went from the land, Till we safely reach that bright home on high, Where the saved shall dwell in the

Chorus.

dare no more. There's a light shining bright. And it earth a-way. There's a glorious light That is shining bright.

guides all the way To that home, happy home, And it safely guides, yes, all the way To that happy home.

home, Where in peace we shall dwell, end less happy home, Where in heav'nly peace, yes, we shall dwell.
No. 68. Far From The Fold.

Stella May Thompson.  Hammon Atchley.

1. In the gloom of night with no hand to guide, You are straying far from the fold;
2. Are you satisfied where you are today, From the fold a wanderer still?
3. There's no lamb so far from the Shepherd's fold That He cannot bring it back home;
4. If you seek today, you will surely find There's an entrance into the fold;

Do you realize that on every side There's an enemy cruel and bold?
There's no reason why you should longer stray, He controlled by the tempter's vile will.
From the frailest one He will not withhold His protection, if trusting they come.
His fettered soul will in love unkind, And the beautiful life you'll behold.

Chorus.

Far from the fold, Just a lamb, so weak and small,
Far from the hearty fold, But in love, that's untold,
Just a lamb so weak and small, In precious love,
Far, Far from the fold, Christ, the Shepherd, hearth its call,
Far from the fold, He earnest call.

Property of Hammon Atchley, 1874.
No. 69.  Blessed Assurance.


1. Blessed ass- sur- ance, Je- sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rap-ture now
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

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

Cu- tous.

Born of his SPIRIT, washed in his blood.
Ech- oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.  This is my sto- ry,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love,

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

sto- ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.
No. 70. We Shall Meet Over There.

P. P. G.  

1. We shall meet in that home far above the starry skies, Where this life with its trials, We shall meet.
2. We shall meet, blessed soul, and be with the pure and blest, There for aye to be told.
3. We shall meet o'er there thro' the Lord's redeeming grace, In his praises for ever.

Coda: We shall meet over there, waiting for us o'er there! Our hearts shall be our delight. O'er there, we shall meet over there.

Where we shall ne'er more parted be; We shall meet o'er there, with the blest to spend eternally. We shall meet o'er there.
No. 71.  The Beautiful Land.

1. There's a beautiful land o'er the sea (far o'er the sea), Where my kind gone be.
2. There's a beautiful land o'er the sea (far o'er the sea), Where the ransomed of
3. There's a beautiful land o'er the sea (far o'er the sea), And, poor sinner, its

fire wait for me (now wait for me); Sweet the tho' that thru' grace we may
earth all are free (where all are free); They are faith-ful-ly kept; by his
joy yours may be (yes, yours may be). If to Je-sus you'll give all your

share I've o'er my sloe, With our favour those beauties so rare (that are so rare).
love (his precious love), 'Mid the heav-en-ly splen-dor they rose (they o'er rove).
heart (just de-hil heart), In his serv-ice perform well your part (perform your part).

Chorus.

Oh! how hap-py it will be, When we meet.

happy, oh! how happy

it o'er will be, yes, when we

just o'er the sea, In that beau-ti-ful, glo-ri-ous

meet just o'er the sea;
The Beautiful Land. Concluded.

No. 72. Turn to the Light of Home.

Lavonne Nightingale. L. O. Brock.

1. Weary pro-Digal son, you have wandered far From the
   home of your innocent youth; Do you long to go back
   to the freedom from care Which you found in its faith and its truth?

2. There's a light that can shine thro' the mist of years, With a
   flame that is steady and bright; It will come to your heart
   with a rush of quick feet, When a lone with your tied in the night,

3. Tho' the way has been rough, and your friends been few, As you
   trudged on your journey alone, The clear light of your home
   has been beck-on-ing you To a com-fort and cheer all its own,

4. You have wandered a-way from the Sav-iour, too, In the
   desert of folly you roam, But for-giveness and love
   will be wait-ing for you, When you turn to the light of his home.

D.S.—Rest well for that sol-Fix.
1. Have you thought how far away From the Saviour's care you stray, Stranger!  
2. Have you thought how 'twill be, When you face star- ty, If your
3. Have you thought 'twill not be long Till you leave earth's mighty throng, And a-

Is his love so bound-less and free? The' from home you've gone afar, Come to
deathless soul unpardoned remains? One by one each mile-stone passed, Rings ye
cross death's chilly waters be borne? Will you perfect gladness know, When you

Choired

Rise just as you are, Trust his promise, and for-give - en you'll be,
next - er to the last. When the faithful pil-grim vic - tory at - tains. Have you
to his presence go, Or be cast a-way for - ev - er to mourn?

thought... O care-less one! When your life... O care-less one! Have you thot, O moans one! on earth is done,
on earth is done; You must cross... death's nar-row
on earth is done, for-ev - er done; death's nar-row sea. You must
No. 74. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health; In pov'ry's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! I, I am thy
4. "Even down to old age all my people shall prove My sov'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
vail, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and abroad; on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter-nal, un-chang-a-bile love; And when hoary hairs shall their
will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, the' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled;
land, on the sea—"As thy days my demand shall thy strength ever be;"
cause thee to stand. Up-held by my right-est, on-ship-o-tent hand;"
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still to my bosom be burse,"
dear-or to shake, I'll nev-er, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake.
No. 75. Go and Sin No More.

Katheryn Bates. Alfred Wells.

1. Go and sin no more, you are raised to life, Let God's
2. Go and sin no more, keep the cross in sight, Last you're
3. Go and sin no more, 'ts your Saviour's voice, Sweetly

will be done in your quickened heart and your life control (and your life control),
overcome by the tempter's pow'r, and your Lord betray (and your Lord betray);
speaking peace and redeeming grace to your contrite heart (to your contrite heart);

Trusting all to Him, the in peace or strife, Keep your,
Though alluring snares, that your soul will blight, Be a
Take him at his word, in his love rejoice, And, thou'

self unsotted from worldly things while the age roll (while the age roll),
faithful follower where He leads while you stay (while you stay),
strength divine that He freely gives, He'll ne'er de-part (from His ne'er de-part).

Coda.

Go and sin no more, for the Saviour lives,

Go and sin no more, for the Saviour lives,

Property of Alfred Wells, 1915.
Go and Sin No More. Concluded.

And sufficient grace in each trial given;
And sufficient grace in each trial given.

Go and sin no more, 'tis the Lord's command.
Go and sin no more, 'tis the Lord's command.

And, obeying Him in each thought and deed, you can faithful stand.
And, obeying Him in each thought and deed, you can faithful stand.

No. 76. Amazing Grace.


1. Amaz ing grace, how sweet to hear! 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;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
5. And when he this flesh and heart shall call, And mortal life shall cease,

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 brings me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.
I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.
No. 77. Oh! How Sweet to be There!

JENNIE WILSON.  

I will walk day by day where my Saviour leads the way, For I know He will
2. I will tell for the Lord as command-ed In his word, Till I bear his kind
3. I will tell of the love that prepares a home a-bove For each soul that has

guide me a-right, And my journey will end, if I trust this holy Friend, In the
who say, "Swell-lon" Then his joy I shall share and a spotless garment wear, Who he
been pur-i-fied, And I'll sing the new song of the happy ever-est-ed thing, Who sit

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful cit-y of light, Oh! how sweet to be there.
heavy-crown has been won, Jesus I go to a-hide. Oh! how sweet, oh! how sweet to be there, to be.

...... When the trials of earth will be o-ver; Oh! how sweet there will be o-ver; Oh! how sweet, oh! how

...... to be there...... With the saved ones to dwell ev-er-more! sweet to be there, to be there, ev-er-more!

No. 78.
A Day of Glory.

Laurence Higbee.

J. A. Baker.

1. There is a day of joy and rapture waiting for all who love the King,
2. When all the hidden things of darkness shall by the Lord be brought to light,
3. When all the nations come together, gathered around the great white throne,
4. There is a holy city waiting, perfect and fair from out God's hand,

When we to Him they come in gladness, bearing their down; When from the bowing hearts that are pure and clean all sinless need have no dread; There is no saw where there will be there who gave their lives for Jesus, their King; Blessed is He who is the
Where shall be neither death nor crying, nor sorrow nor pain; Happy are they who

and the rousing, each shall a worthy increase bear. Laden with precious fruit in love, in per-foot, there is no fear, if deeds are right, Jesus will judge with righteous souls the Master shall in that day claim for his own. As of his worthiness and do his bidding that in the judgment they may stand. Blessed are they who can be to behold Him, it will be joy to see his face, if in the heart hides the

stead of with-er ing leaves, near the quick and the dead. There is a crowning day of glory now drawing wis- dom's cher- u - him sing, glad Christ's coming again.

love that casts out all fear.

D. S.
No. 79.  Dying Without Jesus.

Katharyn Haner.  E. B. McClellan.

1. There are lost ones all around us of the future thinking not, Just con-
2. There are millions o'er the ocean lost in sin and darkest night, Where the
3. O the anguish of the spirits without hope beyond the grave, How we
4. Souls are dying without Jesus, who have not the gospel heard, Othe-

tent to live in darkness, serv'ing mammon day by day; What a blight on
harbor of our favour never yet has been unfurled; O shall we when
should in mercy seek them our own soul for Christ to prove! Sende-
too, who've heard, but linger are they will for heaven prepar; With thy love, oh!

Christian warfare, what a sad and hopeless lot, When by simple faith in
judged be guiltless, if we still withhold the light, When He gave the great con-
the sweet story of the Lord who died to save Every soul from condem-
Lord, in-Same us, help us send and live the word, Till the lost of ev-

Coda.

Jesus they may find the living way! Dying without Jesus,
mission: "Go ye in to all the world;" nation thru his great re-dem-king love!
ation shall salvation's blessings share! Dying, dying without Jesus,
dying without Jesus, The He freely gave on Calvary his own
dying, dying without Jesus.

Property of E. B. McClellan, 1877.
Dying Without Jesus. Concluded.

No. 80. Little Toilers.


1. We are little toilers for the heav'ly King, And his glorious praises we with gladness sing; He has died to save us from all sin and woe, And we'll strive to serve Him as thro' life we go.

2. We are little toilers in our Master's name, And his love and mercy ever we pro-claim; We his Word are sending far and wide, Trusting in his mighty power for help to guide.

3. We are little toilers battling for the right, Waving Jesus' banner, trusting in his might; Faithful to Him ever, serving Him in love, Till his voice shall call us to our home above.
No. 81. Precious Anchor of the Soul.

Arthur Thomas.

1. Precious anchor of the soul, 'Tis a gift from God's own hand, Bringing last-ing peace and comfort, if the heart will under-stand; Look-ing for
2. Precious anchor of the soul, When the waves of doubt run high, It will keep life's ship from drifting till the per-il has passed by; Linked with char-rocks or shoals may threaten on the o-pen, un-tried sea; Know-ing bet-ter
3. Precious anchor of the soul, Faith need nev'er ship-wrecked be, Tho' grim link the seek-ing heart un-to its glad, e-ter-nal home, Where in shin-ing
D. S. — Precious gift from God a-bove, Precious token of his love, Tho' the storms of life may
4. Precious anchor of the soul, When distress and sor-row come, Hope can have fair, We will cast all fear a-side, Till the hope He set with-ty and faith, Trust-ing God who reigns a-bove, It as-sures there are no-days will come, Faith can with-stand any gale, If its an-chor sure and real-ness of light, Love shall find a- gain its own, With their fac-es bright with
in us shall in-deed be just-i-fied. Precious an-chor of the tri-a-ble that are great-er than his love, stead-fast has been cast with-in the wall, glo-ry that this world has nev-er known. Precious anchor
but we, our hope will nev-er fail.

Property of Arthur Thomas, 1888.
No. 82. I've Tried to Do My Best.

Katharyn Bacon.


1. Thro' all the long and lonesome years, My sight oft dimmed with bitter tears,
   Though oft the winds of life did grieve, And thoughtless men would say not my pain.

2. My heart oft ached and ached in vain, And thoughtless men would say not my pain.
   For man and wife, for truth and right, And united in faith both day and night,
   And now I join the glorified, always tried to do my best, I've tried to do my best.

3. Do... my... best. I've al... ways tried to do my best,
   And headed not the world's renown.
   When life is o'er, with headed not, and headed not the world's, the world's crown.

4. In heaven's a starry crown,
   In heaven's a glistening starry crown.

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No. 83.  I Am Coming Home.

Katharyn Hanon.  O. T. Speer.

1. Bound with sin, in deep contrition, To the only soul physica-\n
2. Long in evil I've been living, But unto a Lord forgiv-ing.

3. All the pow'rs of sin de-fy-ing, On my bless-ed Lord rely-ing.

4. Full y trust-ing and belie-v-ing, Christ in-to my life receiv-ing.

I am com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing home;  coming home;

Needs and dangers real-is-ing, Worldly pleasures sacri-fic-ing,
All un-righteousness confess-ing, Seeking endless peace and blessing,
Nothing from his love can sev-er, Knowing He will keep me ev-er,
All his grace and mer-cy rule-ing, In his wondrous love re-join-ing.

I am com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing home.

Crown.

Tired of sinning, doubting, straying, Now repentant, trust-ing, pray-ing,
All to Jesus freely bring-ing, To each bless-ed promise cling-ing.

Property of O. T. Speer, 1884.
I Am Coming Home. Concluded.

I am coming, coming, coming, coming home; home.
I am coming, coming, coming, coming (Owa . . )
coming home; coming home.

No. 84

Martyn.

Charles Wesley.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly.
2. Oth-er re-fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Pente-ous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high,
Leave, ah! leave me not a lone, Still support and comfort me!
Rase the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind!
Let the healing streams abound, Wash and keep me pure with sin!

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Freely let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the hav-en guide, O receive my soul at last!
Cov-er my de-fense-less head. With the shadow of thy wing!
False and foll of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace!
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty!
In Thy Presence.

Marion Clyde.

1. In thy presence, oh! my Saviour, there is peace and joy untold, No tempt-
tation, sin and trials to molest; There is balm for all the weary,
safety of the one who walks with Thee! For Thee's near to bless and comfort,
strength the weakest to uphold, And each trusting one is e'er supremely blest!
and to lead in paths of right From redemption's hour on to eternity! 
sharing joys thru' Thee I've won, As in endless bliss I sing the glad, new song!

Chorus.

In thy presence, gladness, safety, prosperity and love I know, blissfully and peace the
world can never give. And some by thy word fulfilling, free from

Property of E. B. McCandless, 1878.
In Thy Presence. Concluded.

No. 86. Pisgah.

Isaac Watts.

J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
   Ev'ry care and woe, In thy glorious presence I shall ever live.
   Shall ever live.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled,
   I'll bid fare-well to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall,
   And wipe my weeping eyes; And wipe my weeping eyes.
   May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest,
   And face a frowning world; And face a frowning world;
   And not a wave of troubled roll Across my peaceful breast.
   Across my peaceful breast; Across my peaceful breast;
No. 87. We Shall Meet Beyond The River.

Lizzie DeArmond.

1. We shall meet... beyond the river (death's dark river), We shall gather there some day (some happy day). With the saints.
2. We shall meet... beyond the river (death's dark river), If our spirit
3. We shall meet... beyond the river (death's dark river), Where the false

or there some day (some happy day). With the saints, and singing its are made whole (yes, are made whole). We shall meet the starry-ness land-escape lie (in beanty lie); Where the holy, happy

angels (singing angels). Where all tears are wiped away (are wiped away). crowed soul (sury-crowed soul). In the king-dom of the soul (realm of the soul), dwellers (happy dwellers) Ne'er shall part... and ne'er shall die (no, ne'er shall die).

Coda.

We shall meet... beyond the river. Oh that bright... We shall meet
Love-ly river, On that bright,

ce-res-tial shore; We shall meet beyond the ce-res-tial shore, We shall meet

Property of A. Q. McLean, 1879.
We Shall Meet Beyond The River. Concluded.

riv - er, Where we'll praise, Him ev - er-more.

We Shall Meet Beyond the River. Concluded.

No. 88. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in his strength alone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss;
Forth to his mighty conflict, In this, his glorious day;
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song;

From victory unto victory His army He shall lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him Against unnumbered foes;
Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto pray;
To him that overcomeeth, A crown of life shall be;

Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed,
Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose,
Where duty calls, or danger, He never wanting there,
He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally.
No. 89. I Will Cling To Thee.
Stella May Thompson.

1. I will cling, my Lord, to Thee, Thou hast suffered death for me, Naught shall tempt me from Thy presence to stray; Grant - tude I o'er would show For the
2. I will cling in love to Thee, While I sail life's troubled sea, Fearing that storm around me shall beat; For my Fi - let true Thou art, As Thy stand up - on the heart - on - ly shore; Free from sore - row and from care, I thy

Chorus.
love Thou dost be - stow On Thy humble serv - ant ev - er - y day. I will bidding clouds de - part, Bringing sun - shine bright our vision to great, likeness then shall bear, And from friends I love be part ed no more.

cling, my Lord, to Thee, I will cling, my Lord, to Thee, my Lord, to Thee, Till life's sun shall sink to yeu, I will cling, my Lord, to Thee, yeu, till life's sun

Property of Geo. W. Bacon, 1901.
I Will Cling To Thee. Concluded.

rest.
shall sink to rest
in the bright
sink in the bright
and golden west.
the golden west.

No. 90. What A Meeting That Will Be!

As sung by Hemster Ashley.

1. Our fathers, our fathers they'll be there, Our fathers, our fathers they'll be there,
2. Our mothers, our mothers they'll be there, Our mothers, our mothers they'll be there,
3. Our brothers, our brothers they'll be there, Our brothers, our brothers they'll be there,
4. Our sisters, our sisters they'll be there, Our sisters, our sisters they'll be there,
5. Our children, our children they'll be there, Our children, our children they'll be there,

Yea, our fathers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yea, our mothers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yea, our brothers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yea, our sisters they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yea, our children they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.

Chorus.

What a meeting, what a meeting that will be, When we all meet around God's white throne.
That will be, Yea, what a meeting that will be, When we all meet around God's white throne.
No. 91. O Sinner, Come!

Emma Drake.

1. O sinner, come, from dust and strife, Believe on Christ.
   the truth and life (the truth and life); Thou have
each gain and loss (each gain and loss); He'll give you
from sin's control (from sin's control); Sinner, for you.

2. The Saviour knows each heavy cross.
   That you must God's love and light (God's love and light); He's calling
   each gain and loss (each gain and loss); He'll give you
   from sin's control (from sin's control); Sinner, for you.

3. Decide today, oh! weary soul.
   And freedom strayed... far from his care... He calls you now
   strength... repentant bow... Accept his love
   all... your life's at stake... The way of life
   still... his grace is free... O come today.

4. O sinner, come.
   to Christ today, And let Him wash
   to Christ today, And let Him wash

Chorus.

his grace to share (his grace to share)! O sinner, come.
and pardon now (his pardon now).
and gladness take (and gladness take). And let Him wash.
and pardoned be (and pardoned be).

Chorus.

his grace to share (his grace to share)! O sinner, come.
and pardon now (his pardon now).
and gladness take (and gladness take).
and pardoned be (and pardoned be).
O Sinner, Come! Concluded.

Your sins a-way; O sinner, come, no longer
Your sins a-way; O sinner, come.
wait; Be saved before; it is too late;
no longer wait, Be saved before It is too late!

No. 92. What Wondrous Love.
Anon.

Old Melody.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this,
2. When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down,
3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb
4. And when from death I’m free I’ll sing on, And when from death I’m free, I’ll sing on,

O my soul! What wondrous love is this! That caused the Lord of hosts To bear the
Sinking down, When I was sinking down Beneath God’s righteous frown, Christ laid a-
I will sing, To God and to the Lamb, And to the great I Am, While millions
I’ll sing on, And when from death I’m free, I’ll sing on, and joyful be, And through a-

dreadful curse! For my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse! For my soul!
side his crown, For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid aside his crown! For my soul!
join the theme, I will sing, I will sing, While millions join the theme I will sing,
ter- ni-ty I’ll sing on, I’ll sing on, And through e-ter- ni-ty I’ll sing on.
God's Wonderful Grace.

1. Once I was lost in sin, going the drear-y way, But the good Shepherd saw.
2. Now I am clothed in white, walking the path of peace; Praise the Lord for grace.
3. Come, ev'ry burdened soul, bring your care and woe; Jesu in love is now.
4. Waiting the heirs of grace there is a home of love, Where the redeemed are all.

D. S.—See the Lord's smiling face.

Fine. CHOIR.

Through his re-demp-tion grace, making me whole, Wonderful sav-
and he will go with me o'er death's sea, Wonderful grace.
Mighty not your loving Friend, patient and true, Wonderful grace.
With our Lord shall be ever at rest, Wonderful grace.

Come and be saved through God's wonderful grace (D. S.)

ing... grace, Beautiful sav-
ing... grace, looking through storm.

D. S.

and... cold wanderer from... the... fold; Look! ev'ry sin-
storm and our old far from the sheltering fold;
No. 94. Oh! Will You Not Come?

Stella May Thompson. Missie R. Hayes.

1. Oh! will you not come to Je-sus, your Lord, Where balm for the wounded is found?
2. Oh! will you not come, con-fessing your sin, Re-lieving his pres-tis to save?
3. Oh! will you not come but dark-ness to light, Re-jecting and com-pas-sion-ing wrong?
4. Oh! will you not come, yet sight-ing his love, The true-est that mor-tal hath known?
5. Oh! will you not come, yet sin-ner, to-day, While mer-cy is wait-ing for you?

You’re miss-ing each day the Chris-tian’s re-ward, And stand-ing on dan-gers-ground,
Just now at his feet a new life be-gins. Let ev-a il no long-er en-slave,
The on-ly a step a-cross to the right—she’s wa-ted, oh! wait-ed so long!
Each promise di-vine his glad-ly will prove, And you as his re-sus-ced child own.
Sal-var that’s glad hour will soon pass away, Then what at death’s call will you do?

Chorus.

Oh! will you not come, He’s call-ing to-day, And long-ing his
par-don to give; Oh! will you not come from
his par-don to give;
dan-ger’s dark way, Ac-cept his sal-va-tion and live?
and e’er live?

4 Property of Missie R. Hayes, 1882.
No. 95. Will You be Giv'n a Crown?


1. Won-ry y3-grim here be-low, In this world of sin and woe, Will you be
giv'n a crown to wear? When your work on earth is

2. Are you saved thru' faith and love by the bless-ed Lord a-bove,
Will you be giv'n a crown e'er to wear? What rejoicing there will

3. Are you faith-ful day by day, To the tempt-er say-ing nay,
thru', What will be a-wait-ing you, In that heav-en-ly home so bright and fair
be Just beyond death's narrow sea, In that heav-en-ly home so bright and fair!

CHOIR.

Will you be giv'n a crown to wear; Beautiful crown, if on earth you do your best,
beyond all compare?
Will You be Giv’n a Crown? Concluded.

You will gain a home of rest, And a crown, in heaven wear.

a golden crown

in heaven wear.

No. 96. Tidings of Joy.

Stella May Thompson.

J. L. Hawkins.

1. Jus-sus de-scend-ed, leav-ing the splen-dor Of that far coun-try.
2. Can we for-get Him, Friend of the friend-less, Yield-ing to sin that
3. For his great kind-ness none can re-pay Him, Tho’ we are dai-ly
4. Nailed to the cross on Cal-va-ry’s moun-tain, Oh! how He suf-fered

free from al-loy; Sent by the Fa-ther, lov-ing and ten-der, Bring-ing to
seeks no de-cry! Praise Him, O soul, for mer-cy so end-less, Bring-ing to
in his em-ploy; Gave He his life, the’ foe sought to slay Him, Bring-ing to
sin to de-stroy; O-pen-ed sal-va-tion’s glo-ri-ous fountain, Bring-ing to

Finn. Chorus.

last once tidings of joy. Oh! how He loved us, life to surren-der, Bring-ing to

D.S.—last once tidings of joy!

last once tidings of joy! In each and con-flict, He’s our De-fend-er, Bring-ing to

Property of J. L. Hawkins, 1851.
No. 97. We Love to Meet to Worship Thee.

Ellen MacAffer.

1. We love to meet... to worship Thee, Then blessed
2. We love to think... O Friend and Guide, Of Thee who
3. If we are thine... when life is o'er, With Thee we'll

Lamb... of Cal-va-ry (of Cal-va-ry), And sing sweet
for... us free-ly died (so free-ly died), And shed thy
meet... on Canaan's shore (on Canaan's shore), No more in

songs... of love and cheer, Assured that
blood... that we might all, Be ransomed
sin... and night to stray, We'll worship

Thou... art ve-ry near (art ve-ry near),
from... the aw-ful fall (the aw-ful fall)! We love to
Thee... in bliss for eye (in bliss for eye).

meet... with Thee on earth... To sing, to pray...
We love to meet with Thee on earth To sing, to pray,

Pupserly of E. A. Bock, 1891.
We Love to Meet to Worship Thee. Concluded.

ex-tol thy worth; And oh! the joy that it will be.

be... To dwell with Thee... e-ter-nal-ly!

that it will be To dwell with Thee e-ter-nal-ly!

No. 98. Watchman, Tell Me.

Sidney R. Brewer. Old melody.

1. Watchman, tell me, at the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawns, Have its gates that mark his
2. See the glorious light ascending Of the grand Sanadah year; Hark! the voices loud pre-
3. Pilgrim, in that gold-en orb, Seated is that jasper throne, Heav'n's King, arrayed in
4. Pilgrim, see! the light is beauteous Brighter still upon thy way; Up yon' all the orbs are

com-ing. Yet up - on my path-way shine! Pilgrim, yea, a - rise, let not your Light is
claiming. The Mee - ah's kingdom near! Watchman, yea, I see just yon - der Canaan's
beauty. Reigns in peace from end to end. There, on varicent hills are mountains. Here the
gleaming. O-mans of the com-ing day, When the last loud trumpet sounding. Shall a -

breaking in the skies; Spurn the unbelief that bound thee. Rising from, a - rise, a - rise! glorious heights arise; Salem, too, appears in grandeur, for 'tis here her own skies golden sunbeams play. Purling streams and crystal Mountains Sparkles in the - ter-nal day. wake, he sooth to see. All the saints of God now sleeping. Clad in in - mor-tal - 

ly.
No. 99.  Something You Can Do.

Laurence Highfield.  

N. S. Styles.

1. There is something you can do for your fellow-man, If your faith is
firm and strong, you can help the weak; All the good that's given you, you can
ever fail, and your life be sweet; As his hands with loving care blessings
give again, And the truth that you have learned you can bravely speak.
still pour, You can share his gifts with all whom you chance to meet.
present, It is yours to freely spread both far and near.
well side Of the comfort and the joy of his matchless love.

2. God so richly has endowed you from out his store That your cup is
along with its hope, and cheer; What your God has given you without all you are come from God ahove; From the richness of your life you may

come, 

3. Since you know that Christ in love came to save the lost, You can pass the

4. There is something you can do, not in boasting pride, All you have and
Something You Can Do. Concluded.

something you can do, ............... Bringing right.
There is something you can do, yes, something you can do, Bringing right from

There is something, something you can do, Bringing

from wrong, There is something wrong, yes, bringing, bringing right from wrong;
There is something you can bring, bringing right from wrong;

There is some thing you can do, To sustain and cheer, to sustain and cheer;
You can do, yes, something you can do

To sustain and cheer, to sustain, sus-tain and cheer,
If your heart is warm and true, your heart is warm and true,
If your heart, your heart, your heart is true,
Sheer, sus-tain and cheer,
Sheer, sus-tain and cheer,
True, and your love, sin-cere,
And your love sincere, your love sincere, is etern-sincere.
1. Oh! let me serve, dear Lord, each day. Just in thine
own appointed way; In all I blood
my life has bought; To glo-
y, in all I do. I would to Thou-
y blessed name. This, on-
close of life's short day. The glad "Well done"

2. Oh! let it be my on-
ly thought. Because thy praise
from men I ask (from men I ask), If at the

3. Oh! let me serve. In ev-
y task. No word of
shall be my aim. Oh! let me serve,
my Lord shall say; Oh! let me serve,
shall be my aim.

CHORUS.
Oh! let me serve, dear Lord, for Thee. Oh! let me serve, who life divine.
Oh! let me serve, for Thee, who life divine.

Lord, for Thee. Who life divine. remonant for

Oh! Let Me Serve! Concluded.

No. 101
He Loves Me.

I. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, / And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, / He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, / And shut his glories in,
4. Thus might I hide My blushing face, / While his dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can never re-pay / The debt of love I owe;

Would He devote that sacred head / For such a worm as I?
A - mas - ing pity! grace unknown! / And love beyond degree!
When God, the mighty Maker, died / For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, / And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give myself away, / Tis all that I can do.

D. S.—— He gave Himself to die for me, / Because He loves me so!

REFRAIN.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);
I'm An Heir.

1. I'm an heir with the Son of God, Saved from sin by his cleansing blood. And my
name is recorded with the redeemed on high; Pain and sorrow I here may know,
Fa-ther is watching o-ver me day by day; Nothing ev-er my hope can dim,
par-don He freely purchased on Cal-va-ry; By his changeless e-ter-nal grace,

Life but lit-tle of wealth to show, But there's gladness un-end-ing walk-ing me
For in faith I am trust-ing Him, And He ten-der-ly guides and bless-es me
I'm ac-cord-ed with Him a place, Where, mid pleasures un-told, I'll dwell thro'-a-

Cur. by and by, I'm an heir, joint-heir with Christ
to the home above, a joint-heir with the Christ

To the home, heavenly home so bright,
that's so bright and so fair;

Property of Stuart B. Hayes. 1908.
I'm An Heir. Concluded.

I'm an heir, his blood suff-hood,
for the pre-cious blood of God's own Son as my ran-som suff-hood,

And I'm go-ing a'er long its glo-ry for aye to share!
its glo-ry to share!

No. 103. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

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

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

Counters.

{ Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, } He will save you now.
No. 104.  The Pilgrim Band.

1. We're a happy pilgrim band, Marching to your peaceful land, Will you come and go along?

2. Jesus is our Captain true, And He'll lead us safely thru,

3. Far from paths of doubt and sin, Victory at last we'll win,

4. Jesus sweetly calls to-day, There's no reason for delay,

Trust-ing in his holy word,
Strong in faith we'll drop his hand
This the journey may seem drear,
Soon we'll safely reach the shore.

Since its promise you have heard, Will you come and go along?
Till we on the summit stand,
With his presence Christ can cheer.
There to dwell forevermore.

Chorus.

Go-ing home to dwell for aye,
Go-ing home to dwell for aye,
Safe in that land of endless day;
Safe in that land of endless day; His-ing o'er earth's

Property of P. F. Orr, 1908.
The Pilgrim Band. Concluded.

No. 105. What a Friend We Have in Jesus!


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 for-felt, Oh! what needless pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith-ful 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 ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a safe haven there!
1. My home's not here, but o-ver yon-der (o-ver yon-der)
2. It mat- ters not, tho' I may nev-er (I may nev-er)
3. How sweet to own his free sal-i-vation (free sal-i-vation),
4. A per-fect faith is my pos-ses-sion (my pos-ses-sion),

In the bright e-ter-nal land (e-ter-nal land), Where croes Stand up-on walh's sum-it fair (walh's sum-it fair), Ke-lig-ion And in love to Him be-long (to Him be-long), I'd glad-ly Since He heard my humble plea (my humble plea), And pardon

sin shall nev-er wan-der (nev-er wan-der) 'Mid the true en-dures for-ev-er (yes, for-ev-er), I shall tell to ev-ry na-tion (ev-ry na-tion) How my gave for each transgression (each transgression), Broke my

pure and hap-py band (the hap-py band) 'Tis joy to all Its blessings share (its blessings share), Lord hath sus-pect wrung (hath sus-pect wrong), bonds and set me free (yes, set me free),

know that I pos-sess 'Tis joy to know that I pos-sess The wealth that shall

Property of Stuart B. Hayes 1918.
My Possessions. Concluded.

*My spirit bless; It is not gold, nor base, nor my spirit bless; It is not gold.*

land... But love that shall... for-ever stand... nor base, nor land, but love that shall for-ever stand.

No. 107. There is a Happy Land.

Old Melody.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a-way! Why will ye
3. Bright in that happy land Beams ev’ry eye; Kept by a

1. glo-ry stand In glad ar-ray! Oh! how they sweetly sing: “Worthy
doubting saint? Why still de-lay? Oh! we shall hap-py be, When su-
Father’s hand, Love can not die. Oh! then to glo-ry run, Be a

is the Saviour, King, Loud let his praise es ring For ev-er-more!sin and sor-row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev-er-more!crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun Reign ev-er-more!
No. 108. "Tis a Beautiful Hope.

Pauline Ernest.

Minnie R. Hayes.

1. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful hope, that re-fresh-es my soul,
   Though the billows of woe in their fury may roll;
   My Redeemer is near,
   Earth's afflictions behind (earth's afflictions behind).

2. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful hope, that shall never grow dim,
   Though the shadows may fall, for I'm trusting in Him;
   When my spirit shall go high (in the sky so high),
   A welcome shall gain (I a welcome shall gain).

3. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful hope, in the sweet by and by,
   That we'll meet our dear friends in the home above (in the heaven above),
   Shall the mourner sad
   Homes in-hab-i-tants share (the in-hab-i-tants share).
'Tis a Beautiful Hope. Concluded.

Tis a beautiful hope that my Saviour doth know,
When my soul is oppressed, with its burden of woe,
And in kindness and love shall overshadow the heart.

Till a halo of peace shall overshadow the heart,
He will comfort impart, till a halo of peace.
No. 109. When We Get to That Clime.

Sylvia Lee.

1. When we get to that clime, far beyond the blue sky,
   Where no shadows can fall, and no tears dim the eye.
   In the presence of God, and the bliss (with the pure and the blessed),

2. When we get to that clime, where the streets are of gold,
   And in sein-stay view, all its splendid scenes untold.
   Praise the rich - es of grace (on his glorious face),

3. When we get to that clime, and are crowned by our King,
   How the arch - es of heav'n with his praise shall ring (with his praise shall ring).
   For his wonder - ful love (for his wonder - ful love),

Property of G. A. Bon. 1911. From "Golden Hymns."
When We Get to That Clime. Concluded.

When we get to that clime, where there cometh no night,

When we get to that clime, where there cometh no night,

With the angels to share, in its peace and delight, O how happy we'll be.

With the angels to share, in its peace and delight, O how happy we'll be.

There in rapture to dwell, with our Lord ev-er-more.

There in rapture to dwell, with our Lord ev-er-more.
1. O why tarry, weary wanderer, lost in darkness,doubt and sin, When e
2. There is pardon for the wildest who the way of life will choose, On ly
3. O He understands your struggles, all your heartaches and your cares, And the
4. Welcome Him, the Lord so loving, can you allight your dearest Friend Who has

ternal light and gladness you may have! Head the Holy Spirit's warning,
for the lost his precious life He gave; If you come in faith believe,
ugly pow'ry of evil to enslave, Yet his strength by far is greater,
conquered death, sin's pow'ry and the grave? In his kind-dom there is safe-

let the blessed Lord come in. From all strife and con-dem-na-tion He will save.
He in no wise will re-fuse, But in ten-der love and mer-cy He will save.
He will shield you from all storms. Un-to Him just now con- tend, He will save!
joy and blessings without end. Freely, fully and for ever He will save!

CHOIR:
He will save, no longer wait, Lost in grief, He will save.

He turn a-way, O pen now, is mer-cy's yes, In his grief He turn a-way;
yes, o pen now
He Will Save. Concluded.

No. 111. In the Home Above.

Laurence Highfield. Z. T. Greene.

1. There's a land of light and glory, Just beyond the pearly gates,
   Where no grief or fear can enter, Joy in all its fulness waits,
   In the happy home of love, Blessed promises to prove.

2. In that land no care will burden, Jesus promised us his peace;
   In the glory of his presence, Life and love shall never cease,
   In the heavenly home above, Fully prove.

3. As we journey 'ward its gladness, Earthly ties by death are riv'n,
   But still leading, onward, onward, Hope and faith point us to heav'n.
   To prove.

4. Joy and rapture are eternal, Light immortal crowns the hills;
   Those we love are ours forever, This sweet pledge all doubting stills.

   ...We shall see the Father's glory In the heavenly home above, fully prove;
No. 112. We Shall Sing.

T. R. C.

T. Ralph Crous.

1. When on earth we have run the Christian race, And are gathered home as heirs of grace,
   Safe within the palace of our King, His endless praises we shall sing.
   We shall sing, we shall sing, We shall sing, we shall sing,
   Praise the Lord, sing forever.

2. Cloathed in beautiful robes of spotless white, Truly serving Him who is the light;
   Heaven's arches shall with music ring, As in one glad chorus we shall sing.
   We shall sing in heaven's a-bove;
   Praise the Lord, sing forever.

3. Oh! the joy when we're seated round the throne, Our Redeemer's name to praise and own;
   From all pain and sorrow to be free, We shall sing throughout eternity.
   We shall sing, we shall sing, We shall sing, we shall sing,
   Praise the Lord, sing forever.

Chorus:

We shall sing, we shall sing, With the angels and the
   Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

Song of Praise, for his great redeeming love.
   Praise the Lord, sing forever.
1. O Saviour, when I ponder on thy wondrous love, I am filled with dismay, For tho' in doubt and disobedience oft I rove, All the blest possessions Thou hast giv'n; I would.
2. When I behold Thee on the cross of Calvary, No more from Thee I'd stray, For re-al-ising all that Thou hast done for me, And with Thee I would find refuge in heav'n.
3. I am so weak and helpless that I can but fail, Lest Thou with me will stay; O help me over-come the evils that as-sail, ev-er o-bey.
4. My heart is fixed up-on Thee, but I have in sin too oft wandered a-way; O grant me grace e-ter-nal vic-to-ry to win, for-er in heav'n.

I would....ev-er o-bey! I would....ev-er o-bey,
I would....ev-er o-bey.
I would....ev-er o-bey.
I would....ev-er o-bey.

1. Lead and guide me, blest and fairer, as I tread life's rugged way, My su-
2. Lead and guide me thro' the darkness, for the way I can not see, Lord, Thou
3. Lead and guide me, I am weak, let me feel Thy presence near, For a
4. Lead and guide me, I would follow any where that Thou dost go, For re-

promised dependence are I rely on (I rely on), And without Thee, ask my rock and fortress, Thou alone (Thou alone), Earthly pow'rs are closer fellowship with Thee I long (with Thee I long), Take me in thy jocund in Thy tender love and care, Thy love and care, Trusting,

in my weakness, I shall surely go astray,Give me strength a constant, changing, transient, I am trusting all to Thee, And Thy grace, O help me bless ed keeping, shield me from all harm and fear, Till I'm safe forever faithful, safe from every sin, ful, foes, Pain and sorrow, danger.

Concluded,

or our sin to rise (or sin to rise), Lead and guide me, walk the paths unknown (the paths unknown), with the ransom'd through (the ransom'd through), death for Thee to share (for Thee to share), me, I implore, Lord,

1 I implore, For Thy love, and mercy's lead and guide me, I implore, and mercy's sake, yes, for Thy
Lead and Guide Me. Concluded.

Lead and guide me evermore, Lord, lead and
love and mercy's sake;

more, till with Thee to endless joys I shall awake.

guide me evermore, I shall awake!

No. 115. Will You Meet Me?

1. O... fathers, will you meet me, O... fathers, will you meet me,
2. O... mothers, will you meet me, O... mothers, will you meet me,
3. O... brothers, will you meet me, O... brothers, will you meet me,
4. O... sisters, will you meet me, O... sisters, will you meet me,
5. O... Christians, will you meet me, O... Christians, will you meet me,

Can.- By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you,
Then we'll shout and give Him glory, Then we'll shout and give Him glory.

O... fathers, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore?
O... mothers, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore?
O... brothers, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore?
O... sisters, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore?
O... Christians, will you meet me On Canaan's happy shore?

By the grace of God I'll meet you On Canaan's happy shore!)
Then we'll shout and give Him glory On Canaan's happy shore!
No. 116. Onward His Army Goes.

Laurence Hilefield.

1. The sacred banner of the cross for ages now has gone before the loyal hosts of God who tried to do his will; Though one by one men crutch must bear the ensign of the Captain on; A place with in the era are staunch and true, its pow'r can never die; Though hands that once upon to victory while time and space remain; In Jesus' strength the

leave the ranks their earthly battles done. The glorious banner of the Lord is ranks of God is every man's to choose, And he may join the trump-slag when held it well have crumbled in to dust. Yet other hands as brave as strong still fight is made, in Him his hosts prevail, Un-till at length the glory-heights of

CHORUS.

lead-ing onward still. On-ward where there are battles for God to fight, vit-ory is won. On-ward where there are battles for God to fight, bid in the sky. Heav'en they at-tain.

On-ward till dark-ly gather the shades of night, Onward while the march
Onward His Army Goes. Concluded.

leads thro' earth's vale below, Onward still the army of God must ever go!

No. 117. Happy Land.


1. There's a happy land called heaven, In the regions bright above; To a land of
2. Happy land where sin is vanquished, I'll its joys an-tic-i-pate. Thinking of my
3. Some glad day, when life is ended, With the holy, ransomed band, I shall sing God's

Chorus.

wondrous beauty, Glory, gladness, peace and love. Happy land... so bright and
Lord and dear ones. Who is rapture for me wait! praise for-ev'er, In that happy, happy land! Happy land

fair, Happy land... so free from care; so bright and fair, Happy land so free from care;

In it I... a crown shall wear,... And His glory ev-er share! In it I a crown shall wear,
No. 118. Happy in His Saving Love.

James Revy.

1. With courage strong we press along The shining, upward way, With
Christ, our King, whose praise we sing, With happy hearts each day. No fear we
2. The path is bright with love's pure light, Our hearts are seldom sad. For
Je - sus shares our griefs and cares, And gives us our - els glad. He helps to
3. We'll trust our King, his praises sing, Till dangers all are past; He
tru - e in - deed, for He will lead Us safely home at last. The gates of
fear, for He is near, Whose saving love con - trols, And guides a - right, by
day and night, Our e - ter - nal soul. Press a - long, e'er press a - long.
ends the strife) in his king - dom fair. Press a - long, a - long.

Chorus.

Com - pan - rades strong, 'Neath the wings of heav'n's Dove, Happy
Com - pan - rades strong, ye companions strong.

Gen. W. Bacon.

Gen. W. Bacon, 1855.
Happy in His Saving Love. Concluded.

In his saving love; Press a long, with a song, yes.
Press a long, s'er press a long, with a song, yes.

song. Some we'll raise our Saviour's praise in our home above.
with a song. our home above.

No. 119. I'm Going Home.


1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, No pain or death can enter there;
   Its glittering bow'res the sure outskirt, That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the star-ry sky;
   When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.

3. Let other seek a home below, Which fames devour or waves o'er flow;
   He finds a hap-pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.

4. Then fall this earth, let stars be-come, And sun and moon re-fuse to shine;
   All na-ture sick and cease to be, That heav'n-ly man-sion stands for me.

Chorus.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;

To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
No. 120. I Am at Peace with Jesus Now.

Marion Clyde.

1. Oh! the joy that fills my spirit since I was redeemed from sin!

2. Worldly pleasures can not charm me, my pos sessions are above.

3. He bestows unnumbered blessings, O He is the greatest Friend!

I am at peace with Jesus now; I am at peace with Jesus now;

By his free and full salvation to my heart He entered in, I am at
Long against Him I have battled, headless of his wondrous love,
By his pow'rs I will trust Him, love Him, serve Him to the end.

I'm at peace with Jesus now. I'm at peace with Jesus now.

And to his will with Jesus now, And to his will with Jesus now,
I Am at Peace with Jesus Now. Concluded.

glad-ly bow; He has free-ly me for-giv'en, wash-ing all my
I glad-ly bow;

sins a-way, And with heart and voice I'll sing his praise for age...
his praise for age.

No. 121. Rock of Ages.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self to Thee;
2. Not the la- bor of my hands Can ful-fill thy law's de-mands,
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath; When my eyes shall close in death;

Let the wa- ter and the blood From thy riv-on side with sweet,
Could my seal no re-spite know, Could my tears for-er-flow,
Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on thy judgment throne.

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, CLEANSE me from its guilt and pow'rs;
All for sin could not a-tone, Thou must save and Thou a-bove,
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, SAV-iour, or I die!
Rock of a-ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee!
No. 122.  The Lost Soul.  L. V. J.  L. V. Jone

1. What an awful day, when the judgment comes,
2. If I could recall all the years now gone,
3. Oh! I realize, but alas! too late,

And the sinners hear their eternal doom (their eternal doom),
For the sinner's name I would spend each one (I would spend each one),
What a dark mistake all my life has been (all my life has been);

At the sad decree they'll depart for aye,
But they've no a gain can be re turned,
I've refused his love with rebellious heart,

D.S. The for help I cry, it is now in vain.
For endless woes and gloom (in to woes and gloom), And my task is left undone (it is left undone), And must pay the price of sin (pay the price of sin),

For alas! I'm doomed for aye (I am doomed for aye)!
Chorus.

I'm paying now the penalty.
No. 128. Go Forth in His Name.
Katharyn Hadden. W. Chester Dolter.

1. Go forth in the name of Jesus who came From heaven the lost to save,
2. Go forth in his name the fallen to claim, God's pardoning grace to share;
3. Go forth in his name and publish his fame, A dying world to bless;
4. Go forth in his name, his glory your aim, And tell till 'tis all a-sung;

And tell of his love wherever they rove, That sin may no longer enslave.
O bid them believe on Christ who'll receive, And save them from both miseries!
O never rest till lost ones repent, Believe, and their favour confeess!
Then happy and free forever you'll be With Jesus and those you have won.

Chorus.

Go forth in his name today, Wherever sin's pow'r may slight today.

Go forth, Jesus' call o' day, And herald the gospel light.
No. 124 Come To Jesus and Be Saved.

MARION CLYDE

ISAAC O. GREEN

1. Souls in sin and danger straying, turn to Christ for peace and life, Come to
2. On the cross a-hung in anguish, for your sins He freely died, Come to
3. "Come, ye weary, heavy laden," still doth say the blessed Lord, Come to

day and be saved; ..... Hear his voice so sweetly
and be saved; ... And He blesses all who

soul come to-day and be saved, be fully saved; "I will give you rest o-

pleading, calling you from sin and strife, Come to Jesus and be
seek Him, oh! what can He do beside? For "sal," won't you take Him at His word?

REFRAIN.

Come to-day, oh! souls oppressed, then come to-

Come to-day, oh! souls oppressed, then come to-

Press, there is welcome, peace and

Press, there is welcome, peace and
Come To Jesus and Be Saved. Concluded.

rest; You shall be supremely blest.
rest, till's pass on rest; You shall be supremely blest, oh! you shall be supremely blest.

No. 125 Sometime We'll Understand.

PAULINE ERNEST.  ISAAC G. GREEN.

1. Sometime we'll understand the grief For which the world gives no relief;  
2. We'll understand thro' his dear yew The loving kindness of the Lord;  
3. Sometime beyond the golden strand With endless joy, we'll understand  
4. The years of life are passing on, Sometime the shadows will be gone.

His chast'ning pow'r I make us know, Because He loves, yes, loves me so.  
By faith we'll pass his earthly gloom, And view that beauty in his bloom.  
The mystery of grace divine, And praise Him at the heav'nly strain.  
And then we'll fully understand The wonders of that blest-ed land.

REFRAIN.

Sometime, some day beyond the sea, We'll understand and happy be.

Sometime, some day when life is o'er, We'll meet to part, no, never-more.

Property of Isaac G. Green, Globe, N. Y.
No. 126. There's a Beautiful Stream.

J. H. H.

John H. Holt.

1. There's a beautiful stream, in the city on high,
   To the river of life, and delighteth the eye.
   Yes, and delighteth the eye; by its waters so fair.
   There is rapture and peace, and there a-goes to.

2. There's a tree that's divine, on the banks of that stream,
   All the nations to save, by its healing streams.
   Prone (by its healing streams); His commandments obey,
   And he gives to all the lost to redeem.

3. Since the Saviour hath said, He will always be near,
   All your sins to forgive, in your sorrow to cheer.
   Then, in your sorrow to cheer, can't you trust Him who died.
   It shall never more cease (O, shall never more cease),

Property of John H. Holt, 1881.
Of the beautiful stream in the Bible we're told,
Of the beautiful stream in the Bible we're told,
And the ransomed alone shall its beauty behold;
And the ransomed alone shall its beauty behold;
Do you want to go there, do you want to go there,
Do you want to go there, do you want to go there,
By its waters so fair, with the heavenly King
By its waters so fair, with the heavenly King
All the glories to share!
No. 127.  My Home In the Skies.

James W. Jaggers.

J. L. Hodges.

1. To try home in the skies I am going some day,
   When this body is free from its prison of clay,
   Over free from all care, with the favour I while the gates shall roll.

2. If we follow Him here, in the Bible we're taught,
   We shall dwell with Him there, O how sweet is the home, there no partings can
   With thepure and the death and sorrow all o'er.

3. Father, mother I'll meet in that beautiful home,
   In that home of the soul, in that beautiful home,
   In the presence of heaven's glories to share.

Property of J. L. Hodges and James W. Jaggers, 1853.
My Home In the Skies. Concluded.

Chorus.
Oh! I long for my home, all the beauties to see,
Oh! I long for my home, And my Saviour who died
As a ransom for me; Oh! my home in the skies,
As a ransom for me; Oh! my home in the skies,

Brighter, fairer than day,
Where I'll praise Him in song,

With the angels for aye!
1. Let us do something for others, Moments are passing away.
Jesus will bless all those in distress, If they come to-day.
D. S. — And when our warfare is o-ver, We shall with loved ones sit down, Sharing the glo-

2. O we can find, if we're earnest, Many in need of our care, And we can light those living in night, Lured by Satan's snare!
O there are many about us, Living in darkness and sin, That we could help go empty-handed. Unto our Saviour and Lord, And we'll not be work here in end-ed, Safe on the heaven-ly shore, With those we've helped to the Saviour, Life and its blessings to win! Help them, Help them, oh! Help them to Jesus, oh! Help... them, That they their Saviour may see... Help show them the way, their Saviour may see; Help them to
No. 129.  

Beautiful Golden Land.

J. T. Mc.  
(Male Voices.)  

J. T. McConnell.

1. There is a land beyond our sight, Where troubles never come, And there shall be no gloom of night In that beautiful golden land.

2. The story sweet the Bible tells of that fair realm above, Where shall be no sorrow or care In that beautiful golden land.

3. If we are faithful to the end, We'll wear a crown of life, And dwell with each beloved friend In that beautiful golden land.

4. (Chorus.)

O beautiful, beautiful land, O golden, golden land! O beautiful, beautiful golden land, O beautiful golden land!

Conclusion.

I long to dwell forevermore In that beautiful golden land.

Property of J. T. McConnell, 1885.
No. 130. Should the Call Come Now.
Katharine Bacon.

1. Should the call come now, from the Father's throne,
   Like a lightning flash, in a sky of blue (in a sky of blue),
   Bid you depart, for a world unknown,
   If you're yet in sin, oh! what could you do (oh! what will you do)?

2. Should the call come now, not a moment lost,
   Given to repent, and for mercy pray (and for mercy pray),
   Without time for thought, or a final test,
   Would your soul be lost, in despair for aye (in despair for aye)?

3. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   All the hopes of life with their smile and tears (with their smile and tears),
   Would you gladly hail this the last of foes,
   And go home to dwell thro' eternal years (thro' eternal years)?

CHORUS:

1. Should the call come now that no soul can slight,
   Should the call come now, ponder well the thought,

2. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   Should the call come now, bringing to a close,

3. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   Should the call come now, bringing to a close,

4. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   Should the call come now, bringing to a close,

5. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   Should the call come now, bringing to a close,

6. Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
   Should the call come now, bringing to a close,
Should the Call Come Now. Concluded.

[But must quickly go what so ever the now that no soul can slight, now, you see well the thought.

Would you read — y Claim the pard'ning bow.

But must quickly go what so ever the cost And if un prepared, un to Jesus bow,

be clad in spot less white grace that his blood has bought.

Or in sin and death be forever lost be forever lost?

For the call will come, and it may come now and it may come now.
Heedless of Danger.

1. Heedless of danger, dears ones are straying, Far from the Master's tenderest care. 
2. Heedless of danger, wander no longer, Come to the only Refuge secure. 
3. Heedless of danger, safety residing, When it is free for all to attain. 

Will you not send a message of warning unto each one (how un-to each one)? 
Truly repent, believing his wonderful power to save (his power to save). 
Waken, O sinner, surely your soul is precious to you (is precious to you)? 

Blest less temptation ever o beying, Soon they will all be lost in despair. 
Looking to Christ, your faith will prove strong; Read y for Him all things to endure. 
Heedless waiting, time you are losing, Nothing by long delay will you gain. 

Tarry not, Christian, for 'tis a sacred duty you shun (a duty you shun). 
Bearing a lofty banner among the true and the brave (the true and the brave). 
When you dwell near the seasons of death, oh! what will you do (oh! what will you do)? 

Copyright of Re Sper, 1812.
Heedless of Danger. Concluded.

Near-er and near-er approaches the brink,
              day by day approaches the brink.

Heedless of danger, why will you wander,
            heedless of danger, why will you wander,

Into the darkness, where soon you must sink?
            of despair where soon you must sink!

No. 132. Sun of My Soul.

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

Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye!
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.
A hide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Till in the ascent of Thy love We lose ourselves in breast a love.
1. Some one is betraying the Saviour and Lord, Who freely their love died for.
2. Some one is receiving the price of the Christ, And guiltily turning in
3. Some one is binding the Father's own Son, And plaiting the thorns as a
4. Oh! yes. I have sold Him, my Saviour and Friend, Who for me His life on dark

used to redeem; Some one is denying, rejecting his word; Thro' treating the tri
narch away; By riches and worldly allurements enticed, Disdaining al
crown for his bow; The multitude joining, tho' lost and undone, To mock and re
Calvary gave. But now in contrition and anguish, I bend, Confessing our

Chorus.

banks of death's turberless stream. Lord, is it? In glances the Saviour to pay,
who, as before Him they bow,
rescuing, fleeing He'll save! Oh! blessed Lord, is it? is it?

Lord, is it? Betraying and selling Thee day
Oh! blessed Lord, is it? is it?

after day? Lord, is it? Oh! blessed Lord, is it? is it? Oh! blessed Lord,
Lord, Is It I? Concluded.

No. 134. Oh! How I Love Jesus!

Isaac Watts.

Old Melody.

1. A - bain - did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - mar - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love bey - ond de - greed!
When God, the might-y Mak - ey, died For man, the creature's sin!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Cameo.

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

Oh! how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me!
No. 135. He's the Same To-day.
Stella May Thompson.

1. In the days of old men to Jesus came, Blind and weary, strick'en with the
2. See the door ajar, bidding you to come From sin's dismal waste to enter
3. It is safe to trust Christ with all your heart, He has proven loyal to you

blight of sin; Healing for each ill thro' his grace to claim, He's the same to-day, for
his bright fold; Worldly fools may close as the ocean's foam, He's the same to-day, oh!
o'er and o'er; Let by perfect faith, choose the better part, He's the same to-day, and

Chorus.

give's you may win. He's the same...to-day, O soul,
Is a joy un-told! He's the same...to-day O soul,
son forever! He's the same...to-day O soul,

From your life...He'll make you whole; When our fathers came,
From your life He'll make you whole;

None were turned a-way, Trouble not to seek Him, He's the same to-day; the same to-day!

Property of his Barrow, 1908.
No. 136. Will You Trust Him Today?

Hazel Dean.

1. Will you trust Him to-day for salvation (for salvation)? On his mercy 'tis safe to rely (safe to rely); It is now you should penitence seeking his love (yes, his blest love)? All your hope shall have radiant beauty, may dawn (may ever dawn), And your soul shall be

D. S.—Will you trust Him to

make preparation (prepare) For the heavenly life wondrous fruition (have fruition). If you look to the Father left in its sorrow (in its sorrow), With your last opportunity

day as your Saviour (as your Saviour), And accept his salvation

Fastr. Cresc.

by and by (yes, by and by), ever above (to Him above), Will you trust Him to-day as your ninety gone (forever gone)?

him so free (that is as free)!

D. S.

Saviour..............If you're longing forgiven to be;............. forgiving to be;

Property of John H. Holz, 1905.
No. 187.  I Dream of Home.
Stella May Thompson.  
G. T. Speer.

1. I dream of home, in realms above, A throne of joy.

2. I dream of home, a perfect place, Prepared by peace and love, Where welcome Christ.

3. I dream of home, more bright and fair, Because my love (and peace and love), Where welcome Christ.

4. I dream of home, so dear ones gone, Rejoiced that thru' wondrous grace (thru' wondrous grace); In丰-ey, Lord.

I'll follow on (I'll follow on); With those I are, the Master's own, And scenes of woe.

stand without the gate, What joy to find love, u-al-ed be, To spend a glad.

Are never known (are never known), I dream of home, a changeless the heav'ly plains (the heav'ly plains).

I'm not too late (I'm not too late) I e-ter-ni-ty (e-ter-ni-ty).

I dream of home, home, No mortal eye hath ever held; a changeless home, No mortal eye hath ever held;

Copyright of G. T. Speer, 1885.
I Dream of Home. Concluded.

When life's dark clouds shall be dispelled.

No. 138. Hear the Invitation.

Laurence Highfield.

1. Hear the precious invitation, Who-so-ever will may come;
2. Come and taste the living water, Flowing from the Father's throne;
3. Seek ye first the heavenly kingdom, Putting worldly gain aside;
4. Hear the precious invitation, And accept your Lord today;

In the Father's many mansions, For his children there is room.
Come and share in joys more holy Than your life has ever known.
Find a place beside the Saviour, Where you may in peace abide.
When He offers rest and pardon, Can you longer stay away?

Christ, the Lord, has gone before you To prepare a dwelling place
Lay aside all fear and doubting, Take the gifts He offers thee;
Do not dread the cross He gives you, He Himself will bear a part;
Endless life awaits your choosing, Will you not decide a right,

For the souls who do his bidding, And accept his love and grace.
Hope and joy and full salvation, Christ, the Lord, will give you free.
Strive each day to be more worthy Of a place within his heart.
In the way He sets before you, Walk by faith instead of sight.

Property of Silver Bells, 1925.
No. 139. Our Tribute of Flowers.

Laura A. Higbee.

Henry A. Mead.

1. To the low green tents in God's acre (tents in God's acre), Where they sleep, those heroes of ours (heroes of ours), We have brought the flag that they honored (flag that they honored), And our gift of blood is hallowed (blood is hallowed). Holy ties are but never forgotten (never forgotten), On their graves love's God we can leave them (yes, we can leave them). Till the day when Christ shall appear (when Christ shall appear).

2. To the sacred and tender (sacred and tender) That we called, and they must obey (and they must obey); Holy now, their presence so near (their presence so near); In the hands of beauty they sleep.

3. Where the last strips were bleeding (last strips were bleeding), Duty and brave, the last strips were bleeding (last strips were bleeding), Holy now, their presence so near (their presence so near); In the hands of beauty they sleep.

Chorus.

4. And our hearts mourn closer to hear on (closer to hear on), As we sleep, those heroes of ours (heroes of ours), We have brought the flag that they honored (flag that they honored), And our gift of blood is hallowed (blood is hallowed). Holy ties are but never forgotten (never forgotten), On their graves love's God we can leave them (yes, we can leave them). Till the day when Christ shall appear (when Christ shall appear).

End, From all sorrow and striving safe in the keeping of under the aid.
Our Tribute of Flowers. Concluded.

God: Sacred place: hallowed the hours; the keeping of God.
Sacred place, hallowed the hours.

When we bring our beloved our tribute of beautiful flow'res.
Of beautiful flow'res.

No. 140. Pilot Me.


1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou must hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Rough winds and waves obey thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Twist me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast

Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
Wonderous sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"
No. 141. A Song of Gladness.

Laurence Higley.

1. The praise of the Lord makes glad the hearts that tell of his bountiful love (of his
2. The praise of the Lord makes glad the hearts that dwell in his in-spite care (in his
3. The praise of the Lord makes glad the hearts that are down with a burden of pain (with a

bountiful love), Sound a-breath all his worth (sound abroad all his worth), Sing praise all ye
in - spite care), He who ruleth the storm (He who ruleth the storm), Praise then his
burden of pain), For their sorrow and grief (For their sorrow and grief), He gives re-

earth (yes, sing praise all ye earth), Oft praise ye the Lord (Oft praise ye the Lord), The
harm (He protects them from harm), Oft praise ye the Lord (Oft praise ye the Lord), Sing
love (yes, He gives sweet relief), Oft praise ye the Lord (Oft praise ye the Lord), The

praise of the Lord re-sounds throughout the realms of his glo-ry a-bove (of his
praise to the Lord who made the hills and streams with verdure so fair (yes, with
praise of the Lord make your days bright and give strength and courage a-gain (strength and

glo-ry a-bove), Let the world catch the strain (Let the world catch the strain), In gladness a
verdure so fair), Rocks and hills tell his praise (rocks and hills tell his praise), Through all of your
Courage a-gain), Since He knows what is best (Since He knows what is best), In Him you can
A Song of Gladness. Continued.

Gain (yes, in gladness again), Sing praise to the Lord (oh! sing praise to the Lord)!
Days (yes, through all of your days), Sing praise to the Lord (oh! sing praise to the Lord)!
Rest (yes, in Him you can rest), Sing praise to the Lord (oh! sing praise to the Lord)!

Chorus.

Sing a song of glad thanksgiving.

Sing a song of glad thanksgiving.

Sing a song of glad thanksgiving.

Bring to the Lord worthy tribute of praise For the love that has
crowned and made happy your days. For your joy and your mirth;

Sing a song of glad thanksgiving.

Sing a song of glad thanksgiving.
A Song of Gladness. Concluded.

Come to the Lord in your grief and your fears, Be ye sure that his
giving.
giving.
hand wisely measures the years. Praise the Lord all ye earth.

No. 142. Zion.

Thomas Kelly. Thomas Hastings.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred harp stands; Welcome
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy bonds unfaithful proved? Have thy
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee, He Himself appears thy friend; All thy
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee, All thy war-fare now is past; God, thy

news to: Zion bearing—Zion, long in desolate lands. Mourning captive,
seen been proud and worthless. By thy sighs and tears, unmoveless. Save thy mourning,
sence shall see before thee, Here their hosts and triumphs end. Great deliverance
Servant, will defend thee. Victory is thine at last. All thy conflicts

God Himself will loose thy bonds. Mourning captive, God Himself will lose thy bonds.
Zion still is well beloved. Cause thy mourning. Zion still is well beloved.
Zion's King will surely send. Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.
End in everlast- ing rest, All thy conflicts End in everlast- ing rest.
No. 143.  
Come I

W. A. W.  

1. Come! Je-sus now is plea-sing, there's for-giv-ness, joy and peace, In re-

2. Come! sin-ner, why still tar-ry, when the Saviour waits for you? Come in-

3. Come! lost one, come be-liev-ing, to the pa-tient, lov-ing Lord, O no-

pen-tance seek the way of light; O trust his free sal-vation, if from sin you'd

to his kingdom while you may; By grace di-vine He'll cleanse you, keep you ev-
lon-ing-er in de-spair; Let Him for-give and save you, then o-tay his

gain re-lease, Glad-ly heed the Sav-iour's call to-night! O be rea-dy for the judg-
pure and true, O be rea-dy for the judg-
ment day! holy word, And e-ver nal bless-ings you shall share! O ac-cept Him while

Him; He's call-ing; Woe-ry prod-i-gal, now hast-en
Him while He's call-ing.

now hasten home; Come, for pac-tion, life and glad-ness, come (O slander come!)

Propriety of W. A. Williams, 1838.
No. 144. Living For Jesus.

Laurence Higfield. A. E. Holten.

1. We will make our lives a tribute to our King (unto our King).
2. We will walk beside Him in the narrow way (the narrow way).
3. We will spend our days for Him in service sweet (in service sweet).

Living ever in his sight,
Living ever yes, in his sight;

Unto Him our loving praises we will bring (our praise will bring),
We will keep so close we cannot go astray (we will not stray),
We will bring our staffs and lay them at His feet (his sacred feet),

As we glory in his might Living for his regal might.

Him serving the King We will consecrate our
Living for Jesus serving our Master.
Living For Jesus. Concluded.

Verse a - now to Je - sus ev - ry day; We will strive oth - er
you, we will strive

verse to Him to bring, Going bravely on our way
is ing bravely you, on our way.

No. 145. The Great Physician.

William Hunter. Old Melody arranged.

1. The Great Phys-i-cian now is near, The sym-path - is - ing Je - sus; He speaks the
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus; Go on your
3. All gle - ry to the dy - ing Lam - b, I now be-lieve in Je - sus; I love the
4. His name dis - pose my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus; Oh! bow my

Chorus:

drooping heart to thee, Oh! hear the voice of Jesus!
way to peace be - low, And walk even with Je - sus! Sweetest note in seraph song.
blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus! Soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus!
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus!
1. O Fa- ther, I am won-ry, filled with woo, And in my strength so
far ther can I go; The way that I should tread I can-not see. In
too, was all in vain; No oth-er one my guide and help can be. And
task or way un-known; Henceforth, Thou Rul'er of my des- ti- ny, Ix

2. I've trust-ed self, but naught could 'er at-tain, With-out Theefail ed, It
faith and hope I leave it all with Thee! now in deep con-
glad-ly now I leave it all with Thee. life or death I'll leave it all with Thee. Fa- ther, now in deep con-

3. No more I'll trust in earth-y pow'rs a- lose; No more at- tempt the
tri- ton, Find-ing wor-thless self and world-ly skil, To Thee I sur-

soul,
re- deem all I am or hope to be; World-ly trust-ing in thy guid-ance,
I Leave it All with Thee. Concluded.

I will leave it all with Thee, All with Thee,

Ev'ry care,

Bless-ed Father, for - ev - or I leave it all with Thee!

No. 147.

John Bowring.

Rathbun.

Hannah Cowley.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hope in on-eare, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Haste and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are easi - ti - fied;

All the light of Sa - cred stor-y, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Never shall the cross for - sake me, Lo! It glows with sa - cred joy!
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
Peace is there that knows no mea-sure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
No. 148.  The Saviour's Love.

Laurence Higdenfield.  Henry A. Moor.

1. Christ, the Saviour, left his home in glory, And became a little child.
2. Christ, the Saviour, lived a life of service, As the ways of earth He trod.
3. Christ, the Saviour, gave his life so holy, On the cross He bled and died.

To teach the lesson of sweet submission Unto a world by sin defiled.
To teach the lesson of full obedience Unto the sovereign will of God.
To teach the lesson of self-surrender, He willingly was crucified.

Jesus brought to men a glimpse of heaven Lost they might its glories miss;
Jesus comforted the heavy-hearted That they might begin a new;
Jesus knew the pain and cruel anguish That men might salvation find.

D.S. Jesus left the tomb that men might follow To the land of perfect bliss;
Preach.

He lived and suffered that they might triumph, Was ever love so great as this?
He freely purchased their sins transgressions, Was ever love so great, so kind?
Himself forgetting, He bore their sorrows, Was ever love so great, so kind?

To lead them upward He went before them, Was ever love so great as this?
Chorus.

Love so wonderful this world had never known, Jesus left the glory of His Father's throne,
The Saviour's Love. Concluded.

On the cross He died the last to save, As a ransom for their sins Himself He gave.

No. 149. The Voice of Jesus.

Laurene Highfield. S. W. McClaskey.

1. 'Tis the voice of Jesus calling From the cross on Cal - va - ry.
2. 'Tis the voice of Jesus calling In the gar - den lone and still,
3. 'Tis the voice of Jesus calling In the still - ness of the night,
4. 'Tis the voice of Jesus calling In the busy walks of life,
5. 'Tis the voice of Jesus calling To the wea - ry and oppressed.

"I will free you from your sorrow, If you will but come to Me." Where He bowed in true sub - mis - sion To the heavenly Father's will,
To the soles of men ap - peal - ing That they choose the path of right,
Ring - ing out a - bove the tumult Of all earth - ly care and strife,
Tell - ing them that He will give them bless - ed - ness and peace and rest.

Wounded for a world's transgression, At the hands of men He died, Stunned not the draught of sorrow, To the dregs He drank the cup End - less joy He sets be - fore them, From - is - ting to make them free; Urg - ing men to leave off sighing, And his fol - low - ers to be "Ye that la - bor, heav - y lad - den, Come," He says, "come unto Me, In his ag - o - ny pro - claim - ing He would draw them to his side, That all souls, a - thirst and fainting, Of the wine of life might sup. Then in gen - tie re - cents whispers: "He who will may come to Me." In the need - y souls a - bout them, Bidding them their Saviour see. Come, my burden is not heav - y, I will your yoke - fel - low be."
No. 150.  Enter the Ranks.

Kathryne Bacon.

G. W. Kirby.

1. Enter the ranks, the faithful Who are arrayed against sin.
2. Enter the ranks, do not tarry. Darkness is coming apace;
3. Enter the ranks, and be loyal. Never your weapons lay down.

And in the strength of your Master, Help them the battle to win.
Give of your time and your talents, Looking to Jesus for grace.
And when the warfare is over, Jesus Himself will you crown.

Enter the ranks, enter the ranks, enter to-day,
Willingly serve at the Master's command; Unto his cause, unto his cause.
Enter the Ranks. Concluded.

Faithful alway, faithful alway, Enter the ranks, do not longer in idleness stand, Enter the ranks.

No. 151. Varina.

Isaac Watts. From Ring.

I. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In joyous day

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Saul's bosom is living green; So to the Jews

3. Oh! could we make our souls as new, These gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca-

Excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There ever-lasting spring abides, And old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. But time's mortals start and shiver To man that we love, With un-clouded eyes; Could we but dish vies Moses steed, And

Now or with ring. Low're, Death, like a narrow sea, divides: This heavenly land from ours. Cross this narrow sea. Andlinger, silence on the brick. And fear to launch a-way. View the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream or death's still foot still light o'er the shore.
We are wayside gleaners, marching bravely on (yes, bravely on). For our
faithful wayside gleaners striving o'er to be (yes, o'er to be). As the
vail wayside gleaners held the harvest white (the harvest white). For we
happy wayside gleaners, trusting in our King (our mighty King), looking
Master gathering golden grain (the golden grain). While the sun is shining,
precious moments swiftly go (they swiftly go). Faithful ever, thou, we
where our blessed Reap-er leads (our Reap-er leads): Toll-ing for his glo-
y, all his holy will to do (his will to do). When the harvest's ended,
for the day is gone (the day is gone). Let us hasten last we tell in
fearful dangers one (great dangers one). Pressing onward, we shall stronger
we in love unites (in love unites). For the grain is falling, help He
may we gladly bring (yes, gladly bring) Sheaves of victory with the faithful
vain (we tell in vain). We are glean-ers, wayside
grow (much, stronger grow).
needs (our help He needs).
few (the faithful few).

glean-ers, wayside glean-ers, We are

glean-ers, wayside glean-ers, Only faith-ful way

glean-ers, wayside glean-ers, faith-ful wayside glean-ers, Only
Wayside Gleaners. Concluded.

Gleaners, In the glorious harvest toiling for our King,
faithful wayside gleaners.
yes, for our King

Give us strength, O Father, many sheaves to bring!
yes, sheaves to bring!

No. 153 Valiant Little Soldiers.

Kathryn Bacon. 

1. Valiant little soldiers, Strong in faith and love, Fighting
2. Valiant little soldiers, Battling for the right; Marching
3. Valiant little soldiers, Ready to obey; Knowing
4. Valiant little soldiers, Ever will we be Till we

Chorus.

sin and darkness For the Lord above,
on in triumph Neath his banner bright. Valiant little soldiers,
Christ is with us, Happy all the way,
gain for Jesus Endless victory!

Fearless of the foe, Trusting all to Jesus, We to victory go!

Property of Geo. W. Bacon, 1871.
No. 154. The Feast of the Soul.

Lauredna Highfield.

S. W. McChesney.

1. Here is spread a sacred feast. From the greatest to the least, We our
hungry souls may feed. Like the manna from a
blessing, wretched, hungry souls may feed, on Christ our food; And new life in us will

2. In remembrance, Lord, of those Who from death hath set us free.
That our faith may stronger grow, And our hearts new courage know.
spring, Peace and joy and hope to bring, as we partake

Chorus.

God. Sacred feast. of the soul. How our
is meat indeed. Sacred hallowed feast of the hungry soul,

hearts, with love are stirred. Here in faith, we have
our trusting hearts with love are stirred! Here in earnest faith.

Property of S. W. McChesney, 1874.
The Feast of the Soul. Concluded.

No. 155. Just As Thou Wilt.

Katharyn Bates.

J. L. Hodges.

1. Father, I come in thy presence this day, Heart-sickly seeking thy will to-day.
2. Much that I'm yearning for may not be best. Give me contentment and faith unbounded.
3. Darkness and danger encompass me round, Sin and temptation in numbers.
4. Just as Thou wilt, oh! then all shall be well, For Thou in wisdom and love dost

Crown.

Grant that my all is to Thee I resign. Till Thy glorious will shall be mine:

Strength'en and keep by Thy pow'rr divine, Just as Thou wilt, is my plea.

Property of J. L. Hodges, 1879.
No. 156. I'll Sing of His Love.

J. H. H.

1. I'm walking today, with Jesus, my King.
2. How freely the Lord has blessed my poor soul.
3. Let Jesus come in, oh! soul in distress.

And all the way his praises shall ring (his praises shall ring);
In giving his word and making me whole (yes, making me whole);
He'll save you from sin and wondrously bless (He'll wondrously bless);

He's guiding my feet to mansions above,
My pathway is clear, no longer I rove,
To hear-on's bright shore, His faithful will prove,

Where joy is complete, I'll sing of his love (I'll sing of his love);
He always is near, I'll sing of his love (I'll sing of his love);
And there evermore you'll sing of his love (yes, sing of his love);

Chorus.

I'll sing of his love, un-changing, divine,
I'll sing of his love, unchanging divine,

Property of John H. Holz, 1890.
I’ll Sing of His Love. Concluded.

\[\text{Music notation}\]

No. 157. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Anon.

1. Far, far away from my loving Father I had been wandering wayward,
2. Pain had I felt on the hunkers round me, Till to myself I came and
3. “I will arise, tho’ I’m faint and weary, Home to my Father I will
4. “Father,” I’ll say, “I have sinned before Thee, No more may I be called Thy

Cm.: “I will arise and will go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His

\[\text{Music notation}\]

arms; In the arms of my dear Saviour, O there are ten thousand charms!
No. 158.  

Upon the Cross.  
Ada Leitch.  

1. Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry My Saviour's blood was shed for me;  
2. Up - on the cross I'll cast my sin, And in his name new life begin;  
3. Up - on the cross, his soul unstained, He bore my guilt, my freedom gained.

He suffered, oh! what cruel pain, Ere he could glory's height atta - ch !  
Oh! praise each day the heav'nly King, For pardon he alone could bring !  
I owe to Him a wondrous debt, His mer - cy I can ne'er for - get.

Cromie.

Up - on the dark cross, in sor - row and pain,  
Up - on the dark cross, in sor - row and pain.

The Saviour was nailed, our pardon to gain;  
The Saviour was nailed, our pardon to gain;

Up - on the dark cross, the Father's dear Son  
Up - on the dark cross, the Father's dear Son.

Treasury of Helvetica Singers, 1918.
Upon the Cross. Concluded.

I. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Holy in the
2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee, casting down their
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hides Thee, though the eye of
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall

Morning our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, holy, holy!
Glittering crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and Seraphim
Sinful man thy glory may not see; On high Thou art holy,
Praises thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Holy, holy, holy!

Merciful and mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Fall ing down before Thee, Which art, and was, and there is none beside Thee, Perfect in pow'r, in
Merciful and mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Rally now (Rally now), one and all (one and all), Thus the blessed Lord's command, dare you longer die stand. When his precious blood has need and grace, last once for your coming wait, Souls are daily sicking doubts and fear, night will soon be drawing near, Nobly, bravely strive to

ransomed you from death and night. And you are dependent on Him still for down to endless misery. Will you not in love and mercy help them help the Saviour's kingdom come. Go with boundless faith and bring the lost and

Me and light! Rally now (Rally now), one and all (one and all). Show your way home! Rally now (Rally now), one and all (one and all). Christ Him

No. 160. Rally Now.

Katharyn Bacon.

Gen. W. Bacon.
Rally Now. Continued.

col-ors, oh! be true, con-se-crare yourselves a new, Trust-ing en-ly
faith-ful on the field, ner-or to the foe they'll yield, They are read-y,
self will go be-fore, faith-ful he till life is o-ver, And be-yond the

in his strength, go forth with hope to-day, Where-ev-er He may call, be
will-ing for their Sav-iour's sake to die, Ra-ly, and un-ited, all the
tri-al, toll and din of earth-ly strife, To each un-ter-ror He will

Chorus.

read-y to o-bey, Ra-ly now,
boats of wrong de-fy.
gives a crown of life.
Christian soldiers, for your Sav-iour ra-ly now,

All the dearest tise of life for-sak-ing,

Un-to seal for Christ at last be wak-ing.

Un-to seal be wak-ing.
Rally Now. Concluded.

One and all, Rally now,
no long-er tarry, gladly pay your ear-nest vow;

Bear the mes-sage till the cap-tives Bear the
Christian sol-diers, for your fav’ring ra-ly now,

shall be free,
un-til the cap-tives of each na-tion, Till they shall free

Rally now with joy and march to vic-tor-y.

sin and death be free,
Rally now with joy and sing-ing.

price-less souls to Je-sus bring-ing, Rally now and march to vic-to-ry!

W. A. W. W. A. Williams.

1. There's a land that waits above For the heirs of grace and love, Where the Saviour
2. You can walk the narrow way That leads to the land of day, Thro' the mercy
3. If you long to reach that land, You with Christ have met and stood, Crowned, released and

and the happy angels dwell; O no sorrow, death and sin To that
and the grace of Christ alone; Trusting fully in his pow'r, O get
faithful to the blessed Lord; Though the way is rough and dim, If we

land can enter in. And no loved ones there again shall say fare-well! read-y for the hour, When in judgment all must stand around the throne!
duly follow Him, At his coming we'll receive a great reward.

Chorus.

Christ invites you To the happy land where strife is
Christ to-day invites you, What so everbrightens you, o'er;

O be saved and live there forevermore! where strife is o'er;

Forever more!
No. 162. Rest in Heaven.  W. Henry Queen.

Mrs. M. E. McIver.

died to set me free (to set me free). And prepared a home in
heaven (home in heaven) Of o-ter-nal rest for me (sweet rest for me);
2. Rest in heav-en, cit-y glo-rious (cit-y glo-rious), With its
streets of shin-ing gold (of shining gold), Where the an-gels and re-
loved ones gone before (yes, gone before), Where we'll feel the king to-
part ing word to say (one word to say); Oh! there'll be no pain or
faded less crown to wear (a crown to wear); Oh! I'll praise my King for

3. Oh! I long for rest in heav-en (rest in heav-en). With my
4. Rest in heav-en, where I'll never (where I'll never) Have one
5. Rest in heav-en, spot-less raiment (spot-less raiment). And a

Crescendo.

There is rest, sweet rest in heav-en, That bright, happy home a-bove, And no sin, or death can
There is rest, rest in heav-en,

That bright, happy that home a-bore, And no sin

Property of W. Henry Queen, 1855.
Rest in Heaven. Concluded.

No. 163. I Will Follow.

J. Hanton Smith.

1. Looking on ly with eye of faith a long the narrow way, I will fol low
2. In the ra di ance of his love the same for ev er more I will fol low.
3. It is joy to a day when Christ within the heart doth reign, I will fol low.
4. As my Lead er, ac cept ing Christ, the on ly faith ful One, I will fol low,

in the footsteps of my Lord; Safely keep ing my wayward heart, most cor rect for I know He'll guide aright; If you long to be giv en peace you must have on where'er He bids me come; Dal ly plead ing for grace a gough my cross ne'er making his ex am ple mine, Till my pil grim age o'er, I rest bey ond the

D. S. - He a lone can re veal the course my wayward
Fine. Chorus.

I pray, Let me in ter, hop ing not to gain re ward.
known be fore, On ly do the deeds most pleasant in his sight. I will fol low
the di sa ble, Know ing, If I trust Him, I shall nev er roam.
set ting sun, Ev er hap py in his presence so di vine.

foot should take, If I reach at last the hap py, gold en land.
D.S.

in the way, Lead ing to the land of day, I will fol low will ing ly his guiding hand;

Proprietor of J. Hanton Smith, 1875.

KATHRYN BACON.

1. On the judgment day, at the Lord's command.
2. On the judgment day, shall our tears be riven?
3. On the judgment day, what a joy 'twill be,

We shall all rise, from the sea and land.
For the lost must leave, all the joys of heaven.
When he shall unchain, by the crystal sea;

When before his throne, we in terror stand,
But a spotless robe, shall the pure be giv'n.
With all sorrows o'er, thro' eternity.

Shall He say, "Deport ye for aye" or, "Repair to endless day ( affiliates to endless day)?"
On his name, oh! may we believe, and a golden crown receive (golden crown receive).
We shall dwell in mansions of rest, exalt praise with the blast (praises with the blast).

CHORUS.

On the judgment day, when the saints in white,
Oh! redeem us now, blessed Lord, we pray.

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Round the throne of God shall in praise un -nite,
That our souls be pure on that judgment day,

Shall we join their songs, as we're welcomed there, Or be cast into
Then with heart and voice, on that golden shore, We shall praise and a

depths of dark despair (depths of dark despair)?
dare Thou ever - [O God . . . . . . . .] more (praise the ever - more).

No. 165. Rest. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. Wm. B. BRADBURY

1. A sleep in Jesus! bless'd sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A sleep in Jesus! how sweet! To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A sleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest!
4. A sleep in Jesus! oh! for me May such a blissful refuge be;

A calm and undis turbed repose, Un bro ken by the last of time.
With holy counsel to sing That death hath lost its wonted sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That marks the Saviour's pow'r.
Securely shall my seat be lie, Waiting the summons from on high.
1. When you stand at the throne to receive condensation, Lost for-

2. All the talents He gave, you have idly neglected, Lost for-

3. Will you cry with the wicked in terrible anguish, Lost for-

ever, lost forever, It will then be too old how solemn the for-ever, lost for-ever, in night, Oh shall you in the

late to entreat His salvation, Lost forever, lost forever, lost forever, by the Saviour rejected, region of darkness ever anguish,

forever, lost forever on that shore. In that morning eternal, Shall you ever in darkness

hopelessly cry: "Lost forever, lost forever!" Far from forever, in night!

Lost Forever! Concluded.

all that's supernal, With the wicked to die, Lost forever... lost in sight!

No. 167. Unhappy Soul.

Katheryn Bacon.

1. Unhappy soul, a far from home, In sin and doubt, why longer roam?
2. Unhappy soul, this dark the night, Thro' Christ the Lord, there's wondrous light;
3. Unhappy soul, from heart's a-love, The Saviour looks on you with love;
4. Unhappy soul, do not delay, When Christ will bless and save today;

The Saviour calls, oh heed his voice, And make his love just now your choice! For life and death He will prepare, And every grief and burden share.
He sees your doubts, your sin and grief, And longs to give you sweet relief.
He's waiting still, salvation's free, Accept and live eternally!

Chorus.

Unhappy soul, O seek the Lord... Accept Him and believe his word...

Unhappy soul, O seek the Lord...

He'll banish all your care and woe... And peace and joy for eyes he-stow!
Will You Come?

1. See the gospel feast is spread, And the invitation given,
   Will you come, oh! will you come?
   Come to Christ today, Come to Christ today?

2. Tis the Master bids you come, He whose love is true and steady,
   Jesus is the living bread, He the manna sent from heaven.
   Will you come, oh! will you come?
   Come to Christ today, Come to Christ today?

3. Will you satiate quench your thirst At the fountain freely flowing,
   At his table there is room And the banquet now is ready,
   Will you heed Will you gladly heed
   Will you come to Christ to.

4. Who-ever will may come, Tis the Master who has spoken,
   He who loved you from the first Ev'ry blessing is bestowing,
   Will you come to Christ to.
Will You Come? Concluded.

Christ to-day? He the bread of life will day, oh! will you come to-day? Free-ly He the bread
give you, He has never turned a hungry soul a-way, then come to-day.

No. 169. To the Fountain.

J. F. C. J. F. Clarks.

1. Sin- ner, to the fountain go, And he washed as white as snow; It will cleanse from
2. 'Tis a fountain flow-ing free From the cross of Cal-va-ry; Headless sin-ner,
3. In the fountain's crimson stream There is peace and joy supreme; If you would its

Chorus.

ev-ry sin. Making pure your heart within.
why de-lay? Come for pardon while 'tis day. Sin-ner, to the fountain go, And be
blessing share. Give your life to Jesus' care.

washed as white as snow; There is room for you I know, And its wa-ters ev-er flow.
No. 170.  Come, Ye Weary.

Stella May Thompson.  J. Houston Smith.

1. Come, ye weary, to the Saviour; He a boon can give you rest, In his
mercy He has promised to sustain; Heed his words so gentle, earnest, spoken
com- ing He has watched and waited long; Why remain an outcast ev- er, sorrowing
from the hur- ling world's detaining hand; What can e'er exceed the gladness that for

Chorus.

to the sin oppressed. Trust Him and the comfort of sal- va-tion gain. Come to
at his pleading call, Drifting downward with the headless, wicked throng?
given some must know. As they start for per- iety ould the heart's-ly land! Come, ye

Chorus.

come to-day. If your soul by might-y sin is now op-
weary, come to Christ, come, ye weary, come to-day,

pressed Come, ye wea- ry, find thro' Him a per-fect rest.
is now oppressed; a per-fect rest.

Property of J. Houston Smith, 1883.
No 171.  The Old-Time Religion.

Verse 1: It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
Verse 2: It has saved our dear fathers, It has saved our dear fathers,
Verse 3: It will lead me to Jesus, It will lead me to Jesus,
Verse 4: It will do when I'm dying, It will do when I'm dying,
Verse 5: It will take us to heaven, It will take us to heaven.

Coda: 'Tis the old-time religion, 'Tis the old-time religion.

It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me!
It has saved our dear fathers, And it's good enough for me!
It will lead me to Jesus, And it's good enough for me!
It will do when I'm dying, And it's good enough for me!
It will take us to heaven, And it's good enough for me!

'Tis the old-time religion, And it's good enough for me!

No. 172.  Bethany.

Verse 1: Ne'er, my God, to Thee, Ne'er to Thee! Even tho' it be a-cros
Verse 2: Thou like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
Verse 3: There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
Verse 4: Then with my waking thee, Frequent with thy praise, Out of my stormy griefs
Verse 5: Or if, on joy-ful wing, Clearing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D.S.-Ne'er, my God, to Thee,

Fine.

D.S.

That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Ne'er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Ne'er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; Angels to beck-on me, Ne'er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Ne'er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Ne'er, my God, to Thee,

Ne'er to Thee!
No. 173.  
Let Us Work.

Sylvia Lee.  
Geo. W. Bacon.

1. In our Saviour's might for the cause of right, Let us work from dawn till set of sun, Putting self aside and all that would us retard from service true; God, Ready for his sake to toil wherever the voice of need may call, And for Christ who died to ransom us we should ever faithful be.

2. Let us work to-day, as we watch and pray, Servants of the true and living God, Ready for his sake to toil wherever the voice of need may call, And for Christ who died to ransom us we should ever faithful be.

3. Let us work, work, work, not a duty shirk, For on us a victory may depend, What so ever the cost, seeking for the lost, Holding them believing on Christ, the One coming wrong, pressing on with song In the paths of duty that He with heart and hand let us bravely stand By our Saviour 'till life shall end.

4. Let us work, work, work, not a duty shirk, For on us a victory may depend, Sustaining with delight whatever task that our hands may find to do; Knowing that in love and tender care He is keeping watch over all till the crown of life, for his true friends, we shall wear eternally.

\[\text{Chorus}\]

Let us work, work, work, ever work For our Saviour and his work, work, work.
Let Us Work. Concluded.

Come, giving Him our best, thinking not of rest,
work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work,

Daily pressing onward with a will, All his blessed precepts to fulfill,

Let us work, work, work, ever work, And obey ... his holy
work, work, work, work, work,

Love, ... till His bids us come ... to the happy home, Where 'mid
work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work,

Glorious scenes of joy and light, In his praise we shall ever unite.
No. 174. Death is Coming.

Ada Leith.

S. W. Bacon.

1. 'Mid the lur- ing scenes of pleasure, oft- en we for-get Death is com- ing.
2. Thy' you count your wealth by millions, there is no es-cape, Death is com- ing.
3. At the Fa- ther's bidding, in the great ap-pointed hour, Death is com- ing.
4. Car- less sin- ner, do you trem- ble at the solemn thought Death is com- ing.

ev- ry soul to claim; If your heart is giv'n to Je- sus, there'll be no re-gret ev- ry soul to claim; Let the grace- ous Ho- ly Spir- it in your ex- istence shape, ev- ry soul to claim; Ex- sent- ly, with tra-gic mile and swift, ex- er-cising pow'r ev- ry soul to claim; If you spurn sal- va-tion, ruthless deeds will count for night.

Con- cerns.

Death is com- ing ev- ry soul to claim. Death is com- ing.
Death is com- ing ev- ry soul to claim.
Death is com- ing ev- ry soul to claim.
Death is com- ing ev- ry soul to claim. ev- ry soul to claim. ev- ry soul to claim. ev- ery soul to claim. ev- ry soul to claim.

Christ has told... us... But the hour no mor- tal o'er shall told us, Christ has told us.

know... Death is com- ing... Christ has told... shall ev- er know; com-ing, death is com-ing; told us,
Death is Coming. Concluded.

Christ has told us,

shall bring you won.

No. 175. I'm Lost.


1. Too long I have wait-ed to turn from my sin, The day of sal-va-tion is o'er;
2. No hope do I cher-ish beyond the dark grave Of dwin-ling in endless de-light;
3. The spir-it, long grieve-d, be read pleding with me, For ne'er to its voice would I yield;
4. I knew I can mer-it no mer-cy or grace, For freely I wound-ed my Lord,

No longer I hope life a-ter-nal to win, I know that I'm lost ev-er-more.

I'm lost, for I've spurn-ed Him who only call me, A sin-ful night, bright and night.
My soul and in-dif-ference, the pur-don was free, My dose I for-ev-er have sealed.
And ban-ished to death with the lost of the race, Shall be my a-ter-nal re-war-d.

Chorus.

When I the dark wa-ters have crossed, I'll pay for my fol-ly the cost; I'll pay for my fol-ly the cost;

In end-less despair, my choice I must bear, For-er-er and ev-er I'm lost; For-er-er and ev-er I'm lost.

Property of Geo. W. Haven, 1866.
No. 176.  To Thy Father Return.

1. On the banks thou hast fed, While thy Father hast becalmed art waiting

2. Since He's bidding thee come To the shelter of home, Will thou longer de-

3. Wit thou long'er re-main, Let his watching be vain? Since his blood was the

share In his dwelling so fair, To thy Father return, O thou lay, And the pen-
price, In a non will suf-fice, To thy Father return, prod-igal one!

He is calling thee in From the Thy's substance is spent, If thou'd
O thou prod-igal one! Turn thy face to the light, Leave the
desert of sin, Thou hast wandered too long With the des-o-late there, To thy Fa-
son-ly re-pent, And thy wanderings cease, He thy soul will re-lease,
regions of night, Still remember'ring his love That will loyal e'er pro-

their re-turn, O thou prod-igal one! To thy Father return,

O thou prod-igal one!
To Thy Father Return. Concluded.

Coda.

To thy Father return, He is longing to

To thy Father return, tenderly welcome thee back, to the fold, welcome thee back to the heavenly fold,

'Tis the only safe place; All thy footsteps retrace, 'Tis the only safe place; All thy footsteps retrace,

It will comfort thy heart, just this smile of true love, To be smile of true love,

hold, To thy Father return, smile of love to be held, To thy Father return.
No. 177.  Coronation.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall! Hail Him who saves ye by his grace,
3. Hark, hark, whose love can raise them! The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
4. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter-riss-trial hall, To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe.
5. Oh! that with yonder sword things We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all, Hail Him who saves ye by his grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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No. 178.  There Is a Fountain.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Draw near and sinners come, And cleanse the soul within the pool.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' not as he.
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the sons of God.
4. For grace by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing words supply, Redeeming love he best by them.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to run, Thro' this poor hapless, torn ing tongue.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way,
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies e' Hammond in the grave, Lies e' Hammond in the grave, Lies e' Hammond in the grave.
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