



Gospel Songs of Grace and Glory.

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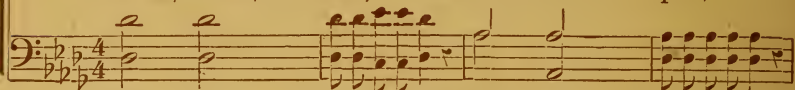
Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. *With expression.*

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen- tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.



I am safe when by thyside. I would in thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.



I stray;

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the way.

GOSPEL SONGS

❧ ❧ OF ❧ ❧

GRACE and GLORY.

EDITED BY

W. S. WEEDEN, LEONARD WEAVER
and J. W. VAN DE VENTER

WITH

Contributions, Old and New, from Many of the
Most Widely Known Song Writers
and Composers.



PUBLISHED BY THE

SEBRING PUBLISHING CO.,

441 Pearl St., New York City, N. Y.

PREFACE.

IN compiling "**Gospel Songs of Grace and Glory**," the editors have kept in mind the fact that all Evangelists and aggressive Christian workers, find that in a song book, to be of permanent use in soul winning, two things at least are needed.

Music that can be sung by the masses, and words that shall set forth the Gospel Message in such a manner as to awaken response in the inner depths of the soul.

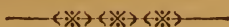
The briefest review of "**Gospel Songs of Grace and Glory**" will show that this book will meet every need for such work. Like "**Sparkling Gems**," "**Sweet as Honey**," from the "**Rock of Ages**," these songs will drop from the lips of thousands, lifting heart and thought above this sin-blighted earth to **Him** who came in **Grace** to "**bring many sons to Glory**."

We desire to acknowledge our obligations to **A. J. Showalter**, **H. N. Lincoln**, **W. A. Ogden**, **M. L. McPhail**, and many others for their kindness shown us in our work.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

Gospel Songs of Grace *and* Glory.



1. Then Sing the Songs.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The gos - pel songs of sav - ing grace, The blessed songs of glo - ry,
2. They speak in tones of ten - der love, Of man - y sins for - giv - en;
3. They strengthen us up - on the way, And help us in our sor - row;
4. They tell us of a land of gold, Where mortals do not sev - er;

They bring sal - va - tion to the race, Pro - claim the old, old sto - ry.
They bring the pow - er from a - bove, And lift us near - er heav - en.
They fill with joy each pass - ing day, And cheer us for the mor - row.
Where saints a - bide and ne'er grow old, Where we shall live for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Then sing the songs with cho - rus grand, The songs of grace and glo - ry,

Un - til the lost of ev - 'ry land, Has heard the old, old sto - ry.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the mo - ments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay;
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long;

My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a nob - ler song;

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love;
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land!
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,

Sing On. Concluded.

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Sing on; O bliss - ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,

My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

3.

Arlington. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

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

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

Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. ii: 5.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing
 2. Some day my earthly house will fall, I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
 3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
 4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, oh, the joy when I shall wake Within the palace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see him face to face, And tell the story—sav'd by grace,
 I shall see to face,

And I shall see him face to face, And tell the story—sav'd by grace.
 I shall see to face,

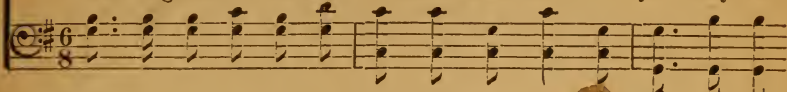
Oh, such Wonderful Love!

I. N. McHose. Alt.

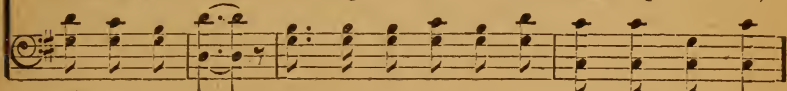
I. N. McHose.



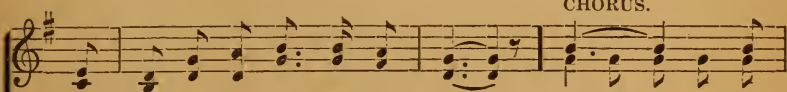
1. O the great love the dear Sav - ior has shown To shameful - ly
2. Pal - ac - es, mansions and inns had no room For Christ, who so
3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was He, But yet my Re -



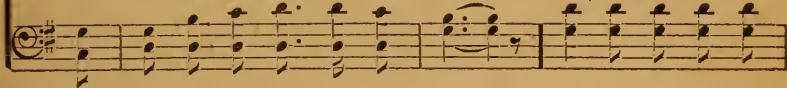
die on the tree, Leaving his sceptre and beau - ti - ful throne,
 joy - ful - ly came Down from yon heaven our path to il - lume,
 deemer and Friend, Pouring in in - fi - nite streams up - on me,



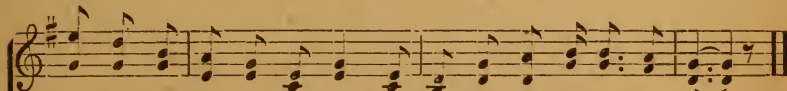
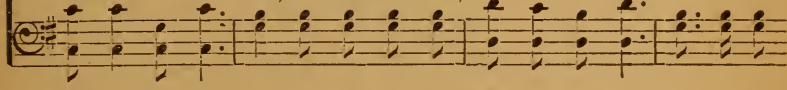
CHORUS.



To res - cue a sin - ner like me! Oh, such
 And save us from sin and from shame.
 A love that can nev - er - more end. Oh, such wonder - ful



wonder - ful love! Oh, such wonder - ful love! Je - sus, my
 Oh, such wonder - ful,



Sav - ior, left sceptre and throne, To res - cue a sinner like me.



I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 trou - bles quickly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share.
 world the vict'ry to win. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

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

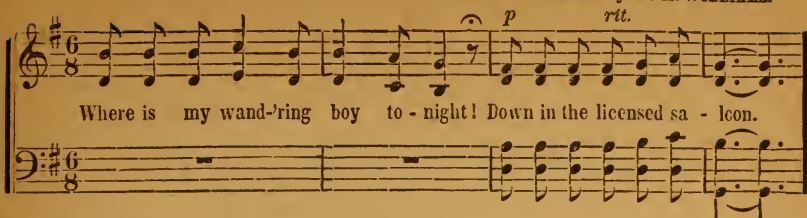
Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

Down in the Licensed Saloon.

Answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

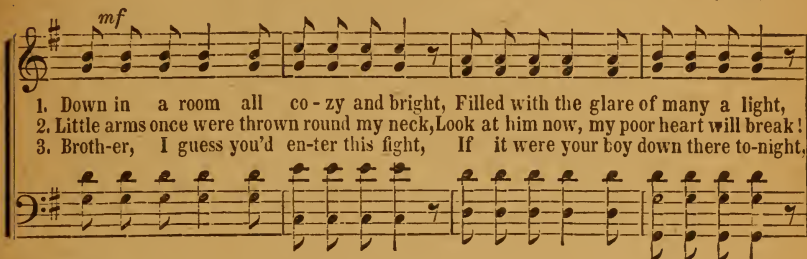
Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *rit.*



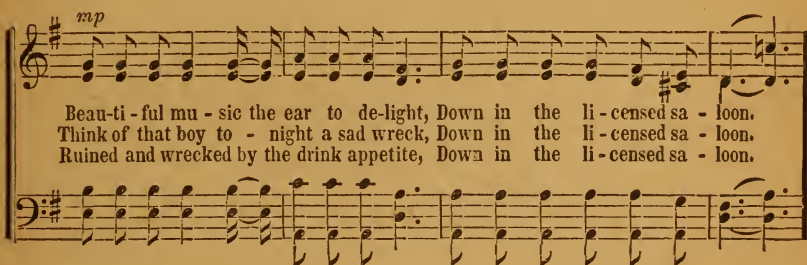
Where is my wand'-ring boy to - night! Down in the licensed sa - loon.

mf



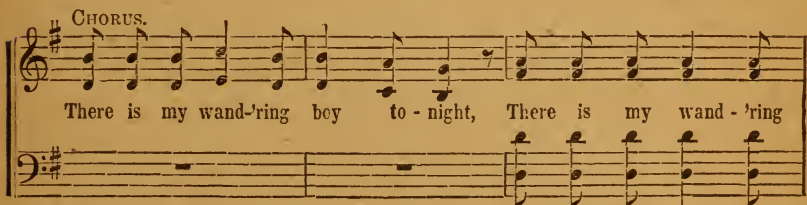
1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of many a light,
2. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break!
3. Broth-er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to-night,

mp



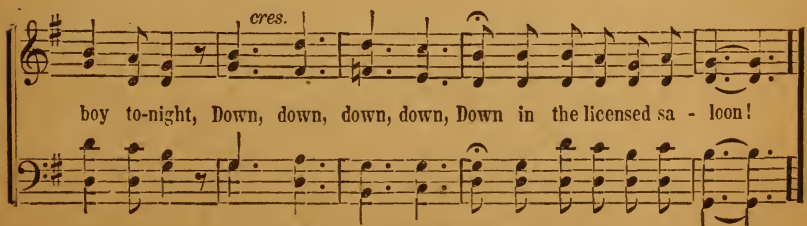
Beau-ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de-light, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.

CHORUS.



There is my wand'-ring boy to - night, There is my wand - 'ring

cres.



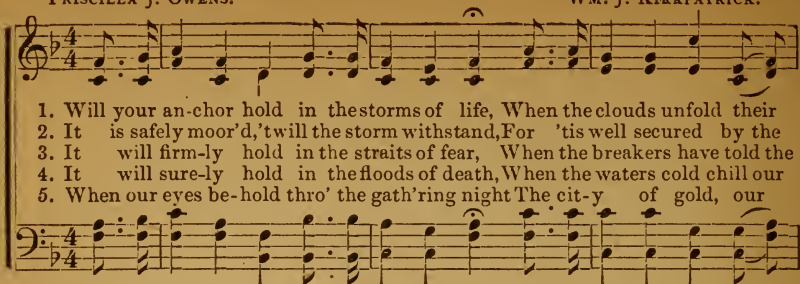
boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed sa - loon!

From "Song Jewels," by per.

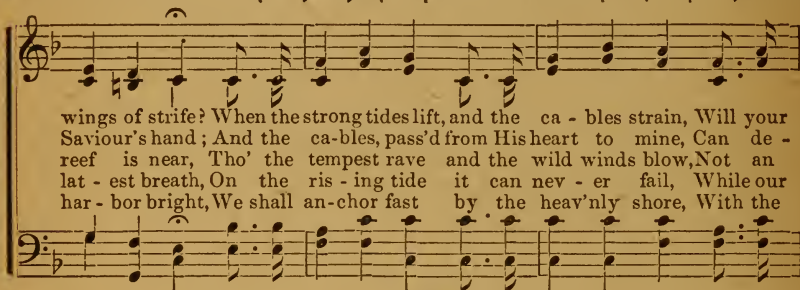
We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

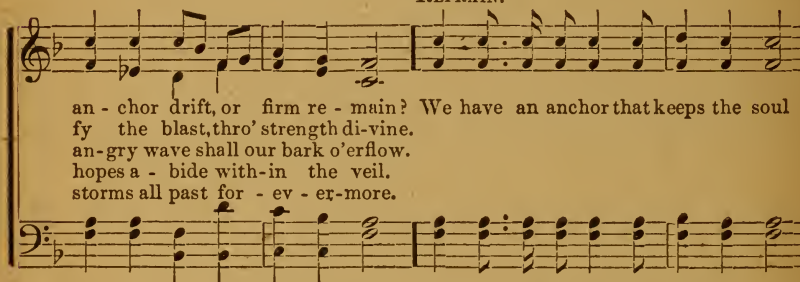


1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
 2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
 5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our

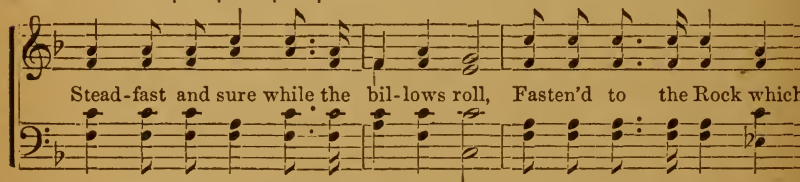


wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your
 Saviour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de -
 reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
 lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our
 har - bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the

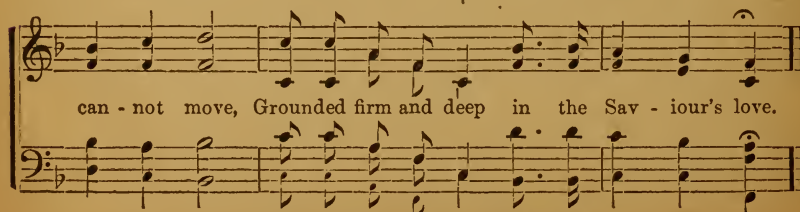
REFRAIN.



an - chor drift, or firm re - main? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
 fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
 an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 hopes a - bide with-in the veil.
 storms all past for - ev - er-more.



Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fasten'd to the Rock which



can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - iour's love.

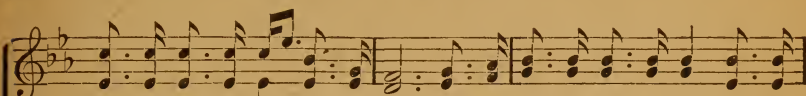
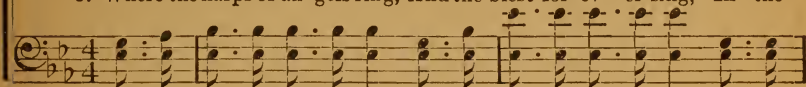
Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

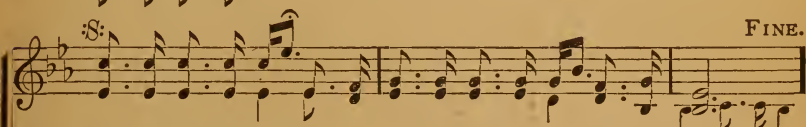
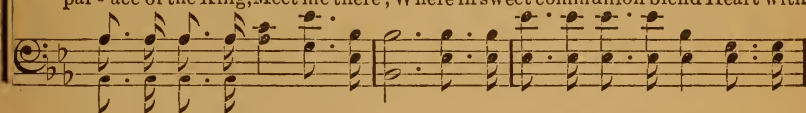
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



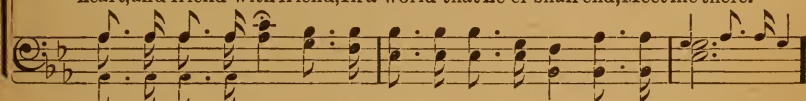
1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In-to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
 pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

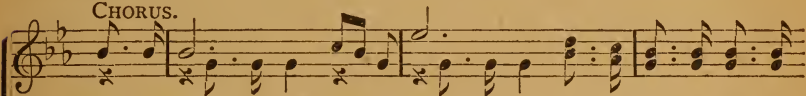


pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

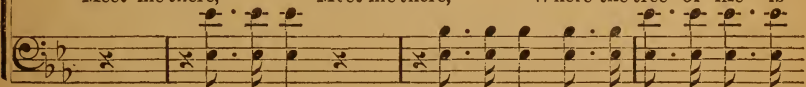


D.S.—hap-py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

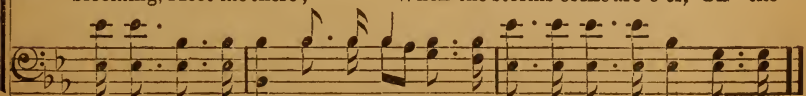
CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is



blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the

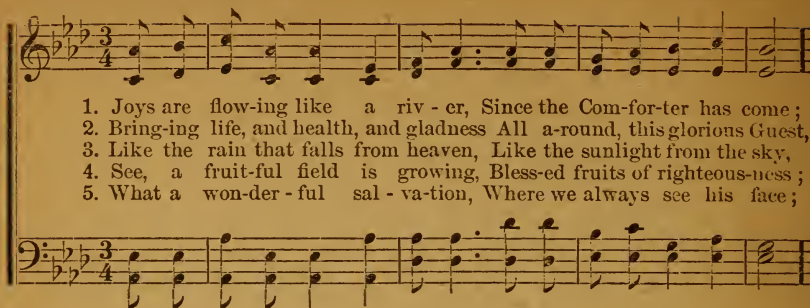


Meet me there;

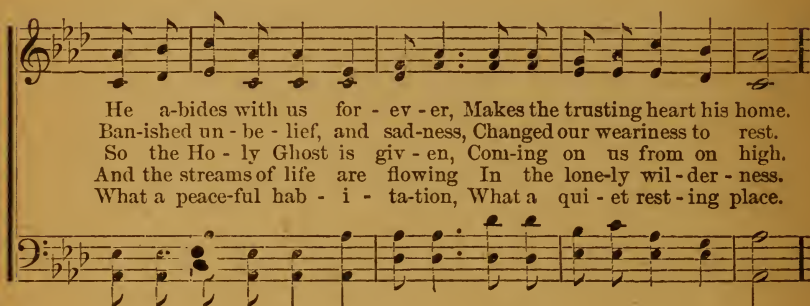
Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

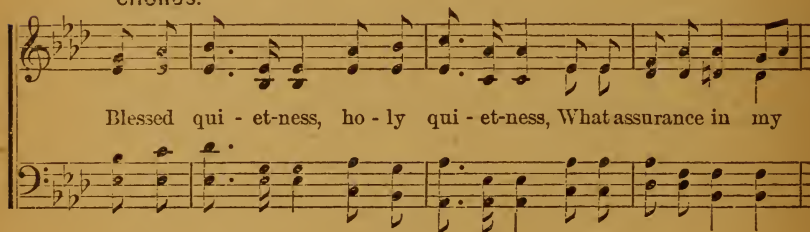


1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-for-ter has come ;
 2. Bring-ing life, and health, and gladness All a-round, this glorious Guest,
 3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
 4. See, a fruit-ful field is growing, Bless-ed fruits of righteous-ness ;
 5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we always see his face ;

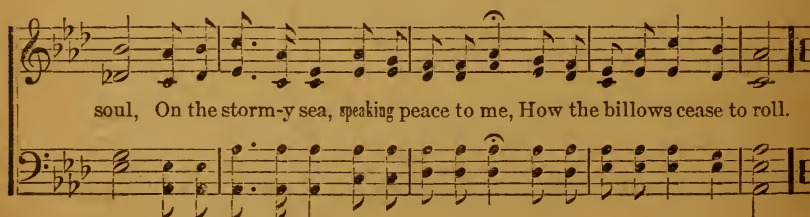


He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
 Ban-ished un - be - lief, and sad-ness, Changed our weariness to rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing on us from on high.
 And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der - ness.
 What a peace-ful hab - i - ta-tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.



Blessed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What assurance in my



soul, On the storm-y sea, speak-ing peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.

The Comforter has Come!

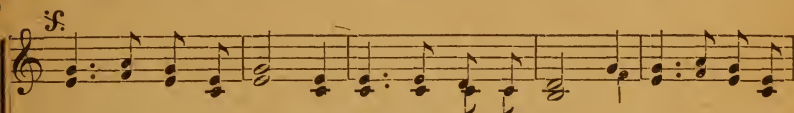
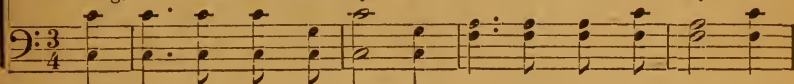
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

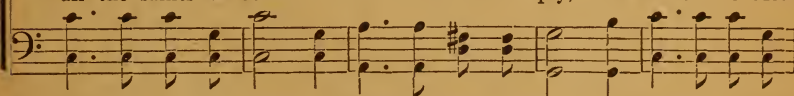
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



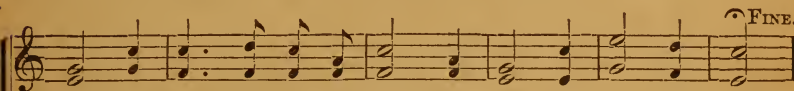
1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly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



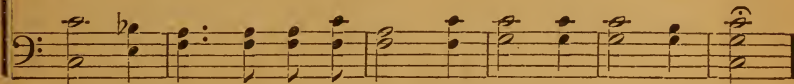
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the match - less grac'di - vine— That I, a child of
all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



D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



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



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

CHORUS.



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

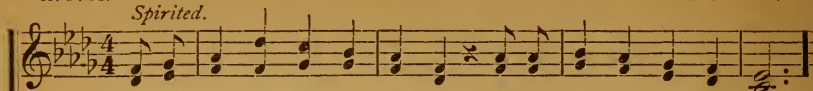


Singing all the Day.

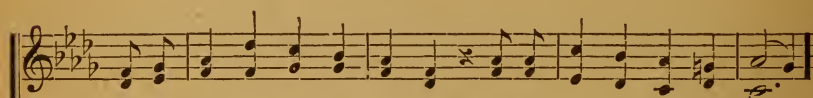
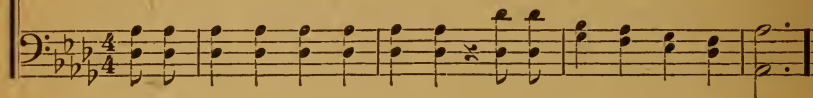
A. F. M.

Psalm 100 : 2.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

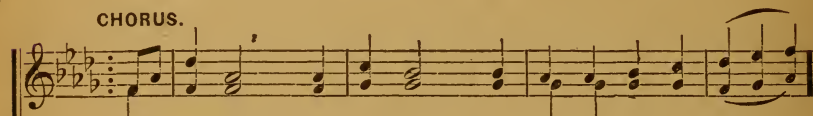
1. At my work I'm al-ways singing, Tho' the day be cold and long;
2. I will sing the bless-ed tid-ings When at work or by the way;
3. Oh, how hap-py when I'm sing-ing, How the cares do pass a-way!
4. Come to Je-sus now and serve him, With your tal-ent, time and voice;



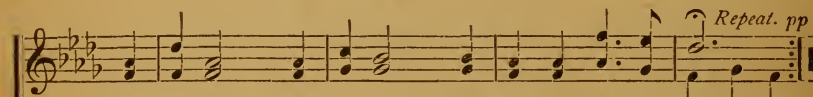
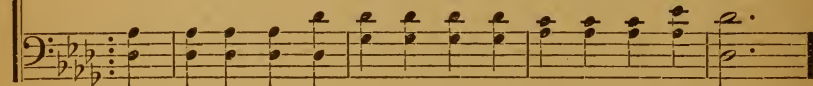
For my heart's so full of mu-sic That I can-not stop my song.
 Oh, the world shall ring with mu-sic! For I'm sing-ing all the day.
 And the moments swift-ly pass-ing, For I'm sing-ing all the way.
 Sing the bless-ed, glo-rious tid-ings, Till the earth shall all re-joice.



CHORUS.



I'm sing-ing, (yes) I'm sing-ing, (yes) I'm singing all the day,



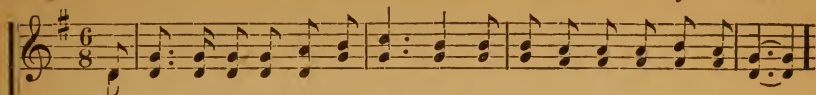
I'm singing, (yes) I'm singing, (yes) I'm singing all the day. (the day.)




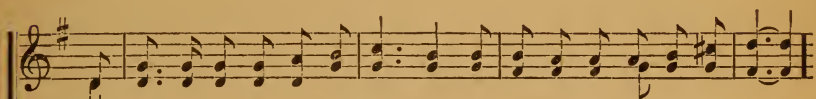
13. I'll Cast all my Care Upon Jesus.

MRS. F. A. BRECK.

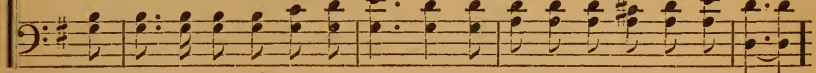
J. H. BURKE.



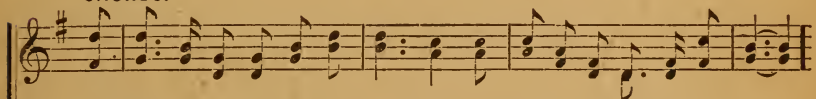
1. O why should I car - ry my sor - rows, Or faint un - der bur - dens of care,
 2. O why should I yield to temp - ta - tion, Or fear that some e - vil may harm,
 3. O why should my journey be drear - y While Je - sus my Shepherd will be?
 4. O why should I ev - er be lone - ly, With Je - sus my com - fort - ing Friend?


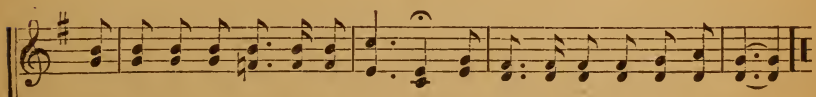
When Je - sus is will - ing to take them, And prom - ised all bur - dens to bear?
 When Je - sus is still my sal - va - tion, And gives me the strength of his arm?
 And why should I ev - er be wea - ry, When Je - sus gives rest un - to me?
 In him will I trust and him on - ly, Un - til my life - jour - ney shall end.




CHORUS.



I'll cast all my care up - on Je - sus, On him ev - 'ry bur - den I'll roll—

I'll cast all my care up - on Je - sus, Who giv - eth his peace to my soul.



J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. When we see the King of kings appear In judgment on His throne, When the
 2. When the nations of the earth shall hear The summons of the King, When the
 3. Let us work un-til the Master comes, The time may not be long, 'Till we

liv - ing and the dead in Christ a-rise, We will be a-mong the glorified; When
 saved of earth shall meet Him face to face, We will answer when our names are called, And
 see the Lord of glo - ry in the sky, When the trumpet shall awake the dead To

D. S. — When our names are read up yonder, From the

FINE.
 Je - sus calls His own, When we gath-er to meet the Sav - ior in the skies.
 praise Him as we sing Hal - le - lu - jah! for Je - sus sav'd us by His grace.
 meet the coming throng, Oh, be read-y, the judgment day is draw-ing nigh.

pages white and fair, When the gen - er - al roll is called, we'll all be there.

CHORUS. **D. S.**
 You'll be there, I'll be there, On the res-ur-rec-tion morning we'll be there;

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, O, what a Won-der-ful
 2. Je - sus, in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov-er - ty,
 3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my For-tress, my
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
 5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav - iour is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my pow'r; Life Ev - er - last-ing, my Daysman is He,
 Foun - tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com-pan-ion, where'er I may be,

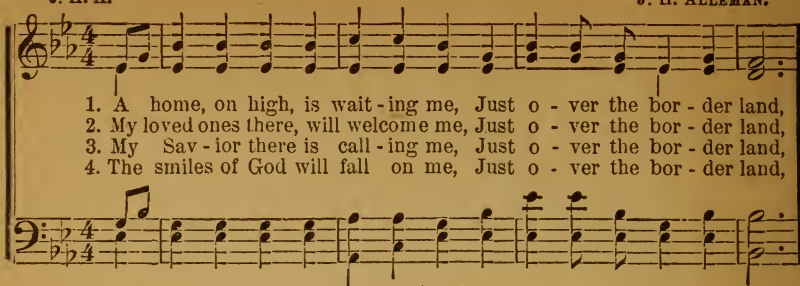
CHORUS.

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

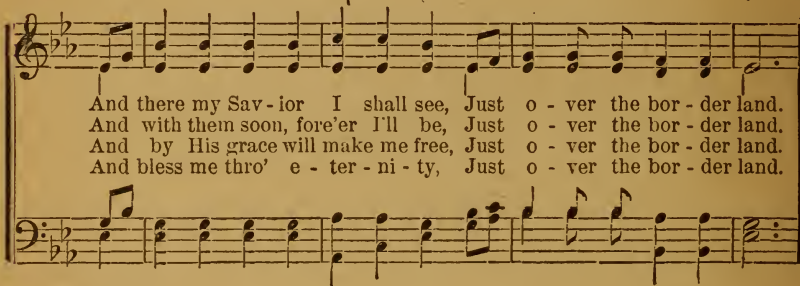
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je-sus for me.

Over the Border Land.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

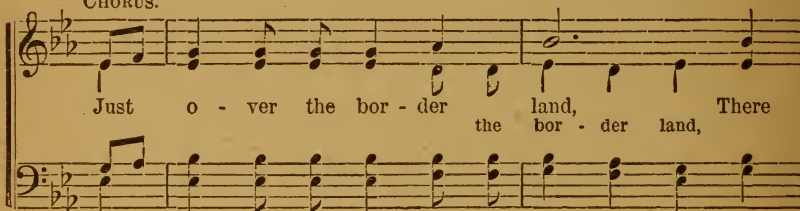


1. A home, on high, is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 3. My Sav - ior there is call - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,

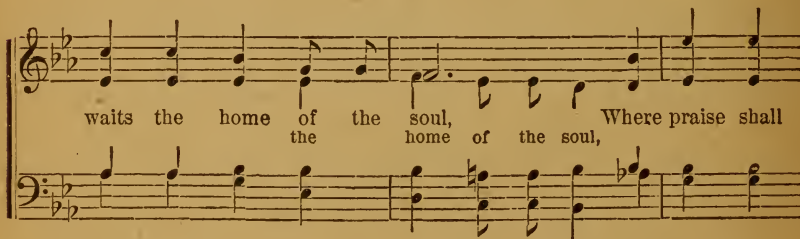


And there my Sav - ior I shall see, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And with them soon, fore'er I'll be, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

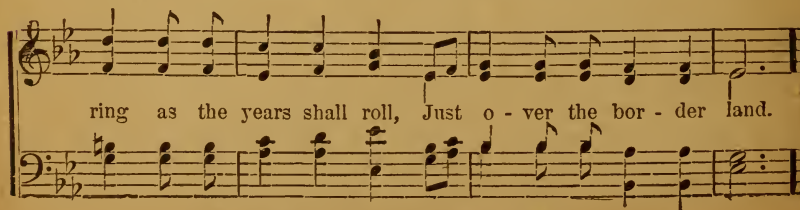
CHORUS.



Just o - ver the bor - der the bor - der land, There



waits the home of the soul, Where praise shall
 the home of the soul,



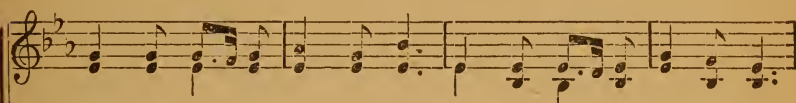
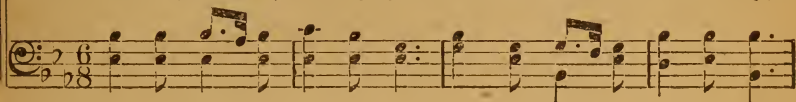
ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

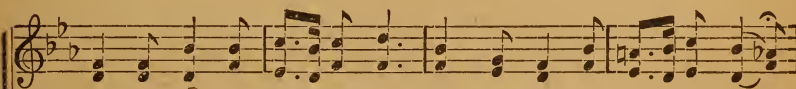
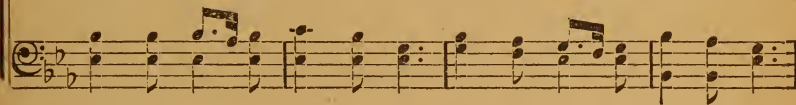
HUBERT P. MAIN.



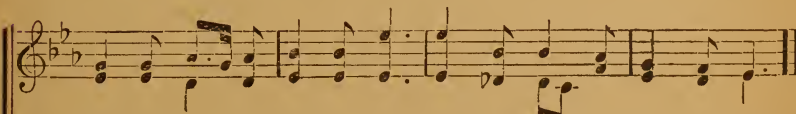
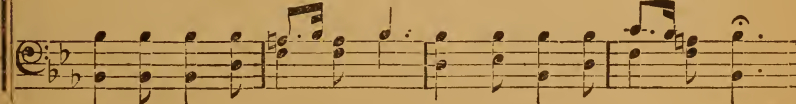
1. "Je - sus on - ly," would I know, Since He gave His life for me;
2. "Je - sus on - ly," be my plea, I've re - demp - tion in His blood;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, let my eyes On Thee feast e - ter - nal - ly;



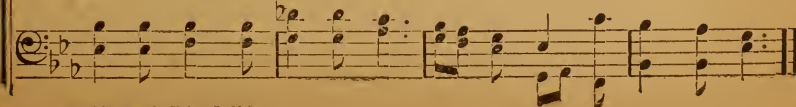
Died, the Fa - ther's love to show; Died, from sin to set me free:
 At the foot of Cal - v'ry's tree Bathed I in the crim - son flood:
 When the threat'ning clouds a - rise, To Thy shel - ter let me flee:



Loved me with a boundless love, Stretching o'er e - ter - nal years;
 Washed a - way my guilt and stain, Whit - er than the snow I am;
 Al - ways will I trust Thy grace, Nev - er storm could harm Thine own;



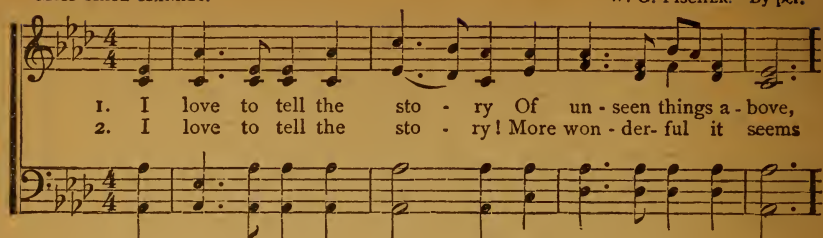
Reach - ing to the gates a - bove, Rob - bing death of all its fears.
 He it was who bore the pain, Je - sus Christ my Paschal Lamb.
 Nev - er night could hide Thy face, Safe I'll rest in Thee a - lone.



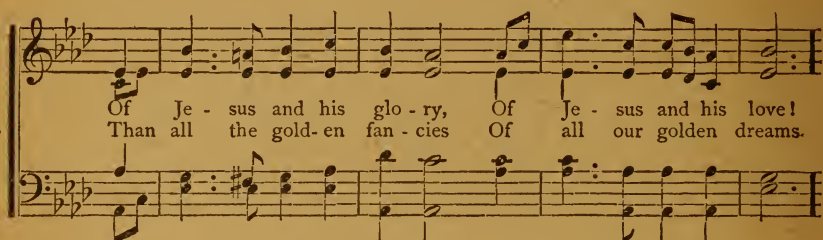
A Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER. By per.



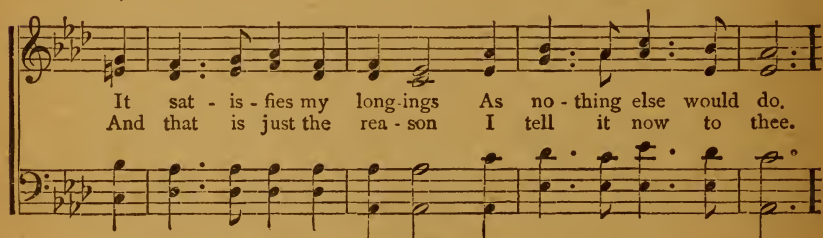
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems



Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love!
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams.

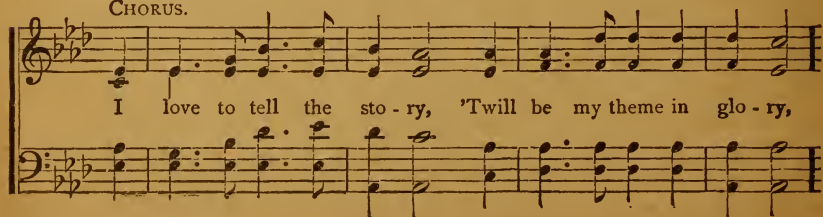


I love to tell the sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true;
I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me!



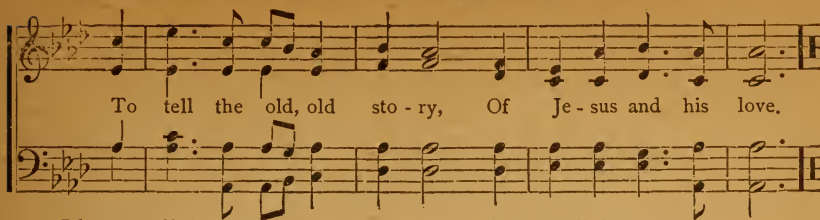
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As no - thing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.



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

A Love to Tell the Story.—CONCLUDED.



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

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

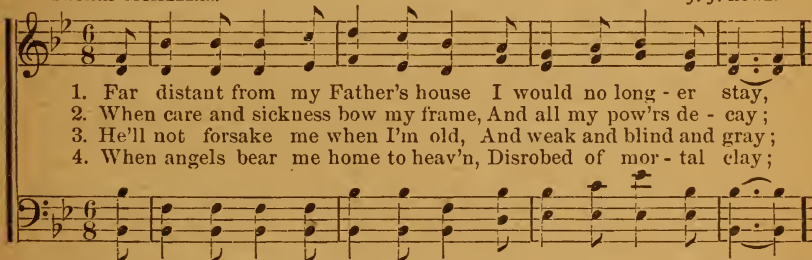
19

Sing Upon the Way.

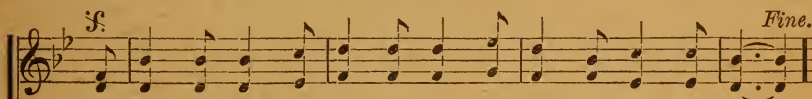
"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs."—ISA. xxxv: 10.

THOMAS MCKELLAR.

J. J. LOWE.



1. Far distant from my Father's house I would no long - er stay,
2. When care and sickness bow my frame, And all my pow'rs de - cay;
3. He'll not forsake me when I'm old, And weak and blind and gray;
4. When angels bear me home to heav'n, Disrobed of mor - tal clay;

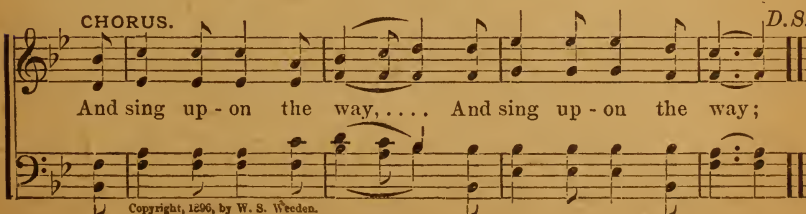


But gird my soul and hast - en on, And sing up - on the way.
I'll ask him for his promised grace, And sing up - on the way.
I'll lean up - on his faithful - ness, And sing up - on the way.
I'll en - ter in the pearl - y gates, And sing up - on the way.

D.S.—I'll gird my soul and hast - en on, And sing up - on the way.

CHORUS.

D.S.



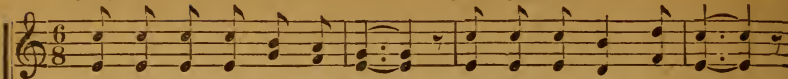
And sing up - on the way, . . . And sing up - on the way;

J. M. D.


Duet.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER, by per.

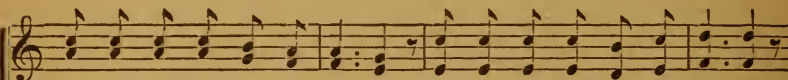
Full Chorus.



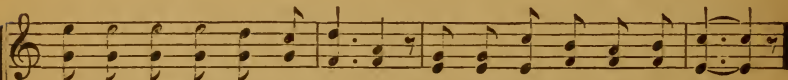
1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:



Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest

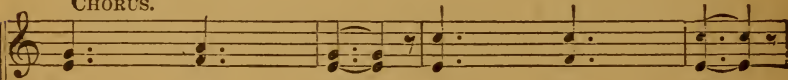


An-gels with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
 Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
 Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,



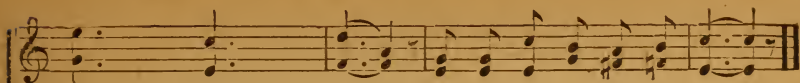
Sin-ner, oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 Singing the rapt - ur - ous cho - rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

Wonderful Story of Love. Concluded.




Won - der - ful!
 Wen - der-ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love!

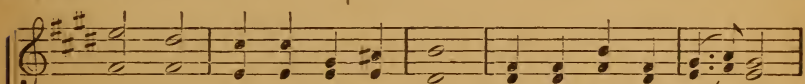
21. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.


Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

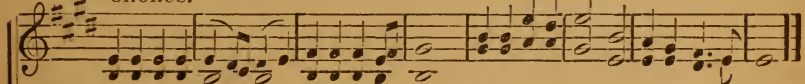


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

Ashamed of Thee.

W. W. How.

E. E. ADAMS.

1. Ashamed of thee! O dear - est Lord, . . . I marvel
 2. Ashamed of thee! my King, my God, . . . Who longs to
 3. Ashamed of thee! whose love di - vine . . . Was not a -

how . . . such wrong can be; . . . And yet how oft in deed and
 fill . . . me with his love; . . . Whose feet the way of sor - row
 shamed . . . of our lost race; . . . But in this cold, cold heart of

word . . . Have I been found a - shamed of thee. . . .
 trod, . . . To bring me to my home a - bove. . . .
 mine . . . Dost make thy home and dwell - ing - place. . . .

MALE QUARTET.

Ashamed of thee! O Lord, I pray This cru - el
 Ashamed of thee! O Lord, I pray

Ashamed of Thee.—CONCLUDED.

wrong no more may be; Then in the last
 This crn-el wrong no more may be; Then in the last
 great judgment day, Thou wilt not be ashamed of me
 great judgment day, ashamed of me.

23

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar
 Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning an thy breast,
 Chart and compass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

H. B.

Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

Andante, con espress.

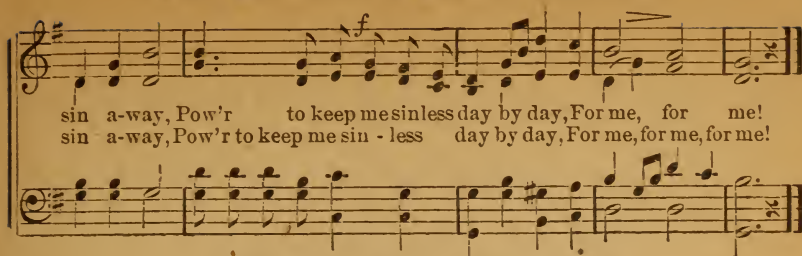
1. { Sav-ior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re - peat,
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
2. { Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a-tone,
3. { All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev-'ry promise write my name;
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

1
Stained with guilt, myself ab-hor-ring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour-ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceive - ing,

2
Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS. *mp*
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea.—Concluded.

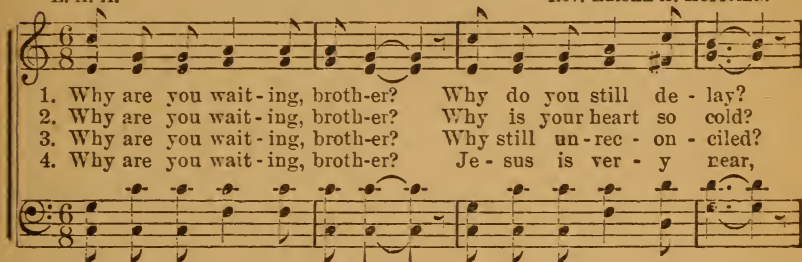


sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!
sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me, for me!

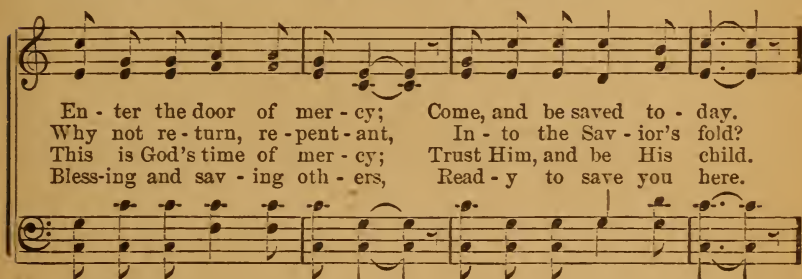
Why Are You Waiting?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

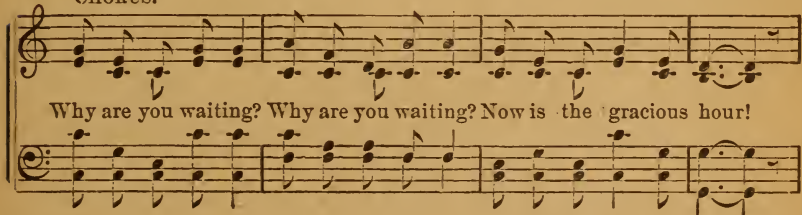


1. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why do you still de-lay?
2. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why is your heart so cold?
3. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Why still un-rec-on-ciled?
4. Why are you wait-ing, broth-er? Je-sus is ver-y near,

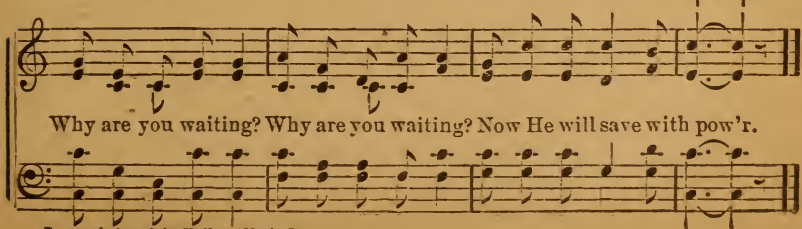


En-ter the door of mer-cy; Come, and be saved to-day.
Why not re-turn, re-pent-ant, In-to the Sav-ior's fold?
This is God's time of mer-cy; Trust Him, and be His child.
Bless-ing and sav-ing oth-ers, Read-y to save you here.

CHORUS.



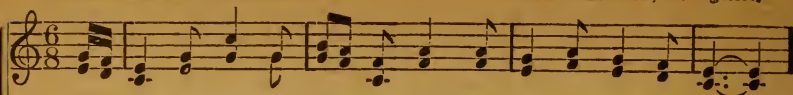
Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now is the gracious hour!



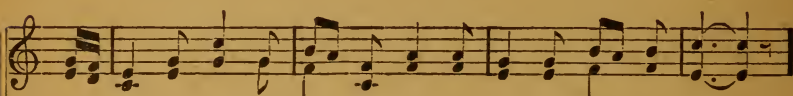
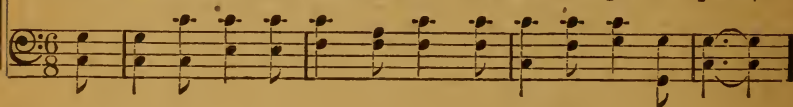
Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting? Now He will save with pow'r.

CHARLES WESLEY. Chorus arr.

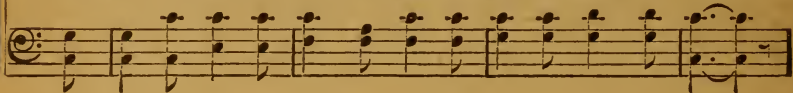
JAMES WHARTON, Evangelist.



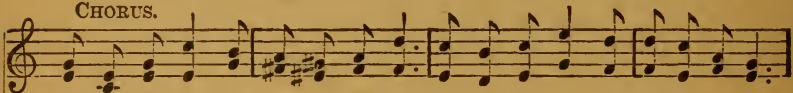
1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me and make me thus Thine own; Wash me and mine Thou art;
4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;



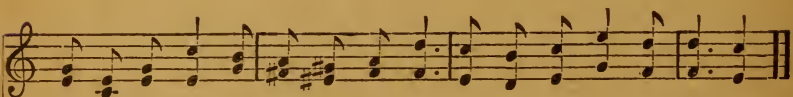
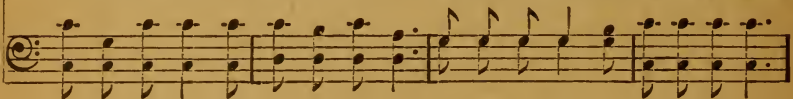
This all my hope and all my plea,—For me, the Sav - ior died.
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



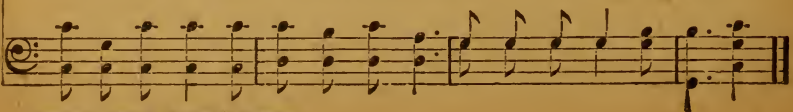
CHORUS.



Je - sus hath died, a ran - som for me, Paid the great debt on Cal - va - ry's tree,



Bringing sal - va - tion, boundless and free; Now I am His for - ev - er.

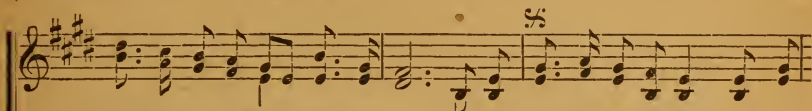
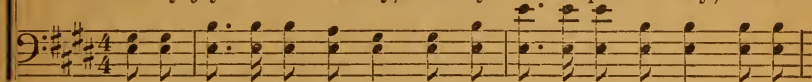


Dr. B. T. YOHE.

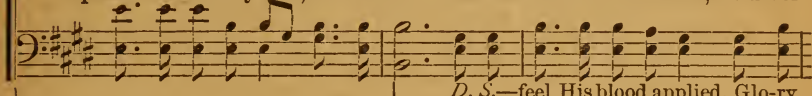
R. C. WARD.



1. There is nothing in this life That is worth the toil and strife, But to
2. If we gain the wealth of gold, And much honor, fame un-told, But have
3. Earthly joys are for a day, Earthly rich-es pass a-way; But the

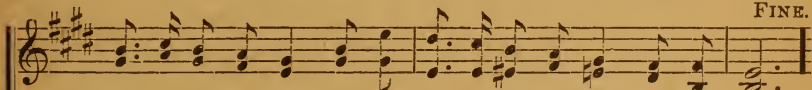


know that we are saved, sweetly saved; There is nothing that gives peace, Causing
failed to lay our treasures a-bove; He will say, "I know ye not, There is
peace that fills my soul, is to know That the love of God is sure, And for

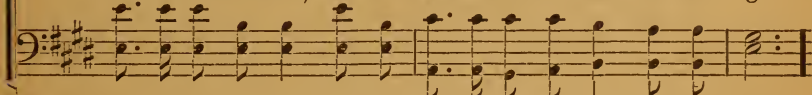


D. S.—feel His blood applied, Glo-ry

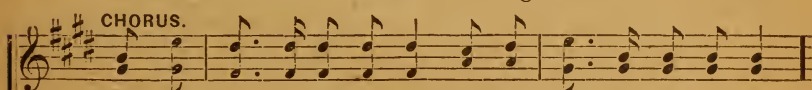
FINE.



pain and strife to cease, But to walk within the way he has paved.
nothing good you've wrought, But re-fused my offered mer-cy and love."
ev-er will en-dure, If I'm faith-ful I to Je-sus will go.



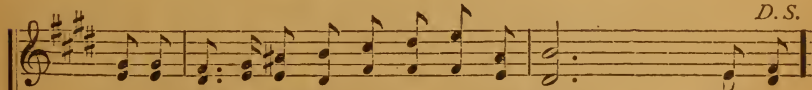
to the Cru-ci-fied! I shall live and reign with Him o-ver there.



CHORUS.
Oh, I know I'm sweetly saved, For His life He free-ly gave,



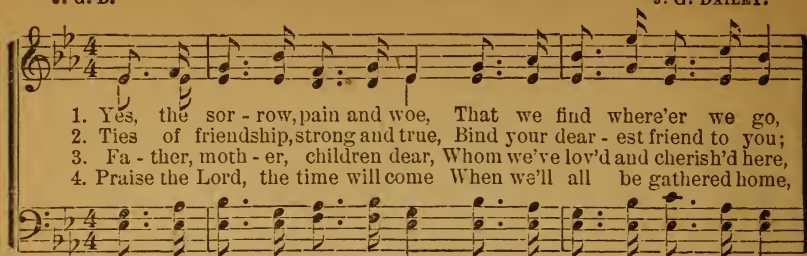
D. S.



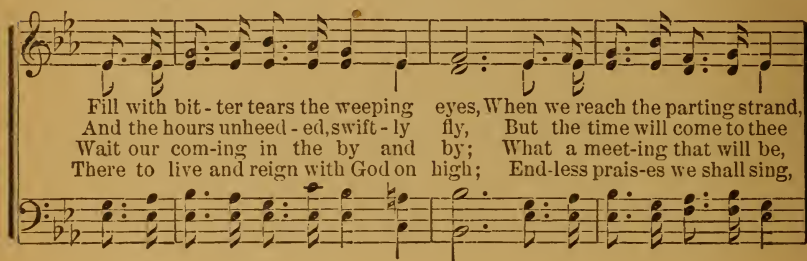
Then the life of bliss im-mor-tal I shall share; And I



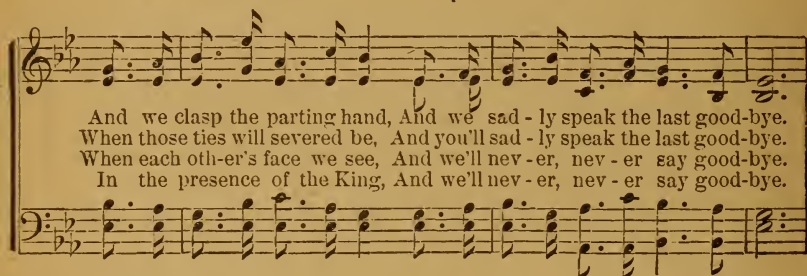
By permission.



1. Yes, the sor - row, pain and woe, That we find where'er we go,
 2. Ties of friendship, strong and true, Bind your dear - est friend to you;
 3. Fa - ther, moth - er, children dear, Whom we've lov'd and cherish'd here,
 4. Praise the Lord, the time will come When we'll all be gathered home,

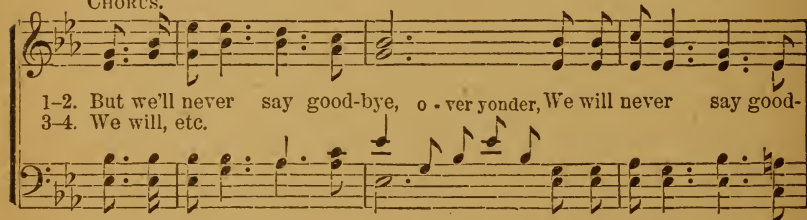


Fill with bit - ter tears the weeping eyes, When we reach the parting strand,
 And the hours unheed - ed, swift - ly fly, But the time will come to thee
 Wait our com - ing in the by and by; What a meet - ing that will be,
 There to live and reign with God on high; End - less prais - es we shall sing,

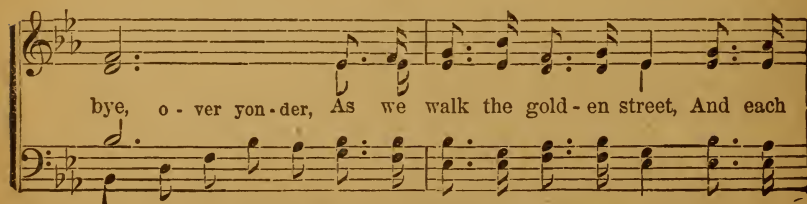


And we clasp the parting hand, And we sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When those ties will severed be, And you'll sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When each oth - er's face we see, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.
 In the presence of the King, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

CHORUS.



1-2. But we'll never say good-bye, o - ver yon - der, We will never say good-
 3-4. We will, etc.



bye, o - ver yon - der, As we walk the gold - en street, And each

We'll Never Say Good-bye. Concluded.

oth - er glad - ly greet, We will nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

29.

Farewell.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

J. KINKE. ART. by G. B.

mf Andante.

p

poco rit.

1. Fare-well! we now must sev - er, We part, but not for - ev - er; Be -
 2. Fare-well! our love we cher-ish, Af - fec-tions nev - er per - ish; But
 3. Fare well! in tears we leave you, Tho' part - ing now may grieve you; We

cres.

f

CHORUS.

- yond the vale of sor-row We'll meet again to - morrow.
 in a coun-try ver-nal A - bide with us e - ter - nal. } Farewell! fare-
 go where duties call us, What-ev - er may be - fall us. }

- well! We part in love, Fare-well! fare - well! We'll meet a - bove.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost has fal - len—The Com - fort - er is here; He
 2. The Ho - ly Ghost has fal - len—The pow - er from a - bove; He
 3. The Ho - ly Ghost has fal - len—My spir - it leaps with joy; He

fills me with His pow - er, And casteth out all fear. The bles - sed Ho - ly
 fills my soul with glo - ry, My heart o'erflows with love. Oh, wonderful the
 comes to guide and strengthen, My services employ. Oh, bles - sed Ho - ly

Spir - it, In Pen - te - cost - al flame—The loving Father sent Him in the
 blessing! The peace I feel within! Where once was pain and sorrow from a
 Spir - it! Enthroned within my soul, Remain for - ev - er in my heart and

CHORUS.

Savior's name.
 life of sin. [The Ho - ly Ghost has fallen and He fills..... me;
 keep me whole. fills me, e - ven me;

The Ho - ly Ghost has fal - len and He fills..... me; I
 fills me, e - ven me;

The Holy Ghost Has Fallen.— Concluded.

feel the mighty pow - er In pen - te - cost - al flame, Oh

glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to the Sav - ior's name!

31 We'll Work till Jesus Comes. DR. MILLER.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace. at home? }

2. { No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my my home. }

3. { 'Co Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home. }

CHORUS.

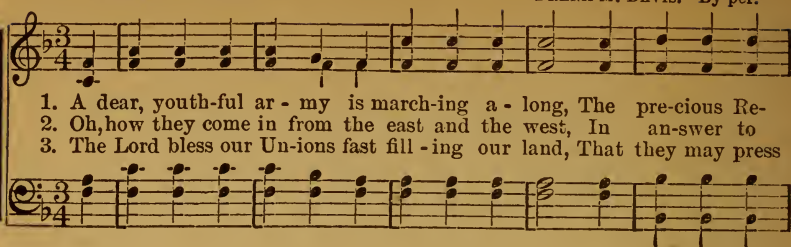
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

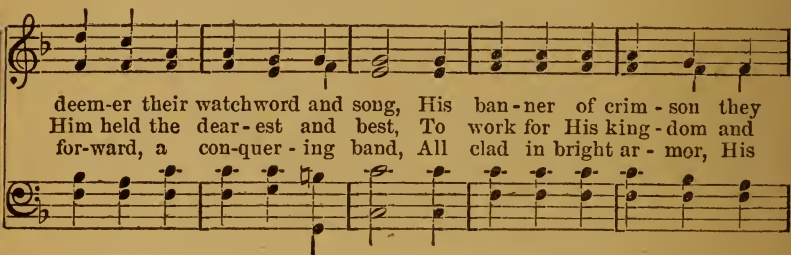
32. Marching to Conquer the World.

Mrs HARRIET E. JONES.

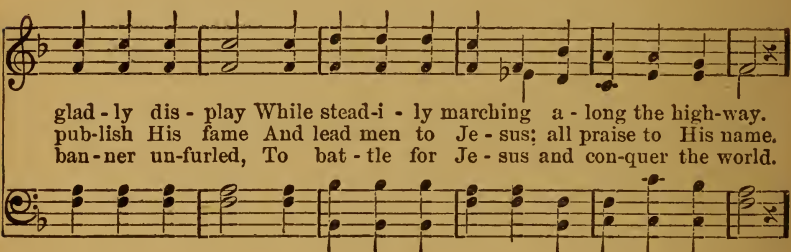
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



1. A dear, youth-ful ar - my is march-ing a - long, The pre-cious Re-
 2. Oh, how they come in from the east and the west, In an-swer to
 3. The Lord bless our Un-ions fast fill-ing our land, That they may press

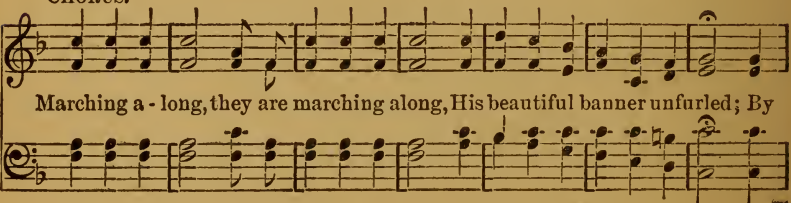


deem-er their watchword and song, His ban-ner of crim-son they
 Him held the dear-est and best, To work for His king-dom and
 for-ward, a con-quer-ing band, All clad in bright ar-mor, His

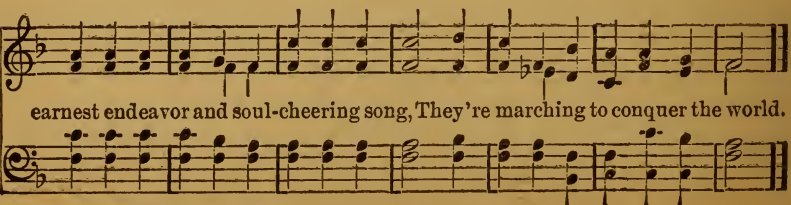


glad-ly dis-play While stead-i-ly marching a-long the high-way.
 pub-lish His fame And lead men to Je-sus; all praise to His name.
 ban-ner un-furled, To bat-tle for Je-sus and con-quer the world.

CHORUS.



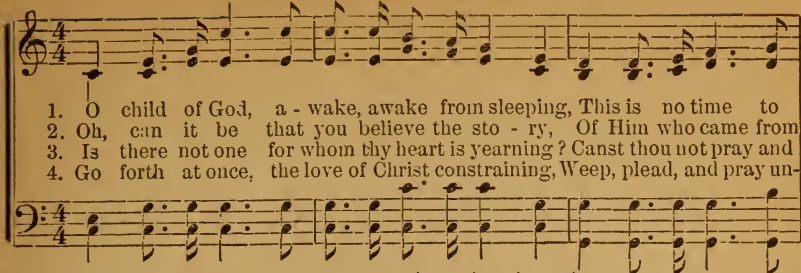
Marching a-long, they are marching along, His beautiful banner unfurled; By



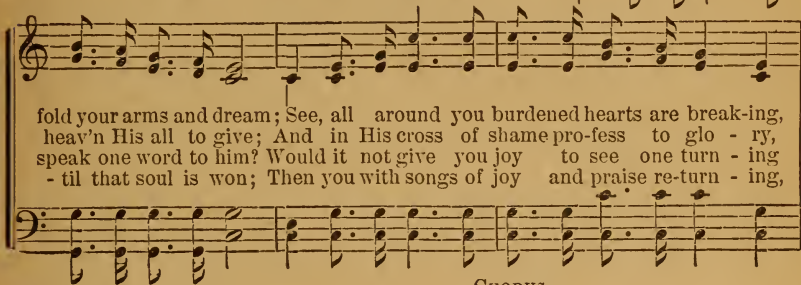
earnest endeavor and soul-cheering song, They're marching to conquer the world.

One Soul for Jesus.

Words and Music by Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER.

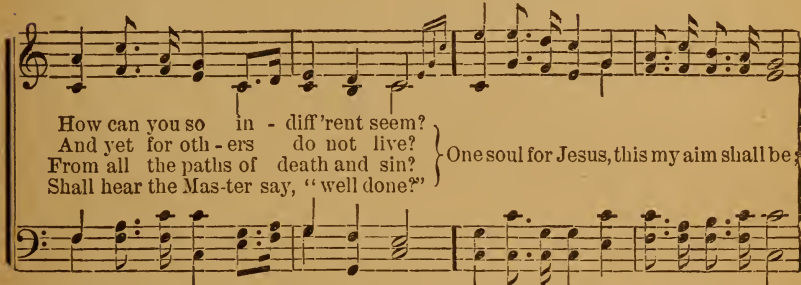


1. O child of God, a - wake, awake from sleeping, This is no time to
 2. Oh, can it be that you believe the sto - ry, Of Him who came from
 3. Is there not one for whom thy heart is yearning? Canst thou not pray and
 4. Go forth at once, the love of Christ constraining, Weep, plead, and pray un-

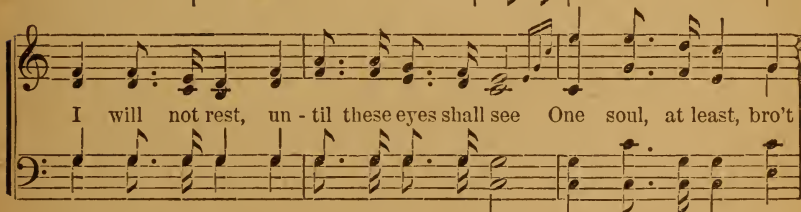


fold your arms and dream; See, all around you burdened hearts are break-ing,
 heav'n His all to give; And in His cross of shame pro-fess to glo - ry,
 speak one word to him? Would it not give you joy to see one turn - ing
 - til that soul is won; Then you with songs of joy and praise re-turn - ing,

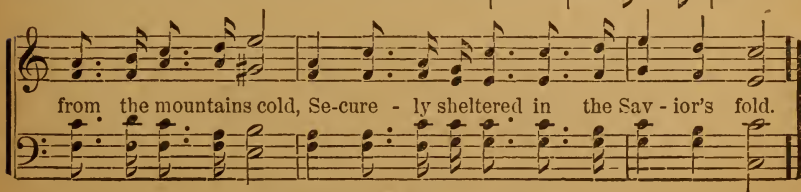
CHORUS.



How can you so in - diff'rent seem?
 And yet for oth - ers do not live?
 From all the paths of death and sin?
 Shall hear the Mas-ter say, "well done?" } One soul for Jesus, this my aim shall be.



I will not rest, un - til these eyes shall see One soul, at least, bro't

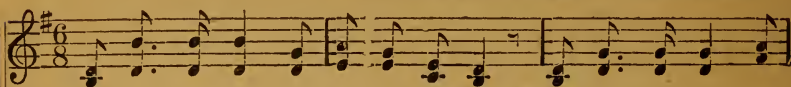


from the mountains cold, Se-cure - ly sheltered in the Sav - ior's fold.

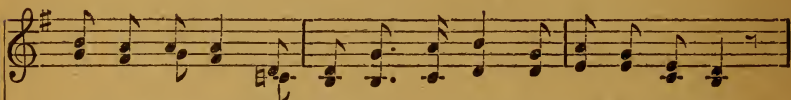
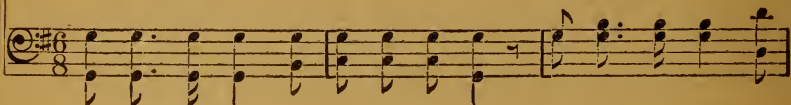
Hold Up the Light.

A number of years ago there lived a lady near Armour, South Dakota, who always kept a light in the window all night long. A neighbor asked why she did this, and she replied, "You know the way is so long from here to Mitchell and return, and your boy, or my boy, or some one may be overtaken by the darkness on these trackless prairies, and because some one may need a light, I keep one in the window."

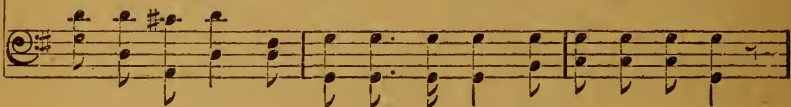
Words and Music by EMMA POWERS CRANMER.



1. Hold up the light, The way is so dark; Hold up the light, Where
2. Hold up the light, A brother is lost, Hold up the light, What-
3. May-be my boy Is out in the cold, May-be your boy Is



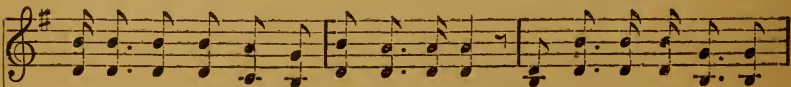
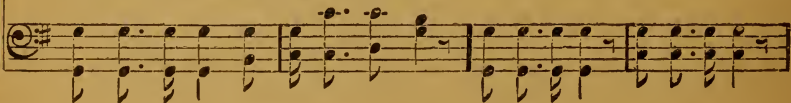
crime's left its mark. The soul, once so pure, Is now stained with sin;
 ev - er the cost; Tell him of Je - sus, The Might-y to save,
 not in the fold, Read - y to per - ish, No help with-in sight;



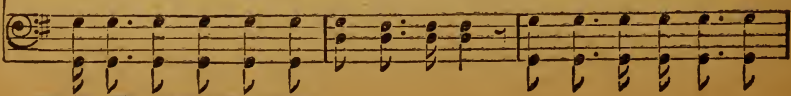
CHORUS.



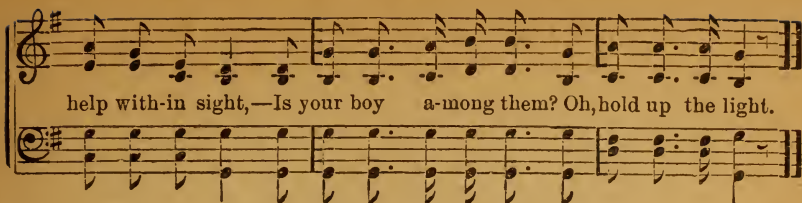
Hold up the light And gather them in. } Hold up the light, Hold up the light,
 How He was victor o'er sin and the grave. }
 Then, O my brother, Let's hold up the light.



Man-y a wan-der - er, Out in the night, Peer-ing thro' darkness, No



Hold Up the Light.—Concluded.

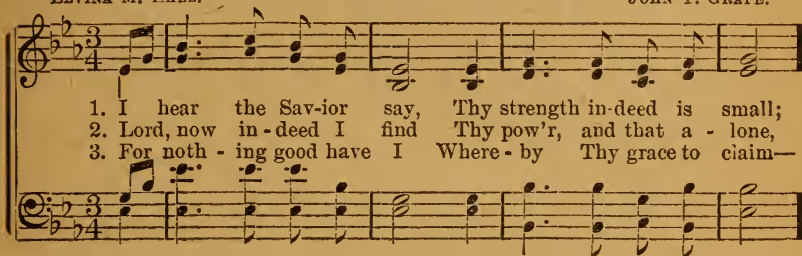


help with-in sight,—Is your boy a-mong them? Oh, hold up the light.

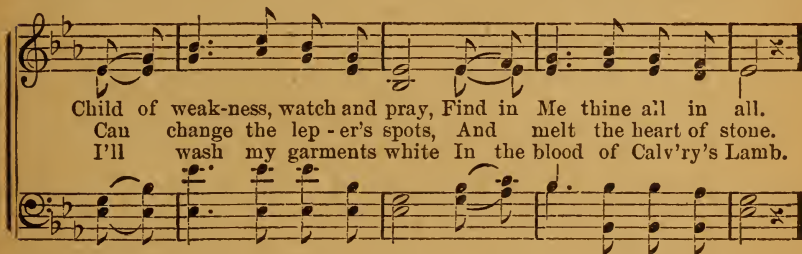
35. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

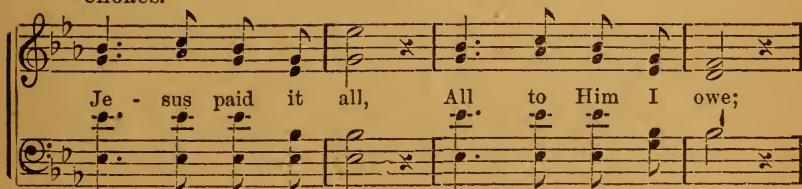


1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—

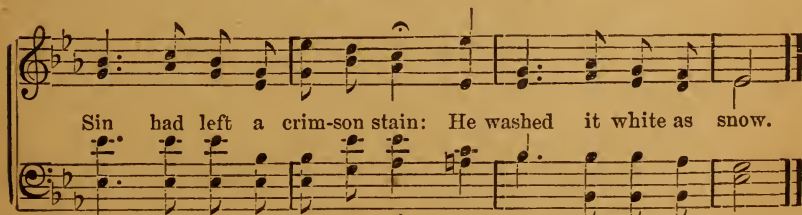


Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

CHORUS.



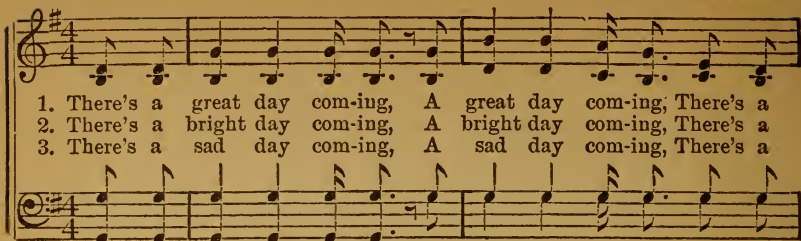
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



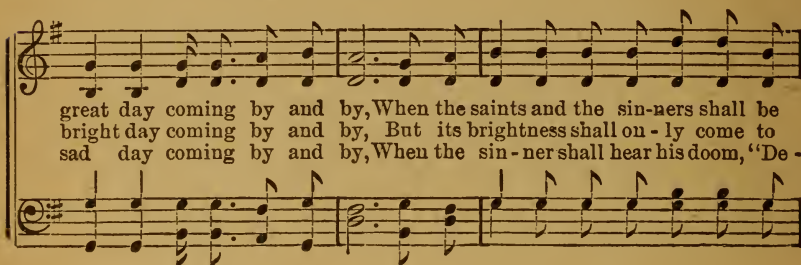
Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

4 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 Then "Jesus paid it all"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

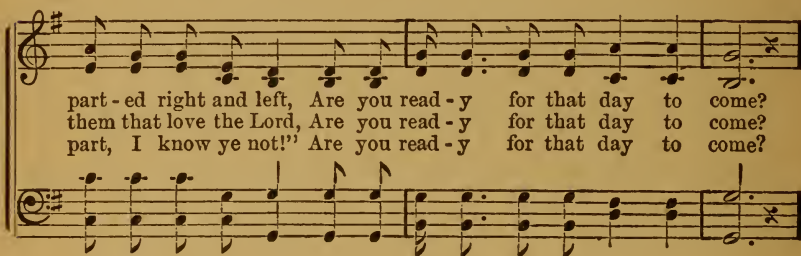
5 And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.



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

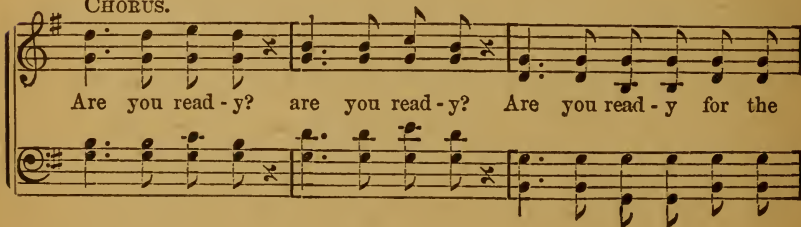


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ners shall hear his doom, "De-

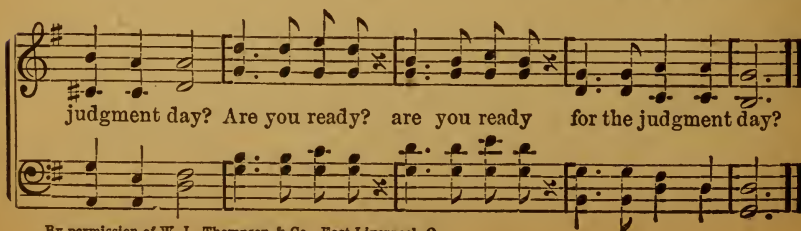


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not!" Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

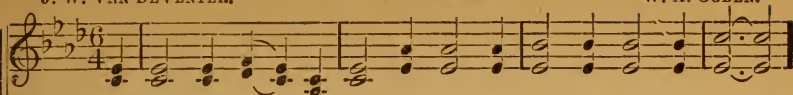


judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready for the judgment day?

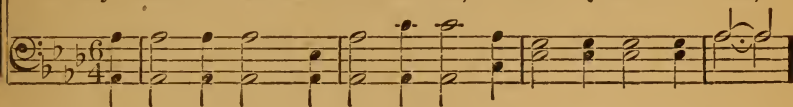
The Comforter Abides.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

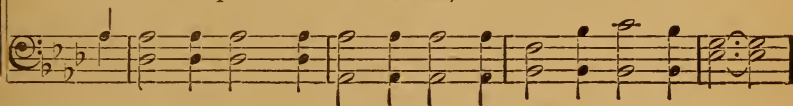
W. A. OGDEN.



1. When friends grow old and prove untrue,—The world with scorn derides,—
2. When tem-pest-tossed by surg-ing sea, When struggling with the tides,
3. When doubts ap-pear and tempt the heart, And fear with-in me hides,
4. My heart is filled with Je - sus' love, In Him my soul con - fides,



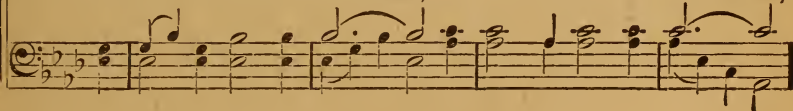
This hope re - turns to me a - new, The Com-fort - er a - bides.
There is a tho't that strengthens me, The Com-fort - er a - bides.
This heav'nly Guest does not de-part, The Com-fort - er a - bides.
And while He pleads for me a-bove, The Com-fort - er a - bides.



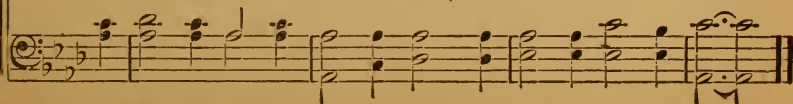
REFRAIN.



The Com-fort-er a - bides,.... The Com-fort-er a - bides,.....
abides, abides,



This hope	re- turns to me	a - new,	The Com- fort- er	a - bides.
There is	a hope that	strengthens me,	The Com- fort- er	a - bides.
This heav'nly	Guest does not	de - part,	The Com- fort- er	a - bides.
While He	a- tones for me	a - bove,	The Com- fort- er	a - bides.



I Can't Tell it All.

"Remember, you can't tell it all, the best you can do is to tell at it."

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. { Oh, I can't tell it all, of the won-der-ful love, How, when
 With a heart full of love, how He came from a - bove, Threw His
 2. { Oh, I can't tell it all, how He free - ly for - gave; How the
 O'er my lost, guilt - y soul, how it cleansed and made whole; While
 3. { Oh, I can't tell it all, what a friend He has been; How He's
 How He saves me to - day, bids the clouds chase a - way, How He

lost in my sins Je-sus found me; strong arms of mer-cy a-round me.
 blood flowed with wonderful heal - ing; low at the cross I was kneel-ing.
 borne all my sorrows, and sad - ness; turns all my mourning to glad - ness.

CHORUS.

Oh, I can't tell it all, no, I can't tell it all, But my

heart is so full of His glo - ry, That wher-ev - er I go in this

wide world be-low, I am tell-ing the won - der - ful sto - ry.

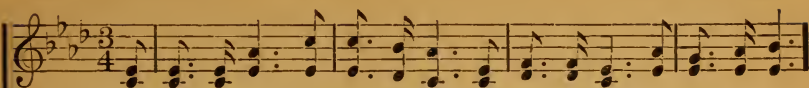
4 Oh, I can't tell it all, but His love you may know,
 You may have Him, this wonderful Savior;
 You may taste of His bliss, you may say I am His,
 And He is my portion forever.

5 Oh, I can't tell it all, but as long as I've breath,
 I will still tell the wonderful story;
 When my life work is done, and a crown I have
 I will tell it forever in glory. [won,

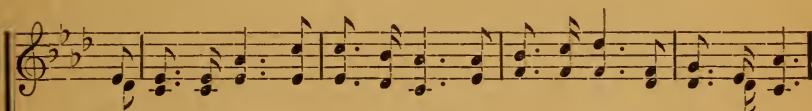
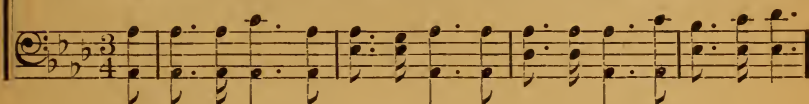
"This is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel."—ACTS 2: 16.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. "What meaneth this?" this strange display, These cloven tongues, like as of fire,
2. "What meaneth this?" oh, blessed Lord, Thy waiting saints all know full well
3. O, Pen - te-cost, sweet upper room Where ho - ly fire unloosed the dumb;
4. "What meaneth this?" such ho - ly joy, This in-termingling wave of sounds;

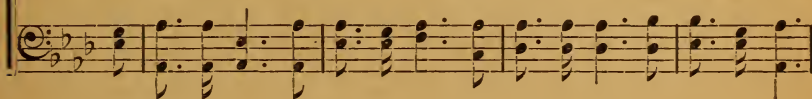


This sud-den sound like rushing wind, They all with one ac-cord en-quire.

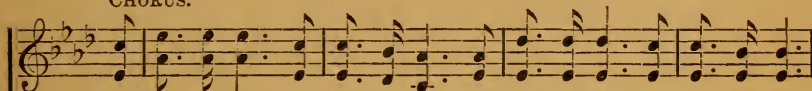
Thy presence man - i - fest - ed there, Indued with pow'r, thy love to tell.

"What meaneth this?" oh, praise his name; The promised pow'r has fully come.

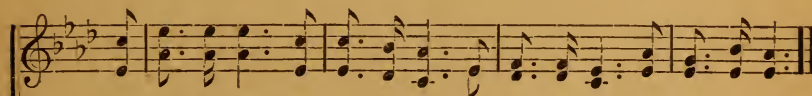
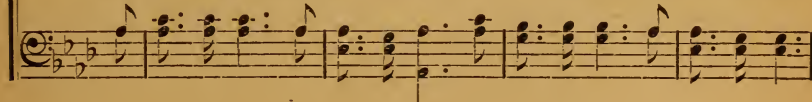
O, "This is That" which promised was, And now the Ho - ly Ghost abounds.



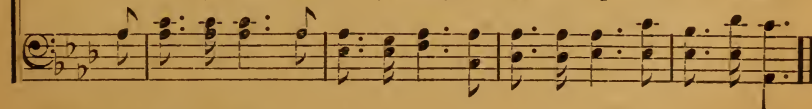
CHORUS.



This is the Lord, the Ho - ly One, This is the promised pow'r bestowed;



The Ho - ly Ghost has sure-ly come, And tak - en up his own a-bode.



Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

REFRAIN.

glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,

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

Jesus, My Savior.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Keep me ev - er near Thy side,
 2. Com - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend;
 3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die,

Help me to trust Thee, In Thy love a - bide; When the storms as -
 Draw me still near - er, Lead me to the end; When the world for -
 When time is fleet - ing, Je - sus, draw me nigh. Just a lit - tle

- sail me, And the bil - lows 'round me roll, In Thy bo - som fold me,
 - sakes me, And its friendship proves untrue, In Thy ten - der mer - cy
 clos - er, Near - er to Thy lov - ing breast, When we cross the riv - er

REFRAIN.

3

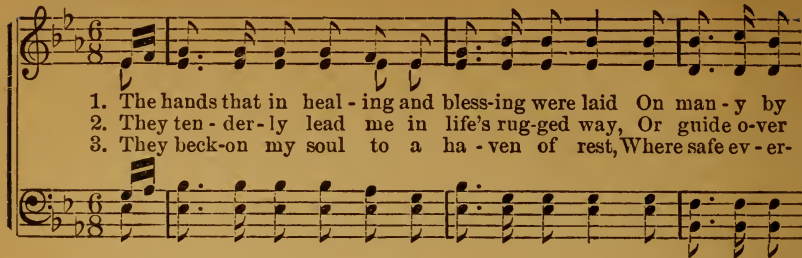
Hide my troubled soul. }
 Gent - ly lead me through. } Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Leave, oh, leave me
 To the land of rest.

not a - lone; Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make Thy presence known.

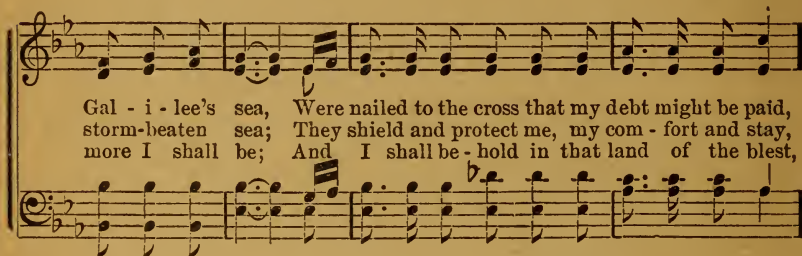
42. The hands that were Wounded for Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

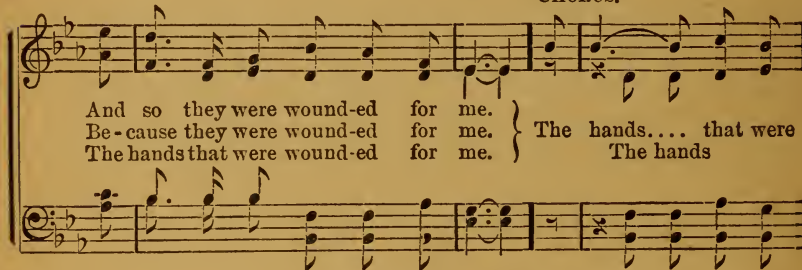


1. The hands that in heal - ing and bless - ing were laid On man - y by
 2. They ten - der - ly lead me in life's rug - ged way, Or guide o - ver
 3. They beck - on my soul to a ha - ven of rest, Where safe ev - er

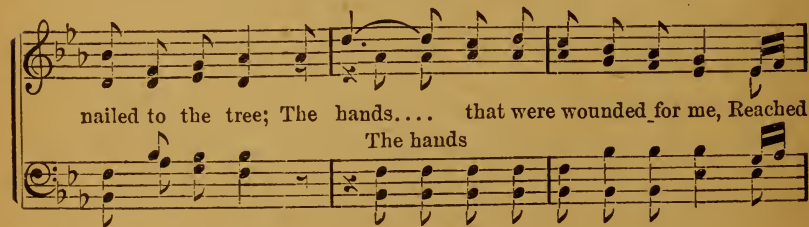


Gal - i - lee's sea, Were nailed to the cross that my debt might be paid,
 storm-beaten sea; They shield and protect me, my com - fort and stay,
 more I shall be; And I shall be - hold in that land of the blest,

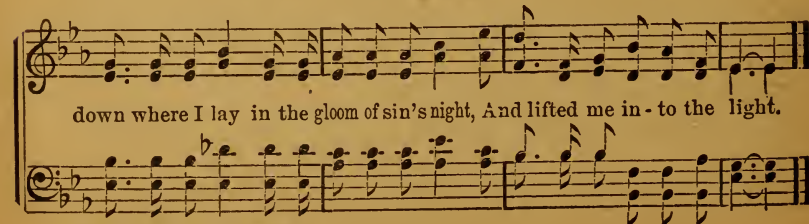
CHORUS.



And so they were wound - ed for me. }
 Be - cause they were wound - ed for me. } The hands.... that were
 The hands that were wound - ed for me. } The hands



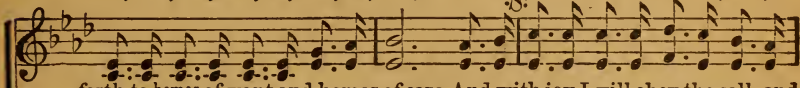
nailed to the tree; The hands.... that were wounded for me, Reached
 The hands



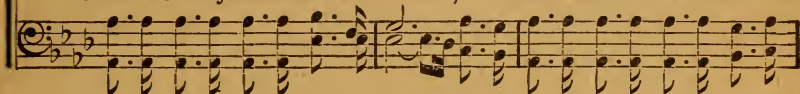
down where I lay in the gloom of sin's night, And lifted me in - to the light.



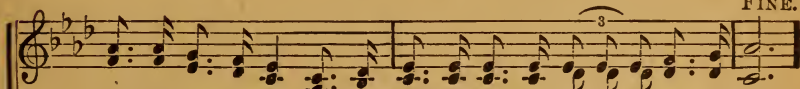
1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sorrow bowed, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work within the vineyard, there is service to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the



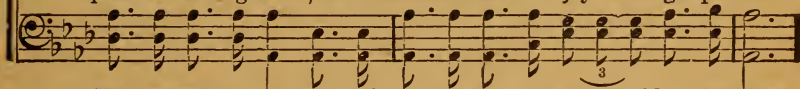
forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will obey the call, and
souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the story to the
Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would



D. S.—ready to re-port for or-ders,
FINE.

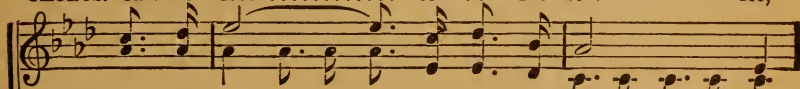


in Thy blessed name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.
burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the gos-pel there.
homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the gos-pel there.
speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.

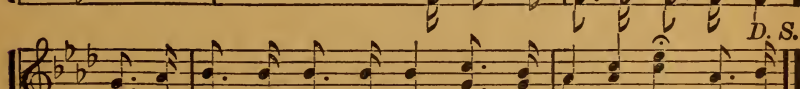
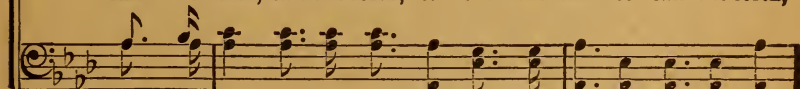


Mas-ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for Thee.

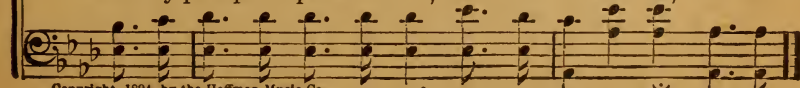
CHORUS.—Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - - - ice,



Call me forth, call me forth, to act - ive serv-ice call me forth,

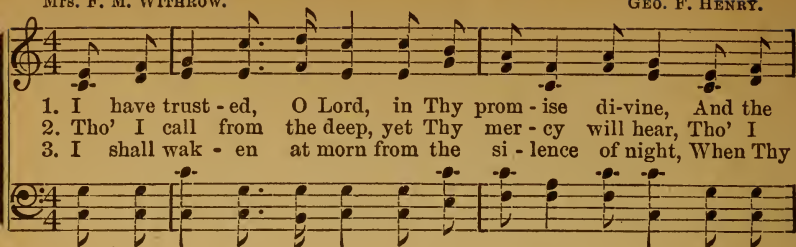


And my prompt re-sponse shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am



Mrs. F. M. WITHROW.

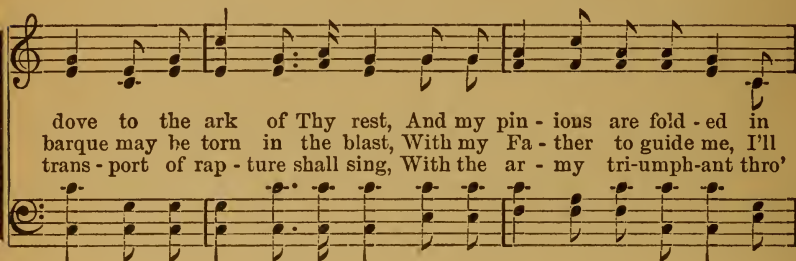
GEO. F. HENRY.



1. I have trust - ed, O Lord, in Thy prom - ise di - vine, And the
 2. Tho' I call from the deep, yet Thy mer - cy will hear, Tho' I
 3. I shall wak - en at morn from the si - lence of night, When Thy

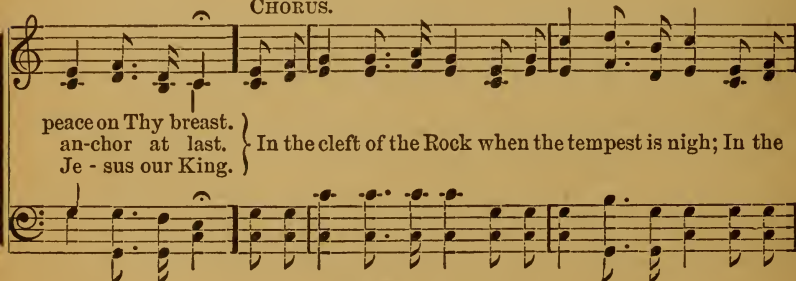


bless - ed as - sur - ance I will not re - sign; I have flown like a
 pass thro' the wa - ters my soul shall not fear; Tho' the sails of my
 glo - ry in splen - dor breaks forth on my sight; And my soul in a

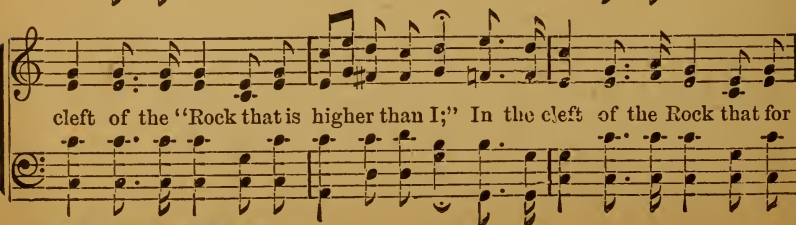


dove to the ark of Thy rest, And my pin - ions are fold - ed in
 barque may be torn in the blast, With my Fa - ther to guide me, I'll
 trans - port of rap - ture shall sing, With the ar - my tri - umph - ant thro'

CHORUS.



peace on Thy breast.
 an - chor at last. } In the cleft of the Rock when the tempest is nigh; In the
 Je - sus our King.



cleft of the "Rock that is higher than I;" In the cleft of the Rock that for

¶ I have Trusted, O Lord.—Concluded.

a - ges shall stand, Thou wilt ten-der-ly hide me, O Lord, with Thy hand.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

45. That Blessed Hope.

Titus 2: 3.

G. A. WARBURTON.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Im - pa-tient heart, be still, be still! What tho' He tar-ries long? What
2. My ea - ger heart, be still, be still! Thy Lord will surely come, And
3. My anxious heart, be still, be still! Watch, pray, and work, and then It

This musical score is for a three-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

tho' the tri-umph song Is still de-layed? Thou hast His promise sure,
take thee to His home, With Him to dwell. It may not be to-day,
will not mat-ter when Thy Lord shall come. At mid-night or at noon,

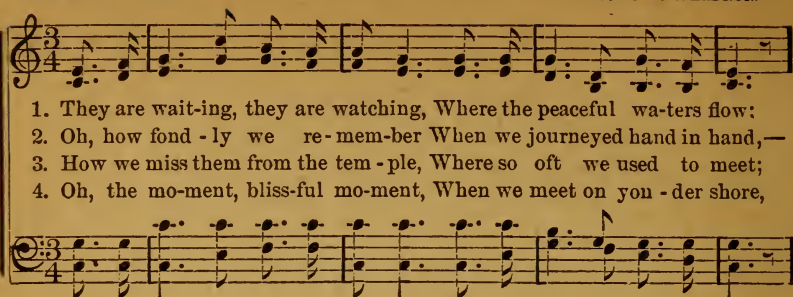
This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

And that is all se - cure, Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid!
And yet, my soul, it may; I can - not tell, I can - not tell!
He can - not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home!

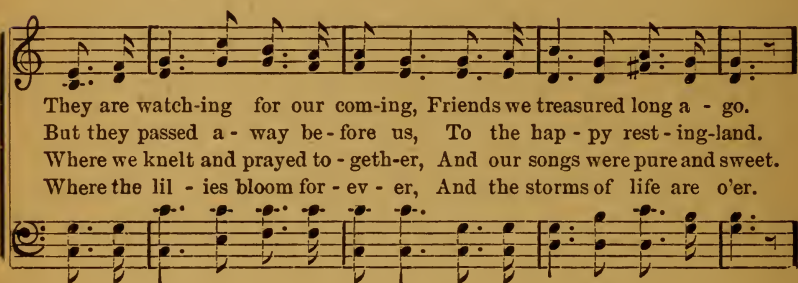
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

SAMUEL M. WALDRON.

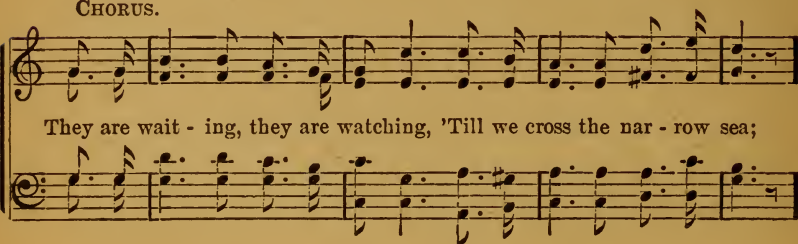


1. They are wait-ing, they are watching, Where the peaceful wa-ters flow:
2. Oh, how fond - ly we re-mem-ber When we journeyed hand in hand,—
3. How we miss them from the tem-ple, Where so oft we used to meet;
4. Oh, the mo-ment, bliss-ful mo-ment, When we meet on you - der shore,

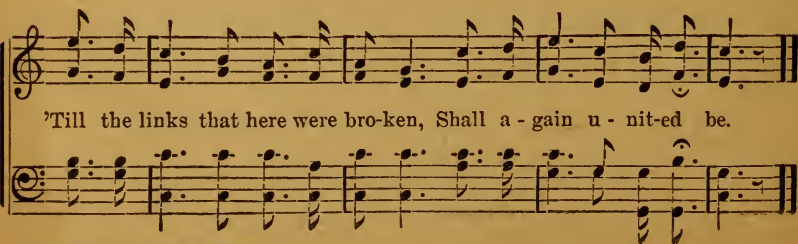


They are watch-ing for our com-ing, Friends we treasured long a - go.
 But they passed a - way be-fore us, To the hap - py rest-ing-land.
 Where we knelt and prayed to - geth-er, And our songs were pure and sweet.
 Where the lil - ies bloom for - ev - er, And the storms of life are o'er.

CHORUS.



They are wait - ing, they are watching, 'Till we cross the nar - row sea;



'Till the links that here were bro-ken, Shall a - gain u - nit-ed be.

"Sometime."

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

MALE VOICES.

TALLIE MORGAN.

Andante, with expression.

1. Sometime, some day, We'll flee a-way, Where mortals sorrow nev - er;
 2. Sometime, ere long, A ransomed throng, We'll meet no more to sever;
 3. Sometime, somehow, But not just now, We'll sweep across the riv - er;

Our la - bor o'er, We'll toil no more, But be at rest for-ev - er.
 But sweetly rest, On Je-sus' breast, And clasp glad hands forev - er.
 And rest com-plete At Je-sus' feet, And praise His name for-ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Some - time, some day, We'll be at rest for -
 Some - time, some day, Some - time, some day,

- ev - er; We'll flee a - way Where mor-tals sor-row
 We'll flee a-way, we'll flee a-way,

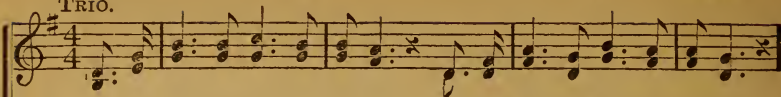
nev - er, Rest, sweet rest, Some-time we'll rest for-ev - er.

Follow All the Way.

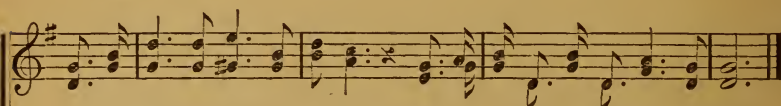
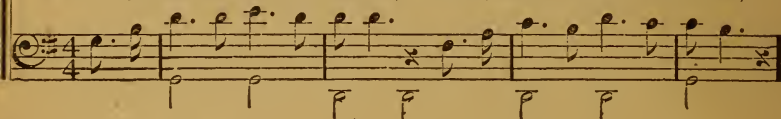
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

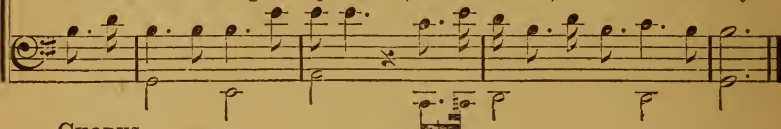
TRIO.



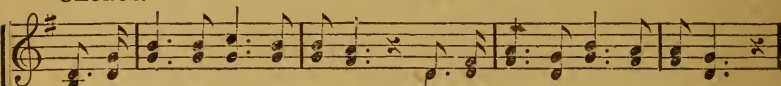
1. I can hear my Savior calling, In the tend'rest accents calling;
 2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary.
 3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
 4. Thro' the val - ley safe - ly lead me, Heav'nly man - na dai - ly feed me;
 5. In Thy heart's af - fec - tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en - fold me,



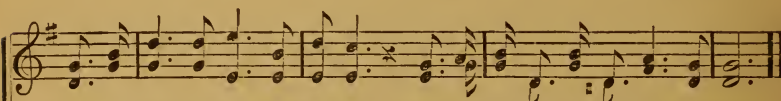
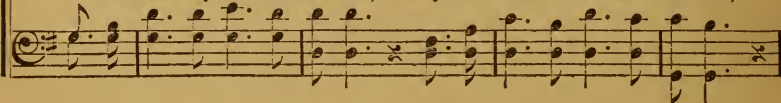
On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low Me."
 Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol - low, follow all the way.
 And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol - low, follow all the way.
 Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol - low, follow all the way.
 And with Thine own grace uphold me, As I fol - low, follow all the way.



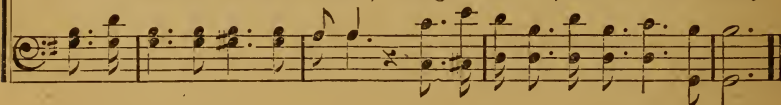
CHORUS.



I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav - ior I will fol - low,



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

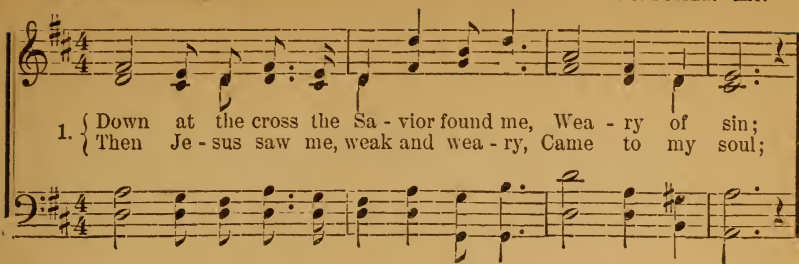


6 I will never leave Thee, never;
 Faithful I will be forever;
 Help me in my weak endeavor
 Thee to follow, follow all the way.

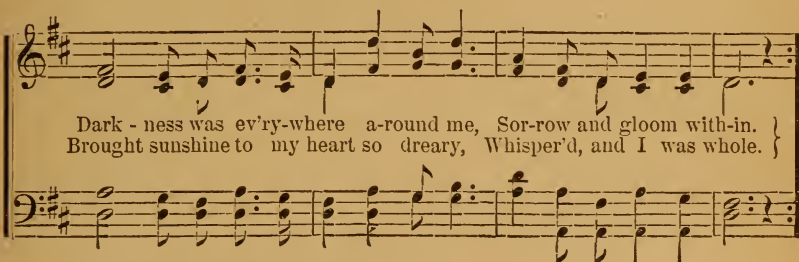
7 Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal,
 Leaving there this body mortal,
 Into yonder home immortal
 I will follow, follow all the way.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr.

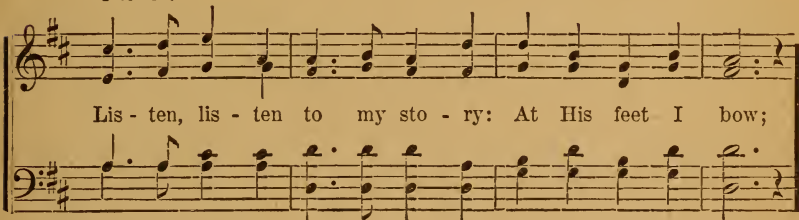


1. { Down at the cross the Sa - vior found me, Wea - ry of sin;
Then Je - sus saw me, weak and wea - ry, Came to my soul;

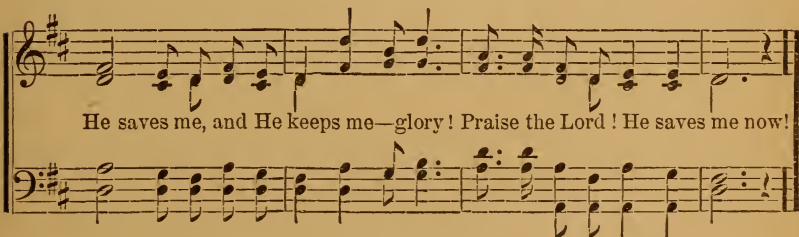


Dark - ness was ev'ry-where a-round me, Sor-row and gloom with-in. }
Brought sunshine to my heart so dreary, Whisper'd, and I was whole. }

CHORUS.



Lis - ten, lis - ten to my sto - ry: At His feet I bow;



He saves me, and He keeps me—glory! Praise the Lord! He saves me now!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 He found me on a barren mountain,
Hungry and cold;
He bro't me to the cleansing fountain,
Placed me within the fold;
I know the Savior will protect me,
Show me the way;
He never, never will neglect me,
I shall not go astray. | 3 He fills my heart to overflowing—
Wonderful love!
Rich blessings He is now bestowing,
Peace from the throne above.
Now when temptations great assail me,
I can endure;
His grace and mercy never fail me,
He makes His child secure. |
|---|---|

1. I was once a child in bondage, Burdened with a load of sin, When the
 2. Thro' the busy world I wandered, Seeking ev'-ry-where for rest, But the
 3. Oh, how won-der-ful is Je-sus, How in-vit-ing is His voice, And the

Sav-ior in His kindness came to me; Took me to the liv-ing wa-ter,
 bar-ren fields of sin could not supply; Then I sought and found the Savior,
 joy of His sal-va-tion, how complete; Oh, it fills my soul with glo-ry,

Washed and made me pure within, Broke the chains and set my captive spirit free.
 And reclined up-on His breast, There to find that He a-lone could sat-is-fy.
 And it makes my heart re-joice, As I rest with-in His love so pure and sweet.

CHORUS.

I am free, yes, I am free, Thro' the
 I am free, I am free,

pre-cious blood of Je-sus I am free; He has washed my sins away,

I am Free.—Concluded.

I am hap-py all the day, The fet-ters now are broken, I am free.

51.

Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, That foun-tain in his day, }
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er

Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood :|
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed :| Church of God :|
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. L. MASON.

1. Our ris - en Lord and Sav - ior Is com - ing back a - gain,
 2. Our bless - ed Lord is com - ing To claim the world His own,
 3. Our Lord is sure - ly com - ing, The joy - ful news proclaim,

In maj - es - ty and glo - ry, The King of kings to reign.
 The lost of sin, af - fright - ed, Shall see Him on His throne.
 And we shall then be like Him, Ho - san - nah to His name.

All pride of earth - ly grand - eur Shall at His scep - ter fall,..
 While we, who bear His im - age, Shall meet Him in the air,..
 Al - read - y in the dis - tance His char - iot wheels we hear;..

And they, who once re - jec - ted, Shall crown Him Lord of all.
 And swell the hal - le - lu - jahs, That hail His tri - umph there.
 Our Lord is sure - ly com - ing, The hour is draw - ing near.

D. S.—Oh, let us all be read - y, And watch - ing day and night.

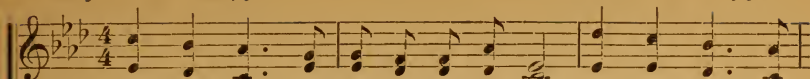
CHORUS.

D. S.


In clouds we shall be - hold Him, With saints and an - gels bright,

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE. By per.

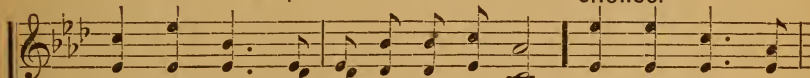


1. Wea - ry soul, why art thou so distressed? Come where there is
 2. "Bring to me thy heav - y load of sin, On the cross I
 3. "Come to me; tho' all is dark as night, I will make thy
 4. "Come to me!" O hear him call-ing "Come, Come to me, O




per-fect peace and rest, Lean up - on thy lov - ing Sav-ior's breast,
 died thy soul to win, Come to me, and I will take thee in."
 path-way clear and bright, Come to me, and I will be thy light,
 child no long-er roam, Leave the path of danger, death and gloom,

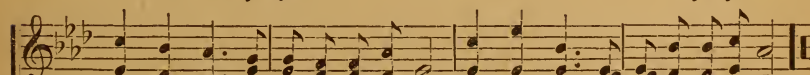
CHORUS.



In his love thou shalt be ful - ly blest.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, now the work be - gin, } "Come to me," O
 Walk with me in faith, and not by sight."
 Come to me, and I will lead thee home."



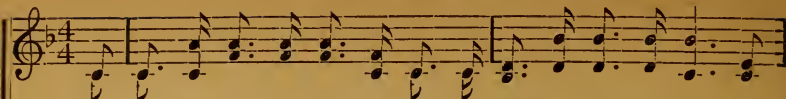
hear the Savior call to thee, "I'll sustain, tho' trials of life may fall to thee."



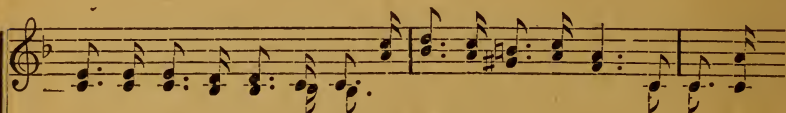
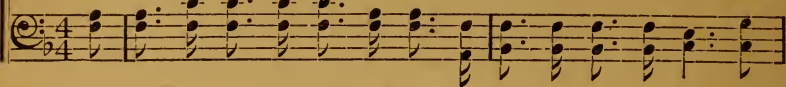
"Come to me," O hear the Savior call, "Come to me, I will be all in all."

We Will Answer to the Call.

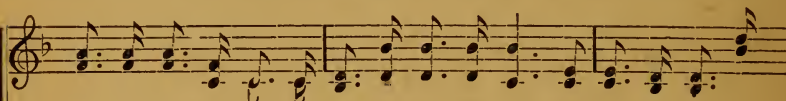
Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



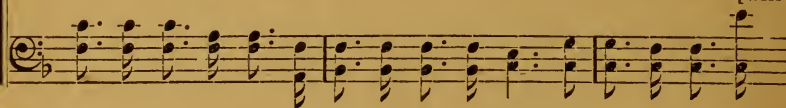
1. The Sav-ior calls for vol-un-teers; He says to us, "Fall in! En-
2. The en-em-y is pressing hard; We see it draw-ing nigh; A-
3. When all the battles have been fought, And Sa-tan is no more, The



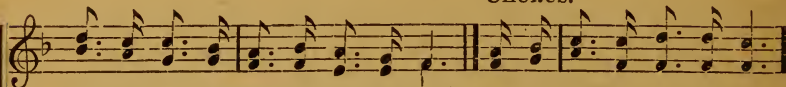
list at once, without de-lay, Re-pel the tide of sin." Ye val-lant
rise and gird the ar-mor on, Repeat the bat-tle cry. Fall in! we
faith-ful will be mustered out Up-on the oth-er shore. The golden



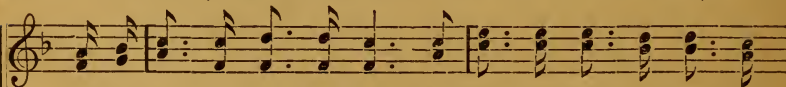
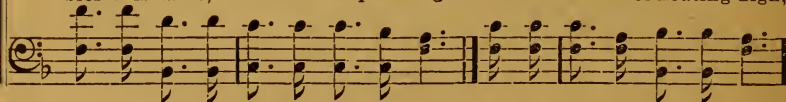
sol-diers of the cross. Go, bat-tle for the Lord; March on, ye brave, to
need you, ev-'ry one; The foe of right as-sail; Go forth and take the
harp's will then resound, And Christ, the King, will reign; The world, redeemed, [will



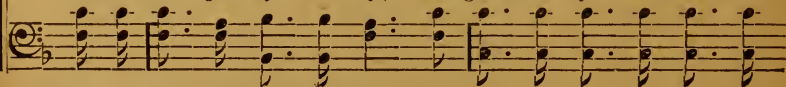
CHORUS.



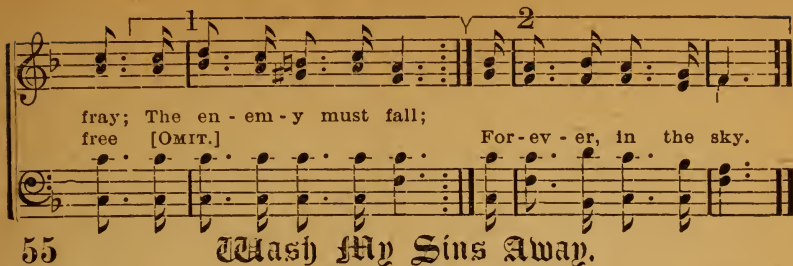
vic-to-ry, Support-ed by His word. We will answer to the call,
world for Christ; Salvation must prevail.
bless His name, And shout His praise again. With our banner floating high,



We will ral-ly, one and all, And march a-way in-to the
We will con-quer by and by; Through vic-to-ry we shall be



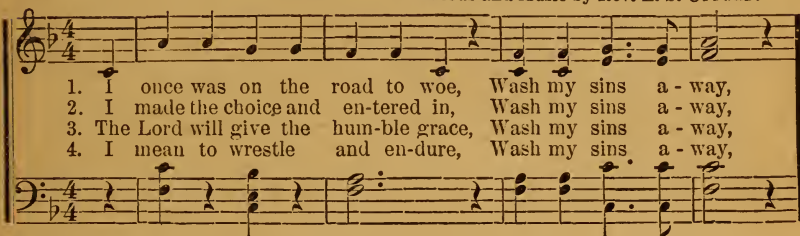
We Will Answer to the Call.—Concluded.



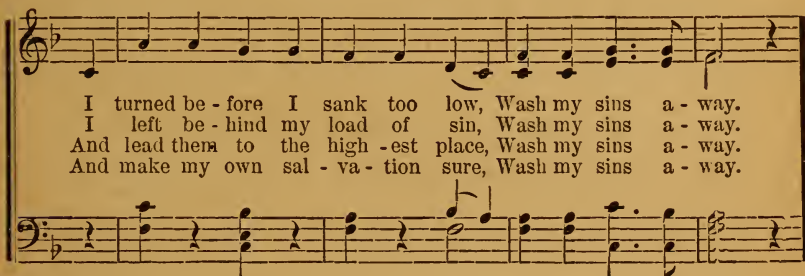
fray; The en - em - y must fall;
free [OMIT.] For - ev - er, in the sky.

55 **Wash My Sins Away.**

Words and Music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

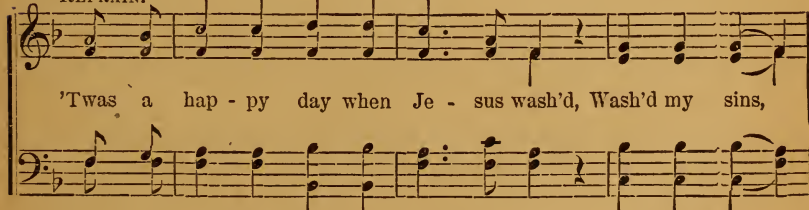


1. I once was on the road to woe, Wash my sins a - way,
2. I made the choice and en - tered in, Wash my sins a - way,
3. The Lord will give the hum - ble grace, Wash my sins a - way,
4. I mean to wrestle and en - dure, Wash my sins a - way,

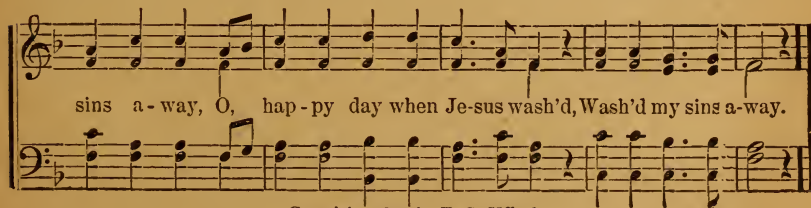


I turned be - fore I sank too low, Wash my sins a - way.
I left be - hind my load of sin, Wash my sins a - way.
And lead them to the high - est place, Wash my sins a - way.
And make my own sal - va - tion sure, Wash my sins a - way.

REFRAIN.



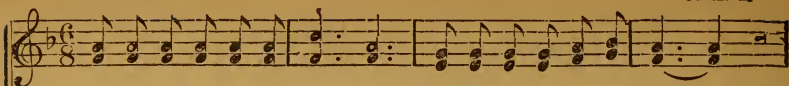
'Twas a hap - py day when Je - sus wash'd, Wash'd my sins,



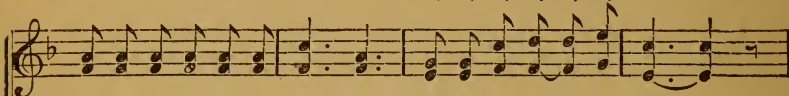
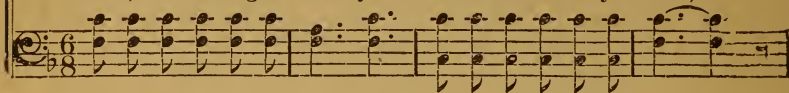
sins a - way, O, hap - py day when Je - sus wash'd, Wash'd my sins a - way.

E. A. H.

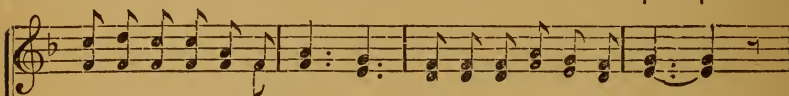
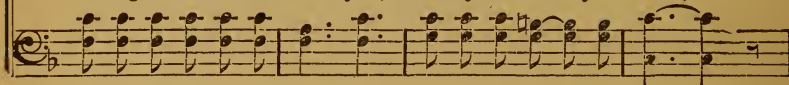
J. H. T.



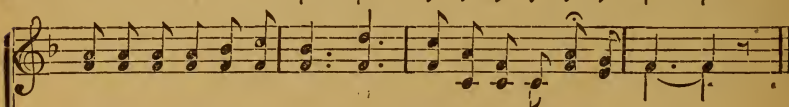
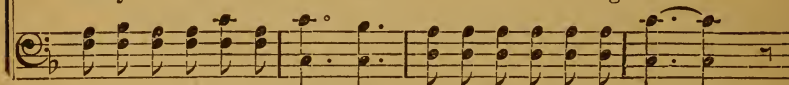
1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to - day ?
2. Brother the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you While in contrition you bow;



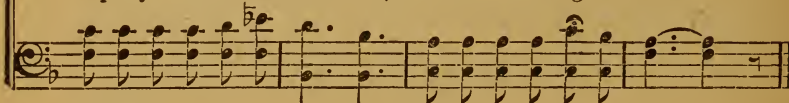
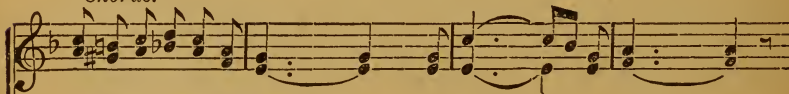
Welcome the news that we bring him : "Jesus is passing this way!"
 Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace and live?
 Coming from sin to re-deem you, Ready to save you now;



Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,
 He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
 Can you re-fuse the sal-va - tion Je - sus is of-fer-ing here?



Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
 O-pen your heart to receive him, While he is p ssing this way.
 O-pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is com-ing so near.

*Chorus.*

Je-sus is passing this way..... To - day,..... to - day,
 Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!



Jesus is Passing This Way. Concluded.

While he is near, O be - lieve him, O - pen your heart to receive him, For

Je - sus is passing this way, this way, Is passing this way to - day.

57

Jesus Saves Me Now.

A. C. D.

Alt. fr. S. J. VAIL, by per.

Joyful.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus hath died and hath ris - en a - gain, Pardon and peace to be - stow; }
 { Ful - ly I trust Him; from sin's guilty stain, Je - sus saves me now; }
 2. { Sins condem - nation is o - ver and gone, Je - sus a - lone knoweth how; }
 { Life and Sal - va - tion my soul hath put on: Je - sus saves me now. }

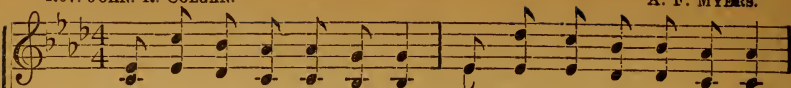
D. C. — Je - sus saves me all the time; Je - sus saves me now,
 CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now; Je - sus saves me now; Yes,
 He saves me now, He saves me now;

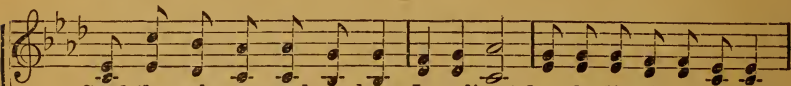
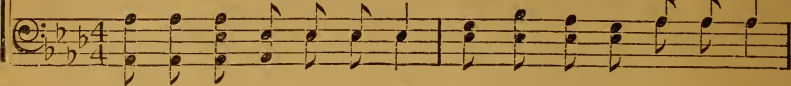
- 3 Satan may tempt, but he never shall reign, 5 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
 That Christ will never allow; Satan to Jesus must bow;
 Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain, Therefore I triumph without and with -
 "Jesus saves me now." Jesus saves me now. [in:
- 4 Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him, 6 Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
 Gladly my faith can avow, — Nothing can darken my brow;
 Never again need my pathway be dim; Batt'ling in faith, I can joyfully shout;
 Jesus saves me now. "Jesus saves me now."

Rev. JOHN. R. COLGAN.

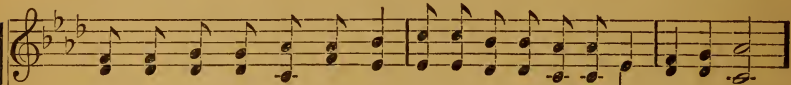
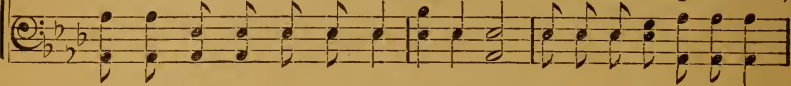
A. F. MYERS.



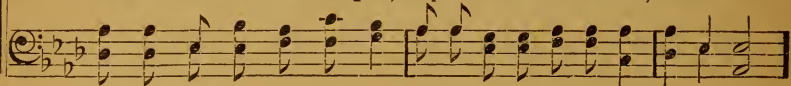
1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



Send the welcome word a-long, Jesus lives! Once he died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,



Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
Throws a-side the dread-ful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!



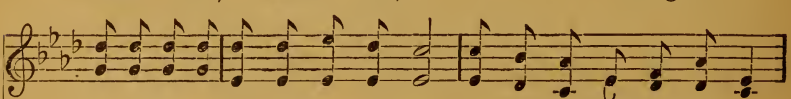
CHORUS.



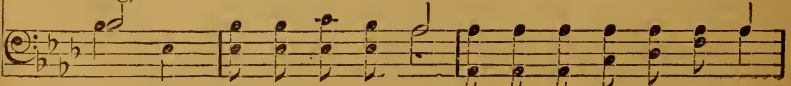
Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and
Wait not, Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
sing,



Je - sus,

Jesus Lives.—Concluded.

*Repeat Chorus.
f Rit. pp*

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je-sus lives.

59.

Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the sheep who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my sheep where'er they be."

CHORUS.

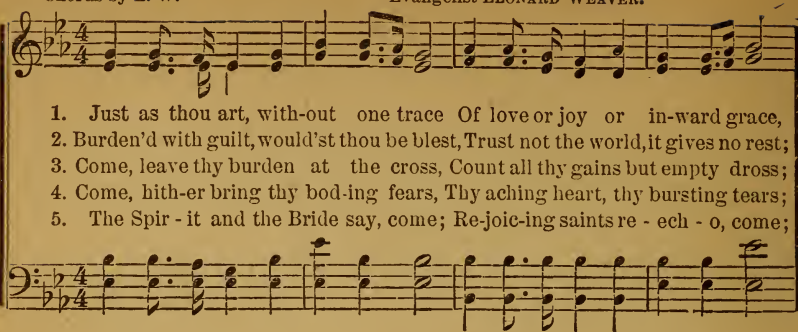
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

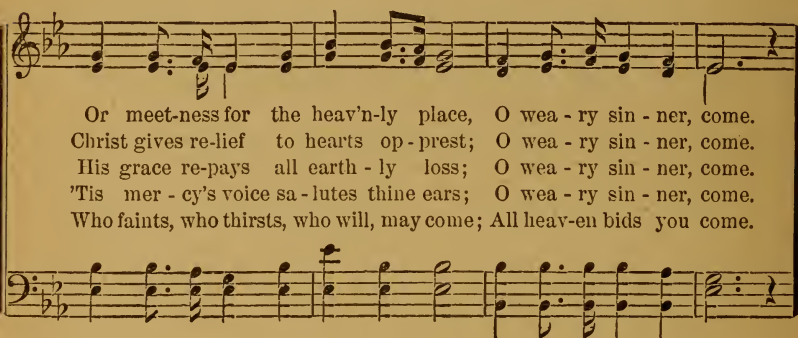
Come, oh, Come.

Chorus by L. W.

Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER.

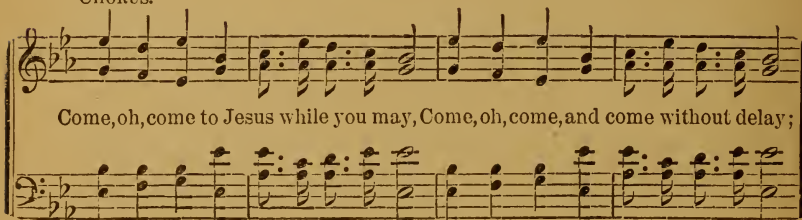


1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love or joy or in-ward grace,
2. Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest, Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross, Count all thy gains but empty dross;
4. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
5. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come; Re-joic-ing saints re - ech - o, come;

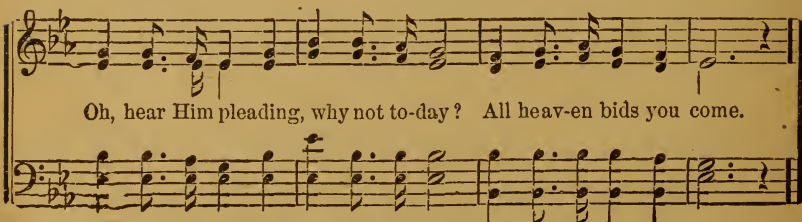


Or meet-ness for the heav'n-ly place, O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 Christ gives re-lief to hearts op - prest; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 His grace re-pays all earth - ly loss; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa - lutes thine ears; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; All heav-en bids you come.

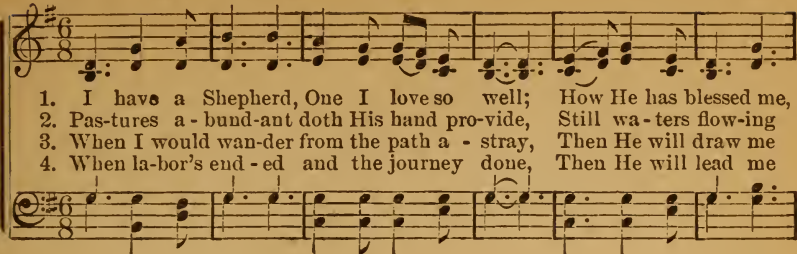
CHORUS.



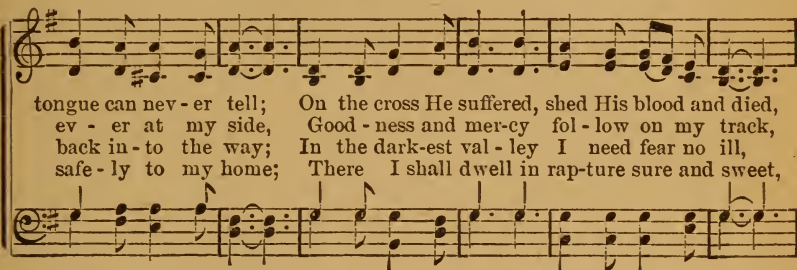
Come, oh, come to Jesus while you may, Come, oh, come, and come without delay;



Oh, hear Him pleading, why not to-day? All heav-en bids you come.

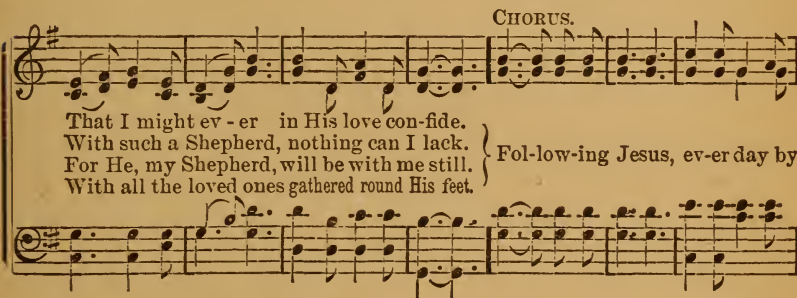


1. I have a Shepherd, One I love so well; How He has blessed me,
 2. Pas-tures a - bund-ant doth His hand pro-vide, Still wa-ters flow-ing
 3. When I would wan-der from the path a - stray, Then He will draw me
 4. When la-bor's end-ed and the journey done, Then He will lead me

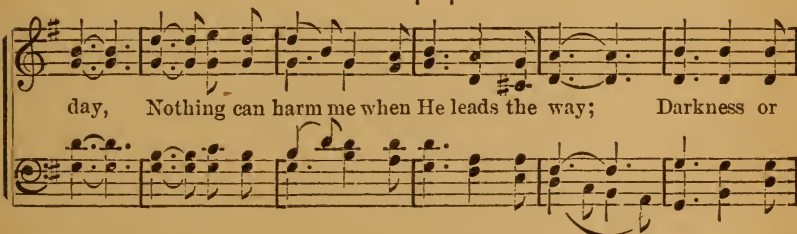


tongue can nev-er tell; On the cross He suffered, shed His blood and died,
 ev-er at my side, Good-ness and mer-cy fol-low on my track,
 back in-to the way; In the dark-est val-ley I need fear no ill,
 safe-ly to my home; There I shall dwell in rap-ture sure and sweet,

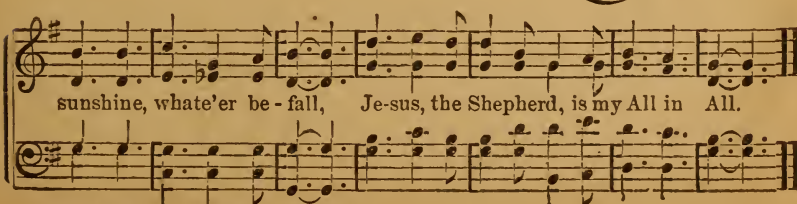
CHORUS.



That I might ev-er in His love con-fide.
 With such a Shepherd, nothing can I lack.
 For He, my Shepherd, will be with me still. } Fol-low-ing Jesus, ev-er day by
 With all the loved ones gathered round His feet.



day, Nothing can harm me when He leads the way; Darkness or

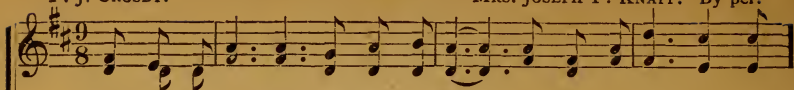


sunshine, whate'er be-fall, Je-sus, the Shepherd, is my All in All.

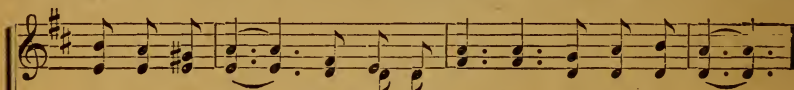
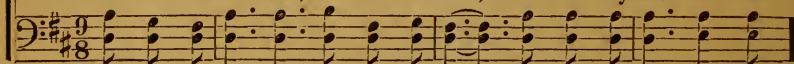
"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 28.

F. J. CROSBY.

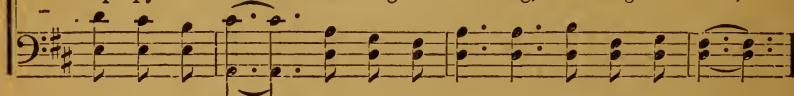
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



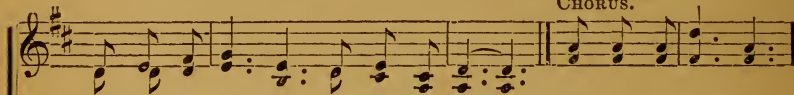
1. Bles-sed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



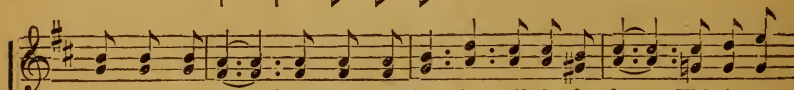
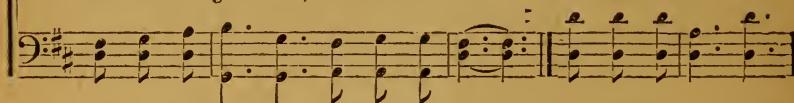
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



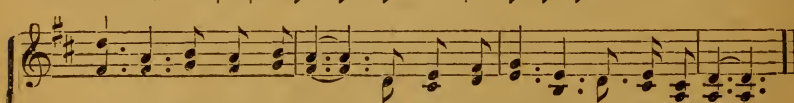
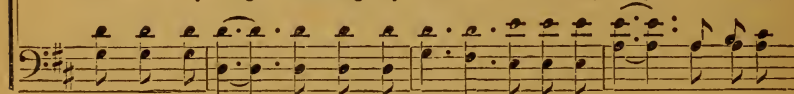
CHORUS.



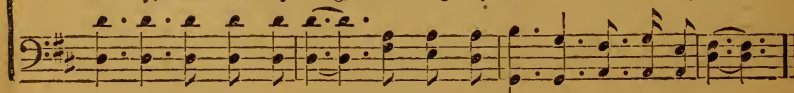
Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood, This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.



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



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



Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt, 13, 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go, then, ev - en weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eyes; Waiting for the har - vest,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves,
 Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

1. We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come re - joic - - (Omit) - - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 2.

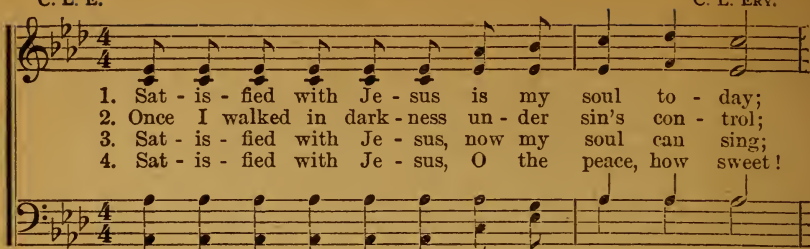
From "Gospel Echoes," by per.

Fully Satisfied.

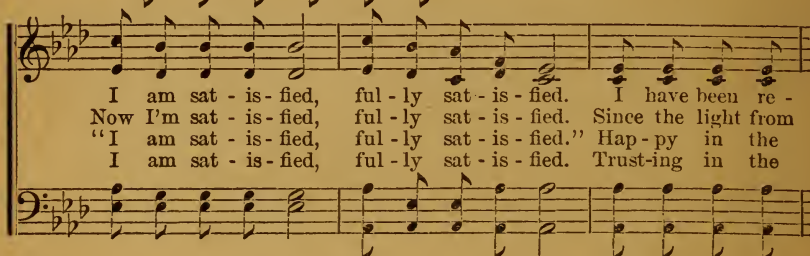
I shall be satisfied. Psa. 17: 15.

C. L. E.

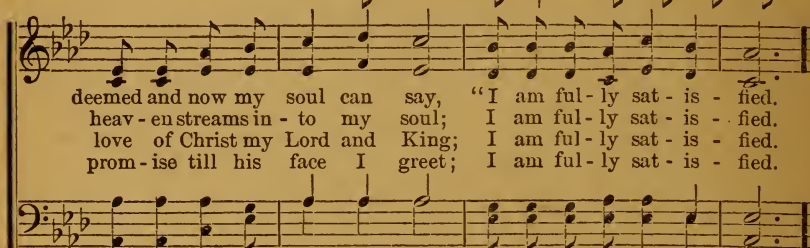
C. L. ERY.



1. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus is my soul to - day;
 2. Once I walked in dark - ness un - der sin's con - trol;
 3. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, now my soul can sing;
 4. Sat - is - fied with Je - sus, O the peace, how sweet !

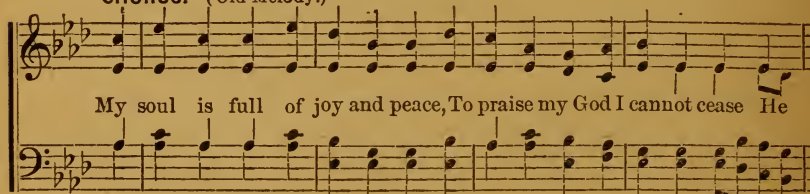


I am sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied. I have been re -
 Now I'm sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied. Since the light from
 "I am sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied." Hap - py in the
 I am sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied. Trusting in the

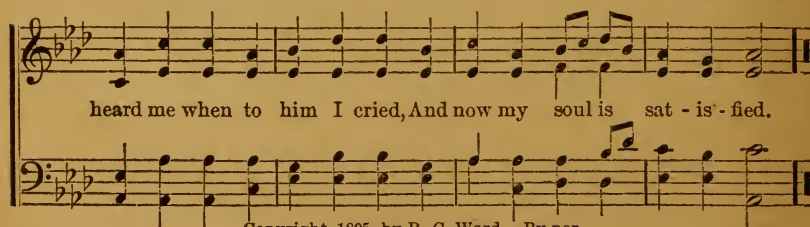


deemed and now my soul can say, "I am ful - ly sat - is - fied,
 heav - en streams in - to my soul; I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
 love of Christ my Lord and King; I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
 prom - ise till his face I greet; I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.

CHORUS. (Old Melody.)



My soul is full of joy and peace, To praise my God I cannot cease He



heard me when to him I cried, And now my soul is sat - is - fied.

W. L. T.

Very Slow. pp

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised,

Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals He's
 Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has

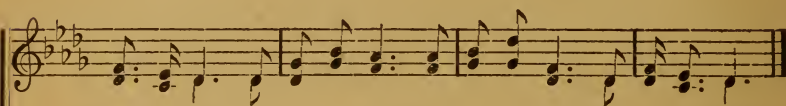
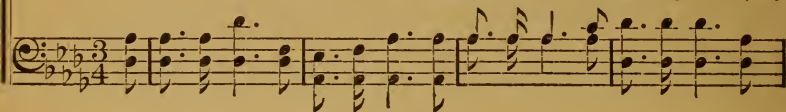
wait - ing and watch - ing. Watch - ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, Come home,

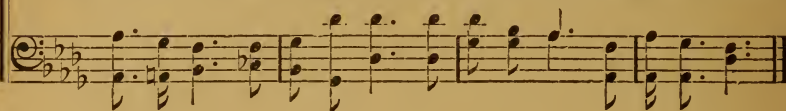
pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



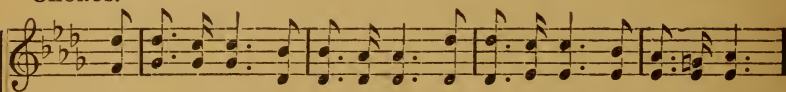
1. I nev - er can for-get the day I heard my mother kindly say, "You're
 2. I nev - er can for-get the voice That always made my heart rejoice; Tho'
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet; I
 4. I nev - er can for-get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing power, My



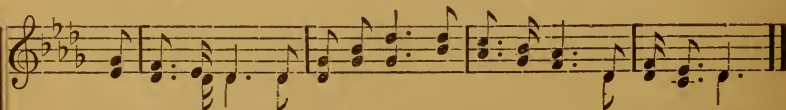
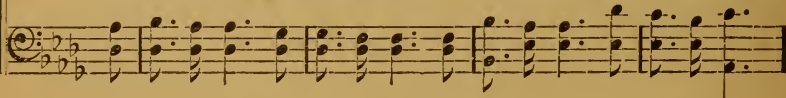
leav - ing now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's prayer."
 I have wandered God knows where, Still I remember mother's prayer.
 see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum - ble prayer.
 sin and guilt He cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's prayer.



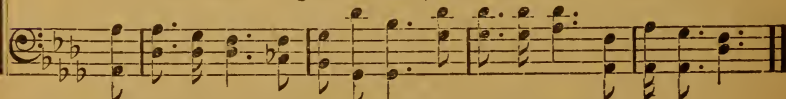
CHORUS.



- 1, 2, & 3. When-e'r I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
 4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face



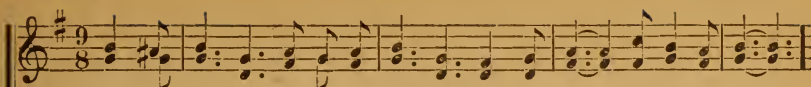
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of moth-er's prayer.
 The home above to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's prayer.



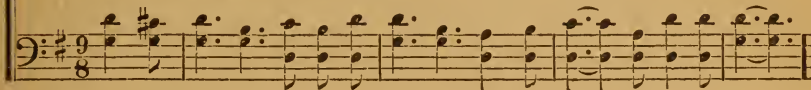
Come Home To-Day.

E. E. A.

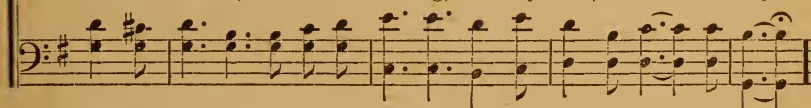
E. E. ADAMS.



1. Je - sus calls you, tenderly calls you, Ye who wan - der far a - way;
2. Je - sus loves you, tenderly loves you, He has lov'd you all the way.
3. O'er the mountains where you have wander'd He has fol - lowed all the way.
4. He will save you, surely will save you, If you trust him and o - bey,



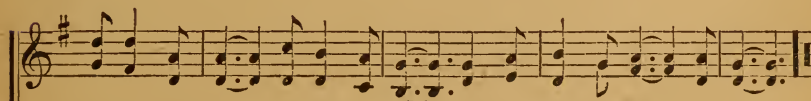
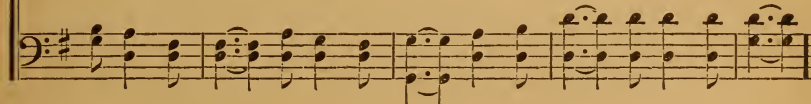
Hear him pleading, as he en-treats you, "Come, my child, come home to-day."
 O such lov-ing words he is say-ing, "Come, my child, come home to-day."
 Will you heed his ten-der en-treat-ies, "Come, my child, come home to-day."
 List-en broth-er, still he is call-ing, "Come, my child, come home to-day."



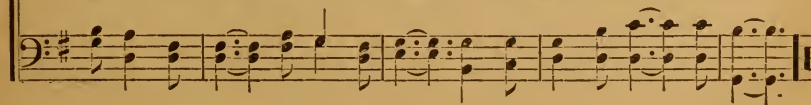
CHORUS.



Come home to - day, come home to - day, From your wand'rings far a - way.

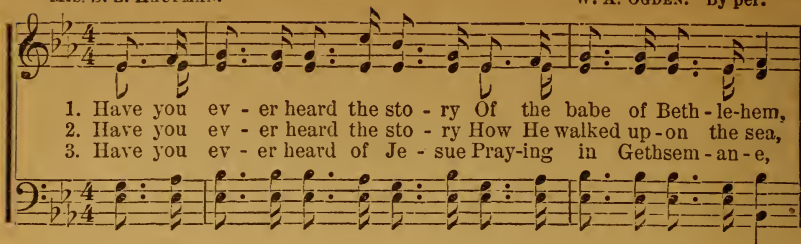


Come home to - day, come home to-day, Je - sus pleads, "come home to - day."

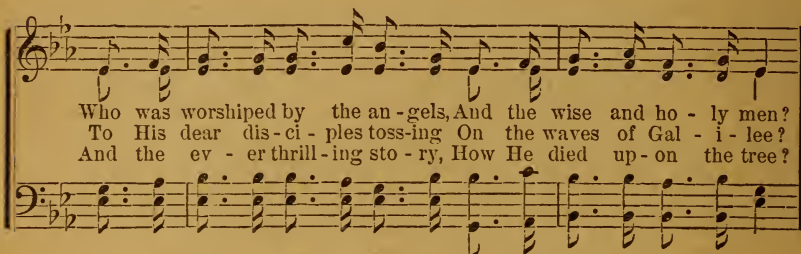


Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

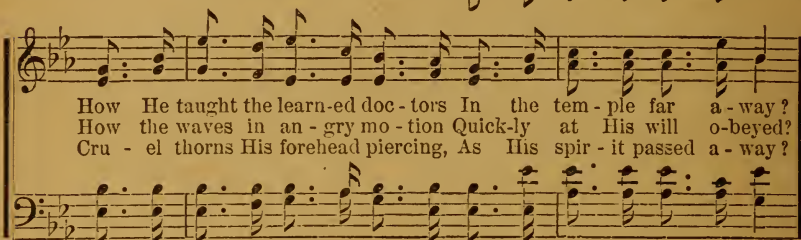
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



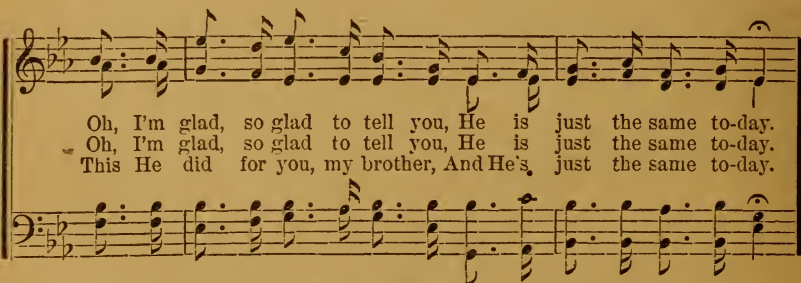
1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the babe of Beth - le - hem,
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry How He walked up - on the sea,
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sue Pray - ing in Gethsem - an - e,



Who was worshiped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
 To His dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
 And the ev - er thrill - ing sto - ry, How He died up - on the tree?

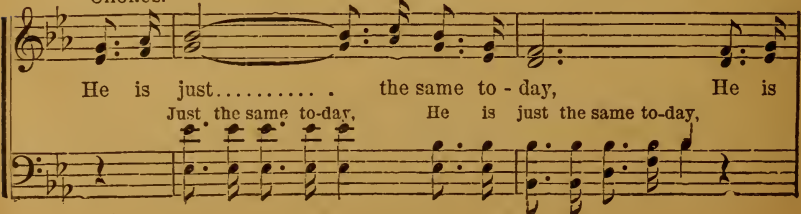


How He taught the learn - ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a - way?
 How the waves in an - gry mo - tion Quick - ly at His will o - beyed?
 Cru - el thorns His forehead piercing, As His spir - it passed a - way?



Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 This He did for you, my brother, And He's just the same to-day.

CHORUS.



He is just..... the same to - day, He is
 Just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

just the same to - day, Seeking those who are astray,
just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Sav - ing souls a-long the way; Thank God, He is just the same to - day.

69

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }
 2. { For my cleansing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { For my par-don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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

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

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

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

REFRAIN.

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

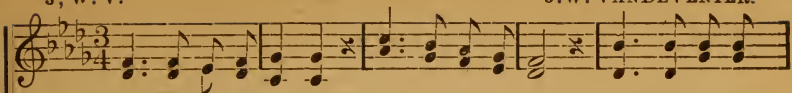
lean - - - ing. Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
 Lean-ing on Je-sus,

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

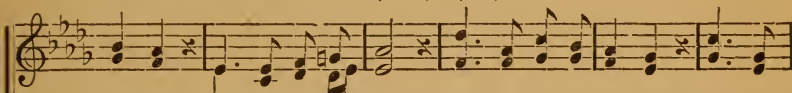
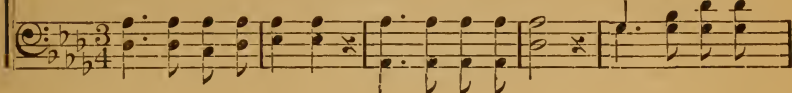
Look up! Lift up!

J. W. V.

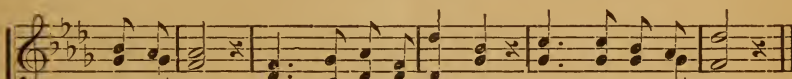
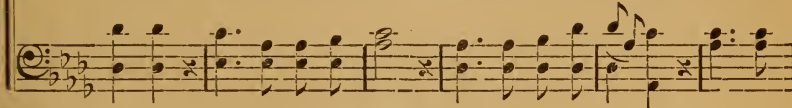
J. W. VANDEVENTER.



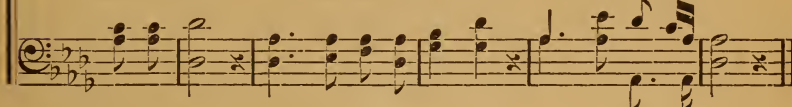
1. Hear the Savior calling: Dear ones, look this way! Souls around you
 2. Loved ones, shall they perish in the ways of sin? Those you love and
 3. Watch the busy highway, Search the desert wild, Look along the
 4. Come a lit-tle near-er, Near - er to my side; Love will then be



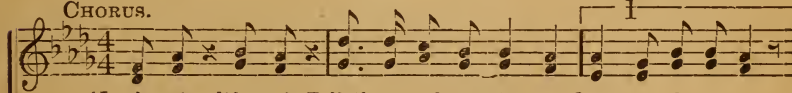
fall-ing, Aid them while you may; Tell them how I love them; Speak of
 cherish, Help to bring them in; Raise the cross before them, Bold but
 by-way, Seek the wayward child; After you have found him, Help the
 dear-er; Come and here a-bide; Raise your fallen brother; Lis-ten



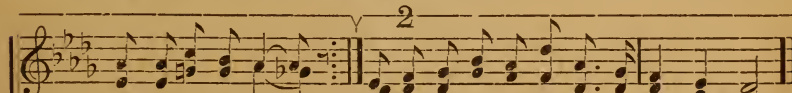
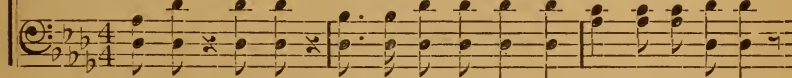
mer-cy free; You who stand above them, Lift them up to me.
 lov-ing be; Kind - ly help restore them; Lift them up to me.
 blind to see; Put your arms around him, Lift him up to me.
 to my plea; Come, and trust no other; Lift the world to me.



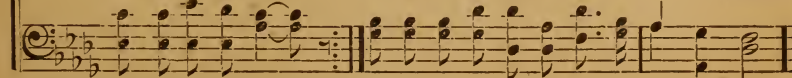
CHORUS.



{ Look up! lift up! Tell the wondrous story Ov - er and ov - er,
 { Look up! lift up! On - ward, up to glo - ry! [OMIT.]



Trusting day by day. Help to lift the fallen, On the King's highway.

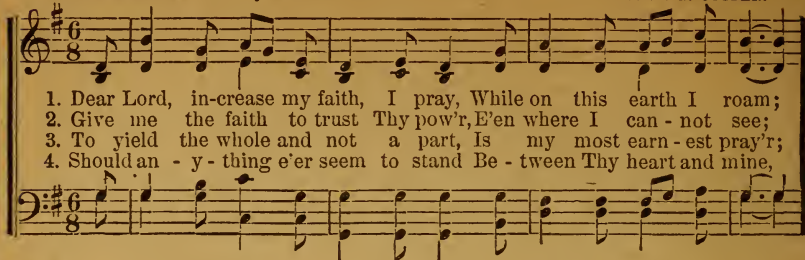


My Heart's Prayer.

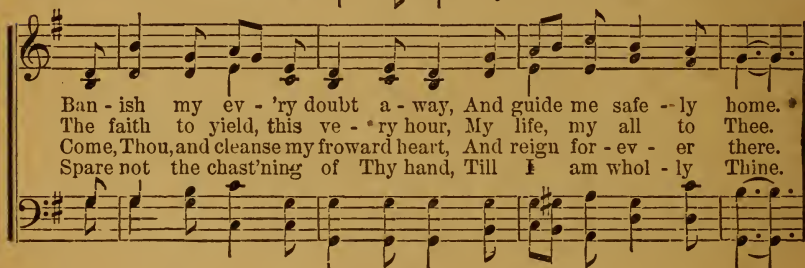
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

FLORA McLEAN. Arr. by W. G. C.

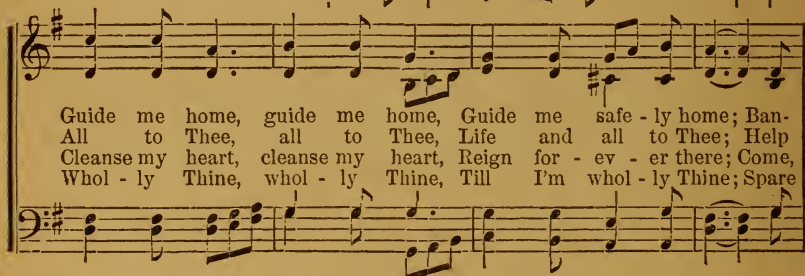
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



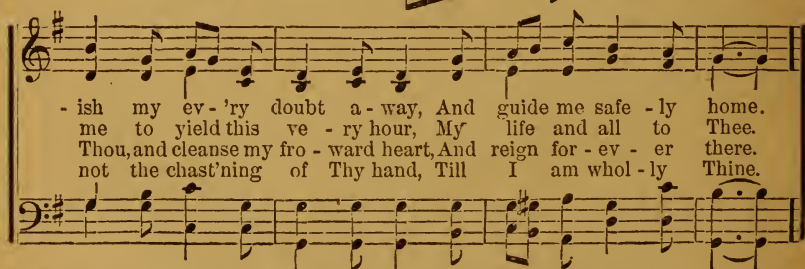
1. Dear Lord, in-crease my faith, I pray, While on this earth I roam;
 2. Give me the faith to trust Thy pow'r, E'en where I can - not see;
 3. To yield the whole and not a part, Is my most earn - est pray'r;
 4. Should an - y - thing e'er seem to stand Be - tween Thy heart and mine,



Ban - ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - - ly home.
 The faith to yield, this ve - 'ry hour, My life, my all to Thee.
 Come, Thou, and cleanse my froward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 Spare not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.



Guide me home, guide me home, Guide me safe - ly home; Ban -
 All to Thee, all to Thee, Life and all to Thee; Help
 Cleanse my heart, cleanse my heart, Reign for - ev - er there; Come,
 Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Till I'm whol - ly Thine; Spare



- ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 me to yield this ve - ry hour, My life and all to Thee.
 Thou, and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.

- 15 Then, when on earth my work is past, 6 A palm of victory I'll bear,
 And I have reached the goal, Of vict'ry over sin;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, And I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.
 Bear me home, bear me home, Tell them there, tell them there,
 To my heav'nly home; Jesus took me in;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, Oh, I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.

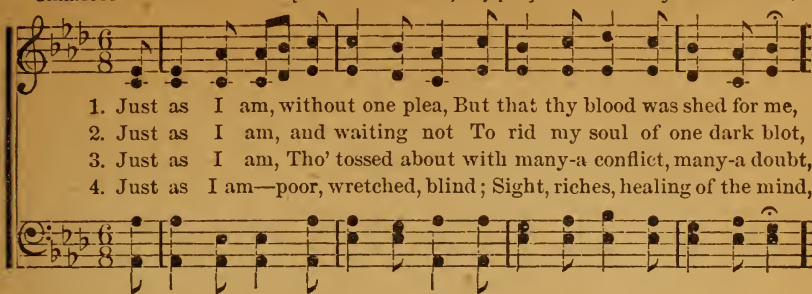
From "Pearls of Paradise," by per.

Take me as I am.

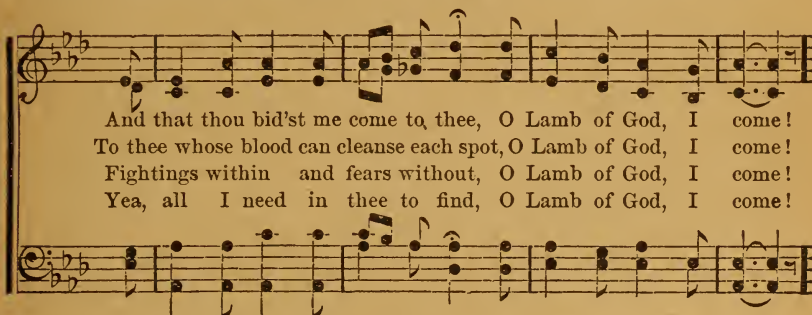
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

[From "The Garner," by per.]

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, Tho' tossed about with many-a conflict, many-a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

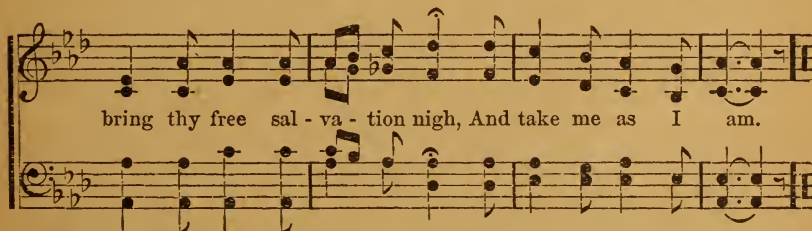


And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

REFRAIN.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;



bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Jesus Tenderly Calling.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. xi: 28.*
 J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior now
 2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good Shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
 3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait - ing, Anxious and long - ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will wel - come, Be of good cheer, He will

pleads for thee; Stand - ing and knock - ing, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
 find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav - en re - joic - es;
 thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel - come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry transgres - sion,

D.S.—Will you not heed His ten - der en - treat - ies?

FINE. *ORUS.*
 Long - ing to save thee and set thee free.
 Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep. } Je - sus is call - ing,
 Glad - ly em - brace thee: then why not come? }
 Blot - ting them out, and will set thee free.

Why not re - ceive Him, His voice o - bey?

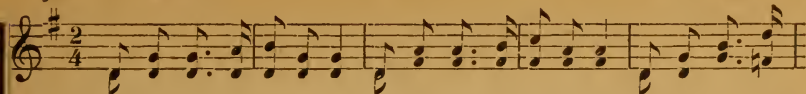
D.S.
 ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, He pleads, oh, hear Him to - day;

From "New Hymns," by *per.*

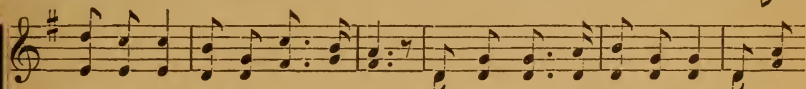
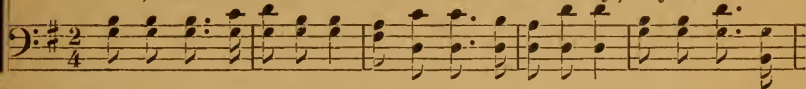
Oh, What a Resting Place!

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

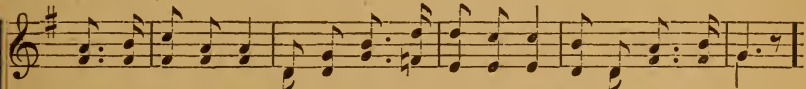
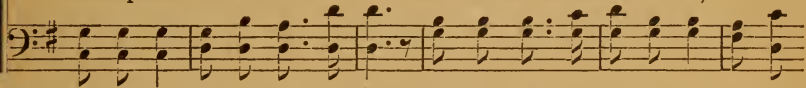
W. S. WREDEN.



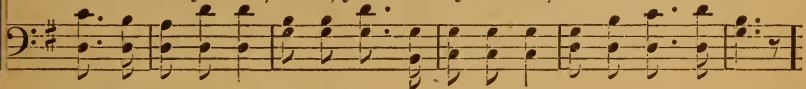
1. I have found a friend divine, And his saving grace is mine; When I trusted
2. I will evermore abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
3. Sinner, there is rest for thee At the cross of Calva-ry; Thy sal-vation



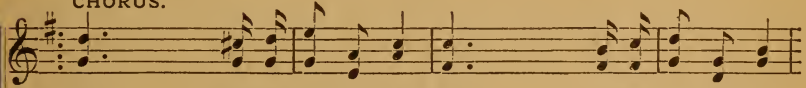
in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where he
curely there, In his ten-der care. When the storms of life assail, When dis-
is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross; Count all



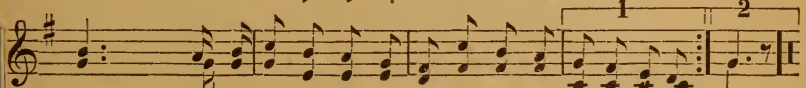
wash'd my sins away, Where his Spirit fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole.
tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
else but earthly dross; Come, ye ruined by the fall, There is rest for all.



CHORUS.



{ Oh, what a resting place! Oh, what a - biding grace!
There was the blood applied, Now I am sat - is - fied;
{ Oh, what a rest - ing, a rest - ing place! Oh, what a - bid - ing, a - bid - ing grace!
There, oh, there was the blood ap - plied, Now, just now I am sat - is - fied;



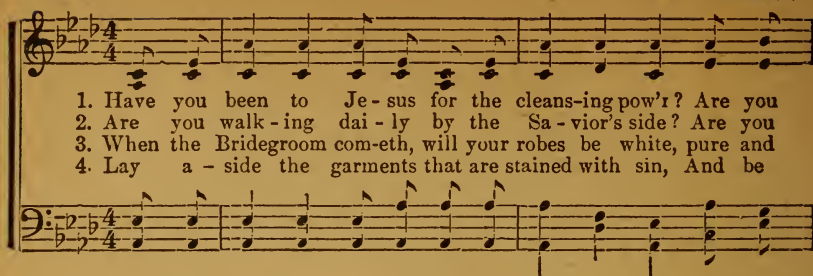
Down at the cross of Jesus Where I found the blessed Saviour;
Oh, hal - le - lujah! praise his name forever- (*Omit.*) . . . more.
Down at the cross, at the cross of Je - sus,
Oh, hal - le - lujah! I'll praise. I'll praise his



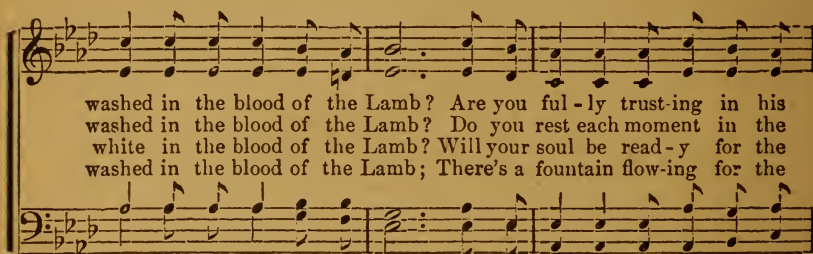
Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

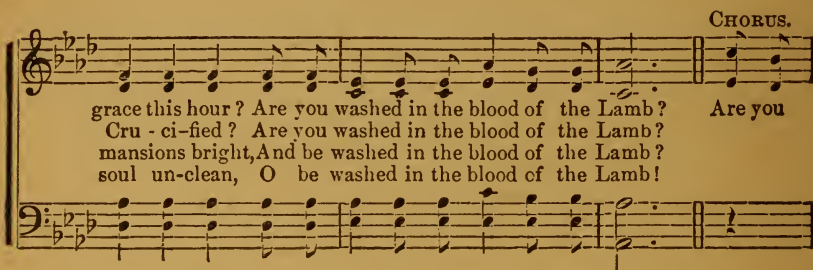
E. A. HOFFMAN.



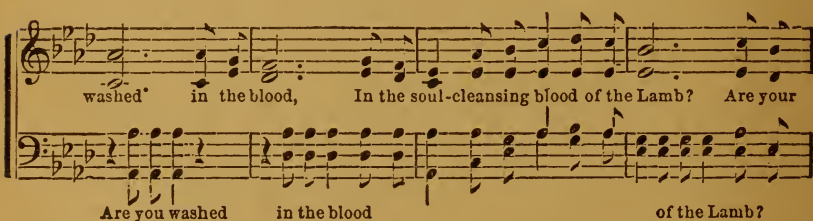
1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sa-vior's side? Are you
 3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, pure and
 4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be



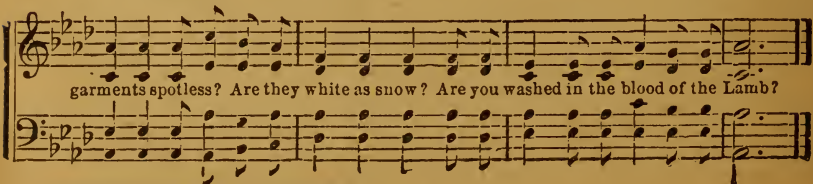
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing in his
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the



CHORUS.
 grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Cru-ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul un-clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!



washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are you
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



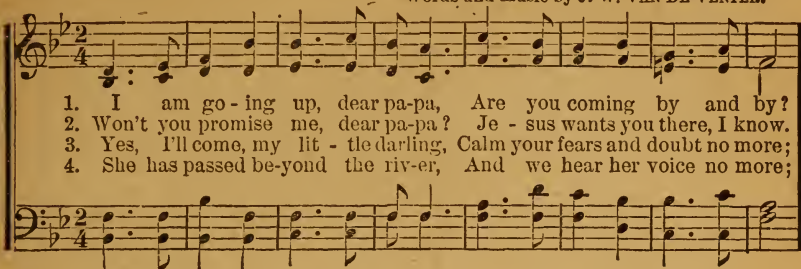
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Papa, Shall I Look For You?

Dedicated to the memory of AMY GRACE BEABLE.

For more than two years this child of Jesus, only nine years of age, had vainly besought her father to come to the Savior. Sickness at last seized her, and death came; but before the spirit took its flight she gave expression to these beautiful words, "I am going up; come, hurry up, mamma,—tell papa to come." Then, speaking to others, she said, "Won't you come?" Then, to her father, who had just arrived, she said, "Papa, come!" "I will come," said the father, "I can't have my child in heaven and not be there too."

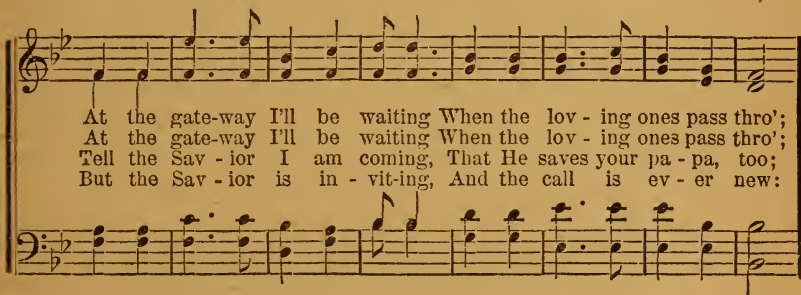
Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



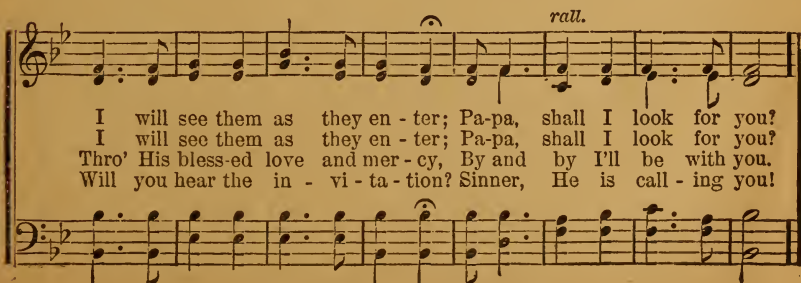
1. I am go-ing up, dear pa-pa, Are you coming by and by?
 2. Won't you promise me, dear pa-pa? Je - sus wants you there, I know.
 3. Yes, I'll come, my lit - tle darling, Calm your fears and doubt no more;
 4. She has passed be-yond the riv-er, And we hear her voice no more;



Won't you come to see your darling In the home be-yond the sky?
 Will you meet me up in heaven? Tell me now, be-fore I go.
 I will meet my child in heaven, When this drea - ry life is o'er.
 She is rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, O - ver on the oth - er shore;



At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
 At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
 Tell the Sav - ior I am coming, That He saves your pa - pa, too;
 But the Sav - ior is in - vit-ing, And the call is ev - er new:



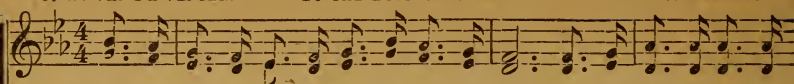
rall.
 I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
 I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
 Thro' His bless-ed love and mer - cy, By and by I'll be with you.
 Will you hear the in - vi - ta - tion? Sinner, He is call - ing you!

Fall into Line, Boys.

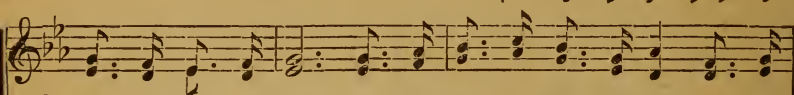
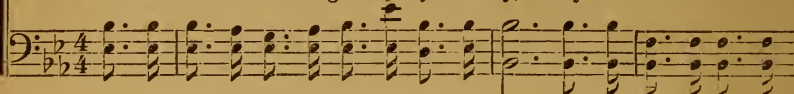
J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

TO THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

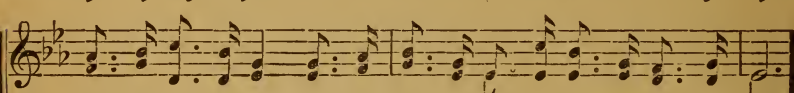
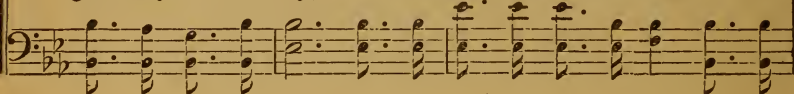
W. S. WEEDEN.



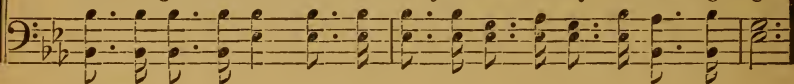
1. We've en-list-ed in the ar-my of the Lord, And de-pend-ing on the
2. We will fol-low our Com-mand-er up the way. He will lead us out of
3. We will climb the hills of glo-ry by and by, Lay our ar-mor at the



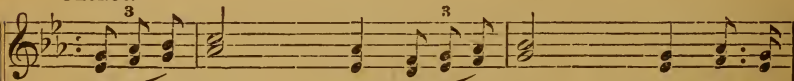
glo-ri-ous re-ward; For the Sav-ior paid the price, Yes, He
dark-ness in-to day; In the pow-er of His might, We will
gate-way in the sky; All the loved ones we shall meet, As we



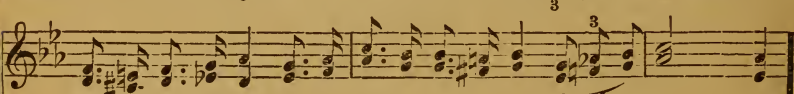
made the sac-ri-fice: Hal-le-lu-jah! We are trust-ing in His word.
bat-tle for the right: Hal-le-lu-jah! We will nev-er go a-stray.
march the golden street: Hal-le-lu-jah! O, the day is draw-ing nigh.



CHORUS.



Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys; Put the
Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys,



gos-pel ar-mor on, Don't you wan-der by the way; Fall into line, boys.
Fall in-to line, boys.



Fall into Line, Boys.—Concluded.

Rall.

Repeat pp.

Fall in-to line, boys, In our Leader's name we're sure to win the day.
Fall in-to line, boys,

79.

Trusting Jesus.

FAIRLIE THORNTON.

"Trust in Him at all times."—*Ps. 62: 8.*

JAMES WHARTON, Evangelist.

1. { Sweet it is to trust in Je - sus, When the way seems dark and long, }
Sweet it is to trust in Je - sus, When life's woes around us throng. }
2. { Sweet it is to trust in Je - sus, None like He our hearts can know, }
Ev - ry se - cret of the spir - it, Ev - 'ry depth of hu - man woe }

When the path we tread looks gloomy, And we nigh are lost a - gain;
Je - sus sees with clear - er vi - sion, Than can grasp a mor - tal's ken;

When we fix our eyes on Je - sus, Oh, 'tis sweet to trust Him then.
When we scarce can read the meaning, Oh, 'tis sweet to trust Him then.

3 Sweet it is to trust in Jesus,
He can never prove untrue;
Earthly friends may any moment
Change, and bid a cold adieu;
But our Savior will not leave us;
Truer than the sons of men,
When they leave us, Christ is with us,
Oh, 'tis sweet to trust Him then.

4 When our labors all seems useless,
No one listens to our words;
When we strive in vain to waken
In some heart the heavenly chords;
When we are by friends forsaken,
Hated by our fellow men,
And we scarce can read the meaning,
Oh, 'tis sweet to trust Him then.

D. K. EN.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. On the brow of night there shines a sil-ver star, On the brow of
 2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of
 3. Bring your gifts of gold of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of

night there shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its
 God high hang-ing in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the
 gold, of frank-in-cense and myrrh, For the King we own is on

heav'n-ly rays Till they find the King, whose throne they sought afar. In the
 roy-al street; There is sweet soul-rest For those who seek it there From the
 Dav-id's throne; Let the ho-ly child your best af-fections stir; 'Tis the

CHORUS.
 Babe of Beth-le-hem. Sil-ver star, ho-ly light, shine a-
 Sil-ver star, ho-ly light,

- far, o'er the night, Till the world shall come where the
 shine a-far, o'er the night,

The Silver Star.—CONCLUDED.

young child lay, And en - ter the gates of the new-born day. A - men.

83.

Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

(DUET.)

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow, }
 { Worldly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,
 I sur - ren - der all.

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

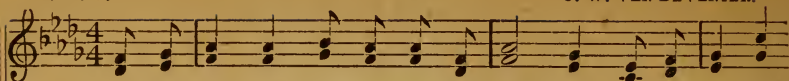
Copyright, 1896, by Weedon & Van DeVenter.

4. All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to thee,
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

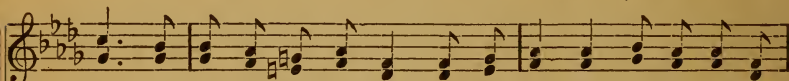
5. All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

J. W. V.

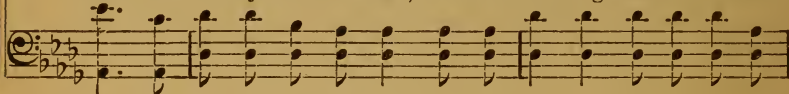
J. W. VAN DEVENTER.



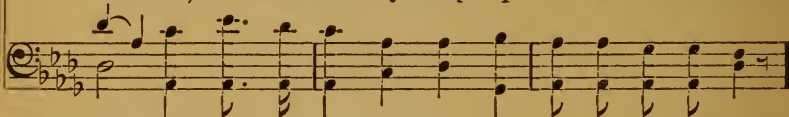
1. I will fol - low Je - sus where He leads me; I will seek His
2. When the clouds and shad - ows o - ver - take me, I will sim - ply
3. When temp - ta - tions bit - ter - ly as - sail me, I will rest se -
4. When I cross the Jor - dan He will hold me; In His gen - tle



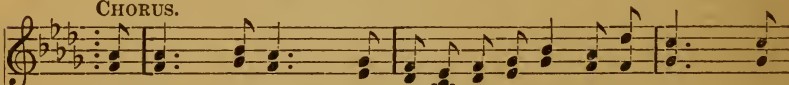
face and praise Him day by day; I will ev - er la - bor where He
 trust, and nev - er, nev - er fear; Tho' my dear ones wander and for -
 cure up - on His might - y arm; And His keep - ing pow - er will not
 arms se - cure - ly I will rest; In His lov - ing bos - om He will



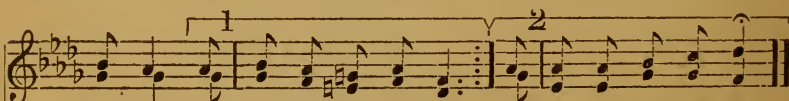
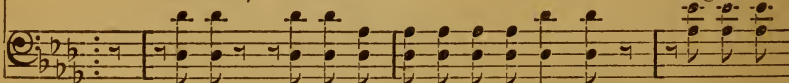
needs me: I will bear the cross and fol - low all the way.
 sake me, I can bear it all, for Je - sus will be near.
 fail me, If I trust His grace to shel - ter me from harm.
 fold me; I will sweet - ly sleep up - on the Sav - ior's breast.



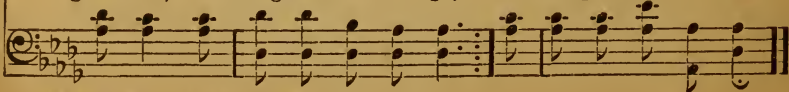
CHORUS.



The cross, the cross I'll bear, and follow Je - sus; His grace He
 The cross, the cross His grace



gives me, to strengthen as I go; to con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.
W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His loving words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea-ry, heav - y-

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.

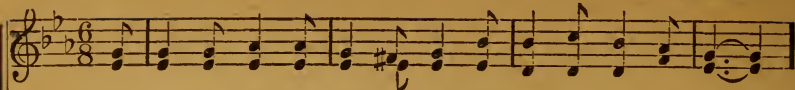
CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - low
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

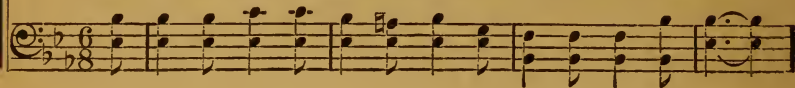
Fol - low all the way. Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

VAN.

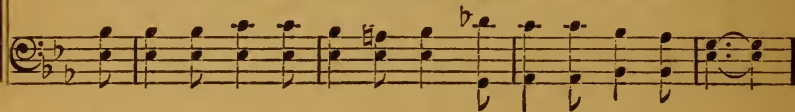
J. W. VAN DEVENTER.



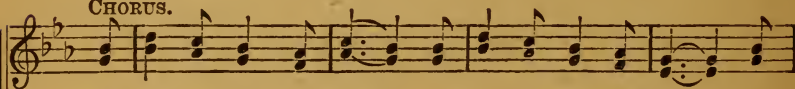
1. Can I for - get the sto - ry old, Of love so full and free?
2. Can I for - get that aw - ful day, The thorns, the rug - ged tree?
3. No! I will not for - get the cross, Tho' in e - ter - ni - ty;
4. When I as - cend to worlds on high, And brighter glo - ries see,



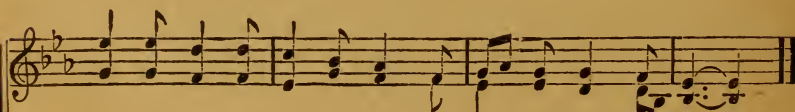
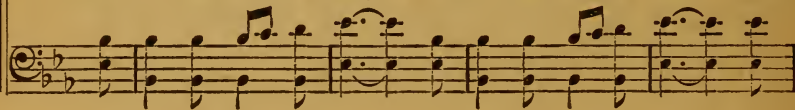
The place without the cit - y wall, Where Je - sus died for me?
 Where my dear Sav - ior paid the debt, Where Je - sus died for me?
 I'll ev - er think of that dear place, Where Je - sus died for me.
 I'll ne'er for - get that sa - cred place, Where Je - sus died for me.



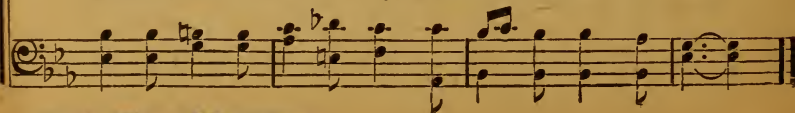
CHORUS.



Where Je - sus died for me, Where Je - sus died for me, That



sa - cred place on Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died for me.



The Bridgroom Cometh!

Words and Melody by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

1. O brother, are you ready should the Bridgroom come? Are your lamps well trim'd and bright? For
 2. The trumpet will be sounded when the Bridgroom comes, And the grave yield up its prey, The
 3. It may be at the gloaming when the Bridgroom comes, Or the ris - ing of the sun, So we

sure He will come, And the time will not be long; Are you read - y if He came to - night?
 dead shall a - rise And meet Him in the skies: Are you read - y for that glo - rious day?
 watch, work and pray, And go sing - ing on our way; To the faith - ful He will say "well done."

What a meeting it will be, When the Sav - ior we shall see, And as - cend - ing we shall
 All the loved ones we shall meet, And with rapture we shall greet, All the ransom'd who have
 When the vic - to - ry is won We shall have a star - ry crown, And in wor - ship we shall

meet Him in the sky; With Him we shall ev - er be, And from ev - 'ry sin be free: Are you
 journey'd on be - fore; What a song of praise we'll sing When we stand around our King: Are you
 cast it at His feet, Cry - ing, "Worthy is the Lamb To receive the song and psalm: Are you

CHORUS.

read - y for the midnight cry? Yes, I am ready, yes, I am ready,
 read - y for the heav'nly shore? ready, ready,
 read - y for that bliss complete? ready, ready,

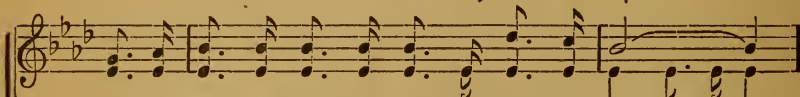
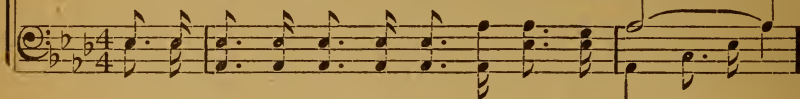
1. Read - y for my Lord to come; Yes, I'm ready, O,
 2. Read - y for the call, Come home!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

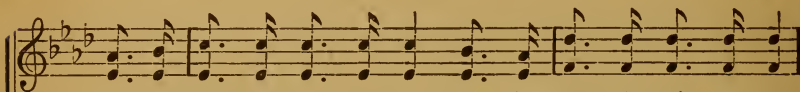
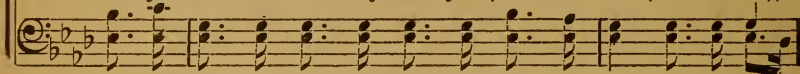
W. A. OGDEN.



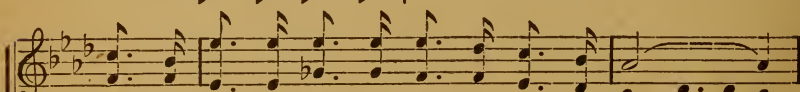
1. There's a place where we may la - bor, One and all (One and all);
2. "In the mar - ket i - dly stand - ing, Are there more (Are there more)?
3. And the Mas - ter still is wait - ing, Call - ing still (Call - ing still):



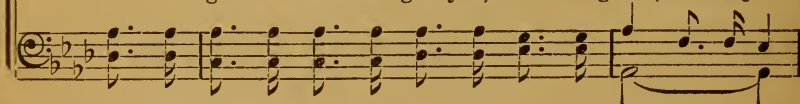
To the har - vest fields that ri - pen, Hear the call (Hear the call);
 Calls the Mas - ter of the har - vest, O'er and o'er (O'er and o'er);
 "Go ye all in - to my vine - yard, With a will (With a will);



I - dle stand not all the day, Stow the Mas - ter's grain a - way;
 Calls the Mas - ter far and near: "I - dle stand no lon - ger here,
 Be it ear - ly, be it late, I - dle there no lon - ger wait,



It is read - y for the gar - ner, Why de - lay (Why de - lay)?
 I will give you right - eous wa - ges, Nev - er fear (Nev - er fear)."
 What is right I sure will give you, Small and great (Small and great)."



CHORUS.



Why de - lay? Haste a - way, Soon will come set - tling day; While the



Idle Stand Not all the Day.—Concluded.

gold - en har - vests wait, Ripe to fall (Ripe to fall); Stand not

at the mar - ket gate, Hear, oh, hear the Mas - ter's call:

"Work you my de-sire, I'll give, will give you hire (give you hire)."

91

The Land of Canaan.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }
 In - finite day excludes the night, And (Omit.) pleasures banish pain.
 2. { There everlasting spring abides, And ne ver - with'ring flowers; }
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides This (Omit.) heav'nly land from ours.

CHORUS.
 1. 3 O Canaan, bright Canaan, It is the land of Canaan, Canaan It is the land of Canaan.
 2. 3

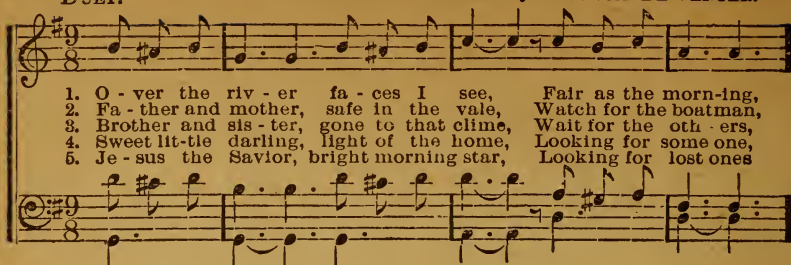
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jew old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

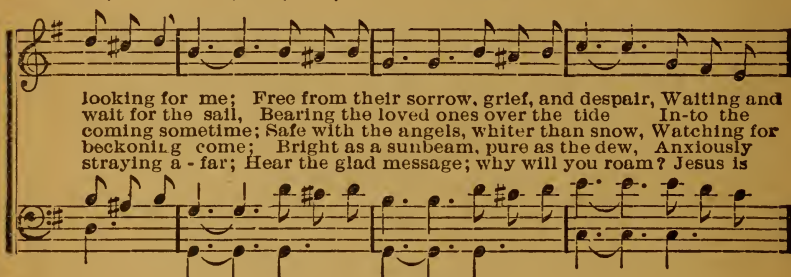
Looking This Way.

DUET.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

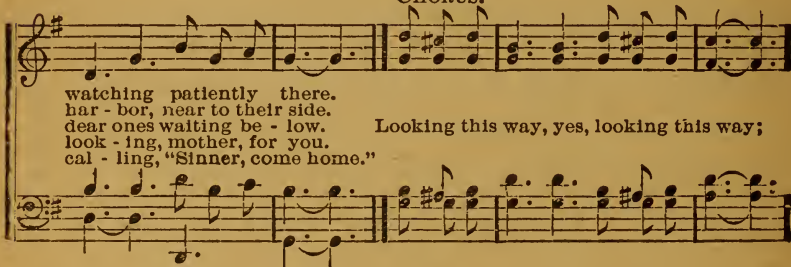


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones

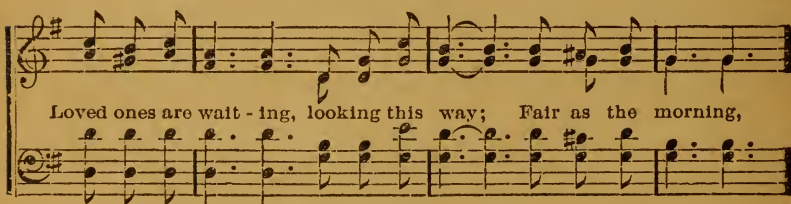


looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bearing the loved ones over the tide In - to the
 coming sometime; Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for
 beckoning come; Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is

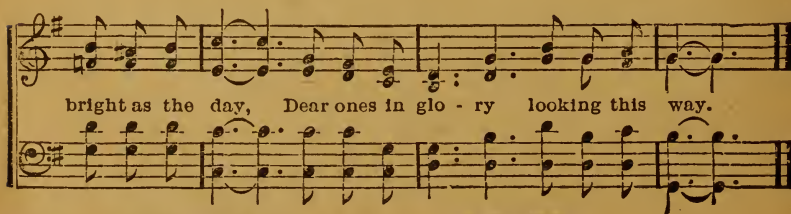
CHORUS.



watching patiently there.
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones waiting be - low. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 cal - ling, "Sinner, come home."



Loved ones are wait - ing, looking this way; Fair as the morning,



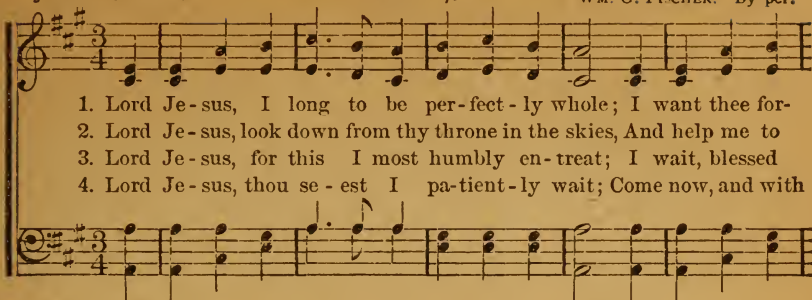
bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

Whiter than Snow.

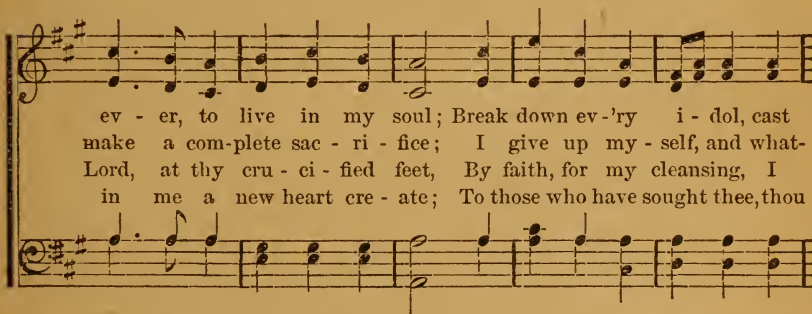
JAMES NICHOLSON.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."
Psalm li. 7.

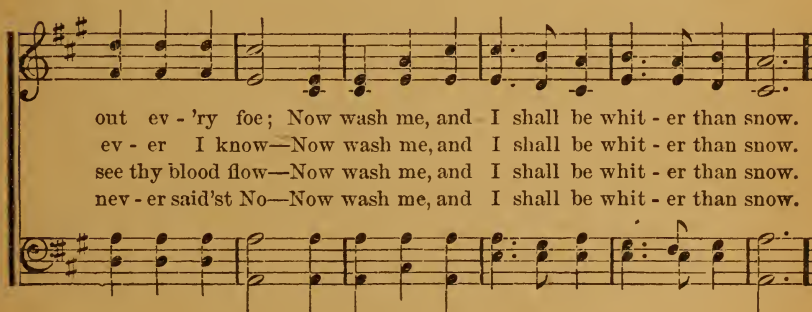
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with

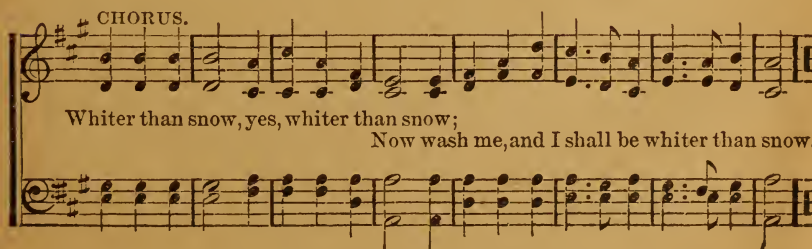


ev-er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
 make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-
 Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart ere-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou



out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev-er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 nev-er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.



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

The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John 1: 7.

REV. W. H. SHEAK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O, the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all my sin! Praise his holy name so
 2. I'm so happy now in Jesus, and I know he's mine: He's the tender Shepherd
 3. Let thy blood, O precious Saviour, always be applied To my falt'ring heart, and

precious, I am pure with-in! Tho' my sins were scarlet, they are whit-er
 of my soul—my guide di-vine, E'er he leads me by the wa-ters that are
 dai-ly life, whate'er be-tide; Till my life be-low is end-ed, and my

now than snow; Once my soul was red with crimson, now 'tis clean I know.
 still and cool, Tho' the pastures ev-er green, be-side the sha-dy pool.
 work is done, And I stand with thee triumphant, and a crown have won.

CHORUS.

Praise the name of Jesus, for His blood it cleanseth me! All the chains of

sin are broken, now my soul is free! O, the blood, the precious blood, it

The Blood of Jesus Cleanseth Me.—CONCLUDED.

makes me white as snow! All my life and all my sins are underneath its flow.

95. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

With great feeling.

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. On-ward up the high-way, To the promised land, Moves the gospel
 2. On-ward up the high-way, Vanquishing the foe, Fol-lowing the
 3. On-ward up the high-way, See the east-ern sky, Ra-di-ant with

ar-my, Je-sus in command; See the host ad-vanc-ing,
 Sav-ior; Shout-ing as we go. Full and free sal-va-tion,
 sun-shine--Morn-ing draw-eth nigh. Soon the gates will o-pen,

On to vic-to-ry! Marching up to Ca-naan, From captiv-i-ty.
 Life for-ev-ermore; Marching to the homeland, On the oth-er shore.
 An-gel hosts appear; Onward, Christian soldier, Vic-to-ry is near.

CHORUS.

On-ward, as we journey let us sing, Glo-ry, hal-le-
 On-ward, ev-er on-ward, Glo-ry, hal-le-

- - - ry, hal-le-lu-jah to the King! On-ward up the
 - lu-jah, On-ward, ev-er on-ward

Onward Up the Highway.—Concluded.

high - way, Let..... our voi - ces ring.....
Let us make our hap - py voi - ces ring, ev - er ring.

97.

Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. { When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Savior's words so blest, Love found me; "Come, weary, heavy-
2. { The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-viction seized me,
Although I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

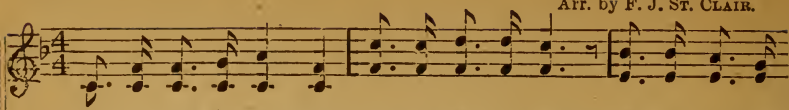
CHORUS.

tem-pest-tossed, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love, love,
la - den, rest!" Love found me. }
strong and deep, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
kind em - brace, Love found me. }

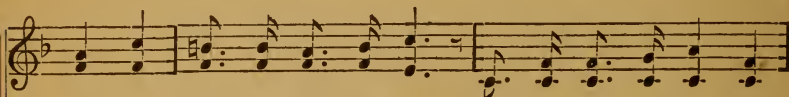
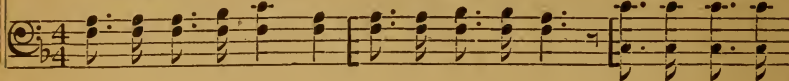
Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me. | 4 And when I reach the gold-paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me. |
|---|--|

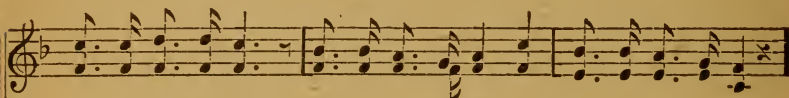
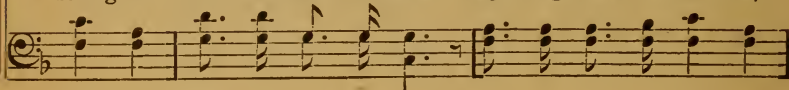
VAN.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.
Arr. by F. J. ST. CLAIR.

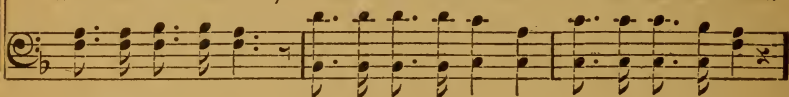
1. I will work for Je - sus, Trust Him and o - bey, Car - ry out His
2. Reaping some with gladness, Gleaning some with tears On ac - count of
3. I shall nev - er wea - ry Of the work I do, For the Lord will



or - ders, Serve Him day by day; In the ri - pened har - vest,
this - tles With the gold - en ears; Trust - ing in the Sav - ior,
strengthen All the har - vest thro'. Lay - ing down the sick - le,



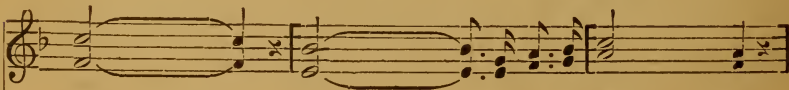
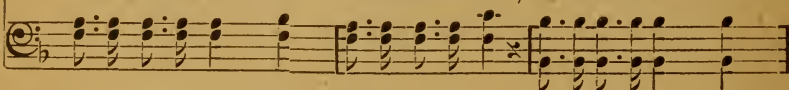
O - ver hill and plain, Gleaning for the Mas - ter Sheaves of gold - en grain.
Ev - er on I go, Up and down the hillside, Gleaning to and fro.
When the end has come, I will be ad - mit - ted To the harvest home.



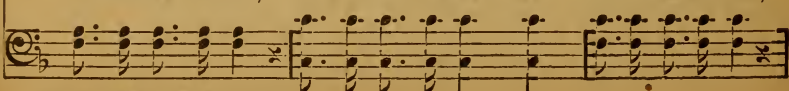
CHORUS.



I.....will work for Je - - sus Till..... the shadows
I will work for Je - sus Till the shadows fall, I will work for Je - sus



fall,..... La - - - - - bor for the Mas - - - - - ter,
Till the shadows fall, La - bor for the Mas - ter Till I hear His call,



I will Work for Jesus.—Concluded.

Till..... I hear His call;..... At..... the dewy
La-bor for the Mas - ter Till I hear His call; At the dewy ev - 'ning,
ev - - - 'ning, When..... the gleaner leaves,.....
When the gleaner leaves, At the dew - y ev - 'ning, When the gleaner leaves,
"I.....will come re-joic - ing, Bring - - ing in the sheaves."
"I will come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves, I will come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves."

99.

Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

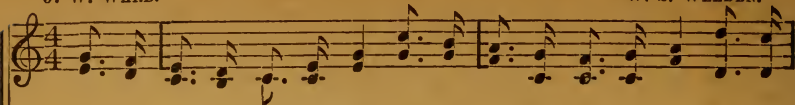
CHORUS.

1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

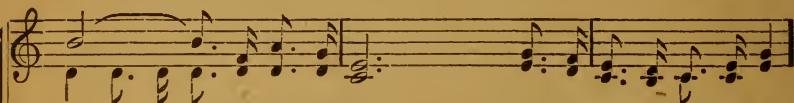
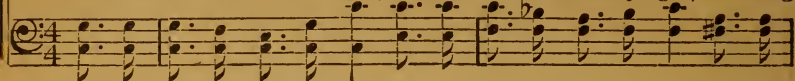
CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see;
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.
By permission.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.



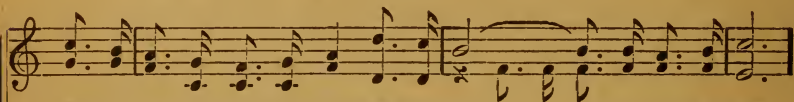
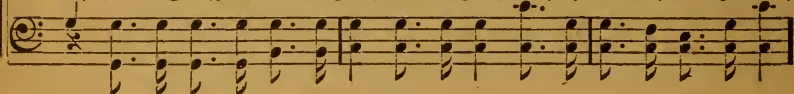
1. We are sol-diers of the King, Heav'nly ti-dings we will sing, Marching
2. With our shield and banner bright, We are fighting for the right, Marching
3. We've en-list-ed for the right, And its foes we'll bravely fight, Marching



on,..... yes, marching on;

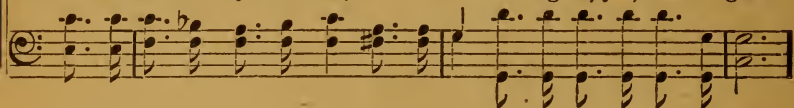
on,..... yes, marching on;

on, marching on, yes, marching on, marching on; Cheer, my comrades, loudly cheer,

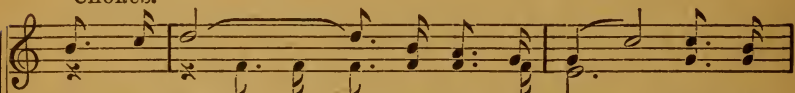


Praising Him who leads the way? Marching on,..... yes, marching on.
 With our King we do not fear,
 For the vic-to-ry is near,

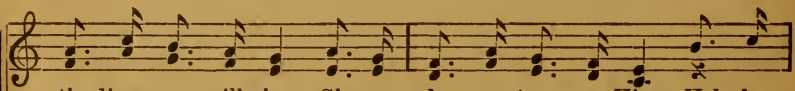
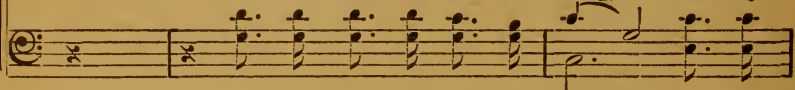
Marching on, yes, marching on.



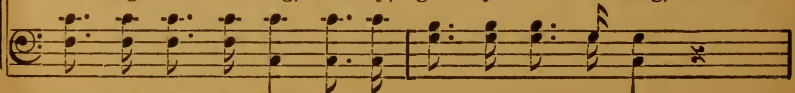
CHORUS.



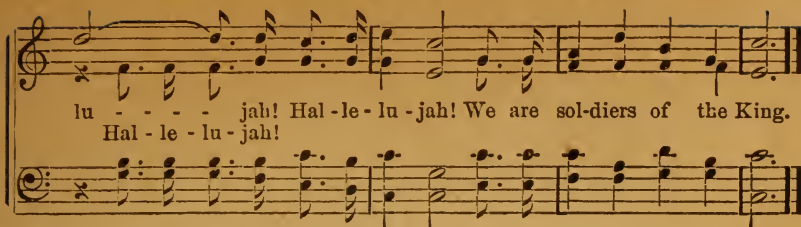
We are sol - - - diers of the King, Heav'n-ly
 We are sol - diers of the King, Heav'n-ly



ti-dings we will sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-



We are Soldiers.—Concluded.



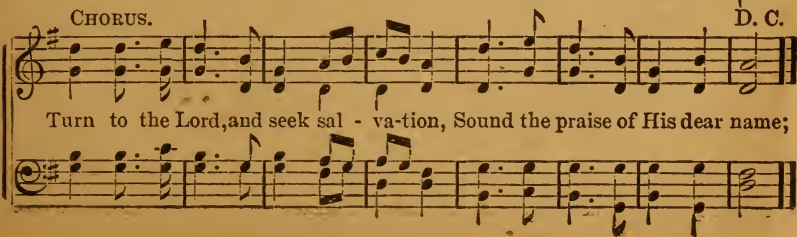
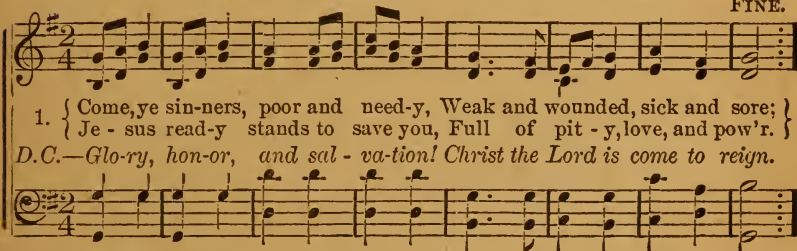
101. Invitation Hymn.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;

- If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.
- JOSEPH HART.

Come, Ye Sinners.

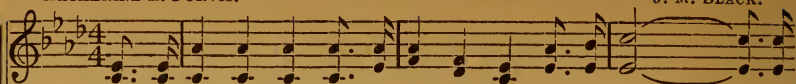
JEREMIAH INGALLS.
FINE.



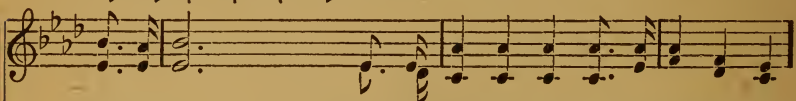
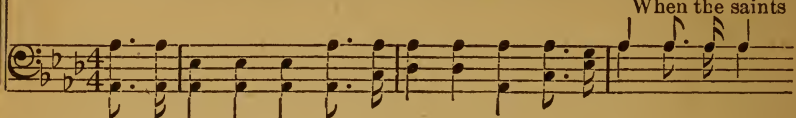
102. When the Saints are Marching In.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

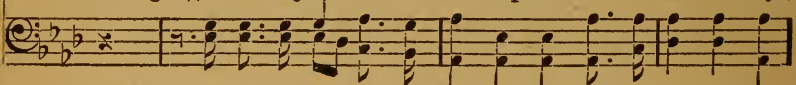
J. M. BLACK.



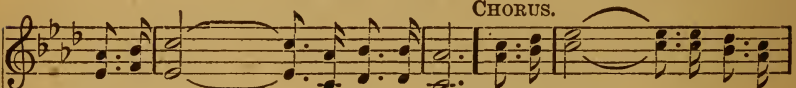
1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints.... are
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints.... are
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints.... are
4. "To the Lamb onceslain, But who lives again," When the saints.... are



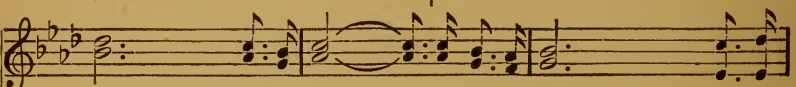
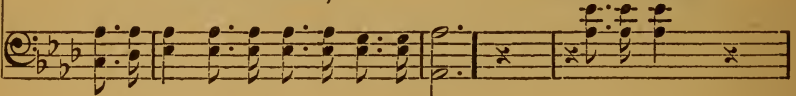
marching in, The Redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,
marching in, Spot-less robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
marching in, And the blood-washed throng Shall re-pat the song,
marching in, (are marching in) We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days,



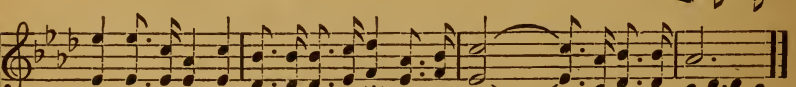
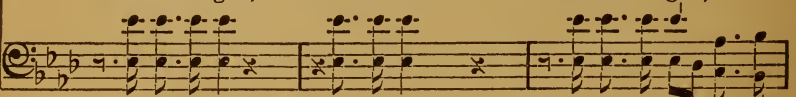
CHORUS.



When the saints..... are marching in. When the saints are marching
When the saints, When the saints



in, When the saints... are marching in, Joy-ful
are marching in, When the saints are marching in,



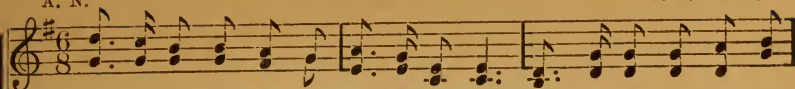
songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints.... are marching in.
When the saints marching in.



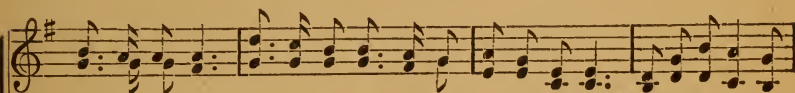
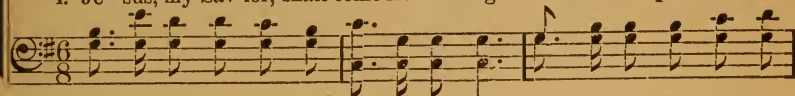
"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. N.

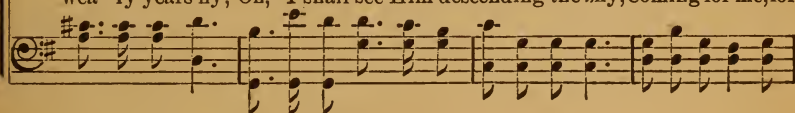
E. E. HASTY.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wan-d'ring a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as

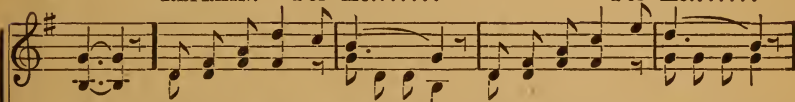


sor-row and shame; Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be? Dying for me, for
far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

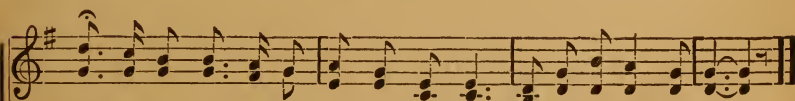
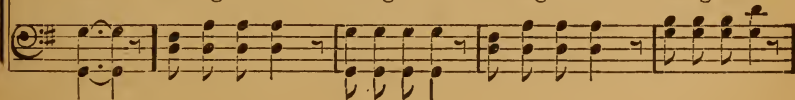


REFRAIN. For me!.....

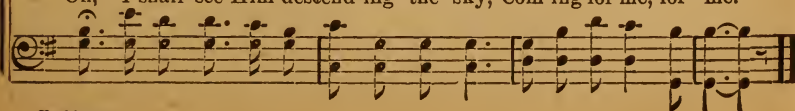
For me!.....



me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! Dying for me! Dying for me! Dy-ing for me! Dying for me!
me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!



Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

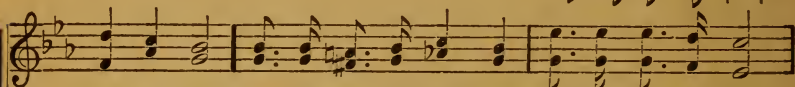
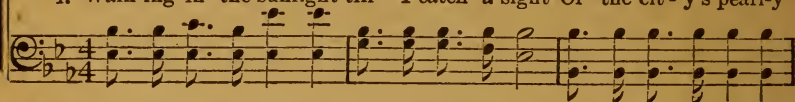


BIRDIE BELL.

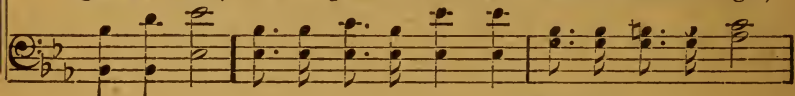
A. J. SHOWALTER.



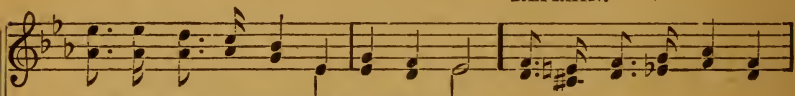
1. Walk-ing in the sunlight, on I go each day, Trav'ling to a land be-
2. Walk-ing in the sunlight of a Father's love, Pressing on with swift and
3. Walk-ing in the sunlight, close by Je-sus' side, Fearing naught, I journey
4. Walk-ing in the sunlight till I catch a sight Of the cit-y's pearl-y



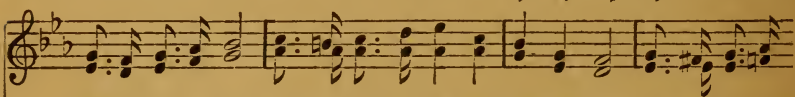
yond com-pare; Sing-ing of God's mer-cies all a-long the way,
will-ing feet; Rest e-ter-nal waits me in that land a-bove;
on the way; In my weakness cling-ing to my trust-y Guide,
gates a-bove; Je-sus' pres-ence scat-ters dark-est shades of night,



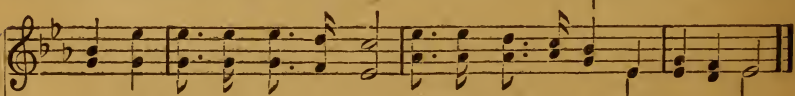
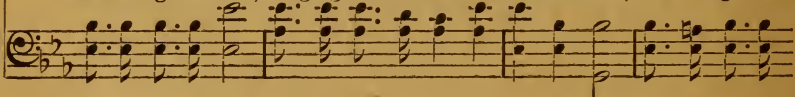
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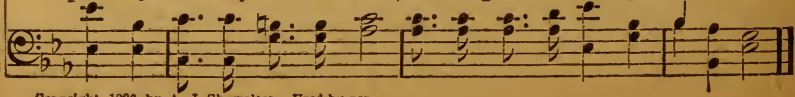
Walking in the sunlight bright and fair.
Walking in the sunlight glad and sweet. } Walking in the sun-light,
Walking in the sunlight, day by day.
Walking in the sunlight of God's love.



bless-ed light of God, Singing of His mercies' ceaseless flow, Foll'wing in the



pathway which my Lord hath trod, Walking in the sun-light, on I go.



VINNIE VERNON.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Oh, let us be glad in our Sav-ior and King, No tongues ev-er
 2. His won-der-ful name makes our vic-to-ry sure, We share in His
 3. We bless His dear name thro' smiles and thro' tears, His love all the

had great-er rea-son to sing, Our hearts we will raise with our voices in
 fame, which shall ever endure; On earth we've His word and the gift of His
 same hath encompassed our years; Oh, who could be sad when thus held in His

CHORUS.

song, And give Him the praise to whom praises belong. Be glad,..... be
 love; The joy of the Lord yet a - waits us a - bove.
 care, Come, let us be glad, and God's goodness declare. Be glad, oh, be glad, be

glad,..... Oh, let us be glad in our King,..... Lift
 glad, oh, be glad, King, in our King,

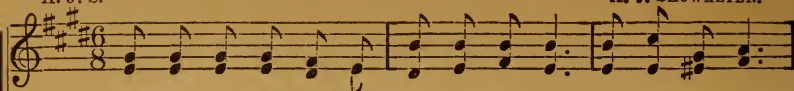
up happy voices and praise Him, Till space with His praises shall ring.....
 Till space with His praises, His praises shall ring.

Jesus knocks at thy heart.

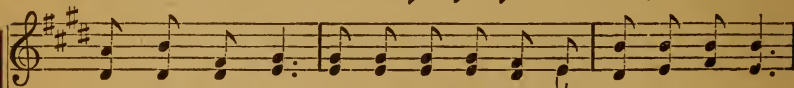
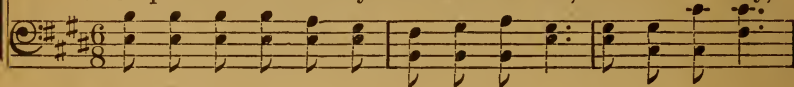
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,"—Rev. 3: 20.

A. J. S.

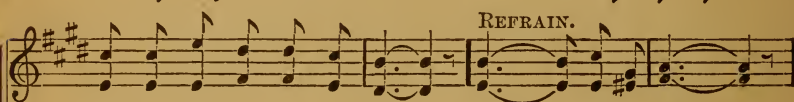
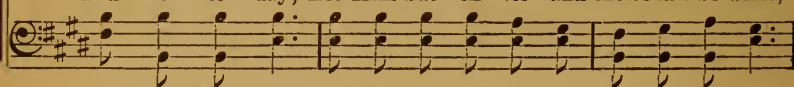
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Lo! Je - sus pa-tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,
2. O - pen the door and say, "Mas-ter, come in, Come and a - bide,
3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still, O - pen to - day!
4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to - day,



knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,
 come and a - bide;" He will re-deem thee and cleanse from all sin,
 o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Sav - ior so ill?
 find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

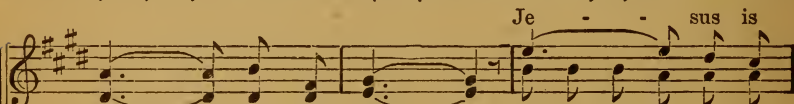
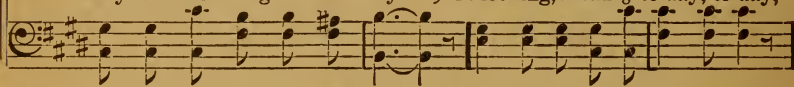


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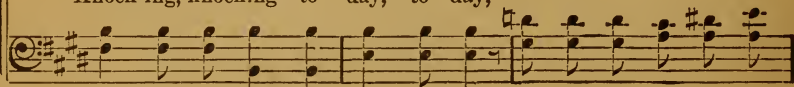
Lest He for - ev - er de - part.
 He will be with thee to guide.
 How canst thou turn Him a - way?
 Why wilt thou long - er de - lay?

Knock - ing to - day,....

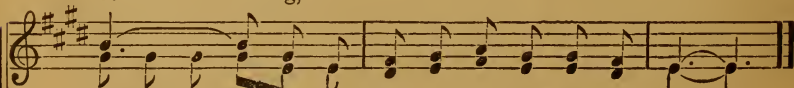
Knocking, knocking to-day, to-day,



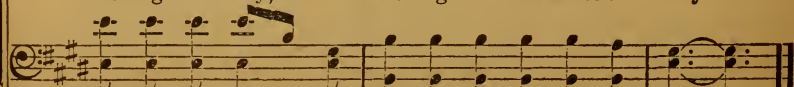
Knock - ing to - day,..... Je - sus is
 Knock-ing, knocking to - day, to - day,



knock - - ing,

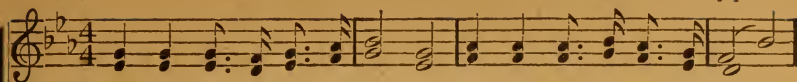


knocking to - day, Is knocking for en-trance to - day

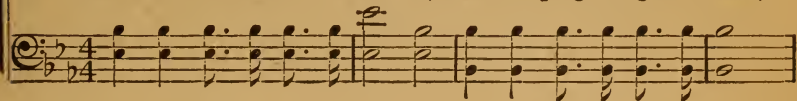


R. L.

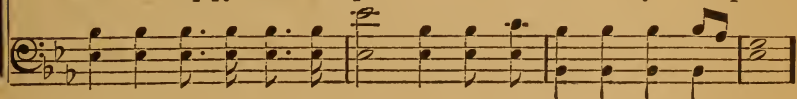
Rev. R. Lowry. By per.



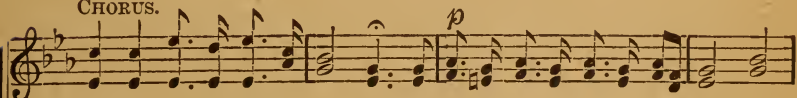
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face;
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



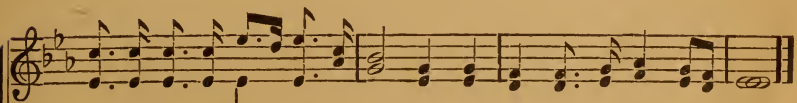
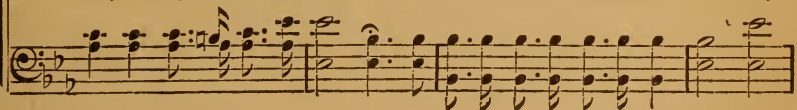
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Saints whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



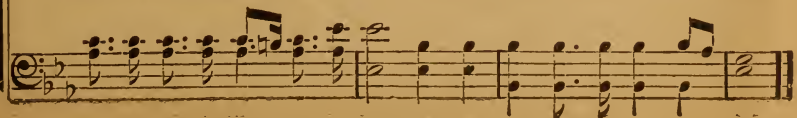
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, —



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



108. Whithersoever Thou Goest I will Go.

(PROCESSIONAL.)

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—MATT. 8: 19.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Marching time.

1. Hark! I hear the Sav - ior say - ing, "Fol - low me;" Yes, my blessed
 2. Like the way - side beg - gar with his earn - est plea, Je - sus, son of
 3. Lord, thro' grief and con - flict I would fol - low Thee; Tho' the way be -

Mas - ter, I will be Read - y for the bat - tle, firm against the foe,
 Dav - id, I would see, What Thy ho - ly will is, Sav - ior, to me show,
 fore me hard may be, Help me be submiss - ive, faith divine bestow,

Whith - er - so - ev - er Thou go - est I will go, I will go.
 Whith - er - so - ev - er He said, I will go, I will go.
 Whith - er - so - ev - er Thou say - est may I go, may I go.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest, I will follow Thee,
 I will follow, follow, where Thou go - est, I will follow, follow,

whith - er - so - ev - er Thou go - est, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou
 where Thou go - est, I will follow, follow, where Thou

Whithersoever Thou Goest.—Concluded.

go - est, Whith-er-so - ev-er Thou go - est, I will go.
go - est, I will go, will go, yes, I will go.

109.

"Keep On Asking"

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—MATT. 7: 7.

A. F. M.

Andante.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Have you asked of God a fa-vor, And grown weary of de-lay?
2. Have you called on Him in earn-est, When He did not heed your cry?
3. Are you anxious lest your neighbor, Or your friend, in sin may die?
4. Do you sometimes get dis-couraged, As He seems to slight your call?

Keep on ask-ing, keep on ask-ing, He will grant it in His way.
Keep on call-ing, keep on call-ing, He will an-swer by and by.
Keep on ask-ing, plead-ing, call-ing, He will save them by and by.
Keep on call-ing, keep on ask-ing, He will sometime give you all.

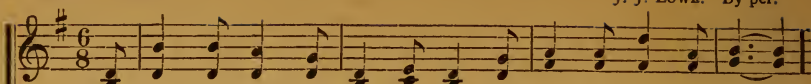
CHORUS.

Keep on ask-ing, keep on ask-ing, Though He seems to slight your call,

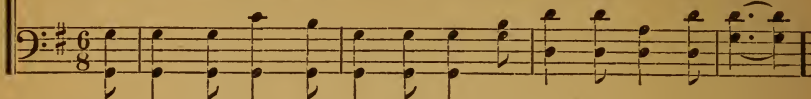
For with Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing, By and by He'll give you all.

MRS. F. A. BRECK.

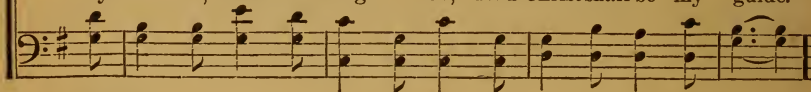
J. J. LOWE. By per.



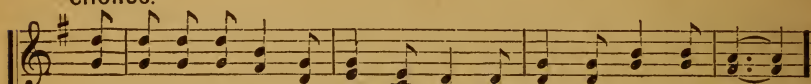
1. Press for - ward sol - dier of the Lord, Press on with - out de - lay ;
2. Press for - ward sol - dier of the cross, Stay not in all the plain ;
3. Press for - ward sol - dier of the right, Stay not for doubt or sin ;
4. Press on and keep thy pur - pose true, Press on what - e'er be - tide ;



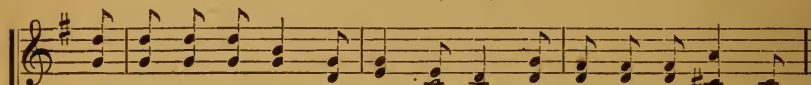
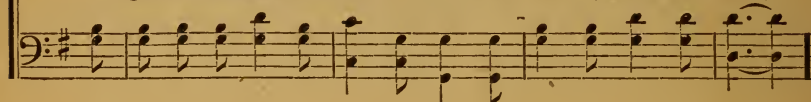
Press on to win the blest re - ward, Press on in faith to day.
 Press on nor stay for pain or loss, Till thou the prize shalt gain.
 Press on in dark - ness or in light, Till thou the vic - t'ry win.
 Say ev - er, "this one thing I do," And Christ shall be my guide.



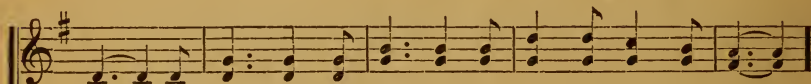
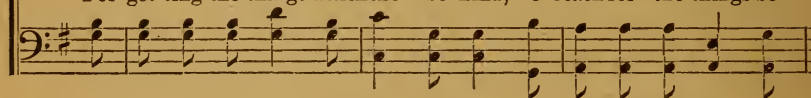
CHORUS.



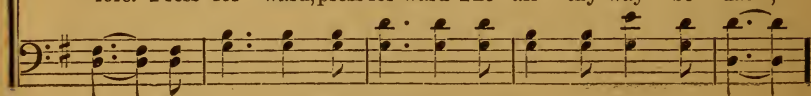
For - get - ting the things which are be - hind, Let all thy doubts be o'er;



For - get - ting the things which are be - hind, O reach for the things be -



fore. Press for - ward, press for - ward Tho' all thy way be dark ;



Press Forward. - CONCLUDED.

Press for - ward, press for - ward, Press for-ward t'ward the mark.

111.

Crown Him.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780.

R. C. WARD.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, }
 { Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. }
 2. { Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, }
 { To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. }
 3. { Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, }
 { We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. }

CHORUS.

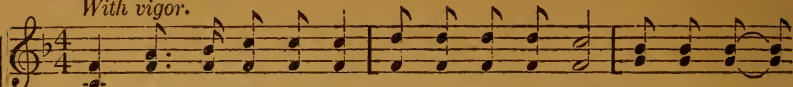
We will crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, Give to
 We will crown Him Lord of all, Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all, Give to

Je - sus all the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! We will crown Him,
 Je - sus all the glo - ry, all the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! We will crown Him Lord of all!

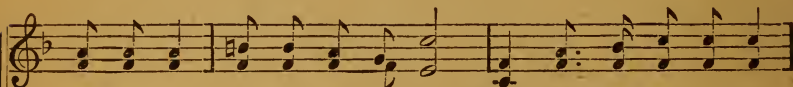
Yes, we'll crown Him, We will crown the Savior Lord of all!
 Yes, we'll crown Him Lord of all!

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.


GRANT C. TULLAR.

With vigor.


1. Take up the bat-tle-cry all a-long the line, Vic-to-ry
 2. Truth's ar-mor you may claim, faith will be your shield, Fighting on in
 3. Sol-diers, with cour-age go, go for-sak-ing all, Onward, then, to

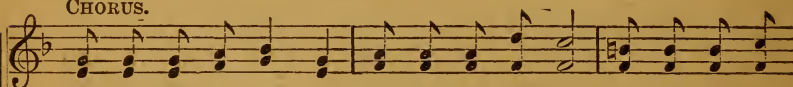


by and by, vic-to-ry di-vine; With your com-man-der nigh,
 Je-sus' name, might-y pow'r you wield; Glo-ry for God your aim,
 meet the foe, soon the foe shall fall; Send might-y blow on blow—

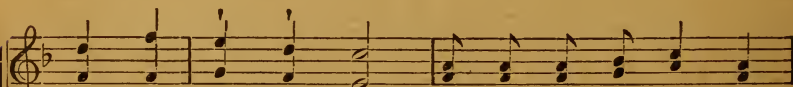


foes in vain com-bine, Raise a-loft the ban-ner, let it bear the sign,—
 naught can make you yield, Shout a-loud the triumph sure to be revealed.
 let no fear ap-pall, In the name of Je-sus sound a-far the call.

CHORUS.



"All the world for Je-sus," let the cho-rus ring; "All the world for



Je-sus," crown Him King. "Al'l the world for Je-sus,"

All the World for Jesus.—Concluded.

let the watchword be, "Forward go in Je-sus' name to vic - to - ry."

113.

Precious is the Blood.

G. C. T.

1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Naught have I to make my plea, Precious is the cleansing blood;
 2. While I wandered far in sin, Precious is the cleansing blood;
 3. Once in sor-row, sin and woe, Precious is the cleansing blood;
 4. Till I see my Sav-ior King, Precious is the cleansing blood;

But that Je-sus died for me, Oh, precious is the cleansing blood.
 Je - sus found and took me in, Oh, precious is the cleansing blood.
 Now in paths of peace I go, Oh, precious is the cleansing blood.
 Still my soul in joy shall sing, Oh, precious is the cleansing blood.

CHORUS.

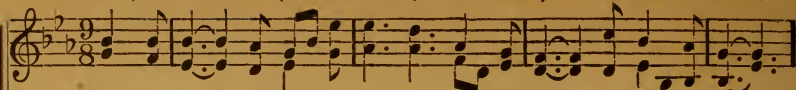
Oh, the cleansing now I see, Je - sus shed His blood for me;

That applied now sets me free, Oh, precious is the cleansing blood.

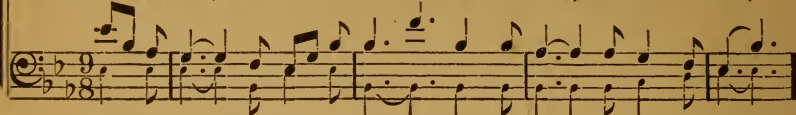
H. BONAR, D. D.

(TRIO FOR SOP., ALTO & TEN.)

GEORGE F. HENRY.



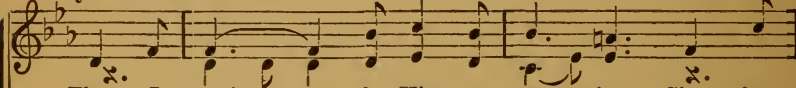
1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth, With a brother's ten-der care;
2. Yes, for me Hestandeth pleading At the mer-cy-seat a-bove;
3. Yes, in me abroad Hesheddeth Joys un-earth-ly, love, and light;
4. Yes, in me, in me Hedwelleth— I in Him, and He in me;



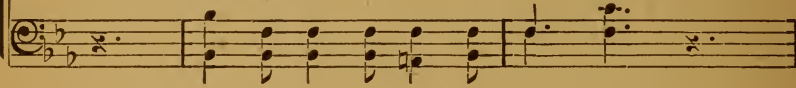
Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry fear.
 Ev-er for me in-ter-ced-ing, Constant in un-tir-ing love.
 And to cov-er me He spreadeth His pa-ter-nal wing of might.
 And my emp-ty soul He fill-eth Here and through e-ter-ni-ty.



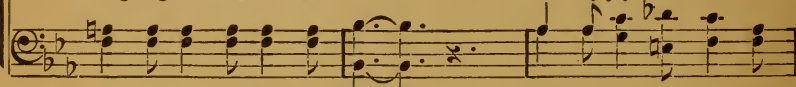
QUARTET OR CHORUS.



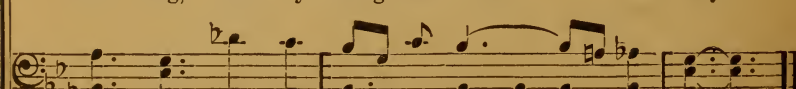
Thus I wait..... for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing
 Thus I wait



on..... my pil-grim way; This my joy - ful song at
 Sing-ing on This my joy - ful

p *Rit.*

morn - ing, This my song at close..... of day.



W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come In - to the
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee, Ten-der-ly
 3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a-broad to - day; Seek-ing the

fold of safe-ty, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood,
 now He's calling, Wan-der-er, come to me: Hasten! for with-out is dan-ger,
 sheep who're straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov-ing Shepherd,

Come in the morn of youth, Enter the fold of safe-ty, Enter the way of truth.
 Come! cries the Shepherd blest, Enter the fold of safe-ty, Enter the place of rest.
 Call-eth thee now to come In-to the fold of safe-ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS arranged.

Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly, calling is He; Wan-der-er, wanderer, come unto me,

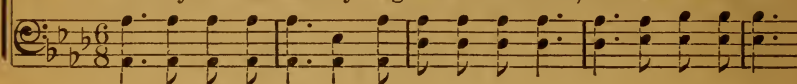
Rit.
 Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, there standing I see Je - sus, my Shepherd di-vine.

J. M. W.

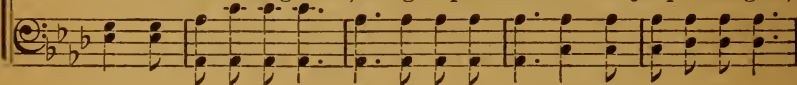
J. M. WHYTE.



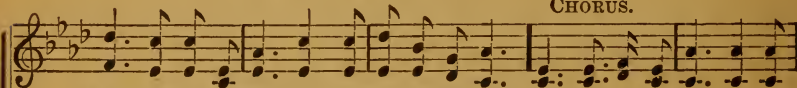
1. Tho' down in the paths of dis-hon-or and shame, And bringing disgrace
2. Tho' dwelling at ease in a pal-ace of state, Tho' feasted and sung
3. When stretched on a couch of be-wil-der-ing pain, He longed for the days
4. Tho' whitened his locks with the frost of the years, He'll never for-get
5. Some day he will stand by a grass-covered mound, Where true-heart-ed moth-



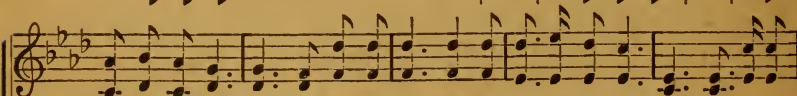
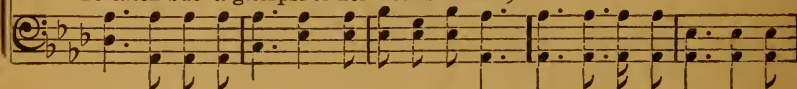
on his mother's fair name, The moments will come in the midst of his glee,
in the halls of the great, A voice of the past calls a-way from the throng,
of his childhood again, And mother to come from the heav-en-ly land,
the soft splash of her tears That fell on his face as she rocked him to sleep, —
er lies under the ground, And gaze past the sunset of jas-per and gold,



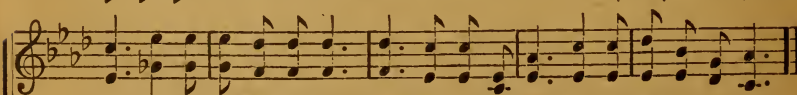
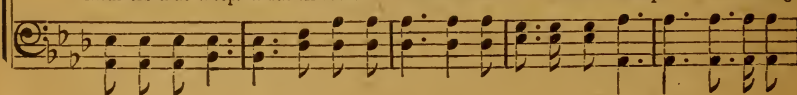
CHORUS.



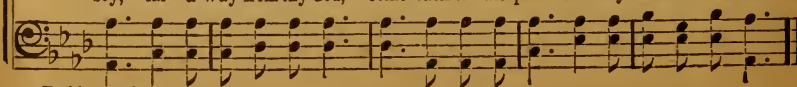
When he will remember the pray'r at her knee,
His mother's sweet voice in a lul-la-by song.
To soothe him to rest with the touch of her hand. } Oh, hearts that are bro-ken! oh,
Oh, hearts that are broken! oh, mothers that weep!
To catch but a glimpse of her face as of old. }

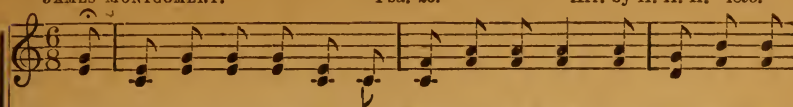


moth-ers that weep! What bil-lows of sor-row must o-ver them sweep! O wan-der-ing

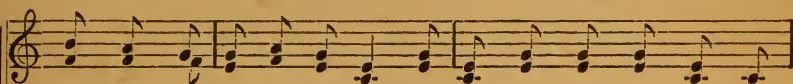
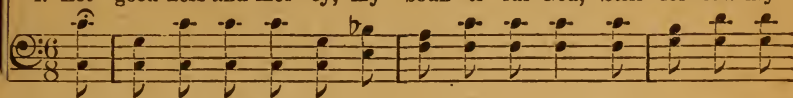


boy, far a-way from thy God, Come back to the path that thy moth-er hath trod.

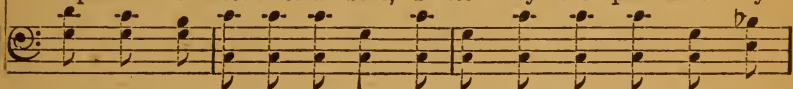




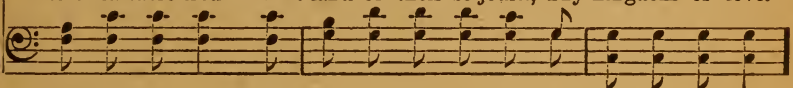
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion, my ta-ble is spread With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my



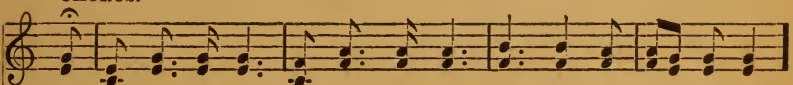
pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
 Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
 numbered, my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove, I seek-by the path which my



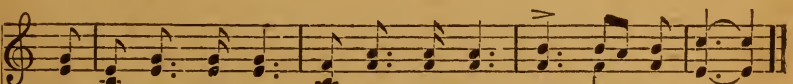
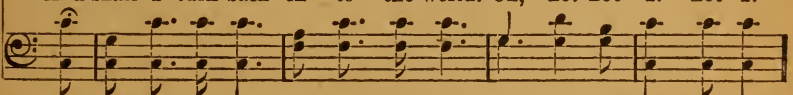
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.



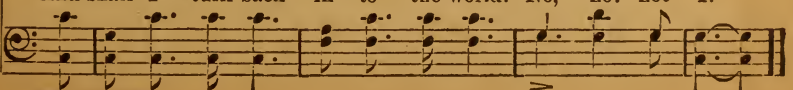
CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!



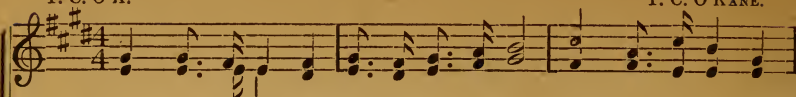
And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no! not I!



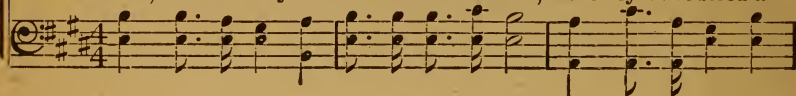
"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

T. C. O'K.

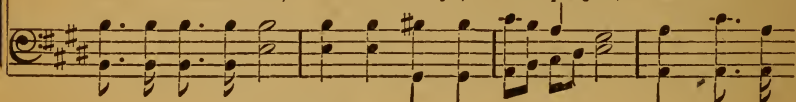
T. C. O'KANE.



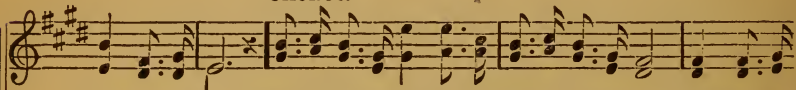
1. Who, who are these be-side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor-ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je-sus ear - ly,
3. These, these are they who in af-flic-tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a-



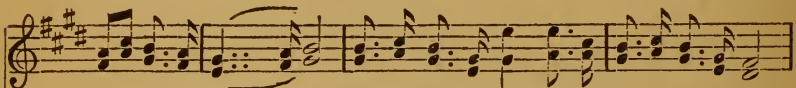
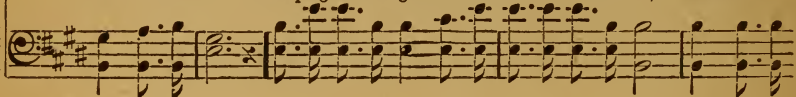
of the si-lent grave, Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
and in wisdom's ways Proved the fullness of His grace, Washed in the
Je - sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
mid the hot-test fire, Je-sus now says, "Come up higher;" Washed in the



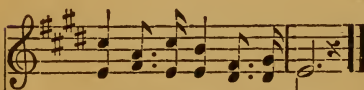
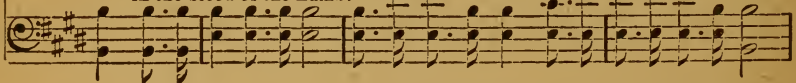
CHORUS.



blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Washed in the



blood of the Lamb;" "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem,
in the blood of the Lamb;"



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."



- 5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are
Happy now and evermore, [o'er:
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHO—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

- 6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely Thine,
Daily from sin be kept by pow'r divine,
Then in heaven the saints we'll join,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHO.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There is mer - cy at the cross to - day, There the sinner's guilt is wash'd a -
 2. There's sal - va - tion at the cross to - day, Wea - ry sin - ner, throw your fears a -
 3. There is cleans - ing at the cross to - day, Be made ho - ly on the King's high -
 4. There's a bless - ing at the cross to - day, We ob - tain it as we watch and

way; There is par - don pure and sweet, When we fall at Je - sus' feet, There is
 way; There your precious Sav - ior died! See His wounds are o - pen wide, There is
 way; Give to Je - sus all your heart, Do not keep back a - ny part, There is
 pray; As we do the Master's will, He His prom - ise will ful - fill, There is

CHORUS.

mer - cy at the cross to - day. There is mer - - cy, mercy at the cross,
 There is mer - cy, there is mercy, There is

There is mer - cy at the cross to - day. Ev - 'ry blessing Christ will give;
 There is mer - cy, mercy at the cross.

If you on - ly look and live, There is mer - cy at the cross to - day.

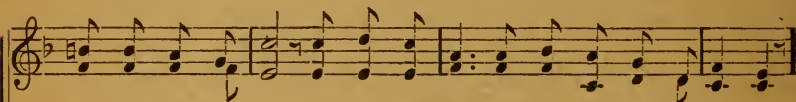
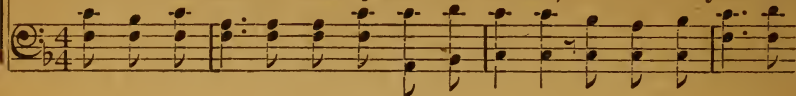
120. Can Ye Not Watch One Little Hour?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

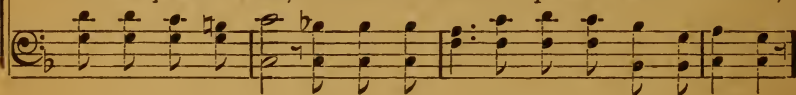
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



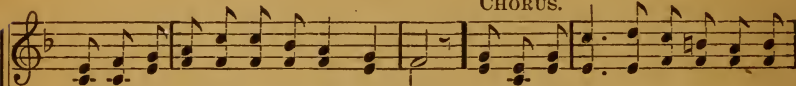
1. One lit - tle hour for watching with the Mas - ter, E - ter - nal years to
2. One lit - tle hour to suf - fer scorn and loss - es, E - ter - nal years be -
3. One lit - tle hour for wea - ry toils and tri - als, E - ter - nal years for



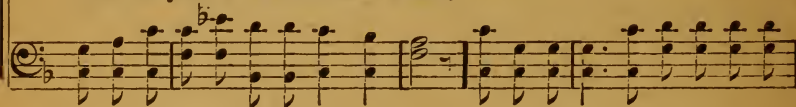
walk with Him in white; One lit - tle hour to brave - ly meet dis - as - ter,
yond earth's cruel frowns; One lit - tle hour to car - ry heav - y cross - es,
calm and peace - ful rest; One lit - tle hour for pa - tient self - de - ni - als,



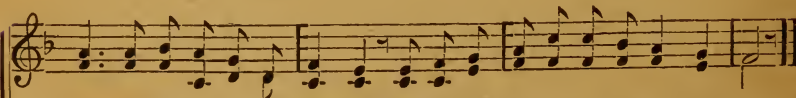
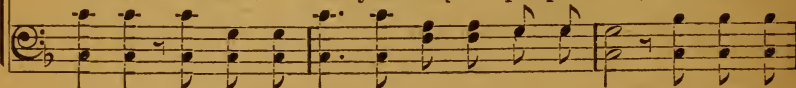
CHORUS.



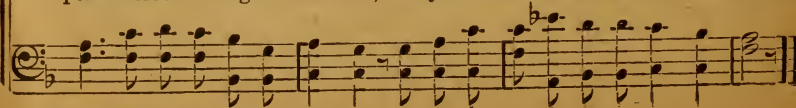
E - ter - nal years to reign with Him in light. }
E - ter - nal years to wear un - fade - ing crowns. } Then souls, be brave, and watch until the
E - ter - nal years of life where life is blest. }



mor - row! A - wake! a - rise! your lamps of pur - pose trim; Your Sav - ior

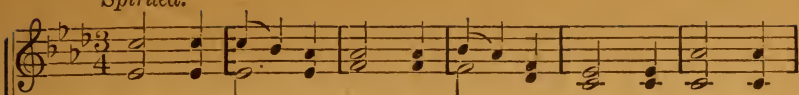


speaks across the night of sor - row; Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?

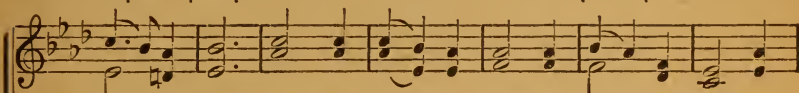


J. O. THOMPSON.
Spirited.

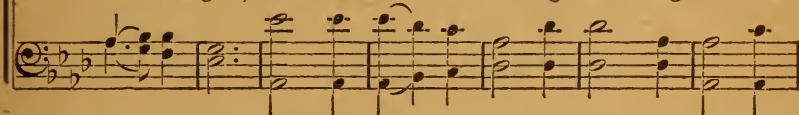
J. B. O. CLEMM.



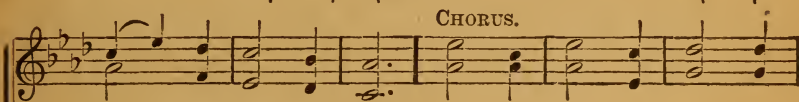
1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the



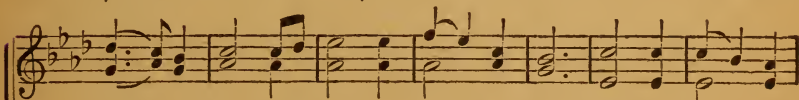
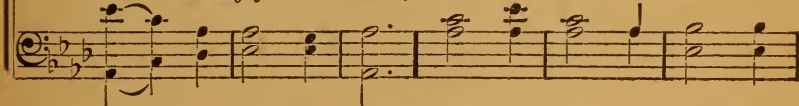
rip-ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the
noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at ev'-ning wend-ing Thou shalt



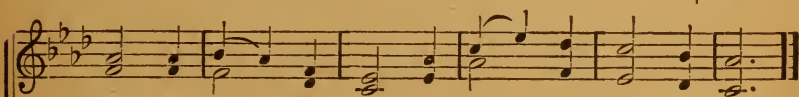
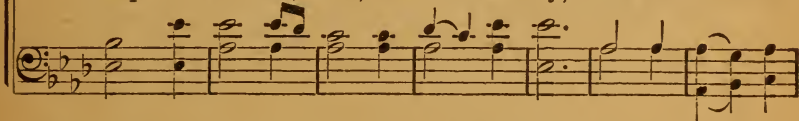
CHORUS.



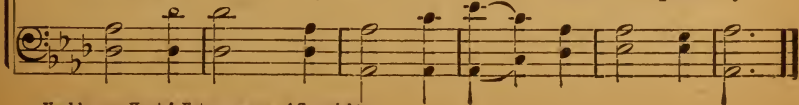
sun - ny slope and plain.
gath - er ev - 'ry-where. } Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told. }



reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the



sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.



HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK. By per.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
 2. In this won - der - ful sal - va - tion, and his re - deem - ing grace, I have
 3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my

morn - ing of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Savior whose
 peace and joy, and nothing can dis - may; In the comfort of His presence, the
 soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho - san - na! for

pardon made me free, Now, there's bright and blessed sun - light all the way.
 shin - ing of His face There is bright and blessed sun - light all the way.
 ev - 'ry vic - try won And the bright and blessed sun - light all the way.

CHORUS.

There is sun - light, sun - light, beaming bright and clear In the
 sun - light, sun - light,

sweetness of His ser - vice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
 sunlight, sunlight,

Sunlight all the Way. Concluded.

with my Sav-ior near, There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way,

123. Face the Other Way.

E. R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Broad the road of e - vil, And the crowd is there, Sowing to the whirlwind,
2. What the Lord commandeth, Hear it and o - bey, Ere too late for - ev - er,
3. In the way so nar - row, Where His people go, Let your feet be treading,
4. "Blessed of my Fa - ther!" Hear the Savior say; E'en this moment choose Him,

Lay - ing up de - spair; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Sin - ner here be - low; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,
 Face the oth - er way; If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to - day,

D. S.—If you're in the broad road, Flee from it to-day,

FINE. CHORUS.

If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way,

If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

Face the oth - er way, If you're looking sinwards, Face the oth - er way.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

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

mount-ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re-peat-ing,
 hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
 day un - to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;

CHORUS.

Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to - day.
 Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more. } Go-ing a - far
 Pointing the lost to Je-sus, the way. }

Go-ing a - far.....

up-on the mountain, Bringing the wand' rer back a -
 up - on the mount-ain, Bringing the wan - - - d' rer back a -

gain, back a - gain, Into the fold of my Re-deem-er,
 gain..... Into the fold..... of my Re-deem - er,.....

Seeking the Lost—Concluded.



Jesus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.



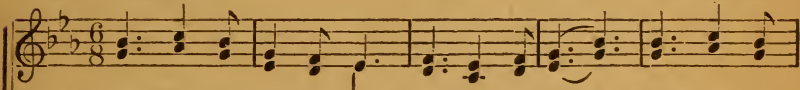
Jesus, the Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

125

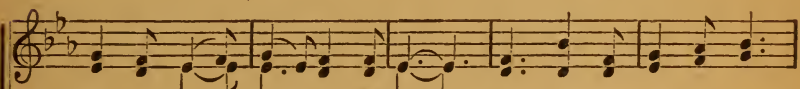
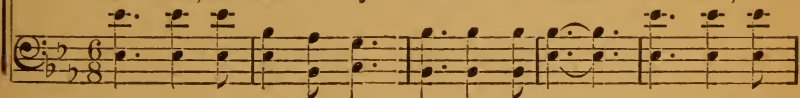
Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

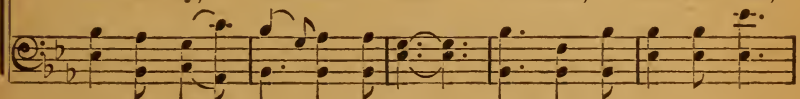
T. E. PERKINS.



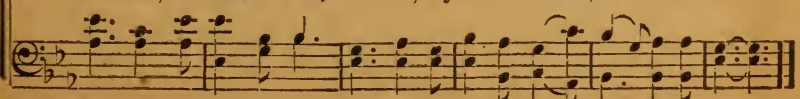
1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
3. Fare - well, mor-tal - i - ty Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -



ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,



Earth has no rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav - ior's breast, Je - sus is mine!



English, arr.

Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus, It smooths the rugged road; It seems to help me
 2. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus, A - lone in se-cret pray'r;—It gives me strength and
 3. The way is long and dreary To yon-der far-off clime; A lit - tle talk with
 4. I'll trust and wait with patience Till my ap-point-ed time, And glo-ry in the

on-ward, When fainting 'neath my load: When, worn by care and sorrow, My
 cour-age, Life's wea-ry toils to bear; And tho' I sometimes fal-ter Be-
 Je-sus Doth while a-way the time; The more I learn to know Him, And
 knowledge That such a trust is mine; Then, where no hearts are wea-ry, No

eyes with tears are dim, There's naught can give me comfort Like a lit-tle talk with Him.
 cause the way is dim, There's naught can cheer me onward Like a lit-tle talk with Him.
 all His grace explore, It sets me ever-longing To know Him more and more.
 eyes with tears are dim, He'll talk with me for-ev-er, And I will talk with Him.

ff REFRAIN.*pp*

A lit - tle talk with Him, A lit - tle talk with Him; There's

f naught that giv - eth com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him. *pp Rit.*

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Effective as a Solo.

1. As doves to their windows we're coming to thee, The mer - it of Je - sus
 2. As doves to their windows our spir - its would fly, And car - ry our wants to
 3. As doves to their windows, and thou wilt receive, The pray'rs which we offer,

our hope and our plea; Dear Father in heav-en, our bur-den of sin We
 the courts up-on high, We plead the dear promise of Je - sus to-day, Oh!
 the hearts we now give; Cre-ate them a-new, let there never more be One

D.S. Give us thy spir-it to wit-ness with-in, And

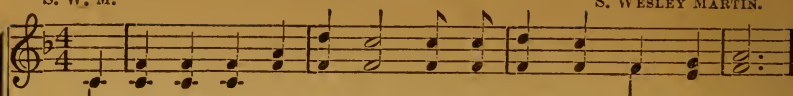
rit. CHORUS. >
 long to lay down and the new life be - gin. } Coming,..... we're
 Fa - ther in heav-en, have mer - cy, we pray. } to thee,
 thought or de - sire dis - loy - al to thee. }

we shall be free from our bur - den of sin.

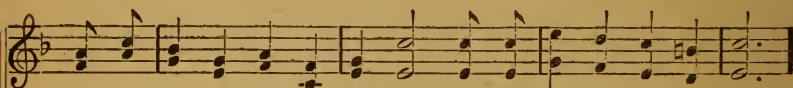
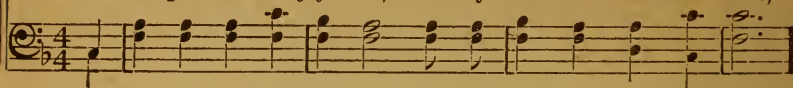
D.S.
 coming,..... Fa - ther in heav-en, we're coming to thee,
 to thee,

S. W. M.

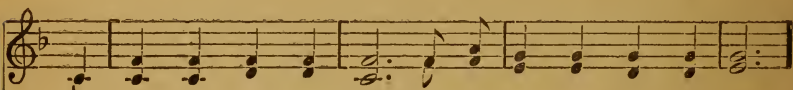
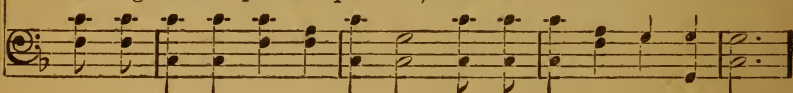
S. WESLEY MARTIN.



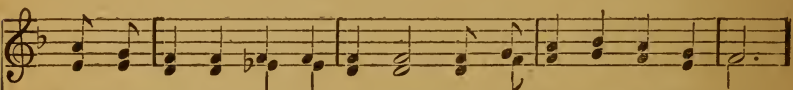
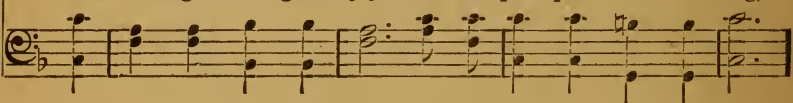
1. The Gos-pel bells are ring - ing O - ver land from sea to sea;
2. The Gos-pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre - pared for all;
3. The Gos-pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide,



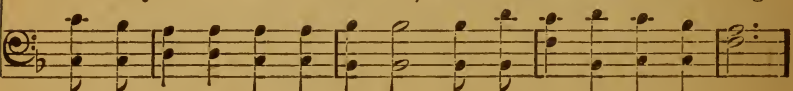
Bless - ed news of free sal - va - tion' Do they of - fer you and me.
Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gra - cious call.
Bear - ing notes of per - fect par - don, Thro' a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.



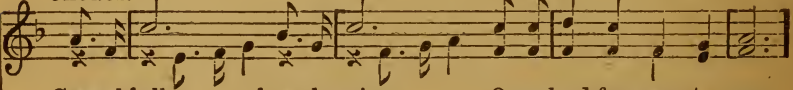
"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave,
"I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun - gry soul,
"Good ti - dings of great joy To all peo - ple I do bring,



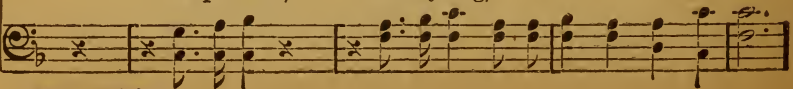
Who - so - e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
Tho' your sins be red as crim - son, 'They shall be as white as wool."
Un - to you is born a Sav - ior, Which is Christ the Lord and King."



CHORUS.



Gos - pel bells, how they ring, O - ver land from sea to sea;
Gos - pel bells, how they ring,



The Gospel Bells—Concluded.

Gospel bells free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.
Gos-pel bells free-ly bring

129. Battling For the Lord.

Words arranged.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. 6: 10.

T. E. PERKINS.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-ting for the Lord!
2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Bat-ting for the Lord!
3. We stand like he-roes on the field, Bat-ting for the Lord!
4. And when our glo-rious war is o'er, Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!

E-ter-nal life, our guid-ing star, Bat-ting for the Lord!
Our Cap-tain's word our strength and might, Bat-ting for the Lord!
And in His strength we'll nev-er yield, Bat-ting for the Lord!
We'll shout sal-va-tion ev-er-more, Conqu'rors thro' the Lord!

REFRAIN.

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

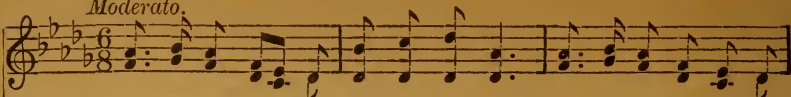
We'll work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,"—JOHN 6: 37.

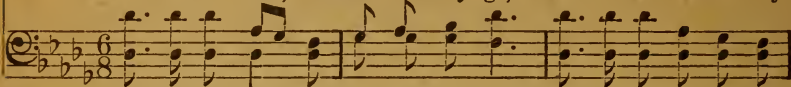
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. F. MYERS.

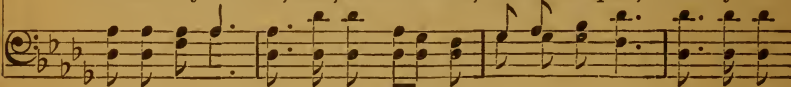
Moderato.



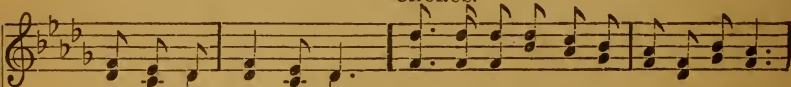
1. Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee, Hear-est thou not His im-
2. Je - sus is pleading, pleading with thee, Was ev-er mer-cy so
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, wait-ing for thee, Love could not pur-er and
4. Je - sus is here, but soon He may go, Shall He bear with Him thy



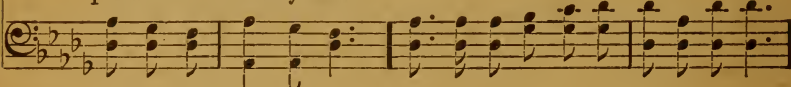
por-tu-nate plea? Oh, by the spear-wound pierced in His side, Haste to be
rich and so free? Won-der-ful grace He waits to be-stow, Is it not
ho - li - er be, Oh, for the blood poured out for thy soul, Come to this
sins and thy woe? Oh, then, en- treat Him, ere He de-part, Free-ly to



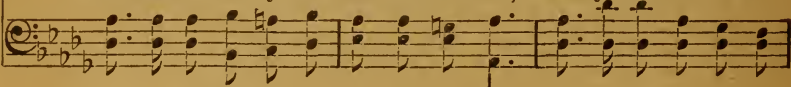
CHORUS.



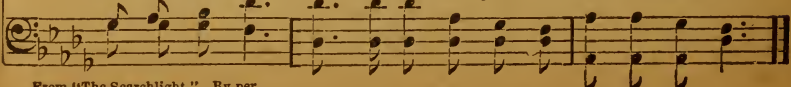
saved by the Cru - ci-fied.
strange He should love thee so? } 1st. Come to the Savior, no long-er de-lay,
Sav-ior and be made whole. } 2d. Wonderful grace! how it sat-is-fies me,
par-don and cleanse thy heart.



Trust in His love and ac-cept Him to-day; Ten-der-ly, lov-ing-ly
Won-der-ful mer-cy! so rich and so free; Would you a child of the



calls He to thee, List to His pleading, be-lieve and be free.
cov - e - nant be? Je - sus can save you—He sweet-ly saved me.

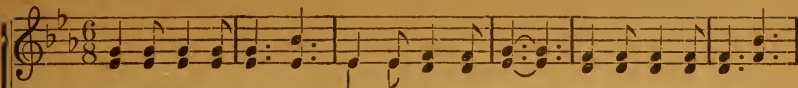


Keep the Banner Flying.

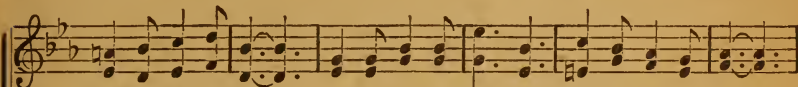
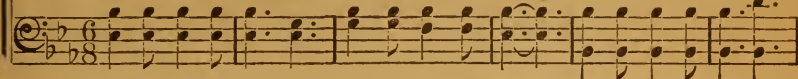
A rallying song of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

REV. RICHARD OSBORNE.

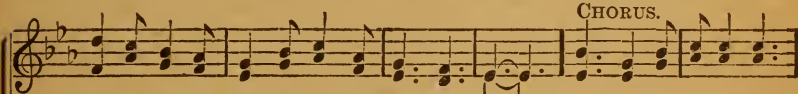
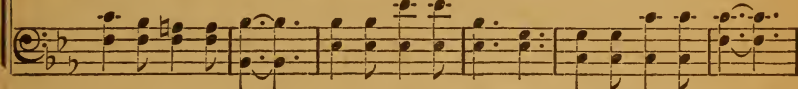
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Keep the banner fly- ing! This your cry should be; Many souls are dying,
2. Keep the banner fly- ing! When the faithful fall; Give not up to sighing,
3. Keep the banner fly- ing! Christians should a- gree, With each other vying,
4. Keep the banner fly- ing O- ver land and sea; By yourself de-ny-ing

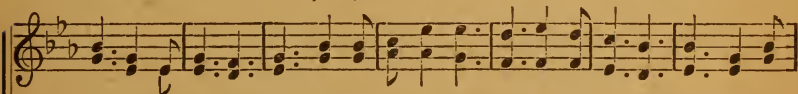
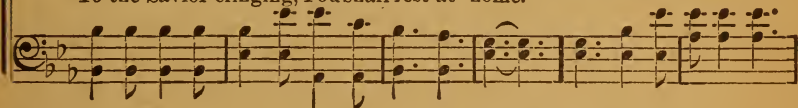


Jesus must they see. Under condem- na- tion, Life will soon be gone;
 Christ is All in all. Ral- ly all your for- ces, See, the Captain's near;
 Yet in har- mo- ny. Working still for Je- sus. Righting human wrong,
 Comes the vic- to - ry. Brighten toil with singing, Better days will come;

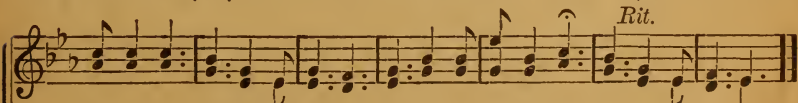
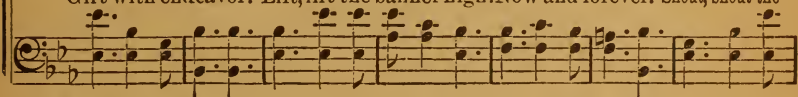


CHORUS.

On- ly is sal- va- tion In the sin- less One.
 Trust to His re- sour- ces, There is naught to fear. } Shout, shout the battle cry!
 Till the angels greet us With their welcome song.
 To the Savior clinging, You shall rest at home.

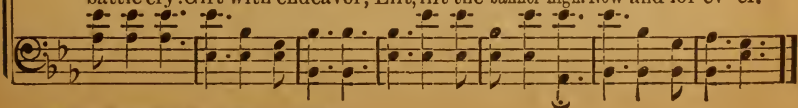


Girt with endeavor: Lift, lift the banner high! Now and forever. Shout, shout the



Rit.

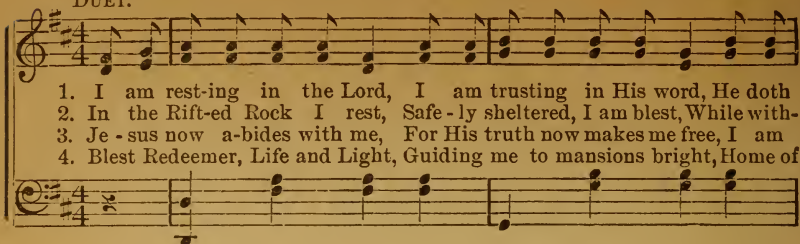
battle cry! Girt with endeavor; Lift, lift the banner high! Now and for- ev- er.



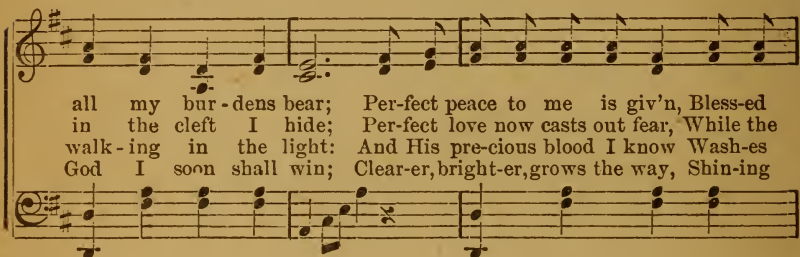
IDA A. HIGBIE.
DUET.

"Rest in the Lord." Psa. 37: 7.

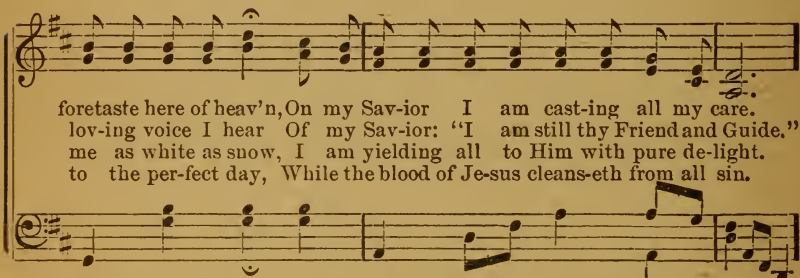
Rev. W. G. COOPER



1. I am rest-ing in the Lord, I am trust-ing in His word, He doth
 2. In the Rift-ed Rock I rest, Safe-ly sheltered, I am blest, While with-
 3. Je-sus now a-bides with me, For His truth now makes me free, I am
 4. Blest Redeemer, Life and Light, Guiding me to mansions bright, Home of

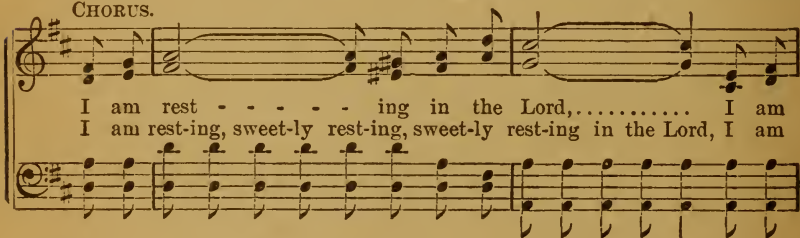


all my bur-dens bear; Per-fect peace to me is giv'n, Bless-ed
 in the cleft I hide; Per-fect love now casts out fear, While the
 walk-ing in the light: And His pre-cious blood I know Wash-es
 God I soon shall win; Clear-er, bright-er, grows the way, Shin-ing

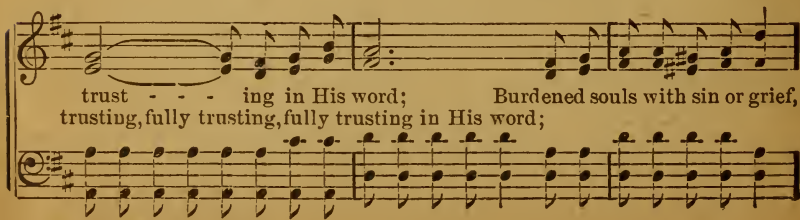


foretaste here of heav'n, On my Sav-ior I am cast-ing all my care.
 lov-ing voice I hear Of my Sav-ior: "I am still thy Friend and Guide."
 me as white as snow, I am yielding all to Him with pure de-light.
 to the per-fect day, While the blood of Je-sus cleans-eth from all sin.

CHORUS.



I am rest - - - - ing in the Lord,..... I am
 I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing in the Lord, I am



trust - - - ing in His word; Burdened souls with sin or grief,
 trusting, fully trusting, fully trusting in His word;

Resting in the Lord.—Concluded.

Rit.

Come to Je-sus for re-lief, At the fount of living waters drink and live.
drink and live.

133. Nothing But a Contrite Heart.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

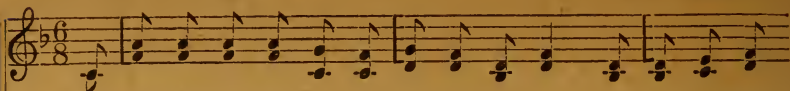
T. E. PERKINS.

1. Full of sin tho' I may be, Je-sus, Lord, I come to Thee;
2. Thou hast died that I might live; Thou wilt par-don, and re-ceive;
3. With the weight of sins op-press, Look-ing un-to Thee for rest;

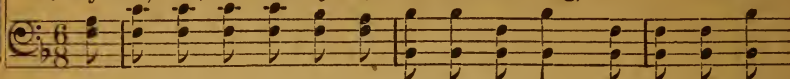
Since Thou dost demand of me, Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!
Tho' to Thee I can but give Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!
Lord, I lean up-on Thy breast Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!

Bless-ed Sav-ior, gra-cious King, All my joy from Thee must spring,
All the wealth of earth is Thine, All the worlds that o'er us shine,
For sal-va-tion's gift so free, For the heav'n I hope to see;

Cleanse, and heal me, for I bring Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!
Naught of val-ue, Lord is mine, Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!
God, my Fa-ther, asks of me, Noth-ing but a con-trite heart!



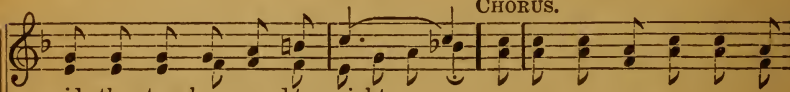
1. My son, dost thou dwell in a coun-try a - far, A - way from thy
2. My son, art thou hun-gry with no one to care Or help in thy
3. My son, art thou wea-ry of bond-age to sin? The door of thy
4. My son, He is read-y with robe and with ring, The to - kens that



youth's beacon light? A - bove thee is shin-ing fair Beth - le-hem's star To
bit - ter dis-tress? Thy Fa-ther is yearn-ing His lost one to win, He
thou art for-giv'n. Oh, claim thy in - her - i - tance, child of the King, And



CHORUS.



guide thy steps homeward to - night.....

yes, home-ward to - night.

turn, and thy wand'ring con-fess.....

thy wan-d'ring con-fess.

Oh, come and thy sor-row shall

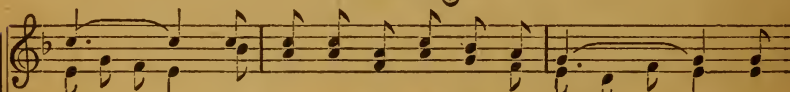
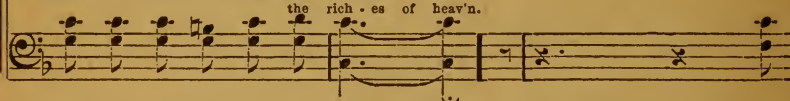
se - eth thee com-ing a - far.....

yes, com-ing a - far.

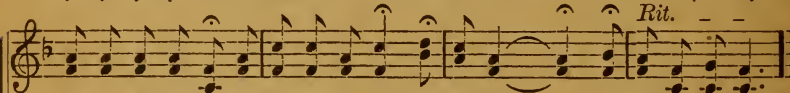
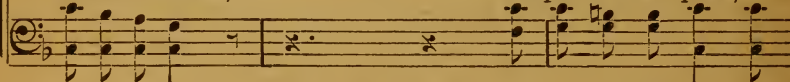
thy

share in the rich-es of heav'n.....

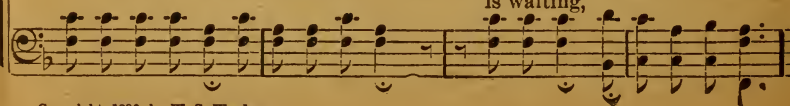
the rich-es of heav'n.



cease,..... Oh, come and find par-don and peace,..... Thy
sor-row shall cease, find par-don and peace,



Father is waiting to welcome thee home, Is waiting, O wan-der-er, come.
is waiting,



E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
 2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
 3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
 4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;

Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He?
 Free - ly now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.
 When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
 How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der - ful, ve - ry, ve - ry won - der - ful,

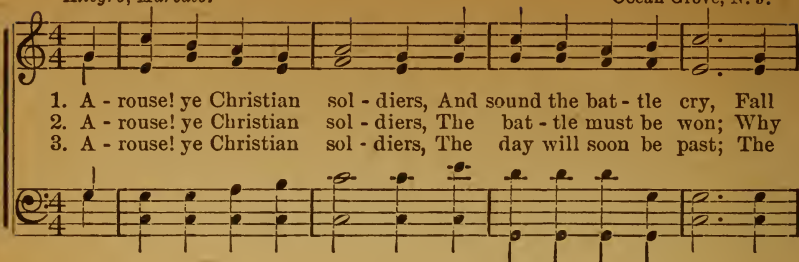
1. All His grace so rich and free!
 [Omit.] All His love and grace to me!
 2.

5 As I think of all, I marvel
 Why in such patience He my good
 has sought.
 And bestowed His grace upon me,
 And in my spirit such a change
 has wrought.

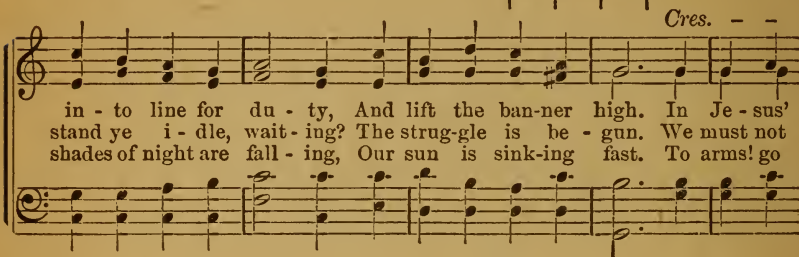
6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
 "Unto the Savior be eternal
 praise,"
 Who redeemed me, soul and body,
 Filling with gladness all my
 earthly days.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.
Allegro, Marcato.

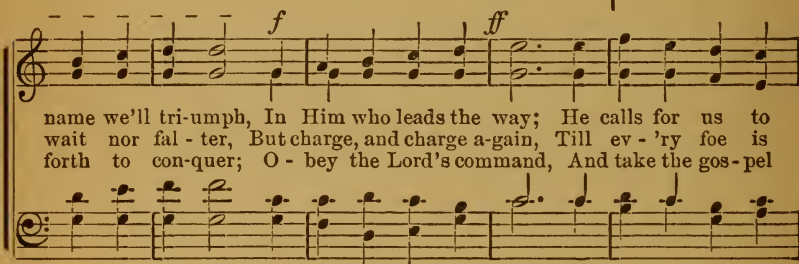
TALLIE MORGAN,
Ocean Grove, N. J.



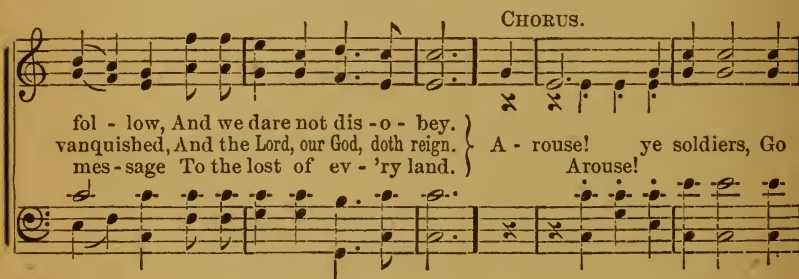
1. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, And sound the bat - tle cry, Fall
2. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The bat - tle must be won; Why
3. A - rouse! ye Christian sol - diers, The day will soon be past; The



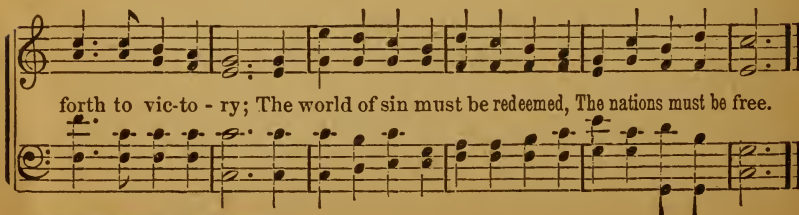
Cres. - -
in - to line for du - ty, And lift the ban - ner high. In Je - sus'
stand ye i - dle, wait - ing? The strug - gle is be - gun. We must not
shades of night are fall - ing, Our sun is sink - ing fast. To arms! go



f *ff*
name we'll tri - umph, In Him who leads the way; He calls for us to
wait nor fal - ter, But charge, and charge a - gain, Till ev - 'ry foe is
forth to con - quer; O - bey the Lord's command, And take the gos - pel



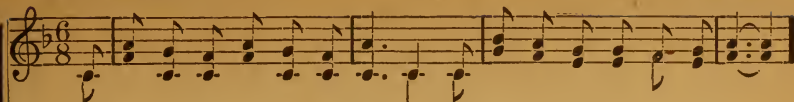
CHORUS.
fol - low, And we dare not dis - o - bey. }
van - quished, And the Lord, our God, doth reign. } A - rouse! ye soldiers, Go
mes - sage To the lost of ev - 'ry land. } Arouse!



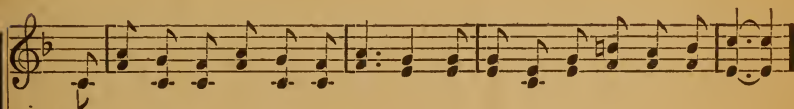
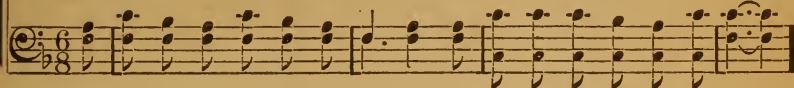
forth to vic - to - ry; The world of sin must be redeemed, The nations must be free.

Mrs. KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

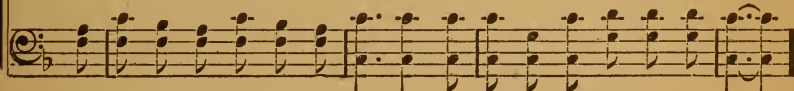
W. S. WEBDEN.



1. How precious the love of my Sav - ior, Since first I be - lieved on His name,
2. How ten - der the love of my Sav - ior! I sought Him when grieved and oppressed,
3. How changeless the love of my Sav - ior! Tho' flesh and heart fail, He will prove
4. How might - y the love of my Sav - ior! He broke the strong bars of the tomb;



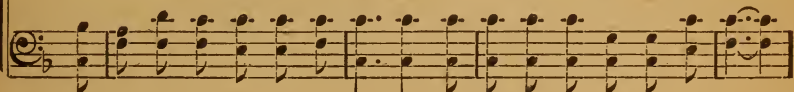
When la - den with guilt and with sor - row To Cal - va - ry's foun - tain I came.
 He lift - ed my bur - dens and gave me A fore - taste of heav - en - ly rest.
 My strength and my por - tion for - ev - er, In man - sions of glo - ry a - bove.
 No e - vil I fear since my Shepherd Has robbed the dark valley of gloom.



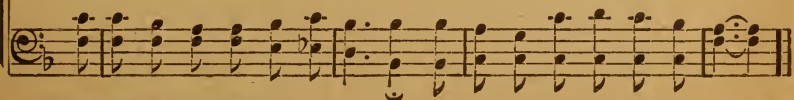
CHORUS.



His love, ev - 'ry oth - er ex - cell - ing, So rich, so exhaustless, and free,

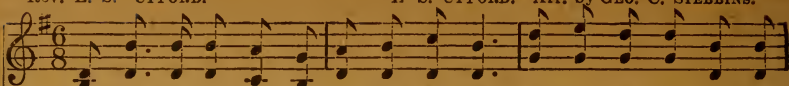


Ac - cept - ed my heart as its dwelling, And now is a - bid - ing with me.

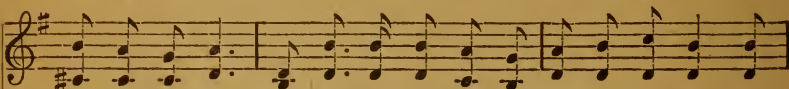
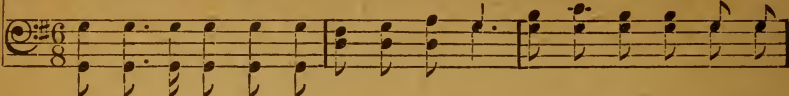


Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

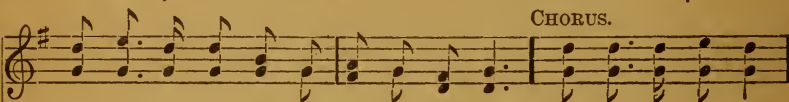
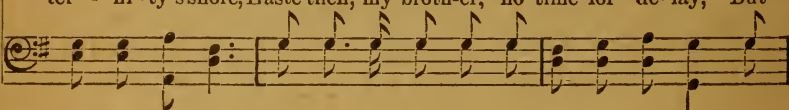
E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraght men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

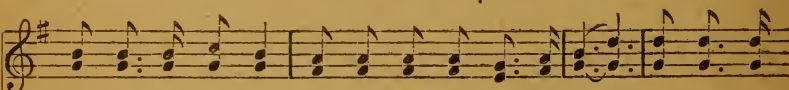
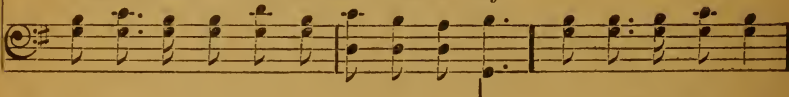


someoneshould save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who, then, will dare To
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to - day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Hasten then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

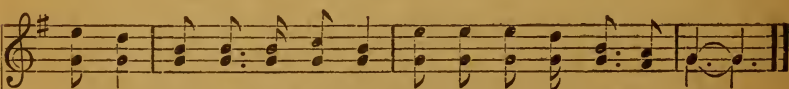
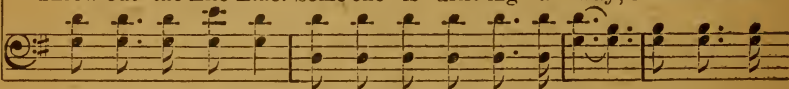


CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! } Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the



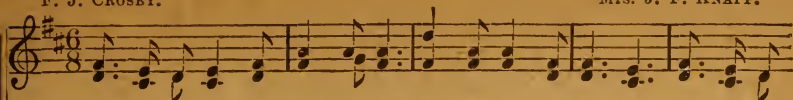
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is sink-ing to - day.



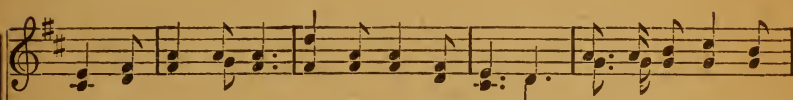
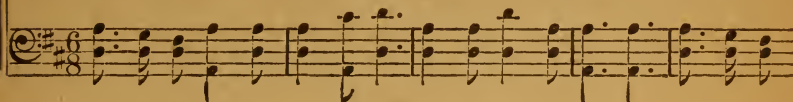
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

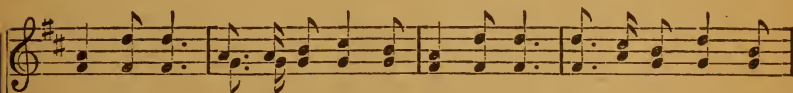
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



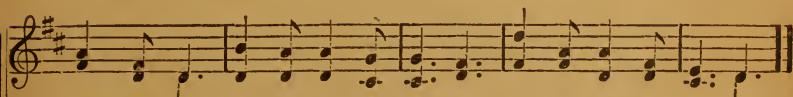
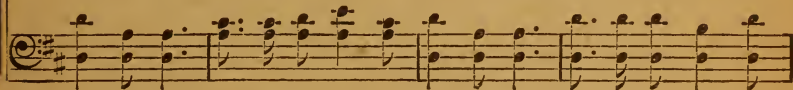
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the



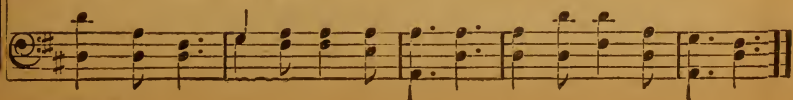
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Himself for me: Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

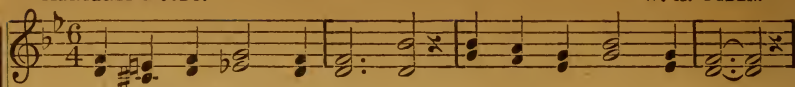


wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

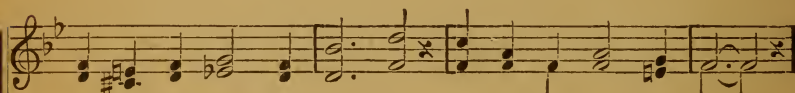
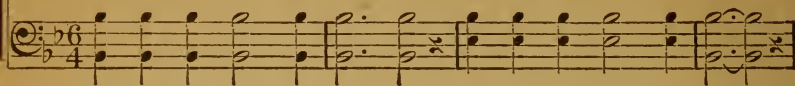


MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.



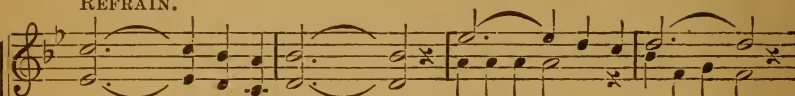
1. Who shall a - bid e His com - ing? Who shall His chos - en be?
 2. Who shall a - bid e His com - ing? When He shall claim His own?
 3. Who shall a - bid e His com - ing? They who are un - de - filed;



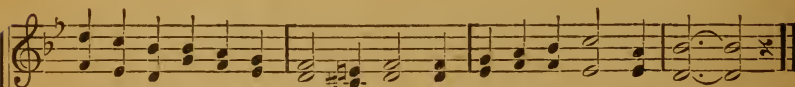
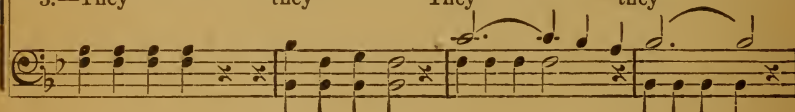
When at the Lord's ap - pear - ing, What shall He say of thee?
 Stand in the day of judg - ment, Spot - less be - fore His throne.
 They who in faith have fol - lowed Christ, as a lit - tle child.



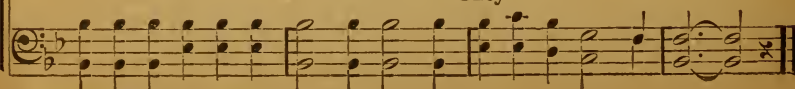
REFRAIN.

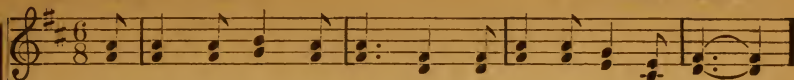


- 1-2.—Who..... shall a - bid e?..... who..... shall a - bid e?.....
 3.—They..... they.....
 1-2.—Who shall abide? who shall abide? Who shall abide? whoshall abide?
 3.—They they They they

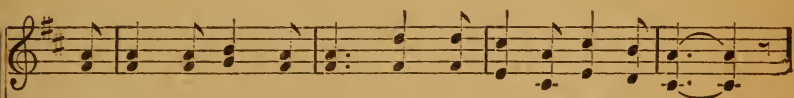


When at Thy judgment, O Christ, appear - ing, Who shall abide with Thee?
 They

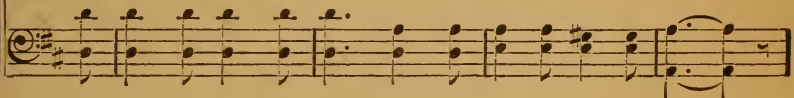




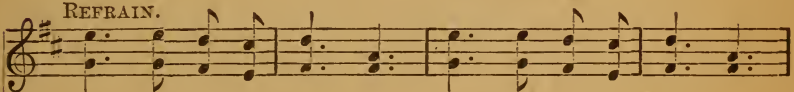
1. From Cal-v'ry's mountain sound-ing, What loving words we hear,
2. Oh, seek this great sal - va - tion, And cast out ev - 'ry sin,
3. Who-e'er my Word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav-ior say,
4. O broth-er, come and trust Him, Oh, come to Him to - day,



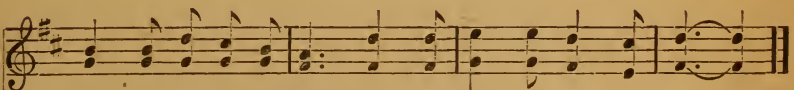
The love of God a-bound - ing, Dis-pell - ing all our fear.
 The soul's e-man - ci - pa - tion, By power Divine with-in.
 A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.
 He's wait-ing to re - ceive you, Why long-er, then, de - lay?



REFRAIN.



O broth-er, be-lieve it! O broth-er, re - ceive it!



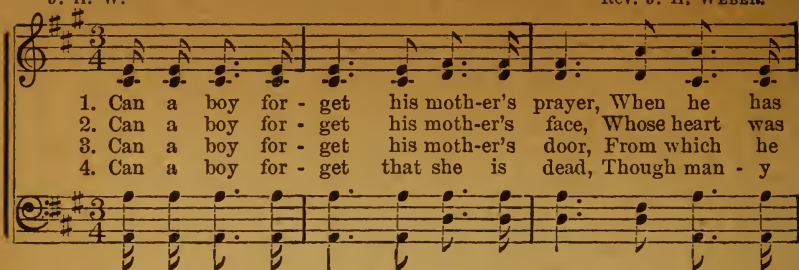
Who - so - ev - er be-liev - eth Hath ev - er - last - ing life.



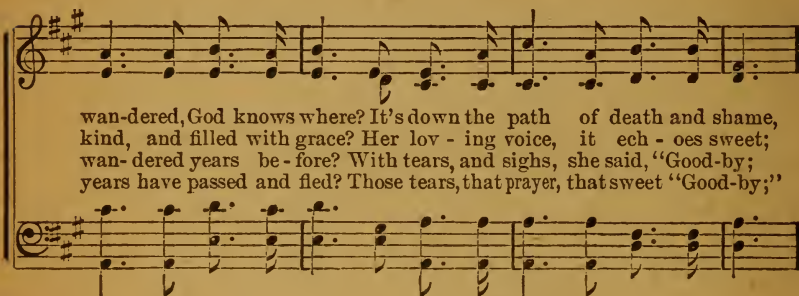
142. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

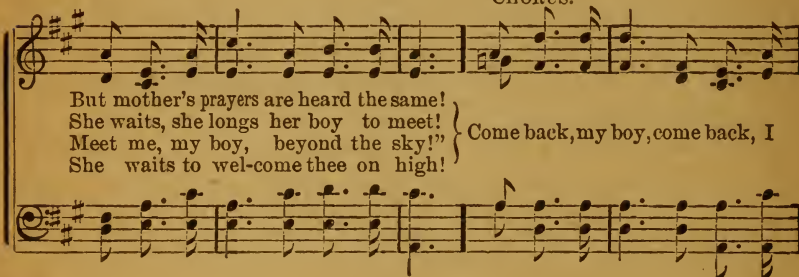


1. Can a boy for - get his moth-er's prayer, When he has
 2. Can a boy for - get his moth-er's face, Whose heart was
 3. Can a boy for - get his moth-er's door, From which he
 4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Though man - y

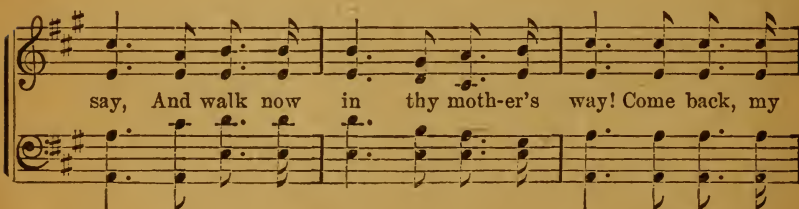


wan-dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and shame,
 kind, and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice, it ech - oes sweet;
 wan-dered years be - fore? With tears, and sighs, she said, "Good-by;
 years have passed and fled? Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-by;"

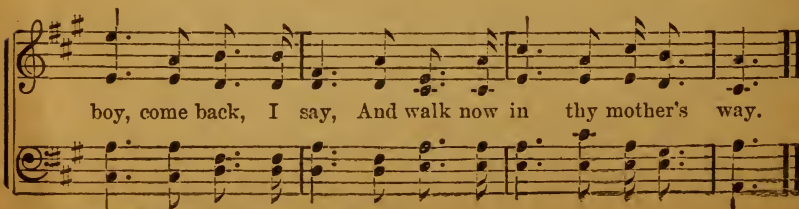
CHORUS.



But mother's prayers are heard the same!
 She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
 Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!" } Come back, my boy, come back, I
 She waits to wel-come thee on high!



say, And walk now in thy moth-er's way! Come back, my



boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's way.

MITTIE LEE.

GEORGE F. HENRY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, sa - cred hope that wings the soul Beyond this mor - tal shore,
 2. We do be - lieve that Christ our Lord His own will safe - ly keep,
 3. Oh, call not back our loved ones gone, Their loss with patience bear,
 4. Oh, sa - cred hope that we shall see And know as we are known,

To that e - ter - nal realm of joy Where shad - ows come no more.
 That, cra - dled in His precious arms, They sweet - ly fall a - sleep.
 For when we reach their bless'd abode, There'll be no part - ing there.
 And clasp our hands in per - fect peace At our Redeemer's throne.

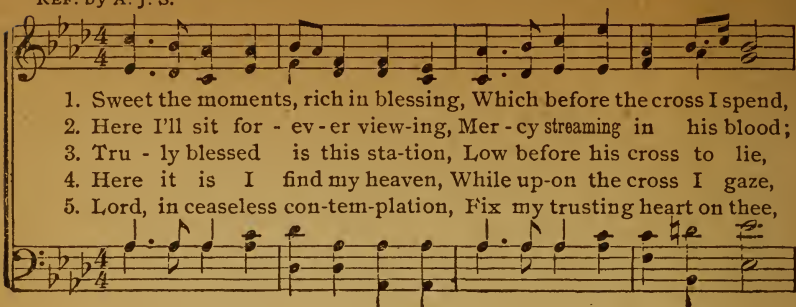
CHORUS.

Oh, sa - cred hope that lulls our pain When earth - ly ties are riven,

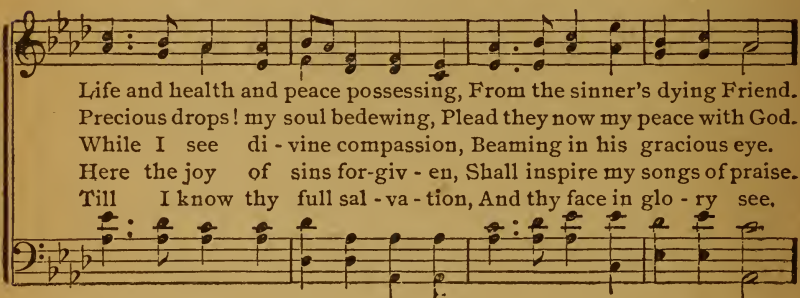
Re - flect - ing on life's troubled wave The sun - lit skies of heaven.

Words by ALLEN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

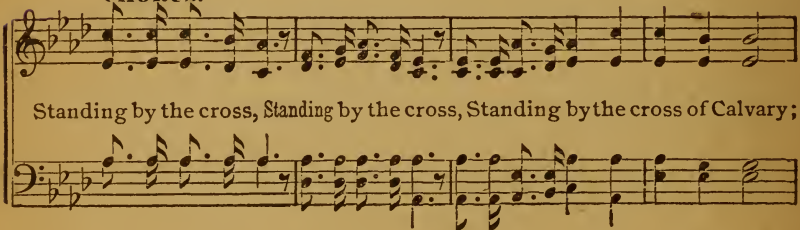


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy streaming in his blood;
3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta-tion, Low before his cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heaven, While up-on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in ceaseless con-tem-plation, Fix my trusting heart on thee,

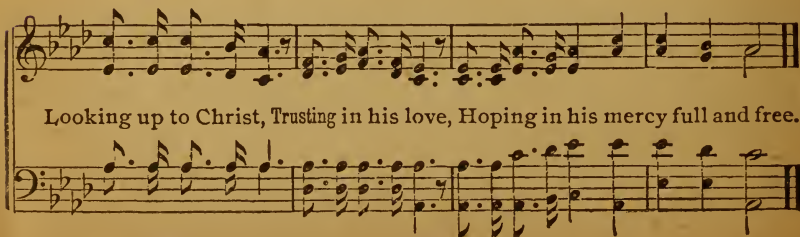


Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.
Precious drops! my soul bedewing, Plead they now my peace with God.
While I see di - vine compassion, Beaming in his gracious eye.
Here the joy of sins for-giv - en, Shall inspire my songs of praise.
Till I know thy full sal - va - tion, And thy face in glo - ry see.

CHORUS.



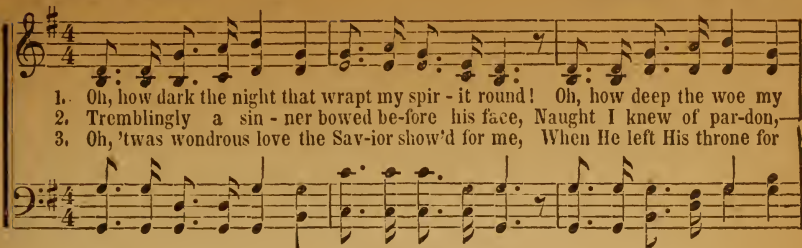
Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary;



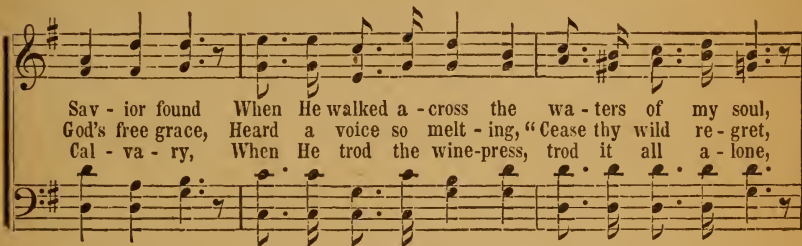
Looking up to Christ, Trusting in his love, Hoping in his mercy full and free.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER & I. H. M.

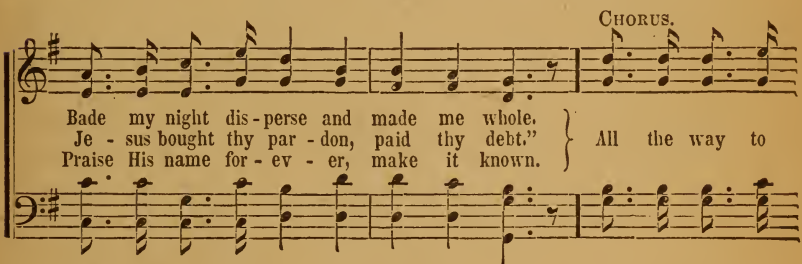
I. H. MEREDITH. Cho. arr.



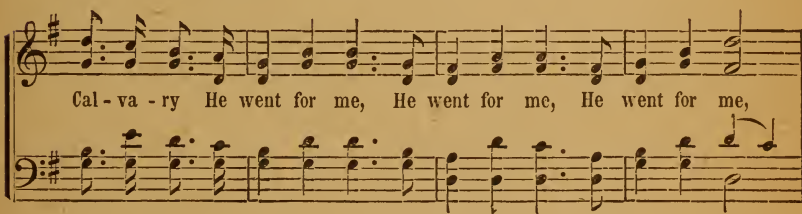
1. Oh, how dark the night that wrapt my spir - it round! Oh, how deep the woe my
 2. Tremblingly a sin - ner bowed be-fore his face, Naught I knew of par-don,
 3. Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Sav-ior show'd for me, When He left His throne for



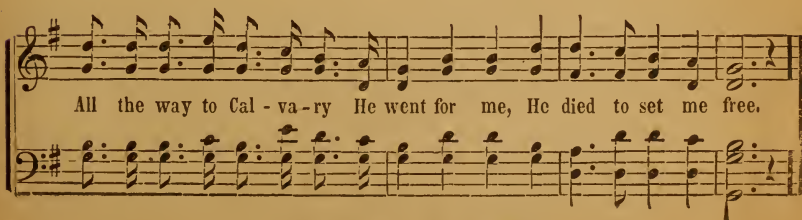
Sav - ior found When He walked a - cross the wa - ters of my soul,
 God's free grace, Heard a voice so melt - ing, "Cease thy wild re - gret,
 Cal - va - ry, When He trod the wine-press, trod it all a - lone,



CHORUS.
 Bade my night dis - perse and made me whole.
 Je - sus bought thy par - don, paid thy debt." } All the way to
 Praise His name for - ev - er, make it known.



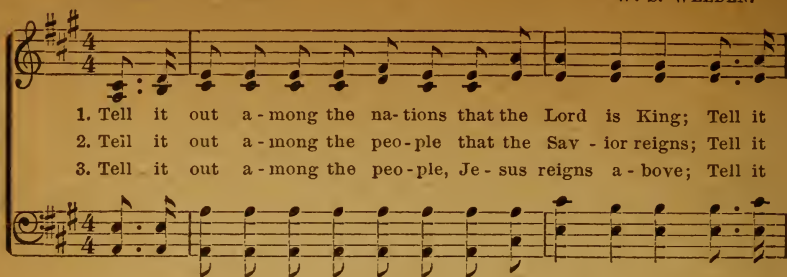
Cal - va - ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me,



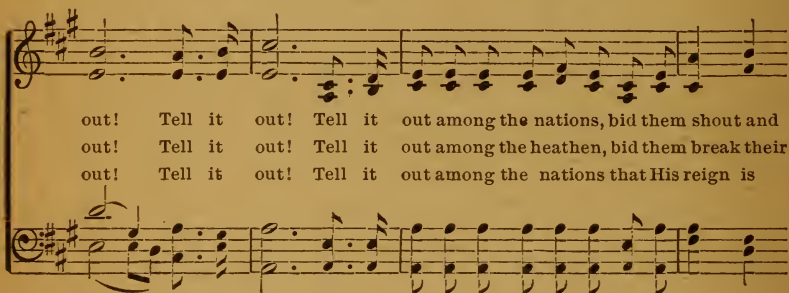
All the way to Cal - va - ry He went for me, He died to set me free.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

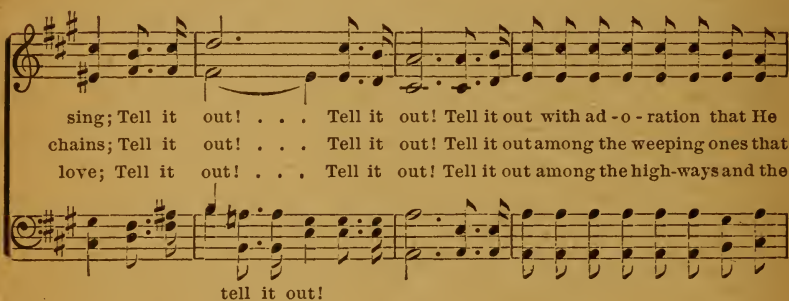
W. S. WEEDEN.



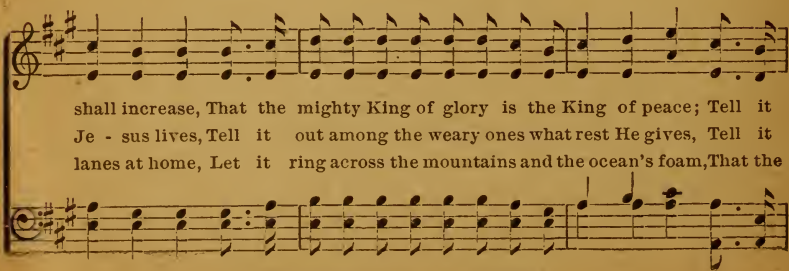
1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King; Tell it
 2. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple that the Sav - ior reigns; Tell it
 3. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it



out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations that His reign is

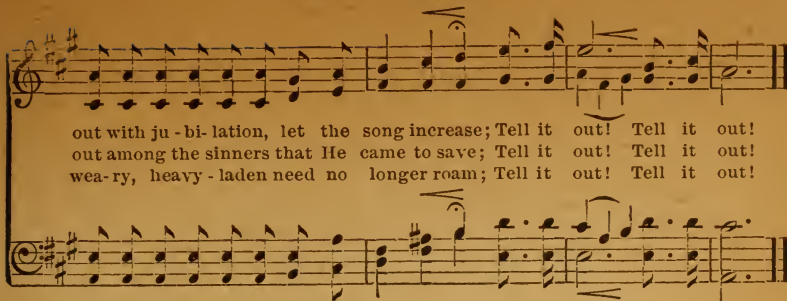


sing; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it out with ad-o - ration that He
 chains; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it out among the weeping ones that
 love; Tell it out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it out among the high-ways and the
 tell it out!



shall increase, That the mighty King of glory is the King of peace; Tell it
 Je - sus lives, Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives, Tell it
 lanes at home, Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam, That the

Tell it Out!



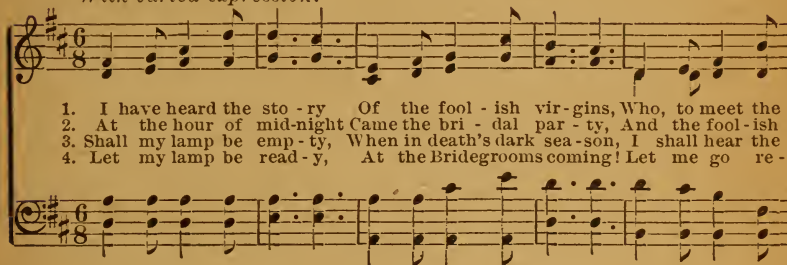
out with ju-bi-lation, let the song increase; Tell it out! Tell it out!
out among the sinners that He came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!
wea-ry, heavy-laden need no longer roam; Tell it out! Tell it out!

147. Shall my Lamp be Empty.

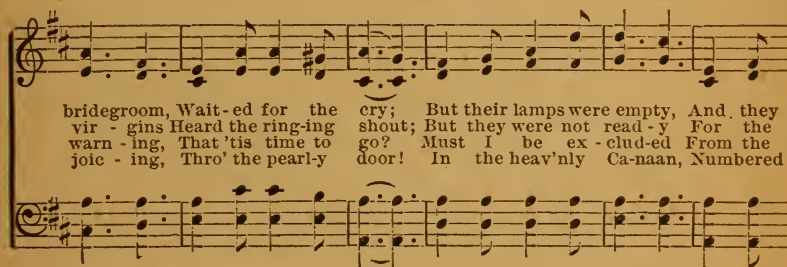
E. R. LATTI.

H. N. LINCOLN.

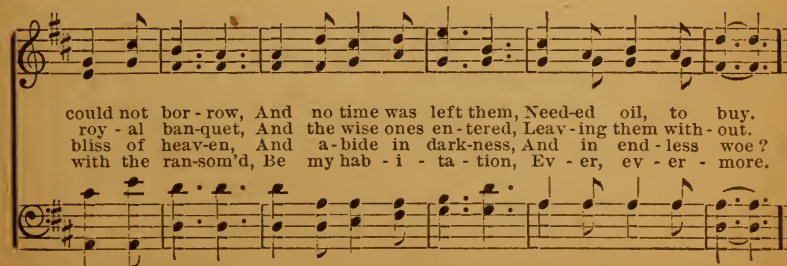
With varied expression.



1. I have heard the sto-ry Of the fool-ish vir-gins, Who, to meet the
2. At the hour of mid-night Came the bri-dal par-ty, And the fool-ish
3. Shall my lamp be emp-ty, When in death's dark sea-son, I shall hear the
4. Let my lamp be read-y, At the Bridegrooms coming! Let me go re-



bridegroom, Wait-ed for the cry; But their lamps were empty, And they
vir-gins Heard the ring-ing shout; But they were not read-y For the
warn-ing, That 'tis time to go? Must I be ex-clud-ed From the
jole-ing, Thro' the pearl-y door! In the heav'nly Ca-naan, Numbered



could not bor-row, And no time was left them, Need-ed oil, to buy.
roy-al ban-quet, And the wise ones en-tered, Leav-ing them with-out.
bliss of heav-en, And a-bide in dark-ness, And in end-less woe?
with the ran-som'd, Be my hab-i-ta-tion, Ev-er, ev-er more.

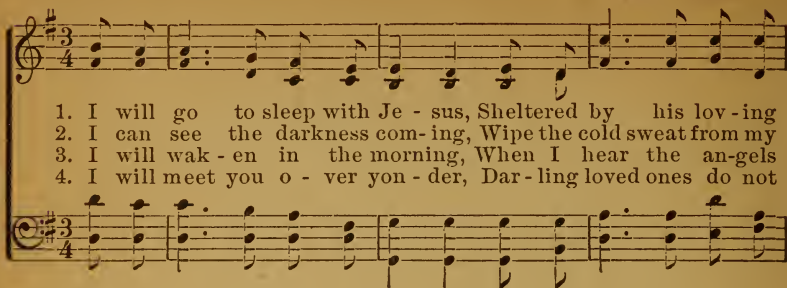
118. I Will go to Sleep with Jesus.

LAST WORDS OF LILA BACON, AGED 9 YEARS.

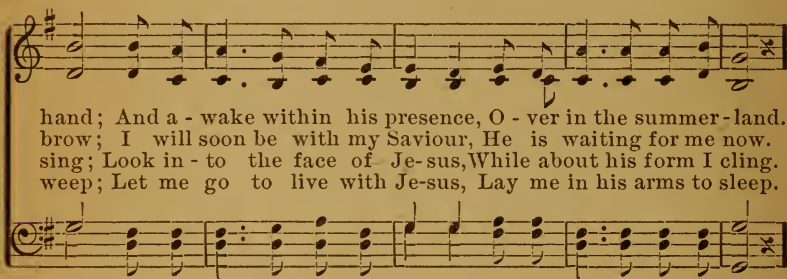
"Don't feel bad, I am not suffering now, Shelter my little arms, they are so cold;
Wipe the cold sweat from my brow, Then I will go to sleep with Jesus."

VAN.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

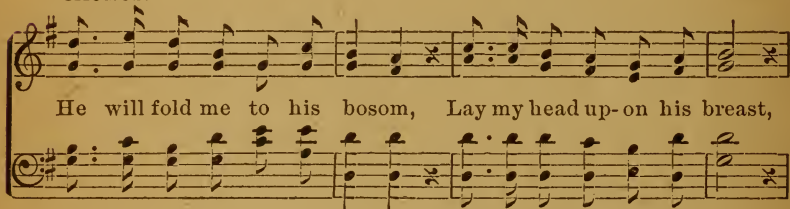


1. I will go to sleep with Je - sus, Sheltered by his lov - ing
2. I can see the darkness com - ing, Wipe the cold sweat from my
3. I will wak - en in the morning, When I hear the an - gels
4. I will meet you o - ver yon - der, Dar - ling loved ones do not

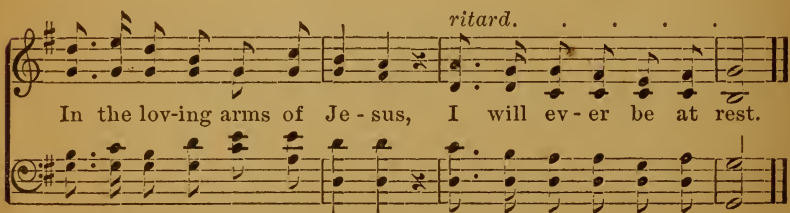


hand; And a - wake within his presence, O - ver in the summer - land.
brow; I will soon be with my Saviour, He is waiting for me now.
sing; Look in - to the face of Je - sus, While about his form I cling.
weep; Let me go to live with Je - sus, Lay me in his arms to sleep.

CHORUS.



He will fold me to his bosom, Lay my head up-on his breast,



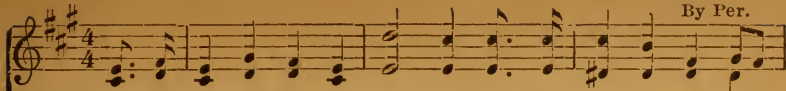
In the lov - ing arms of Je - sus, I will ev - er be at rest.

149. He is Calling,—Will You Come.

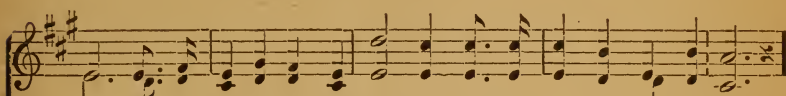
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

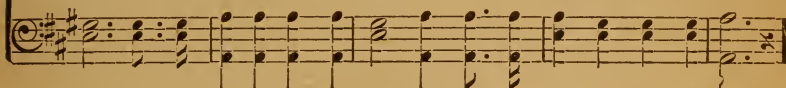
By Per.




1. There is One who long hath sought you, Who would bless your need - y
 2. There is One with love un - dy - ing, Who him - self for sin - ners
 3. Oh! the depths of love un - sound - ed, It can reach the deep - est
 4. Je - sus calls you, hear and heed him, From his love turn not a -



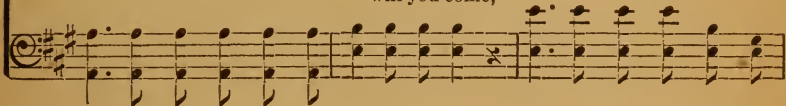
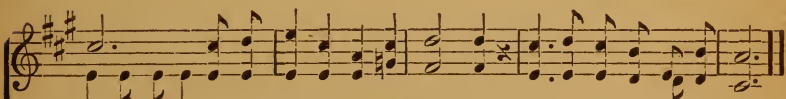
soul, Great sal - va - tion he hath brought you, Freely he will make you whole.
 gave, And up - on that love re - ly - ing, You shall find him strong to save.
 woe, Will you take that love unbounded, All its bless - ed - ness to know.
 way, He is call - ing, O you need him, Come to Je - sus, come to - day.



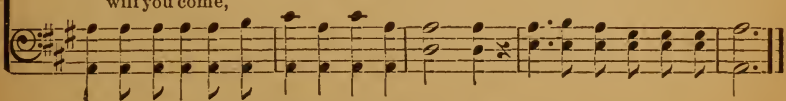
CHORUS.



He is call - ing, will you come, He is call - ing, will you
 will you come,

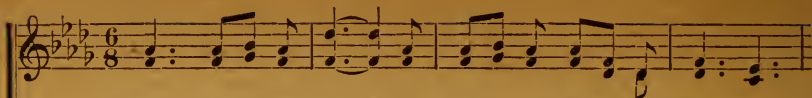



come, Je - sus loves you, he will save you, He is calling, will you come.
 will you come,

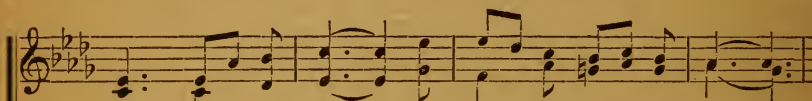
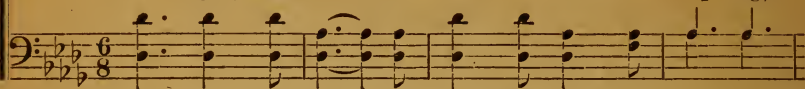


F. W. FABER.

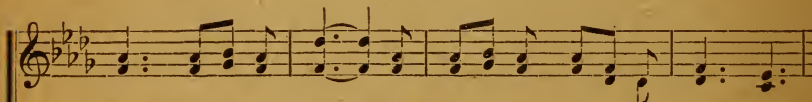
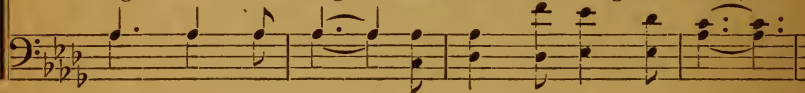
J. H. BURKE.



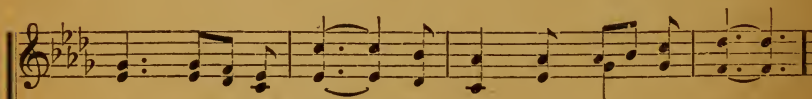
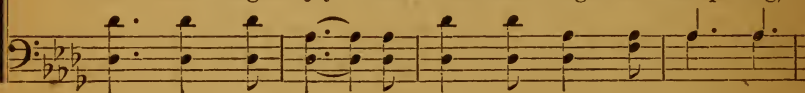
1. Hark, hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;



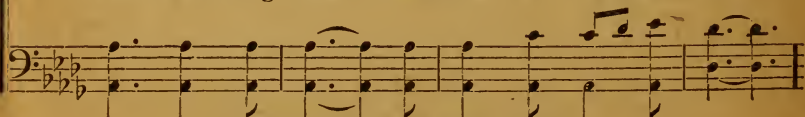
O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
 "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
 The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
 Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,



How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 And la - den souls by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

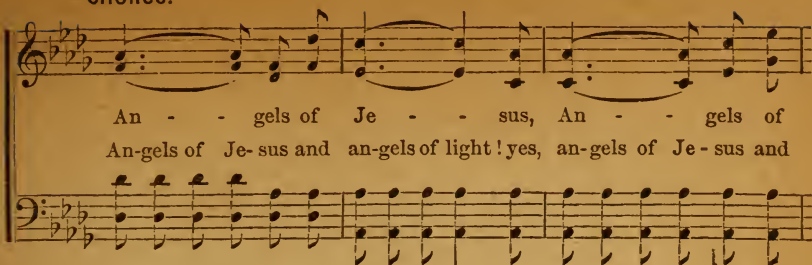


Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home
 Kind Shep - herd turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

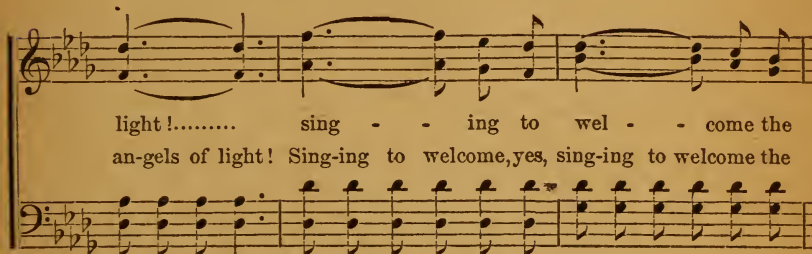


Hark, Hark! My Soul!—CONCLUDED.

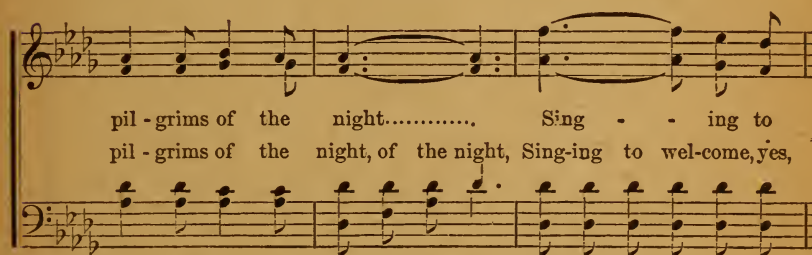
CHORUS.



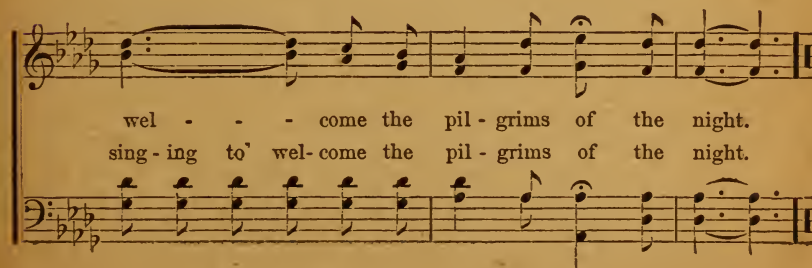
An - - gels of Je - - sus, An - - gels of
An-gels of Je-sus and an-gels of light! yes, an-gels of Je-sus and



light!..... sing - - ing to wel - - come the
an-gels of light! Sing-ing to welcome, yes, sing-ing to welcome the



pil - grims of the night..... Sing - - ing to
pil - grims of the night, of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come, yes,



wel - - come the pil - grims of the night.
sing - ing to wel-come the pil - grims of the night.

1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The devil tries me hard; He
 2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o-ver-head, And
 3. When those who once were dear-est friends Be-gin to persecute, And
 4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks. I gain the victo-ry; And

us-es all his migh-ty pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's
 trials of al-most ev-'ry kind, A-cross my path are spread; How
 more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
 march a-long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With

up to ev-'ry move, And yet through all I prove, A lit-tle talk with
 soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with
 Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with

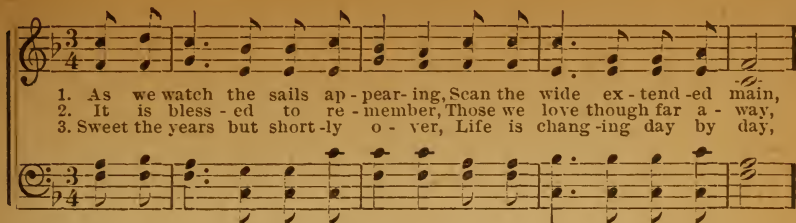
D.C. trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with

CHORUS.

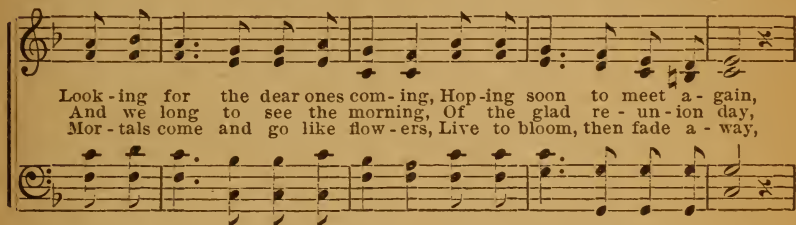
Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it
 Jesus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

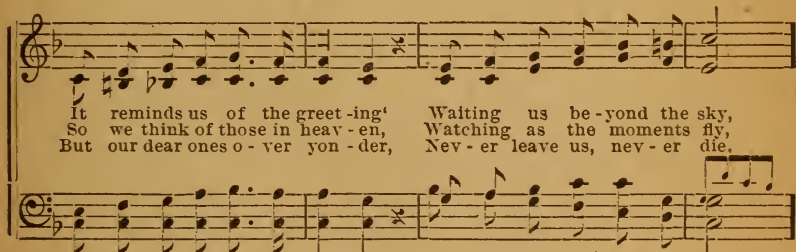
right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In



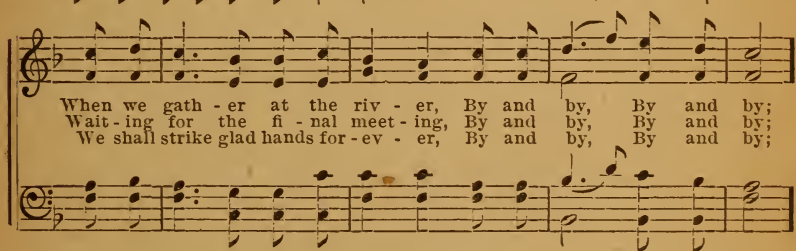
1. As we watch the sails ap-pear-ing, Scan the wide ex-tend-ed main,
 2. It is bless-ed to re-mem-ber, Those we love though far a-way,
 3. Sweet the years but short-ly o-ver, Life is chang-ing day by day,



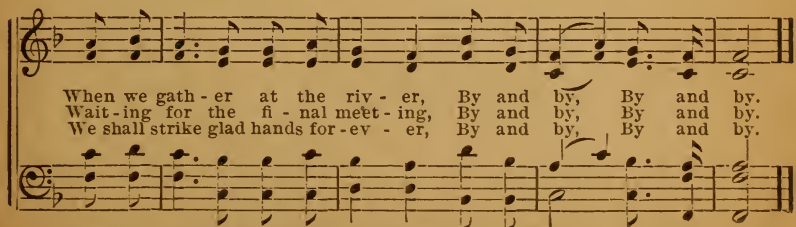
Look-ing for the dear ones com-ing, Hop-ing soon to meet a-gain,
 And we long to see the morning, Of the glad re-un-ion day,
 Mor-tals come and go like flow-ers, Live to bloom, then fade a-way,



It reminds us of the greet-ing' Waiting us be-yond the sky,
 So we think of those in heav-en, Watching as the moments fly,
 But our dear ones o-ver yon-der, Nev-er leave us, nev-er die,



When we gath-er at the riv-er, By and by, By and by;
 Wait-ing for the fi-nal meet-ing, By and by, By and by;
 We shall strike glad hands for-ev-er, By and by, By and by;



When we gath-er at the riv-er, By and by, By and by.
 Wait-ing for the fi-nal meet-ing, By and by, By and by.
 We shall strike glad hands for-ev-er, By and by, By and by.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, And view yon eastern sky, The night of sin is
 2. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, And watch the morning break, For lo, Christ's glorious
 3. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, For 'tis the Bridegroom comes With trumpet voice to
 4. Lift up your heads, ye pil - grims, Sing in that glad some day, Nought but the Savior's

end - ing, The morning draw-eth nigh, The day foretold by pro - phets Will soon be
 com - ing The thrones of earth will shake, See those who do not own Him In mountains
 call you Forth to His roy - al throne, See that your lamps are burning, Your garments
 com - ing The tide of sin can stay, Cre - ation groans whilst burden'd For pain and

ush - ered in, When Christ, the one who suf - fered, The world shall own as King.
 seek to hide, Whilst those who love and trust Him Still in His grace con - fide.
 pure and white, That He may find you watch - ing And walking in the light.
 toil to cease; Come, Prince of Life and Glo - ry, Bring u - ni - ver - sal peace.

CHORUS.
 He's coming by and by, He's coming by and by, The night of sin is

end - ing, The morning draweth nigh; He's coming by and by, He's coming

by and by, The night of sin is end - ing, The morning draw-eth nigh.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy! For
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng; And
 3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With
 4. O Sa - viour pre - cious Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be, If

Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
 - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee.

CHORUS.

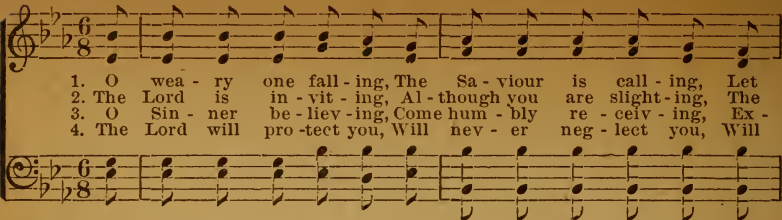
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
 yet been told, full and free!

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
 yet been told, cleanseth me!

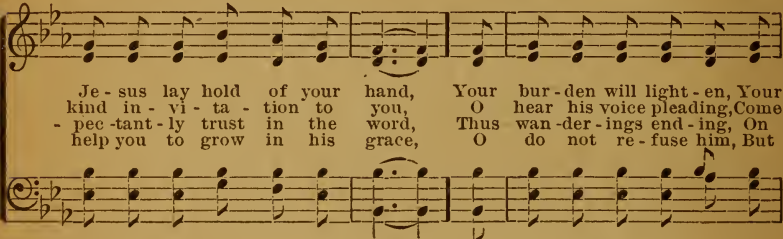
155. Let Jesus lay hold of your hand.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

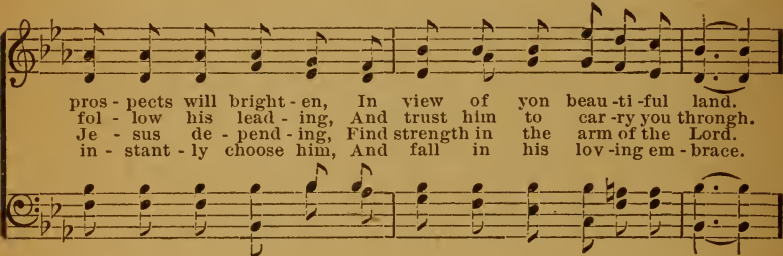
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. O wea - ry one fall - ing, The Sa - viour is call - ing, Let
 2. The Lord is in - vit - ing, Al - though you are slight - ing, The
 3. O Sin - ner be - liev - ing, Come hum - bly re - ceiv - ing, Ex -
 4. The Lord will pro - tect you, Will nev - er neg - lect you, Will

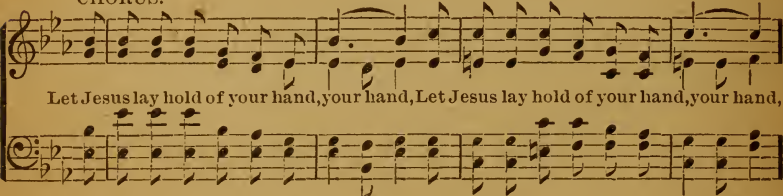


Je - sus lay hold of your hand, Your bur - den will light - en, Your
 kind in - vi - ta - tion to you, O hear his voice pleading, Come
 - pec - tant - ly trust in the word, Thus wan - der - ings end - ing, On
 help you to grow in his grace, O do not re - fuse him, But

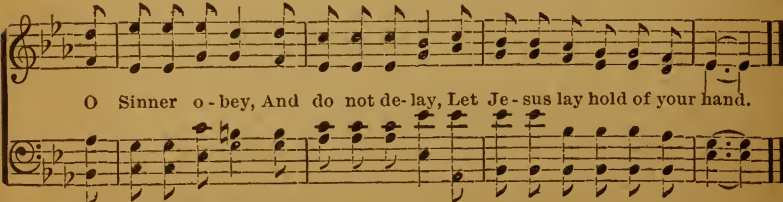


pros - pects will bright - en, In view of you beau - ti - ful land.
 fol - low his lead - ing, And trust him to car - ry you through.
 Je - sus de - pend - ing, Find strength in the arm of the Lord.
 in - stant - ly choose him, And fall in his lov - ing em - brace.

CHORUS.



Let Jesus lay hold of your hand, your hand, Let Jesus lay hold of your hand, your hand,



O Sinner o - bey, And do not de - lay, Let Je - sus lay hold of your hand.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee; Take my
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee; Take my
 3. Take my lips, and let them be, Filled with mes - sag - es for thee; Take my
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise; Take my

hands and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.
 in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{ All is on the al - tar, Lord, for Thee,
 { Un - derneath the blood of Cal - va - - - ry. } O bap -

tise me now, While at Thy feet I bow, Let Thy Spir - it fall on me.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne. | 6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee! |
|--|---|

157. There's an Uttermost Salvation.

F. S. S.

HEB. vii: 25.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. There's an "ut-termost sal-va-tion." A sal-va-tion full and free,
 2. 'Tis a great, a grand sal-va-tion, Wondrous in its breadth and pow'r!
 3. Come and test this great sal-va-tion,— Whatso-ev-er be thy need,

Purchased by the bless-ed Savionr, When he died . . . on Cal-va-ry.
 Trusting souls in it find keeping, Day by day . . and hour by hour.
 And your soul will find most surely That 'tis ut-termost indeed.

CHORUS.

"Wherefore he's a- - - ble to save to the ut-termost them that
 "Wherefore he's a-ble

come . . . un-to God by him, by him, seeing he
 them that come, 3

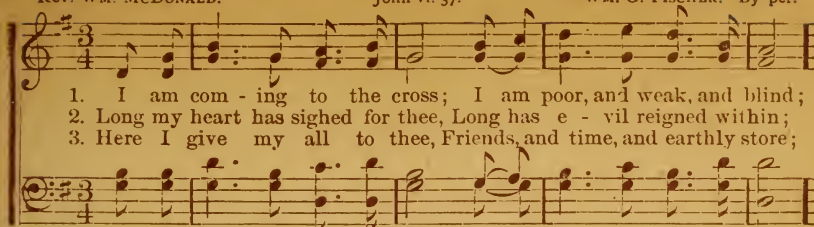
ev - - - er liv-eth to make in-tercession for them." for them."
 seeing he ev-er

I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

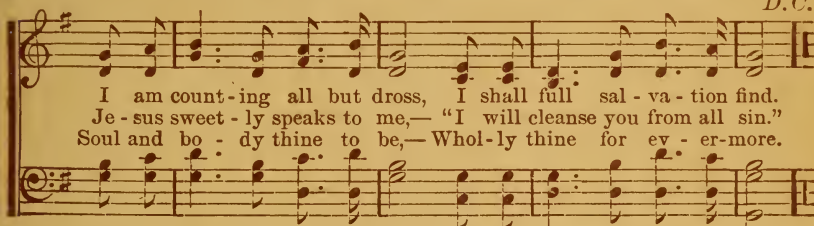
WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.



I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bo - dy thine to be,—Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

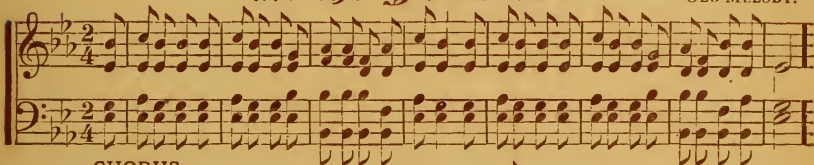
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

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

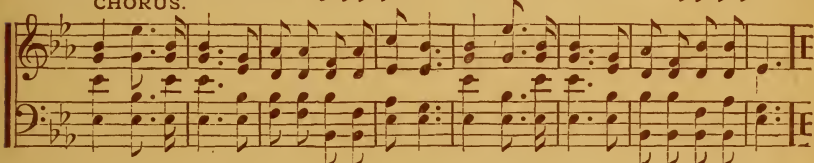
- 5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.



CHORUS.



- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.
CHO—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.
- 2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.
- 3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,

Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

- 4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

Great is the Lord.

O, Lord, how manifold are Thy works.

Sing forth the honor of His name.

Praise Him for His mighty acts.

Every day will I bless Thee.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Shout unto God with a voice of triumph.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song.

Now shall mine head be lifted up.

God hath spoken in His holiness.

Sing aloud to God, our strength.

O, come let us sing unto the Lord.

For He cometh to judge the earth.

Glory ye in His holy name.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.

As for me, I will call upon God.

Cast Thy burden upon the Lord.

Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.

As for God, His way is perfect.

Night unto night sheweth knowledge.

Day unto day uttereth speech.

God is our refuge and strength.

Let the heaven and the earth praise Him.

O, Lord, how great are Thy works.

Remember His marvelous works that He hath done,

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord.

—Extracts from the Psalms.