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By Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D. & Theo. E. Perkins.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 1122 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK:
NOS. 8 & 10 BIBLE HOUSE.

CALVARY SONGS:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND CHOICE

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON D. D., AND THEODORE F. PERKINS.

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Boston: 1 Somerset Street. Chicago, 137 Washington Avenue. St. Louis: 207 N. 9th Street.
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PREFACE.

It is hoped that this Book will be sufficient for the real use of any ordinary Sunday-school for at least twenty years. Only, let there be enterprise in learning to sing the pieces, so as to bring them all into service.

Mechanical reasons have forbidden any arrangement according to exact analysis of subjects. But the following table will furnish all suggestions that are needed.

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CALVARY SONGS.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

Mrs. Alexander. T. F. Pierson. Cor. Mus.

Cantabile

1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a ci - ty wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly

2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear,
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly

3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly

4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin,
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly

bar - ne loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumph, Hos - an - na to King. Zi - on, the

marvelous glo - ry be telling. The Son of the Highest, how lowly yet lovely; The brightest archangel in

Repeat 1st Chorus. Chorus after last Verse.

glo - ry ex - cel - ling. He stoops to redeem thee, he weighs up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex -

ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumph, Messiah is King. Ho - sa - na to King, Ho - sa - na to King.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. *Concluded*

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

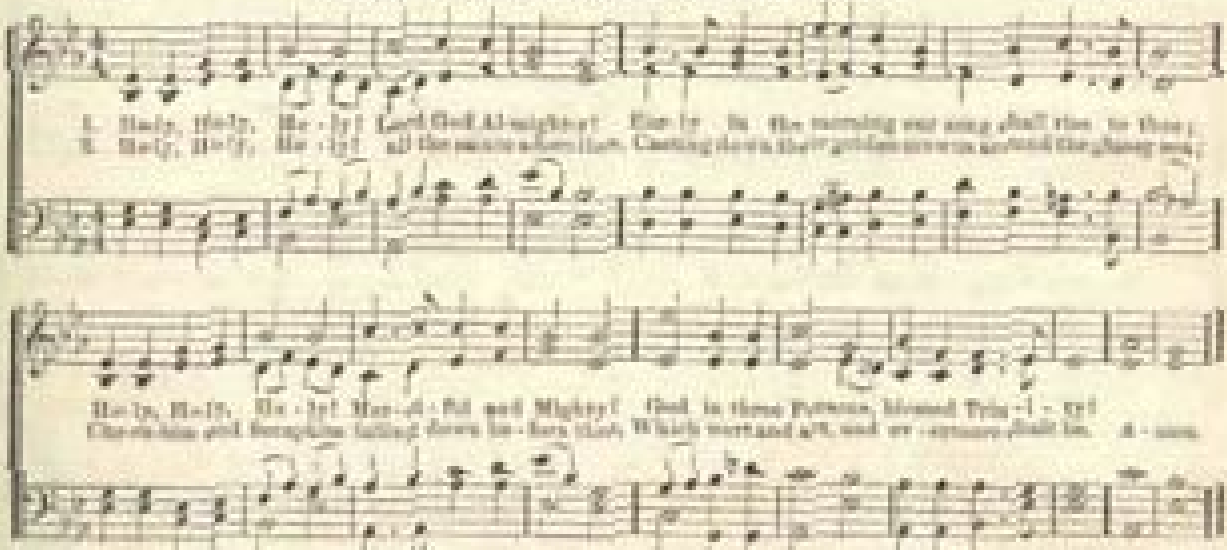
2 Till love he proclaimeth; from nations to nations,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
Have you to the faithful his offers, salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels, that fill hallelujah to singing,
One chorus resound from the earth and the skies.
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Hanover. Rev. J. H. Dixon.



3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

C. Wesley

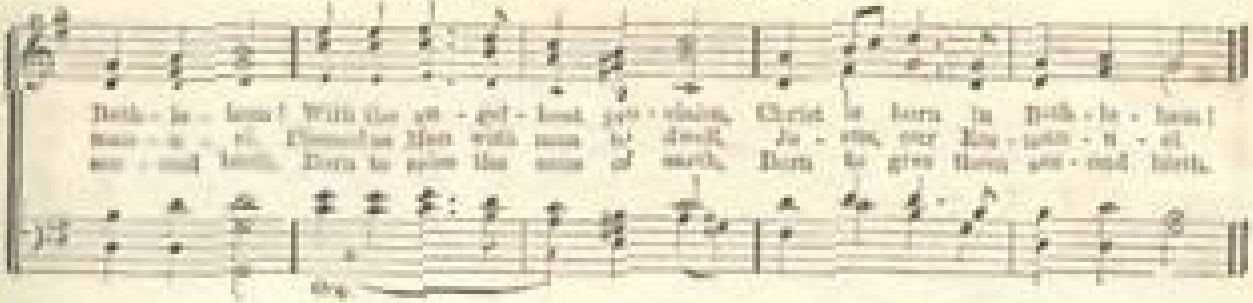
Mendelssohn

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right - eous - ness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
hold him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
all he brings, Ris - es with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

Join the ch - orus of the skies; With the an - gel - hosts pro - claim, Christ is born in
Hail! th'in - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING. *Concluded.*



FIRST HYMN.

1 "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels! say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and earth! reply:
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our sin's oppressor is over!
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise!
Christ has opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"—
Dying once, he all doth save;—
"Where thy victory, O Grave?"

SECOND HYMN.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness proved!
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse removed,—
Crowded by redeeming love.
Ye, who! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer turn,
Stop, and hear redeeming love.

3 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.
Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1879.

1. Come now with joy and singing, Lord Ha - le - lu - jahs ringing, Our grateful tribute bringing
2. When to this Refuge fly - ing, Turn sinners, helpless, cry - ing, On Christ a - lone re - ly - ing,

Con. — We sing with ex - ul - ta - tion, *Lord God of our sal - va - tion;* Thou art *our ever foundation,*

Fine.

To our al-mighty Friend; Off'ring, with grateful pleasure, To him the heart's full treasure, Whose love is
No harm can reach them there; When floods of grief are dashing, And waves of sorrow pashing, Light as the

our *Refuge ev - er - more.*

D. C. Con.

Omnipotence mani - fests, Whose praise shall ne - ver end,
and remove Each - ing—God's smile through dark dis - pair!

3 In waking or in sleeping,
Bright days, or nights of weeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping
While here we wait below;
In thee alone abiding,
And in thy love confiding,
Safe when thy hand is guiding,
We'll ever onward go. Con.

ARISE AND SHINE.

J. J. Hood, Mus. Bac.

1st. 1st.

1. Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night;
Out of midnight in - to day (Omit) Je - sus bids us come a - way.

Chorus.

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine; A - rise, a - rise, thy light is come;
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine; A - rise, a - rise, thy light is come;

A - rise and shine, thy light is come, The glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on our gloom.
A - rise and shine, thy light is come,

2. From the world's alluring snares,
From the pride and its cares,
From the vanity and strife,
Jesus hastens us to life. Cho.

3. From the vacillation of youth,
Into rest, and love, and truth,
Into joy that never ends,
Jesus in his mercy calls. Cho.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY.

Chorus

T. K. Harrison

1. The heavens declare his glo - ry, Their Maker's skill the skies: Each day re - peats the sto - ry, And
2. He goes, as wed - ne - ster - ing, In truth's di - vin - er ray; A bridegroom radiance pour - ing Then

night to night re - plies. Their si - lent proclama - tion Thoughout the earth is heard; The
all the pomp of day: The wanderer surely guid - ing, It makes the simple wise; And

re - cord of cre - a - tion, The part of nature's work
ev - er - more a - bid - ing, Un - fail - ing joy sup - plies.

3.

Thy word is rising tomorrow
Then looks within the mine;
And firmament law has pleasure
Yields than this fond divine.
How wise such kind questions!
Led by thy commands, Lord,
Then wake the volume' wisdom,
How great is their reward!

FIRST HYMN.

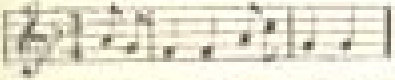
1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners' ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

SECOND HYMN.



1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Singing of music often great me,
As I join the busy throng;
But there's nothing half so pleasant
As the holy Sabbath song.

CHORUS.

No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
While I can sing my Sabbath song;
My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song,
I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.

4 While I live, oh, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood bought throng.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall never be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

THANK AND PRAISE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

Dr. Green.

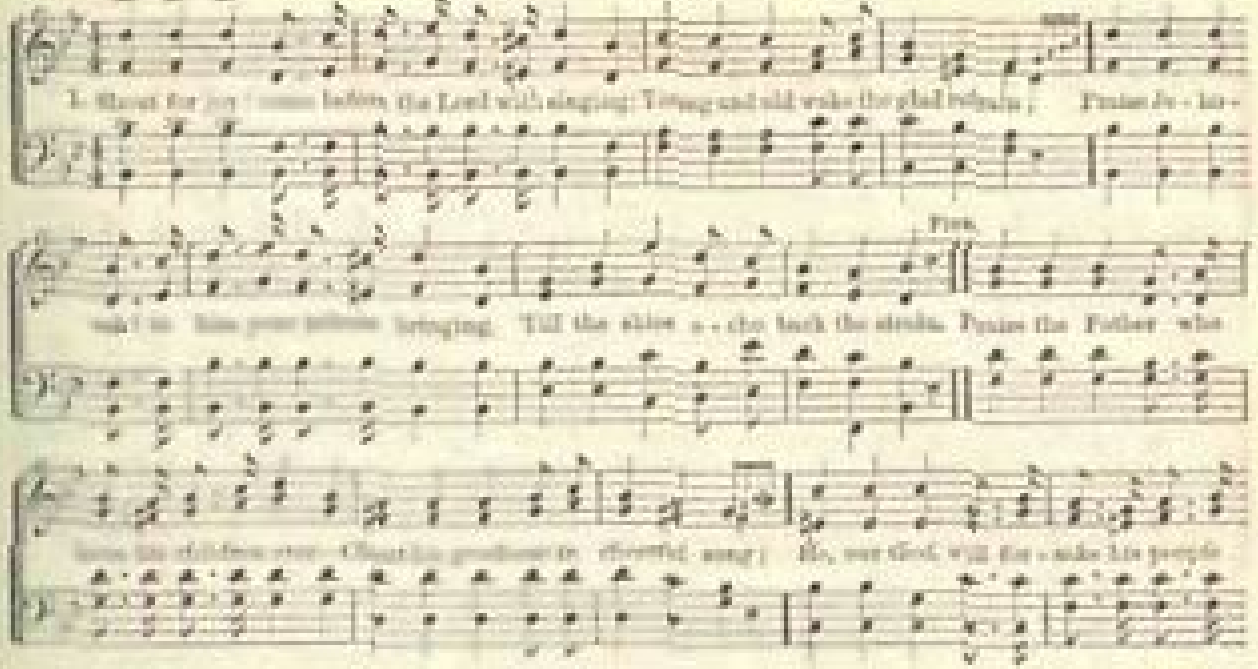
1. Thank and praise Je-ho-vah's name; For his mercies, free and sure, From a - ver - sit - ty the same,
2. In the wil-der - ness a - stray, Hith - er, thither, while they roam, Hungry, fainting by the way,

To a - ver - sit - ty ma - dam. Let the ransomed thus re - joice, Gathered out of ev - ery land,
Fur from ma - ny, shed for home,—Then unto the Lord, they cry; He inclines a gracious ear,

As the peo-ple of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
Sends deliverance from on high, Rescues them from all their fear.

A

To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.



2.
Praise the Son, who has brought us free salvation—
Pardon, peace, through his precious blood;
Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,
Wand'ring souls to the fold of God.
Holy Spirit, our Comforter in sadness,
Kindly Light, leading wayfarers on—
Thus we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,
With the Father and Holy Son. Shout, &c.

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

Winchester C.M. — Dr. Malan

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
   On thee, the high and low-ly,
2. To-day we want-ed man-ness, The heavenly manna-tide;
   To Ba-by man-ed man-hood The all-vir trumpet calls,
   Where gospel light is glow-ing
3. Now gra-ces ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,
   We reach the rest re-main-ing To spirits of the blest,
   To Ho-ly Ghost in prais-es,

Blending be-fore the throne, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great One in Three
With pure and ra-diant hearts, And be-ing ra-ter flow-ing With ever-lasting anthems
To Fa-ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-raises To thee, great One in Three

SECOND HYMN.

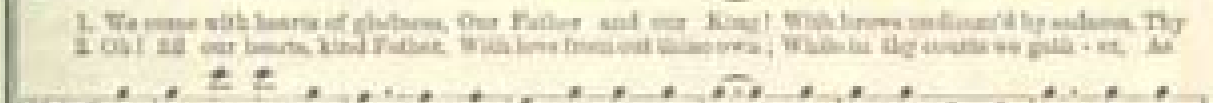
1. Thine holy day's returning,
   Our hearts want to see;
   And with devotion burning,
   Around, O God, to thee!
   To-day with present pleasures,
   Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
   We search for heavenly treasures,
   We hear thy holy law.

2. We join to sing thy praises,
   Lord of the Sabbath day;
   Each voice in glad-ness raises
   Its loudest, sweetest lay!
   Thy ri-ches matchless showing
   Sanctify us with thy love,
   Thy grace our souls preparing
   For nobler praise above.

WE COME WITH HEARTS OF GLADNESS.

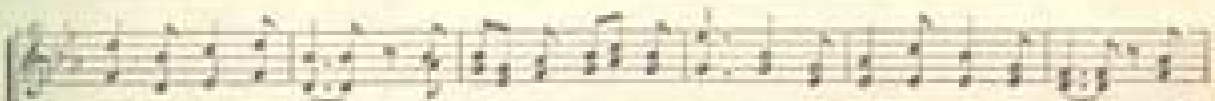
Lord, Forever, to you.

1. We come with hearts of gladness, Our Father and our King! With brows enlighten'd by sadness, Thy
2. Oh! fill our hearts, kind Father, With love from out thine own; While in thy courts we gath - er, As



wonders love to sing; To crown thy Spir - it's bless - ing Up - on this hallowed hour, With
followers of thy Son! And on our place and be - lov, The banks of Christ to bless, O

grateful trust con - fess - ing Thy wisdom and thy power.
God! look down with fa - vor, And crown them with cor - ons.

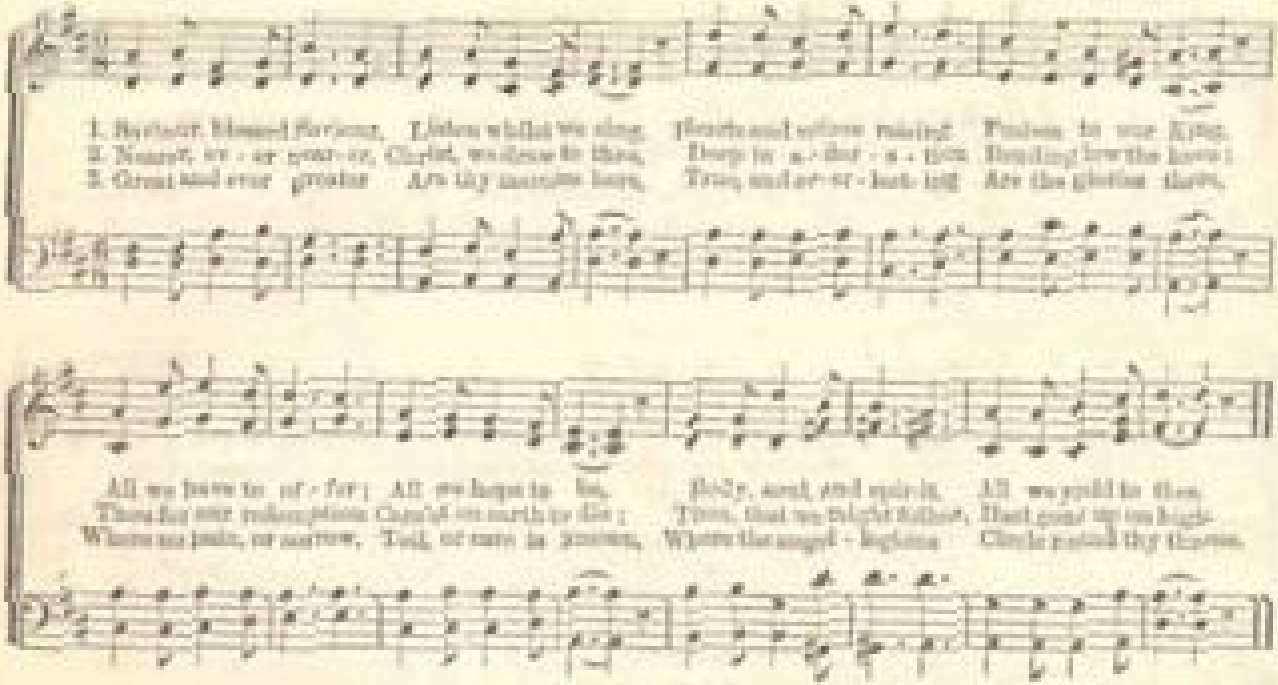


3.

Oh! will thou speed the dawning
Of that eternal day,
When earth and heav'n combining,
Shall own thy righteous sway;
When every tongue shall bless thee,
And every heart shall own
That Kingdom, Power and Glory,
Belong to thee alone!

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Rev. G. Thring. — E. Bunnett



4. Brighter still and brighter
Grows the western sky,
Shedding all its glorious
O'er our work that's done;
Time will pass for ever,
Toil and sorrow cease,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5. Onward, ever onward,
Journeying over the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6. Soon, all this troubling,
When the measured soul
Earthly toils repelling
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unknown of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary resting
Praises to their King.

FIRST HYMN.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thou the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

SECOND HYMN.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shut
The profaneful world;
And, all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my wants and sorrows cast
On him who bears I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by temptation driven.

5 Then when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this tranquil hour
And lead to endless day.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Pleasant is the Sabbath hall,
Rep. In the light, in the light,
Breaking morn of joy to all, In, &c.
But a weary wonder fall, In, &c.
Breathes where angel spirits are
Rep. In the light of God.

Cho.—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we stay the to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow? Cho.

3 Yes, that Blest one was our's may be,
All the good shall Jesus see,
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns. Cho.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling ever on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

REPEAT.
Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Revenge stings the breast no more,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home. Rep.

3 Jesus, show thy mercy divine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night,
Then there's love at home. *Rep.*

THROUGH THE JORDAN!

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sweeney. Eng., 1877.

1. Sing - hold a joy - ful shout! Come with rejoicing, Proclaiming him who guided his people
2. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; They shall not overflow thee, and yonder shore shall
3. Through the flames, if Jesus calls us, We'll go with singing, Whatever may be meet with us, God will be around

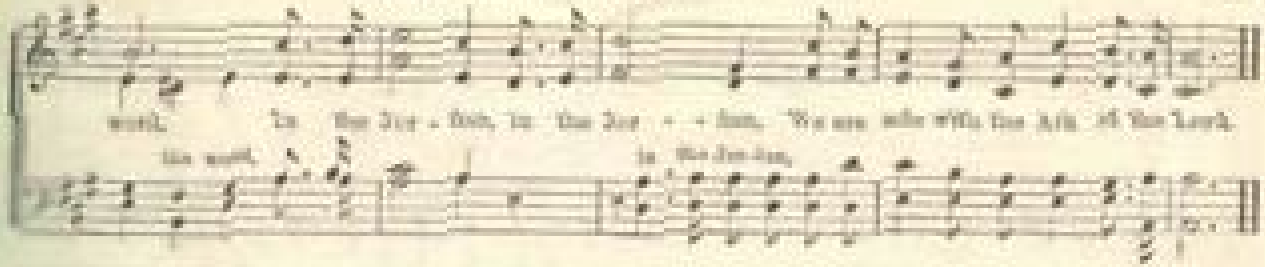
For the God who led the fa - thers, Lis - ten for ev - er, And in ten - der mer - cy doth the
Fol - low the Ho - ly One of Is - rael, Mighty to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will
Trusting in the blessed promise "I am with you al - ways, Till you reach the summit of the

Chorus.

shil - drens behold. Through the Jordan, through the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives to the
ten - ta, like arm.
hill provided land."

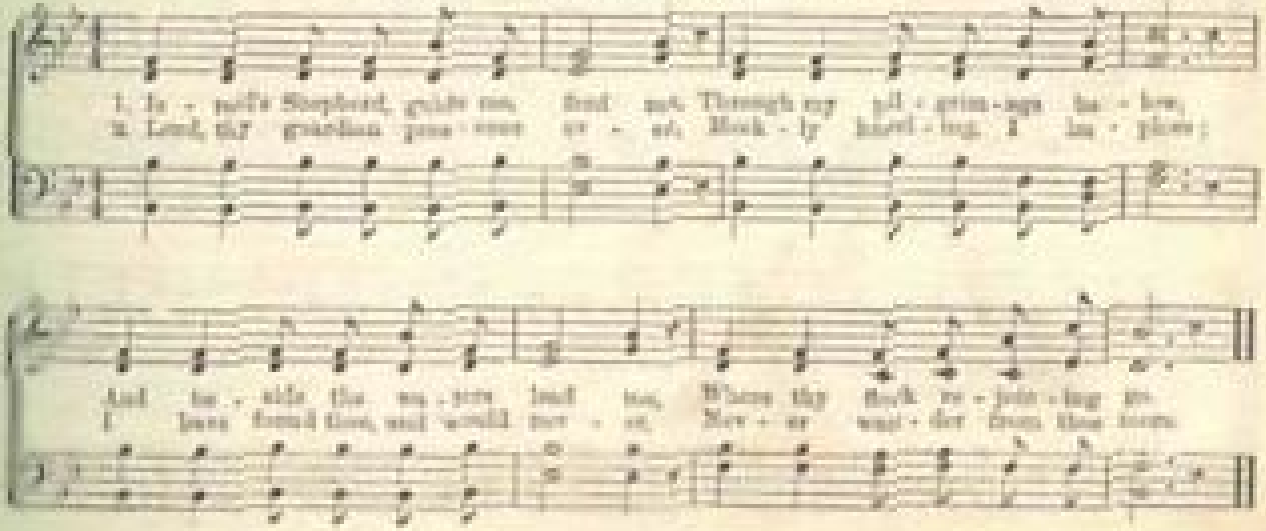
Through the Jordan.

THROUGH THE JORDAN. Concluded.



ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD, GUIDE ME.

Rom. Rolfes, by per.



HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

F. J. Haskins.

R. J. Tan, Cop. 1894.

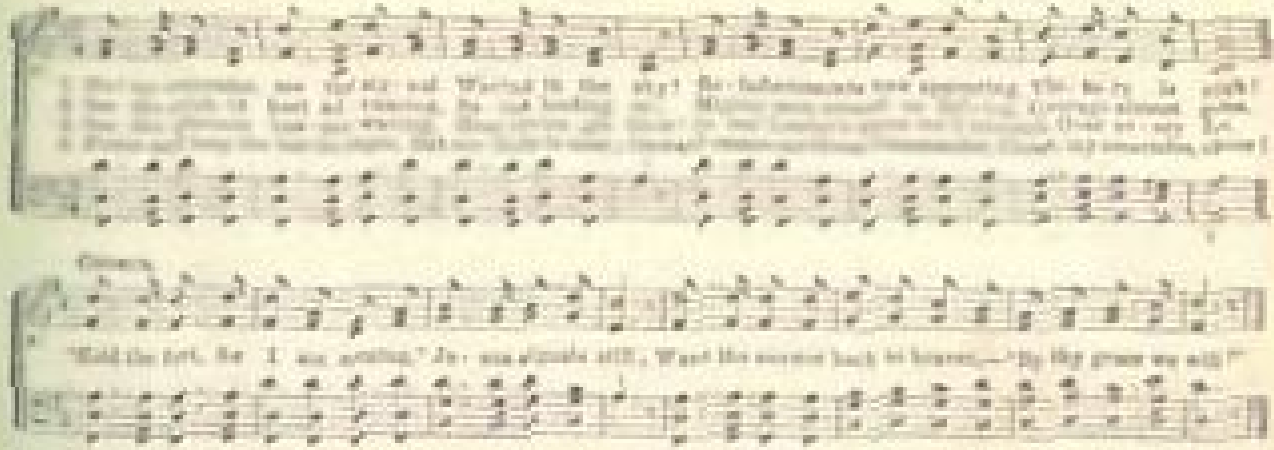
1. My life flows on in endless song; A - bove earth's lan - guo - ish - ing. I catch the sweet
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Saviour liv - eth; What tho' the dark -
3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove, And day by day

though far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion. Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I
ness gath-er round, Songs in the night he gi - veth! No storm can shake my in - most calm While
this pilgrim-age smoothe, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the ma - ster singing: It finds an ech - o in my soul; How can I keep from singing!
to that ad - ore singing; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing!
foun - tain ev - er springing: All things are mine, since I am his; How can I keep from singing!

HOLD THE FORT.

Music "Gleaners' Journal" by P. P. Bliss. By per. of Dow Cassell & Co.



SECOND HYMN.

Geo. F. Root, by per.

1 Lift the Royal banner higher,
Bearer of the foe!
Let its folds of mercy waving
Now encircle me.
Cho.—Ring about the glorious anthem,
Anthem of the free!
Wave the banner, bear the message—
"Jesus died for me."

2 Pleasure not amid the glooming,
Where it lift it high,
Till the worldly Let more see it,
Many more draw nigh. Cho.

3 As the sentinel on its uplifted
On the morning plain,
So we Jesus, now uplifted,
Will we look again. Cho.

4 Jesus waits to bid you welcome,
Hear his loving voice;
Come, my brother, heed his calling,
Everlasting rejoice. Cho.

5 "Come and taste my love unending,"
Jesus says to thee;
Pleasures rich, and joy unending,
Thine shall ever be. Cho.

6 When the waves of sin are rolling,
Like a mighty sea,
Trust in Jesus, he will help thee,
Jesus died for thee. Cho.

7 Courage, brother, do not falter,
Press with vigor on,
Jesus your leadeth onward,
On to glory, on! Cho.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE WAY.

C. S. R.

Rev. A. A. Gillett, D. D.

1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love, With a journey set for ev - ery day;
2. There we sometimes meet rich rev - ers gra - ing on be - fore; Pilgrims come ev - ery hour a new arrive;
3. So we too pass on, and the end is drawing near, With ry footsteps set for ev - ery day;

And the sunshine too makes a shadow from a - bove, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
And our hands have clasped, as we told our tale o'er, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
We encourage each second, and we remark ev - ery time, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.

Chorus

Oh, the blessed shadow where the pilgrims rest and rest, Lay - ing off each burden that we bear,

And we sing our thanks, who will welcome us at last, In the home he promised to pre - pare.

FIRST HYMN

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To this dear refuge, my abode,
Where the waiting soul is blest,
Where he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And find at thee, sweet hour of prayer.

SECOND HYMN

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem to no more;
And heaven opens down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

THIRD HYMN

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raises me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let me way appoint
There in my heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

FOURTH HYMN.

1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise,—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art
My life and God's attest,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's rest."

FIFTH HYMN.

1 Lord, Christ, to us thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence, May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. — English Melody.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his ma-jes-ty, his cross, and his tomb.
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed, the shadows are past.
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed! Re-demp-tion is finished, the price hath been paid.
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The just for the un-just has died on the tree.
5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, Our death hath tri-umph-ant and liv-eth a-gain.
6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
7. Re-joice and be glad! For he cometh a-gain! He cometh in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Chorus.

1st time — 2d time

Sound his praises, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit .....]
Sound his praises, tell with glad-ness, [Omit .....] He liv-eth a-gain.
Cho. for 1st Verse: Sound his praises, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit .....
Sound his praises, tell with gladness, [Omit .....] He cometh a-gain.

SECOND HYMN.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. [Cho.

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

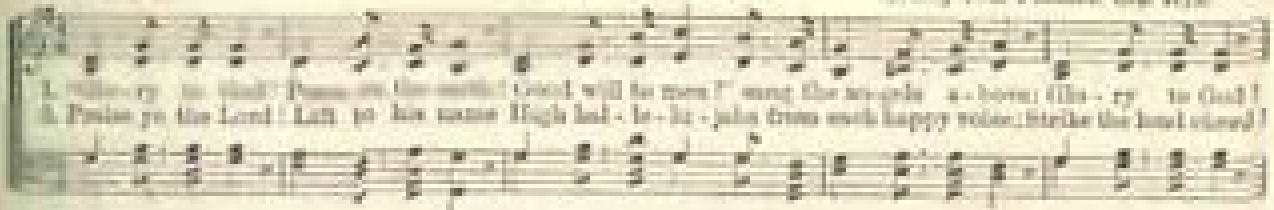
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways. [Cho.

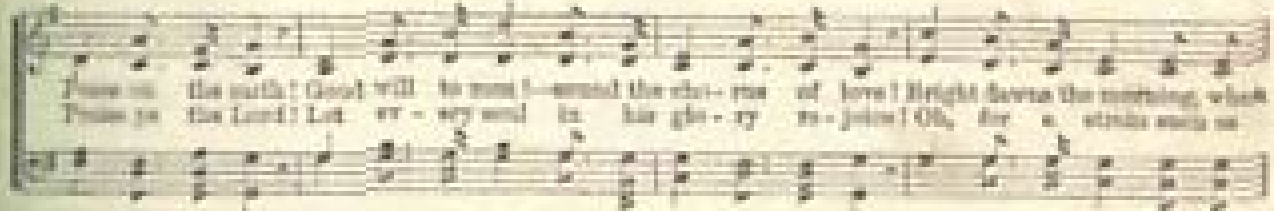
5 Revive us again; fill each heart, with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. Cho.

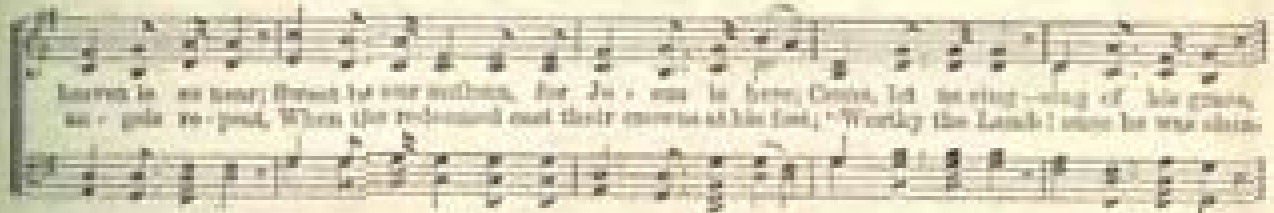
GLORY TO GOD!

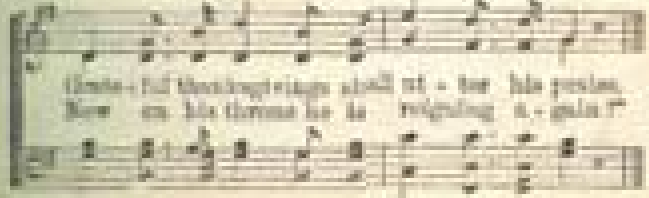
C. S. R.

Arr. by T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1879.









3. O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
Come with thy presence, thy Spirit impart!
Come with thy love! come with thy power!
Breathe on our souls, and enrich every heart!
Had were thy sufferings, glorious thy cross,
Bearing our punishment, bearing our loss;
Now, Lord of all, thee we adore!
Bring we our souls to be thine evermore!

THE ANGEL'S PROCLAMATION.

Fanny J. Crosby — Tom. E. Perkins, Op. 18a

1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of ol-den time— Breathing on the ether air, Sounding ever-
2. Mourning captives, cease thy tears! Lo! the promised day appears, Through the misty veil of night, Dawning in a
3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark! a whole robed angel sings:—"Mortals from the realms above, I have come to sing

ev - ery-where! Hark! again their joy-ful sound Rings a - lot, the earth a - round; While a vast, a -
flood of light; Oh, what wonders things are done By the Fa-ther, through the Son! Oh, the smile of
harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me; Hail our greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing, in per - son,

D. S.—F - ches lost, in

Fine. Chorus. D. S.

ev - ing throng, Catch the strain and join the song. Ca-lo ma a child is given; Open now the gates of heaven,
pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face! sweetest lays, On this ho - ly day of days."

man redeemed, Through the birth of Christ the Lord.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Wm. F. Sudworth Cop. 1894

1. Hark! hark! my soul! An - gelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shores;
2. Go - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing on sweet fragments of the songs above,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the go-spel leads us home.
And in - deed souls for thousands weekly shed - ding, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long chain we break in rhythm free.

Chorus.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light, sing on ye wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bateman, D. D.

Rain, Rosser, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privi - lege to
2. Have we tri - als and temptations? Is there trouble any - where? We should never be dis -
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care; Precious Saviour, still our

ver - y He - ry thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit,
cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful,
ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends dis - pise, for - sake thee,

Oh, what needless pain we bear!—All because we do not ca - ry Every thing to God in prayer.
Who will all our sorrows share? Je - sus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou will find a solace there.

JESUS IS MINE.

Mrs. H. Brown. T. R. Perkins, Cop. 1878.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery tie - that ties, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! How would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, mute sad - ness, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, e - ter - nal - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - derness, Earth hath no resting-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet sense of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. The kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

2. Give us this day our daily bread.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liver us from evil. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass a - gainst us. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever - ver. A - men.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

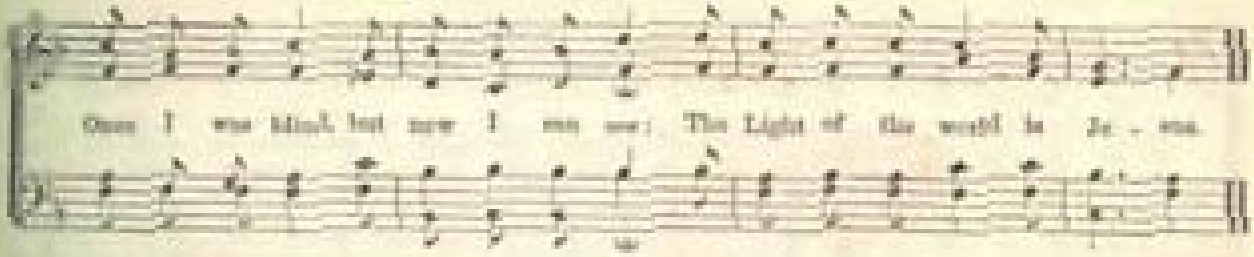
F. E. Bates, by per

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus. Like
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus. We
3. No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus. The

sun-shine at noon-day his glo - ry shows in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
walk in the Light when we fol - low our guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Lamb is the light in the Ci - ty of Gold, The Light of the world is Je - sus.

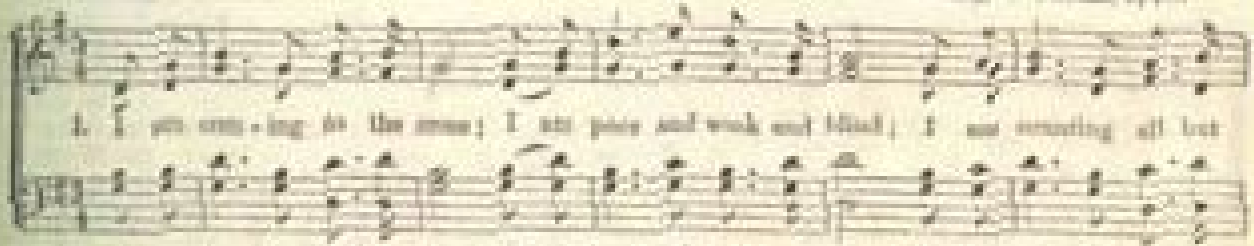
Chorus.

Come to the Light, 'tis shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me,



I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.



2. Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin. Cho.

3. In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. Cho.

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

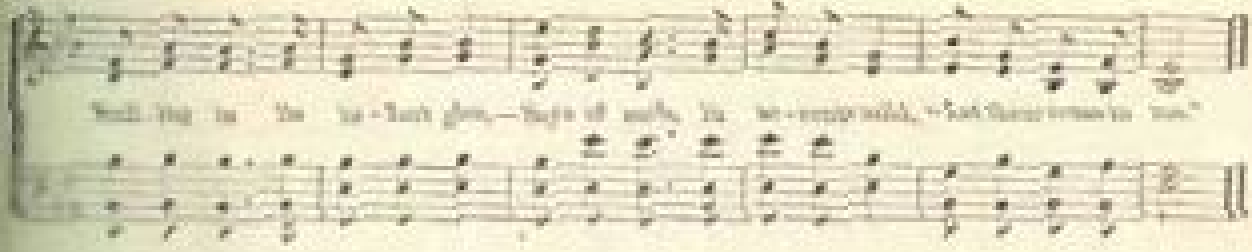
W. Bradbury — W. F. Sherwin, Esq. Obo.

1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smiling in the in-fant glee,—Says of such in sweet wild,
2. In the Sun - day-school, They are taught to fear the Lord: Then they find his love is sure,
3. When the mid-summer sun is down, When the shrin-y stars in view—Then around his shining throne

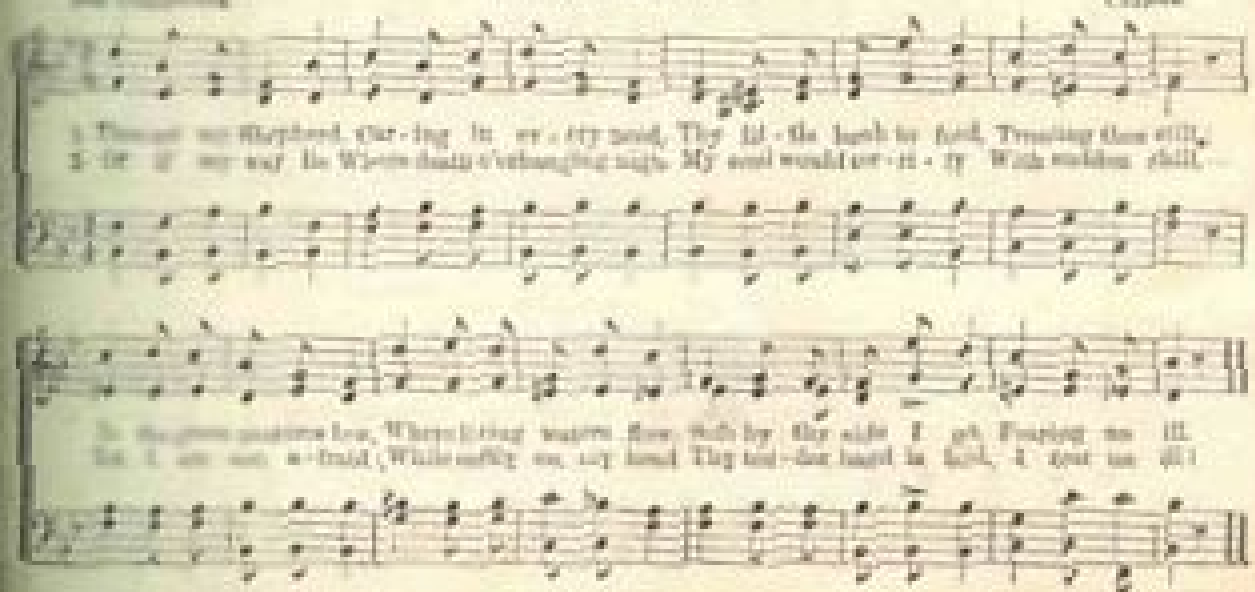
"Let them come to me;" Let them come, for - bid them not; They will sing a - round the Throne,
Learn to love his word; And with this they may go forth,—Triumph o - ver ev - ry foe,—
On the Isles - ful shore, Shall his loy - ed ones, sing and shout, the ter - rible - ness o -

Millions now are singing there, Mil - lions more may come. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child,
Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Seeking lo - ving souls.
Glad tiding proclaim Je - sus' Rest, Praise him ev - er - more

Chorus.



MY SHEPHERD.



LOVE OF JESUS.

T. E. Peacock, Sep. 1896.

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Never to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the

Chorus.

precious ones He has gathered us all. Jesus our love, precious Jesus, Holy, Holy and pure and true, Oh,

more by that love, every wandering soul, Jesus pleadeth for them.

2. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
Its depths are unfathomed, our comfort and joy,
But he knows it above. Chor.

3. Oh, let us look to the voice of Jesus,
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on his loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home. Chor.

COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

Earnestly

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Je - sus to - day, To-day come to Jesus, Come to Je-sus to - day.

2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe him, &c.
4. He'll comfort you, &c.

5. Flee to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.

8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

SING FOR JESUS.

J. E. Gould, by per.

Sings Chorus. Chorus.

1. Oh, may I while I live so much, Sing for Je - sus, sing for Je - sus;
2. And may I while I live be - low, Speak of Je - sus, speak of Je - sus;
3. Then let me while my life re - mains, Live for Je - sus, live for Je - sus;

Sings Chorus. Chorus. Duet.

Praise him with my heart and breath, Sing to his dear name. For have I said enough for praise, To
Ne - ver tire of his dear name, Tire of his dear name. Oh! how much he has done for me, He
Count it lost, or, though I talk But for for his name. But when at last my life shall be, With

Sin Chorus in Chorus.

him who crowns my youthful days, And leads me through the pleasant ways, To sing of his dear name,
bring me Glor - ry's eternal free; That I might ev - er - more for Him, To speak for his dear name,
him throughout e - ter - ni - ty; Oh! then how sweet it there will be, To ev - er live for Him.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

James Wilkinson. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus, for ever-lasting grace, That I may with "patience," run the heavenly race;

Looking un - to Je - sus, when I'm weak or strong, Looking un - to Je - sus, I am helped a - long.

Chorus.

Looking un - to Je - sus, looking ev - ery day, I have proved that Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;

Looking un - to Je - sus, I am ever - ev - fill, Je - sus is my Saviour, and my all in all.

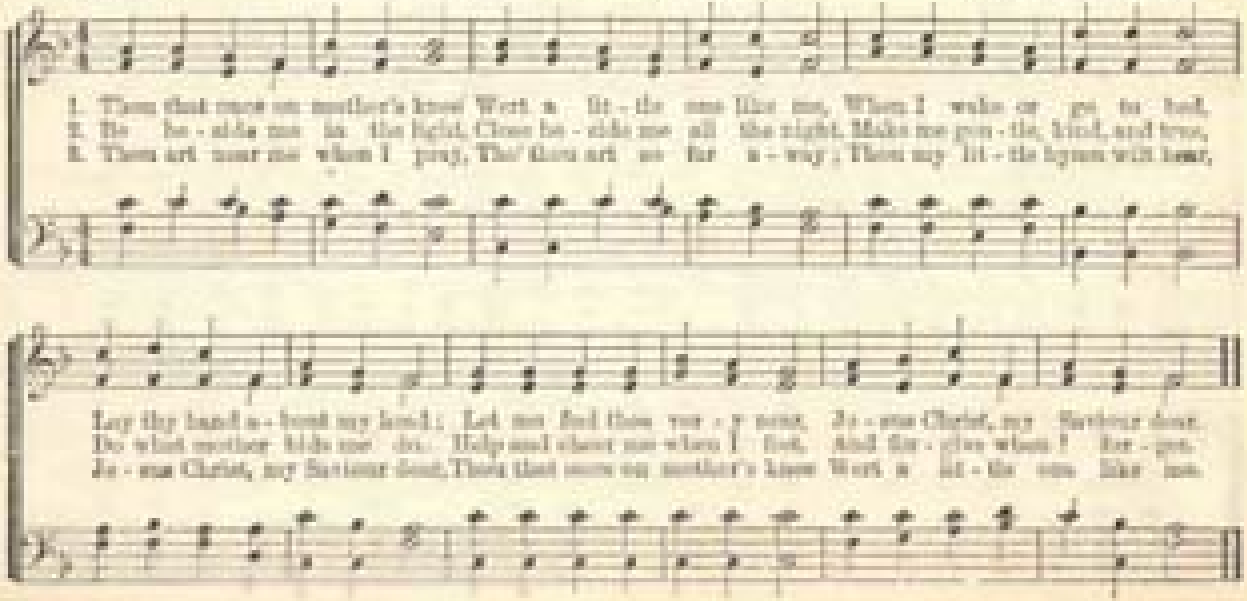
2 Looking unto Jesus, I can always see
Jesus with approving smile looking down on me;
Looking unto Jesus, I can run straight on,
Looking unto Jesus, all my fears are gone. Cho.

3 Looking unto Jesus, oh, delightful sight,
Jesus turns my darkness into heavenly light;
Looking unto Jesus, through the cloudy skies,
Jesus glides with glory all the clouds that rise. Cho.

4 Looking unto Jesus, till the hour shall come,
When he sends his angels down to take me home;
Looking unto Jesus, till his face I see,
In his unveiled glory, through eternity. Cho.

MY SAVIOUR DEAR.

Pleasantly. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1890.



I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

Arr. T. E. Perkins.

1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, For I am vo - ry poor; A stranger and a
2. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee, A friend to guide and
3. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need thee day by day, To fill me with thy

pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store; I need the love of Je - sus To
ch - r, A friend to cate for me; I need the love of Je - sus To
full - ness, To lead me on my way; I need thy Hy - ly Spir - it To

show me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
find such precious rest, To lift my ev - ery bur - den, And all my sorrows share.
teach me what I am, To show me more of Je - sus, And point me to the Lamb.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

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

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free; And all may be saved and for-
2. From the darkness and sin and despair Out in - to the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an
3. Oh, the glorious heights of his love, The unfathomed depths of his grace, My soul all his fullness would
4. In him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven be - low, And freely his blood is sp -

Chorus.

given, And Je - sus can save even me, Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save, ... And all his salvation may
heir, To kingdoms and mansions a - bove,
prove, And live in his loving em - brace,
plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.
is mighty to save, sal-

know ..... On his bosom I lean, And his blood makes me clean, I'm his blood can wash whiter than snow,
va - tion may know.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I know a land that val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;

And his Spir - it and blood make my cleansing com - plete, And his gra - cious love smiles on my face.

Chorus.

Oh, come to that val - ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will fill - some be - lieve,

Oh, be - lieve, and re - ceive, and rest - fest him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

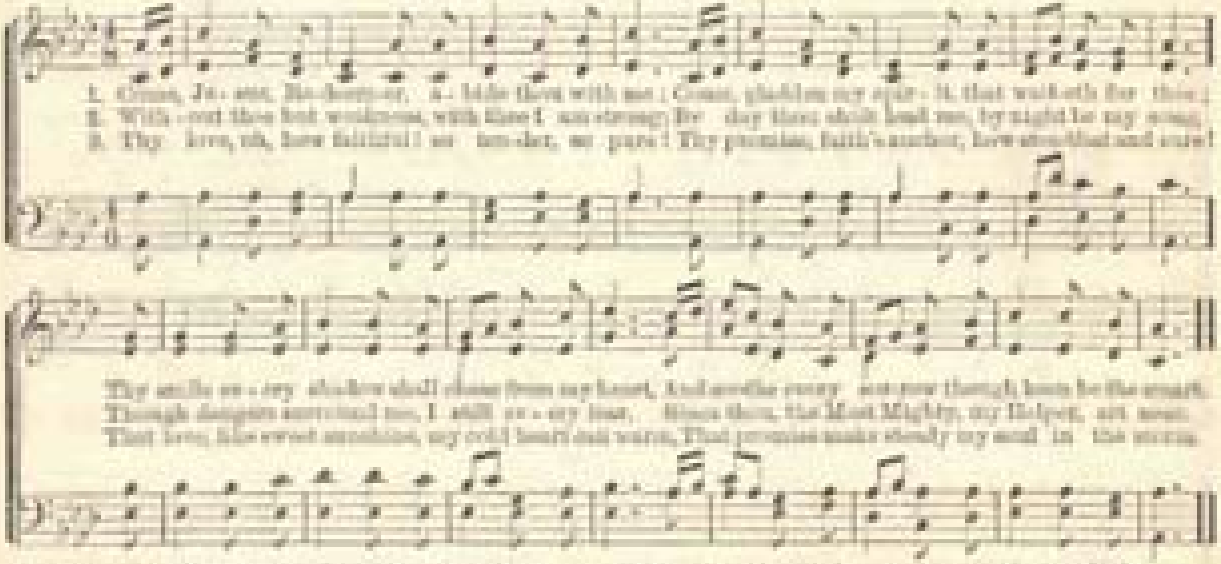
2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the hard ground to repay;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. Cho.

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

4. There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain." Cho.

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

Dr. Ray Palmer. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1880.



4. Breathe, breathe on my spirit, soft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings hence forward shall rest,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5. Oh, thou, Hunted Fawn, who runs for the flock,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with rapture for ever untold!

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

Mrs. H. Nunn

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1896

Semi-Chorus. Chorus. Semi-Chorus.

1. Our Hero is a - love all others,— Oh, how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's—
2. 'Tis a - bit - ual life to know him— Oh, how he loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe him—
3. Hear - ed Jesus! would you know him, Oh, how he loves! Give permission us - ter - ly to look,

Chorus.

Oh, how he loves! Hath - by friends may fail or leave us, One day smiles, the next day grieves us,
Oh, how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the wil - der - ness he sought us—
Oh, how he loves! Think no long - er of the morrow, From the past now sour - ego sor - row,

That this Friend will ne'er deceive us— Oh, how he loves!
He has bid us safely trust him— Oh, how he loves!
In - stead our fears all gone we now, Oh, how he loves!

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you,
Naught but good shall ever betide you,
Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. Prentiss. T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1875

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thou a - lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet sor - row, so I gain, Sweet those pains,

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
Then shall my song ever be, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Chas. W. H. Monk, arr.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; O, stay to make it
2. Where wilt thou dwell if kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly sleep, Be my last thoughts, — How

dark a - bout, To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes!
sweet to meet Thee as - sur - ed, my Saviour's breast!

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
Go through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

FIRST HYMN.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth,
To Christ, the Saviour given.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word say ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's sons they sealed him,
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For ever must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

SECOND HYMN.

JESUS LOVES ME.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The ministrations of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 And when dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to pray,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yet when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me!
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
To a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

FIFTH HYMN.

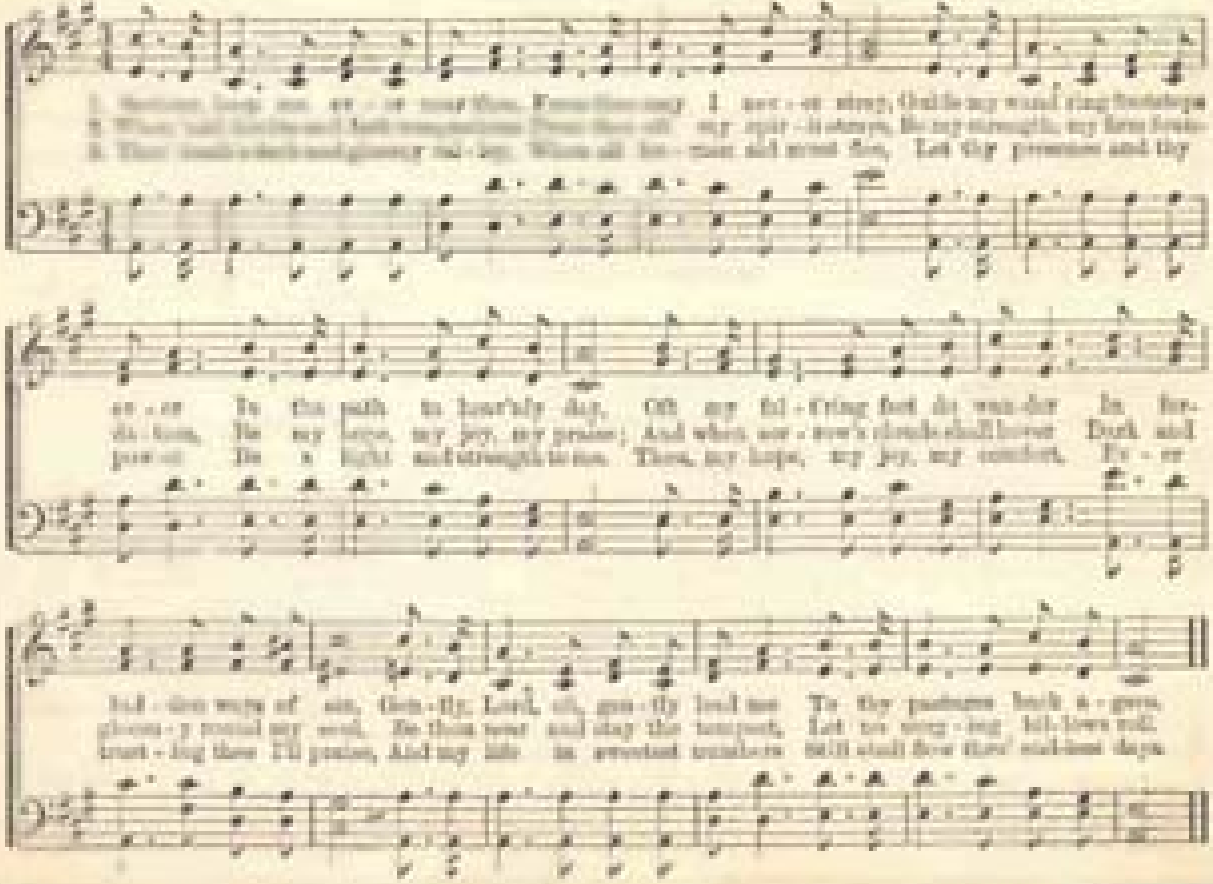
1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, hear
Hear your children, when they

SAVIOUR, KEEP ME.

G. S. W.

Geo. S. Weaver, Cop. 1899.



JESUS SAVES ME NOW.

T. B. Pomeroy

George S. Weaks, Cor. 1879.

1. This is the glorious Gospel word - Our God his heaven-ly loth have, And cry to each be - lev-ing heart,
2. God speaks who cannot lie, why then Our doubt should I at low? I dare not lay out, but take his word -
3. I trust not self 'twould throw me back In my Deliverer's deep strength; From self I look to Christ, and find
4. Temptations hard up - on me press, No strength to resist, I know; Yet more than ever power me I,
5. What-e'er my fu-ture may be - gate, His grace will sure al-low; I live a moment at a time,

Chorus.

Je - sus saves him now! Je - sus saves him now, Je - sus saves him now, Je - sus saves him,
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.

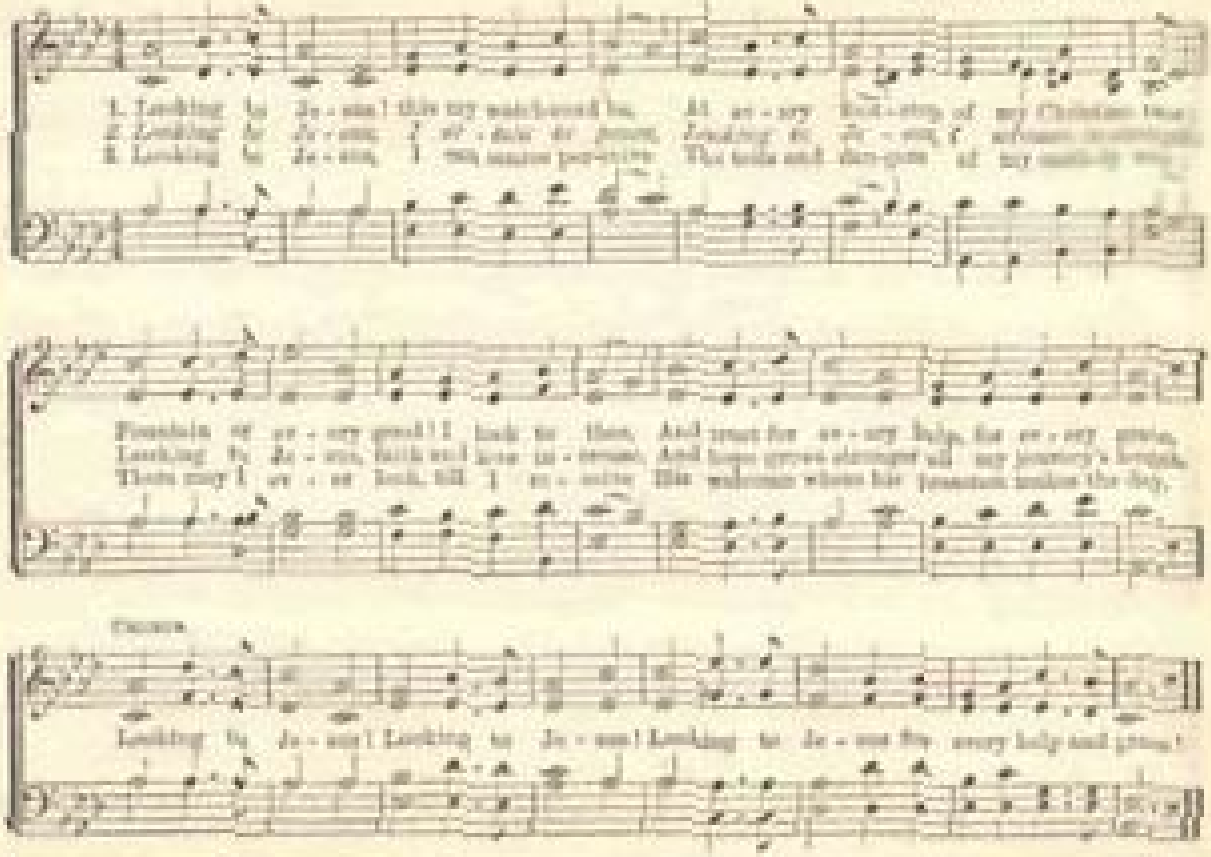
you, he saves him, Je - sus saves him now.

6. Who doubts him? he who died now lives;
The crown is on his brow;
The Son of Man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now! Cho.

7. And when within the pearly gates,
I at his feet shall bow,
The heaven of heaven itself will be—
Jesus saves me now! Cho.

THE WATCHWORD—LOOKING TO JESUS.

H. Lancaster, Cop. 1879.



THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Ann Price, by per.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List! thy be - ven door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knocketh ev - er - more. Say not, 'tis thy pale-ne hour - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the

Spirit His voice ex - tend ing: Now it let the Saviour in. Let him in, Let him

Let him in.

in, 'Tis the Di - vy Spirit it knocketh, — Oh, will let the Saviour in.

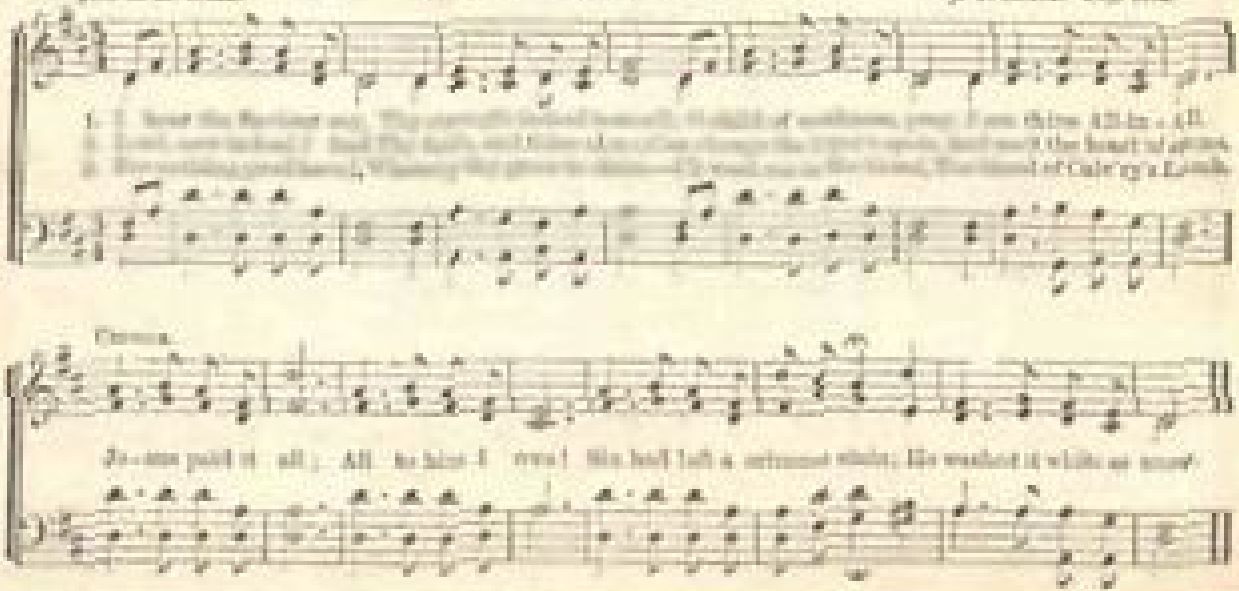
Let him in.

2 Death comes down with ruthless footstep,
To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand thus knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waileth, waileth, waileth,
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.
Let him in, &c.

3 Then 'tis time to stand, entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for the sin.
Nay, alas! then foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he now will know thee not.
Let him in, &c.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Arr. E. M. Bliss. J. T. Grape. Cop. 1894.



JESUS, MY LORD.

J. G. Deck. — Rev. Elvey, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, Je - sus, my Lord! All with - in proclaims a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Thou, Unseen Son of God, Je - sus, my Lord! Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
3. Where on - to flow I flee, Je - sus, my Lord! Thou will my be - fore be, Je - sus, my Lord!
4. Soon thou will come a - gain! Je - sus, my Lord! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love, all else - or love above, Love that I feel, to prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
What could I wish to do? What nothing could do more, Where thou art, or hast? Je - sus, my Lord!
Thou comest, Lord! I see, Then I shall dwell with thee, Thou art ever with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

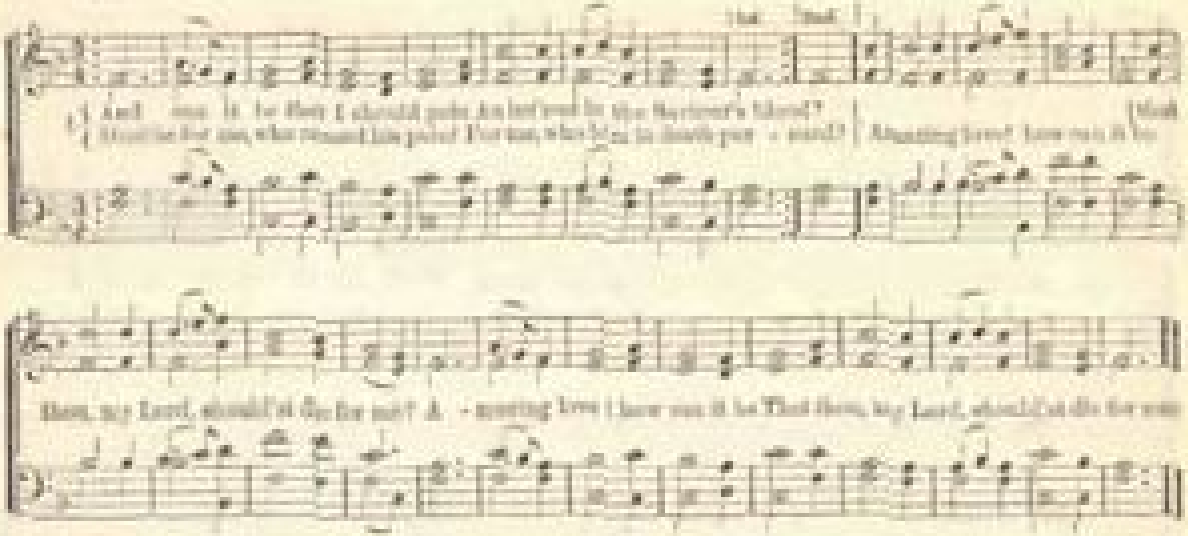
PSALM 23. — Purcell's Chant.

1. The Lord | is my | Shepherd; || I shall — | not — | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures: || He leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul: || He leadeth me in the path of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: || For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies: || Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life: || And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for | ever. || A - men.

AND CAN IT BE?

Wesley

Wm. H. Havergal, by per



2 'Tis mystery all, the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first born seraph tries
To sound the depth of love divine;
'Tis mystery all! let earth adore!
Let angels extend their wonder to more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And died for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mystery all, immortal love,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke: the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. G. C. Willis, by per.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My rich-est gain I count loss,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me
3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pre-sent far too small; Love so a - maz-ing, so di

Chorus.

vine, And pour contempt on all my pride. The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of
most, I am - ti - ful them to his blood.
vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Je - sus; From all our sin, its guilt and power, And co - ty stain, it frees us. Then I'm clinging, clinging,

clinging, Oh, I'm clinging to the cross. Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

ONLY ONE WAY.

Rev. J. Fawcett.

S. J. Vail, Op. 189.

1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, One cross to which sin - ners may cling; No
2. There is on - ly one name on - der heaven, By which you may ev - er at - tain A
3. There is on - ly one king - dom to win, One home with the blood-washed a - round; Shall

Refrain.

sin - ner can save you from loss, This on - ly sal - va - tion can bring. Then sound - ing his
hope to be heard and for - given, And brought to sal - va - tion a - gain.
help those who died for lip sin; Oh, hear not, but trust in his love.

loss, The world and its dross, Be - for - ing my Jo - sus, Come kneel at the cross.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

Wm. Cowper. — Wareham Malcom.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though

neath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains; And
vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And

sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil-ty stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3.

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.

4.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [Tempo
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

FIRST HYMN.

1 A [illegible] how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As you journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praises,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and you
Soon your happiness shall view.

3 Then, with heaven's joyful shoal
On this banquet of your soul,
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you continually go on.

4 Lord, sometimes make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only then our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

THIRD HYMN.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let goods like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

4 Then shall I battle my weary way
By aid of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On you, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live a joyful every day.
Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart
With him of every good possessed.

FIFTH HYMN.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail. *Ref.*

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. *Ref.*

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

A. T. P.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D. Cop. 1891.

1. When to those who sin and suf - fer, God - sent came to bring re - lief, Lo! he was despised, re - jected,
2. He, for our transgressions wounded, Bruised for our iniq - ui - ties, By his chastisement, procured us
3. He was led a lamb to slaughter, By his stripes we all are healed; In his blood our souls find cleansing,

Man of sorrows, full of grief. While we thought him stricken, smitten, By the hand of God a - lone,
Peace and pardon full and free. We like sheep had wandered From our Father's fold a - way;
He was dumb to gloa - ry sealed. Break, my heart, with godly sor - row, That his sore stripes were brought.

Chorus

He was bruised, oh, our brethren, Slow and sure came not his turn. Hal - le - lu - jah! Swell the chorus,
For it pleased the Lord to bruise him, And we know his name is Jesus.
Break, my heart, with holy rapture, That his grace thy sorrow wrought.

Praising him, the Cru - ci - fied; Oh, believe him, Oh, re - ceive him, Who for sinners bled and died!

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Warm. Rev. J. H. Stevenson, by per.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could give the guilt - y conscience peace,
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way—A sac - ri - fice of nob - ler name,

Chorus.

Or wash a - way the stain. Oh, the blood, the pre - cious blood! That Je - sus shed for us,
And richer blood than they.

On the tree, In agonizing death, Poured out by faith I see.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes for guilt was there.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Mrs. M. Pickering. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And re - deed by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
2. E'e now by faith I claim him mine, The ri - ch Son of God; Re - deemer by his
3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to his saints makes known The blessed fruit from

Chorus.

highest cost, Ha ef - fers free to all. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wonderous love! The love of God to me; It
death I feel, And shouting thro' the blood.
in - bred sin, They dwell in Christ a - lone.

bought and brought me home - ward, To dwell in God - ly - ness.

4. Bedecking souls, rejoicing too;
Thou shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven. Oh.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Thro' Christ the Lord our King. Oh.

J. H. S., 7s pm. Rev. J. H. Sweetser.

1. There is a foun-tain, deep and wide, Where flows the crimson flood, Once a-paid to my
2. How can I rest, my gracious Lord, Till I am pure within? Oh, pu-ri-fy me
3. Wan, wel-come kind thou dost re-ceive My con-se-cra-ted soul; While I in thee my
4. Oh, how shall I the Saviour praise Who died his blood for me! In hold-ing up my

Chorus.

Sa-viour's side, And filled with hal-lowed blood. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
through thy blood, From all my in-bred sin.
Lord be-lieve, Thy blood doth make me whole.
vow I'll raise, And shout the vic-to-ry.

What an thanksgiving shall be, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Who died on Cal-va-ry.

THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.

Rev. J. Parker. — S. J. Vail, Cop. 1872.

1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, And joy to the spirit within; There is par-don for
2. There is peace in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, He bears all my burden and shame; I have nothing to
3. There is rest in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, Where weary I fly to his side; He invites me to
4. There is hope in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, A hope that a mansion is mine, Where the saints robed in

Refrain.

Glory, Sinner, commanded be free, For his blood gives cleansing from sin. Oh, trust in his own precious blood, What
being, To his merc - y I cling. I am trusting alone in his name.
room, In his love there is room, And I'm welcome his mercy to claim.
white, In the Ci - ty of Light, Through faith in the Crucified Lamb.

Blest in acceptance with God, He has par-doned my sin, He renews me within, I love him and trust in his word.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin, Con. Arr.

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God, The sa - cri - fice for all! The fountain of his
2. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The Lamb for sin - ners slain, For them, my soul, for
3. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The gift of unmeritedness! Seek full re - demp-tion

pre - cious blood Can make the vil - est clean.
thee He died, And died, and rose a - gain,
through his blood, And share his joy a - long.

Refrain.

We would bel - low, bel - low the Lamb,

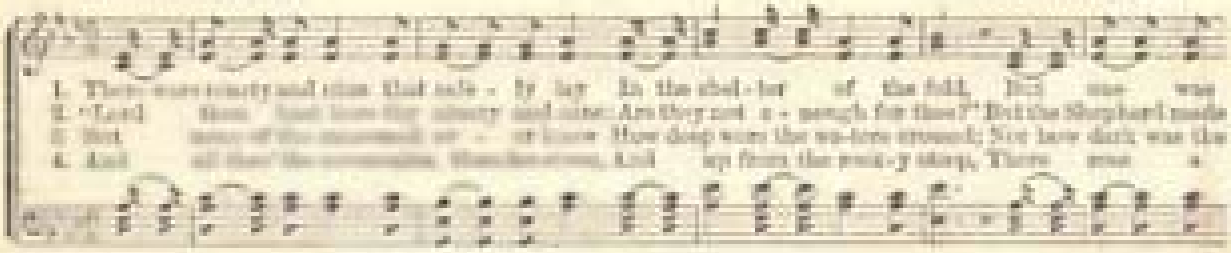
Whether an - ge - ls be pe - ople; Now my load of guilt removes, O thou Lamb of God!

THE NINETY AND NINE.

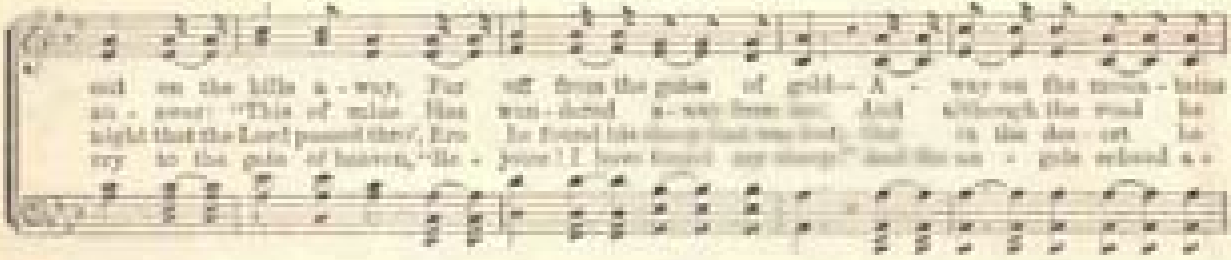
Elizabeth C. Clephane

Jas. D. Ramsey, by per.

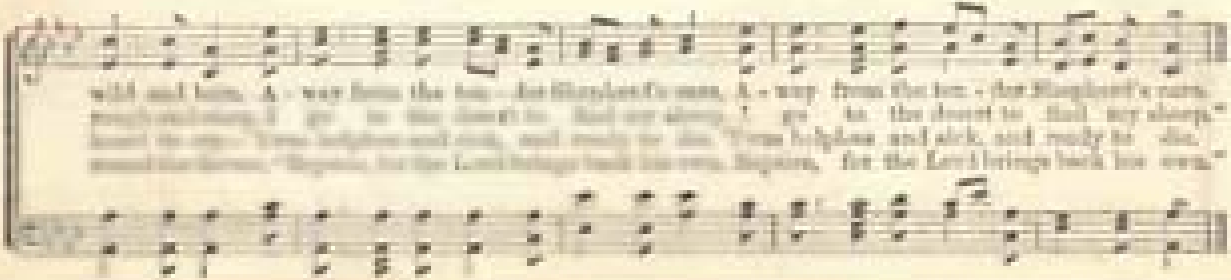
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was
2. "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed; Nor how dark was the
4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a



out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains
an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me; And although the road be
night that the Lord passed thro', Ere He found His sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert he
cry to the gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels echoed a -

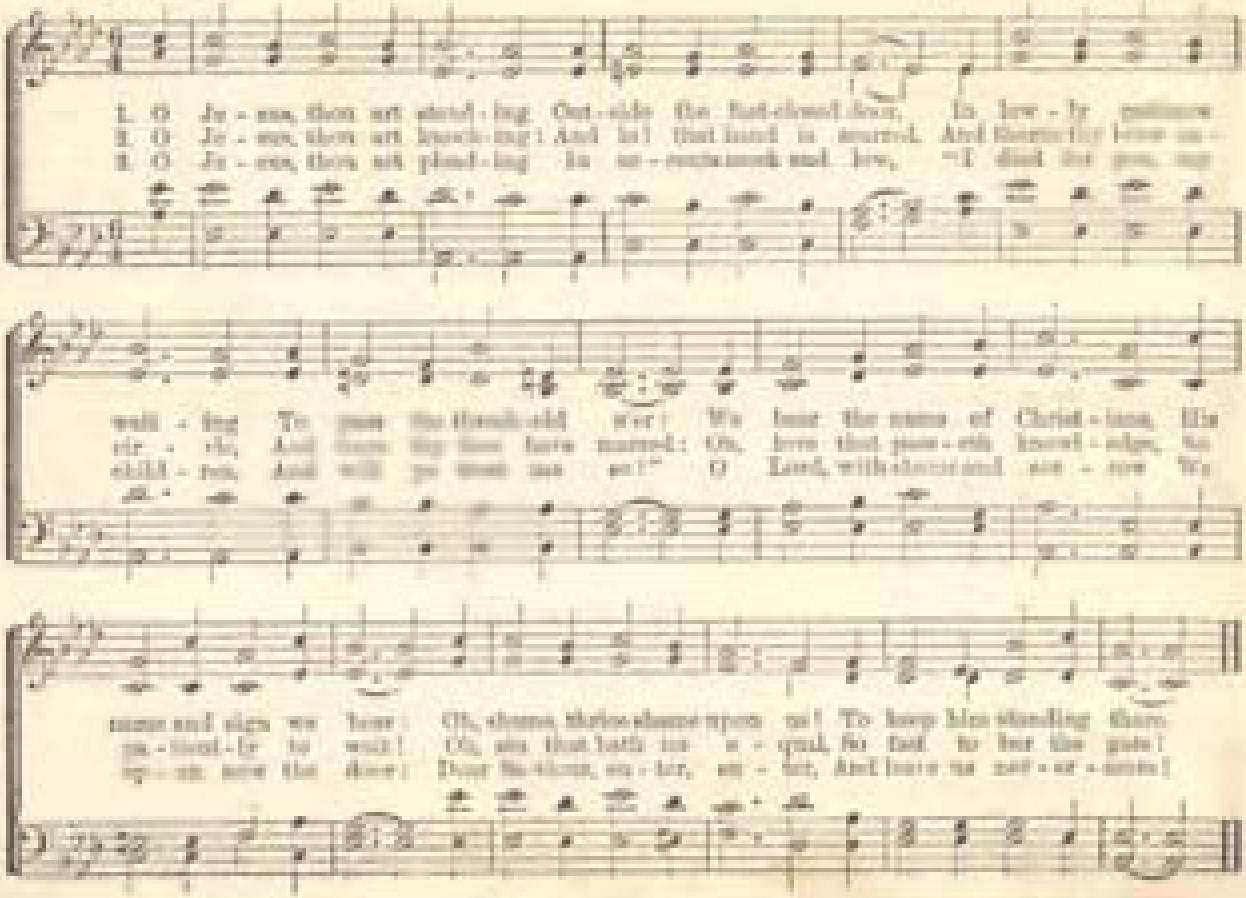


wild and bare, A - way from the fold of God. Not Shepherd's care, A - way from the fold - the Shepherd's care,
rough and long, I go to the desert to find my sheep." I go to the desert to find my sheep."
heard the cry. Torn, bruised and sick, and ready to die, Torn, bruised and sick, and ready to die,
round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own. Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."



O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

W. W. How. H. Kocmmer. Cp. 1879.



I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Miss Hankey. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings, As
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It satisfies the soul; And that is just the rea - son I
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have never heard The message of salvation From

Chorus.

noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
tell it now to thee.
this - ver lo - ving word.

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

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! — Chu.

FIRST HYMN.

1 The mistakes of my life are sought,
The sins of my heart are seen,
And I grieve sore sin for wronging
Me I knock at the open door.

CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sinful,
It seems to me more and more;
But when the dark harbour shall hide me
I'll enter that open door. (repeat 3x.)

2 I am lowest of those who love Jesus,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I cover, as he has bidden,
Ask he with all my might. Cho.

3 My mistakes in his grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And for feet that stumble and falter,
Shall walk thro' the gate of day. Cho.

4 The mistakes of my life are sought,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I weary sadness for morning,—
But the Saviour will let me in. Cho.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Show me, Lord, O Lord, Saviour,
Let a repenting sinner live,
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 He loveth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What'er I do, wherever I be,
Still this is the cheering theme I see,
He loveth me!

REPEAT.

He loveth me! he loveth me!
By the very hand he loveth me!
His faithful believer I would be,
For by his hand he loveth me!

2 Sometimes I feel a sense of deepest shame,
Sometimes where Eden's flowers bloom,
By waters still, over troubled waves,
Still 'tis his hand that loveth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever utter one repine—
Contrite, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that loveth me!

FIFTH HYMN.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of your eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

CLOSE TO THEE.

Fanny J. Crosby

S. J. Vail. Con. Moto.

1. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, All along my pilgrim
2. Not for earth or worldly pleasures, Not for home my prayer shall be, Gladly will I toil and
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me safely over the tide; There the gate of life e-

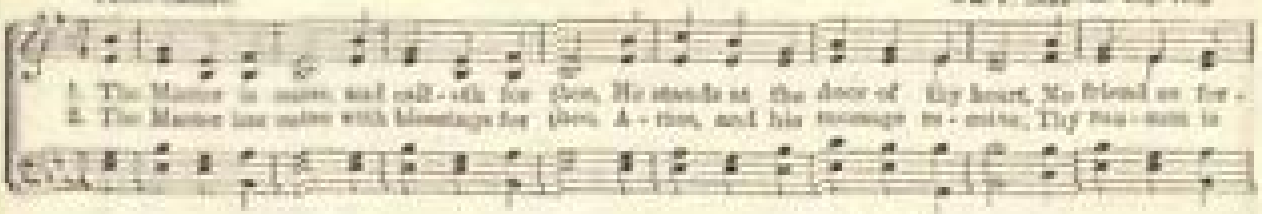
REPEAT.

journey, Blessed Jesus, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee.
suffer, Only let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee.
ternal May I enter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee.

Near the cross, in trial and affliction, Let me walk with thee, my God;
Pass the world with its temptations, Let me walk with thee, my God;
Then, Lord, when I shall cease to wander, Let me walk with thee, my God;

THE MASTER'S CALL.

Fanny Crosby. Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1882



3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now,
This moment what joy may be thine;
How tender the smile that illumines his brow,
A pledge of his favor divine. Chs.

4. He waits for thee still, then hasten with delight,
Oh, fly to the arms of his love,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
Prepared in his kingdom above. Chs.

I AM COMING, LORD.

Rev. L. Harrison. Harmonized, by permission.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That
2. Thy coming washed and rich, Thou dost my strength renew; Thou dost my wilderness fairly choose, Till
3. Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To perfect hope and peace and trust, For

flowed on Cal - va - ry.
spot - less all and pure,
earth and heaven's a - bove.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me,

in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

4 And by the witness given
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea. Cho.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness. Cho.

TAKE ME, O MY FATHER!

Rev. Pulsford. — Beethoven.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst
2. Frost - bit years with grief re - mill - ing, Humbly I own my sin; At thy feet, O
3. Once the world's fo - cus - or dy - ing, Raise our eyes up - on the tree; Oh, that mer - ci -

have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my feet - steps straying,
Fa - ther, fall - ing, To thy home-hold take me in. Free-ly now to thee I prof - fer
fee re - ly - ing, Now I look in hope to thee; Fa - ther, take me! all for - giv - ing

Thou - ry paved the way I tread; Weary now I now, and praying—Take me to thy love, my God!
Take a - bent-ing heart of mine; Free-ly life and soul I of - fer—Gift un - worthy love like thine.
Fold - ing to thy lov - ing bosom; In thy love for ev - er liv - ing, I must be for ev - er blest.

COME, OH, COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.

Fairy Chorus. T. E. Parsons, Cop. 1879.

1. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart, Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the a - pen door,
2. Flee - ing to the Mount of cross, There shall thy refuge be; Watch thee now in the crimson tomb,
D. C. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the a - pen door,

Fine.

Je - sus is waiting there: Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul, Waiting to give thee rest;
Flowing as pure for thee: List to the gentle warn - ing voice, List to the earnest call,
Je - sus is waiting there.

D. C. for Chorus.

Why will thou walk where shadows fall? Come to his loving breast.
Leave at the cross thy burden low, Je - sus will bear it all.

2.

Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever blooms,
Bright in the life above:
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace. Chs.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Joseph Hopkins.

Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; I want thee for - ever - more to live in my soul;
2. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacri - fice;
3. Dear Je - sus, for this, I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, sitting low at thy feet.

Break down every i - dol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
I give up my self, and claim ev'ry - thing; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

From "Gospel Songs" by P. P. Bliss.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

1. "Whoso-ever-ever lone-oth," shouts above the sound; Thus the tinsel E-dings all the world a-round;

Chorus.

Spread the joyful news wherever, ever man is found: "Whoso-ever-ever will, may come." "Whoso-ever-ever will,

Whoso-ever-ever will," Send the proclamation over vale and hill; "Tis a loving Father

calls the wand'rer home: "Whoso-ever-ever will, may come."

2. Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may.
Jesus is the truth, the only living way;
"Whosoever will, may come." Cho.

3. "Whosoever will," for precious moments;
"Whosoever will," for ever sweet endeavor;
"Whosoever will," "to life for evermore!"
"Whosoever will, may come." Cho.

PASS ME NOT.

J. W. S.

J. W. Stevens, by per.

1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour, When I call to Thee;
2. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Low I bend to Thee!

As for mercy I am pleading, Mercy grant to me.
And for mercy now am calling, Saviour, pardon me.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Thou of all most kind; Save me from the great temptations That allow the mind.
Pass me not, O mighty Saviour; Hear my earnest cry; Help me, or I perish sinning; Do not pass me by.

REPEAT.

Hear me, hear me, Je-sus, Saviour dear; Hear me as I plead for mer-cy; Oh, let ev-er near

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

W. F. A.

Wm. F. Sherwin. Con. 1875

1. Entreat me not to leave thee, O pil-grim, on thy way. Place confidence and pur-pose, To
2. Entreat me not to leave thee, For I would fain a - bide With those whom thou hast chosen, The

position of endless day: The world with empty pleasures Me seeks my soul ad - ja - cy: Wherever the Lord may
humble-by and the meek; My soul goes forth with longing, Faith not from me a - way, Thine own shall be my

lead thee, With thee I'll live and die, Entreat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee,
pur-pose, *Thy God shall be my stay.*

Entreat me not to leave thee, With thee I'll live and die!

3. Forget me not, nor leave me,
O God! for I would rest
Within the arms of Jesus,
And on his loving breast
With him we go rejoicing
Through comfort, rest, and strife;
To walk the vale of shadows,
And enter into life! *Rep.*

THINE FOREVER.

W. F. Mason. T. E. Parsons, Cop. dev.

1. Bear us from thy throne a - bove, Thine for ever - ev - er - ev - er God of love! Hereafter in a - bor - ing
2. They who find in thee their rest, Thine for ever - ev - er - ev - er - ev - ah, how blest! Oh, de - fend us be - fore
3. Let us all thy goodness share, Sheltered ten - ty - ten - ty - in thy care; Thine thy fold and trembling

Refrain.
Show the way! Show the way! Guide us

ty, Thine for ever - ev - er - ev - er - may we be, Show the way! Show the way!
sick, Guardian Saviour - shepherd - heavenly Friend!
sheep, Thine for ever - ev - er - ev - er - forever, keep!

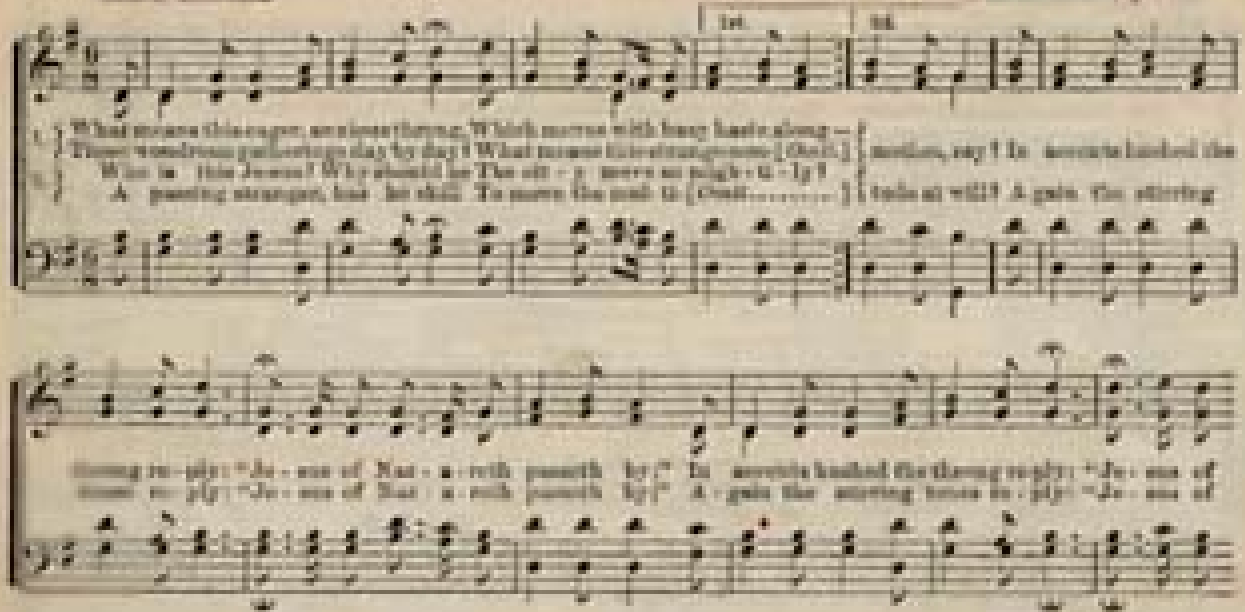
to the realms of day.

Guide us to the realms of day, Guide us thro' the earthly strife, Thine forever - ev - er - Lord of life!

Mrs. E. Cromwell.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1888.



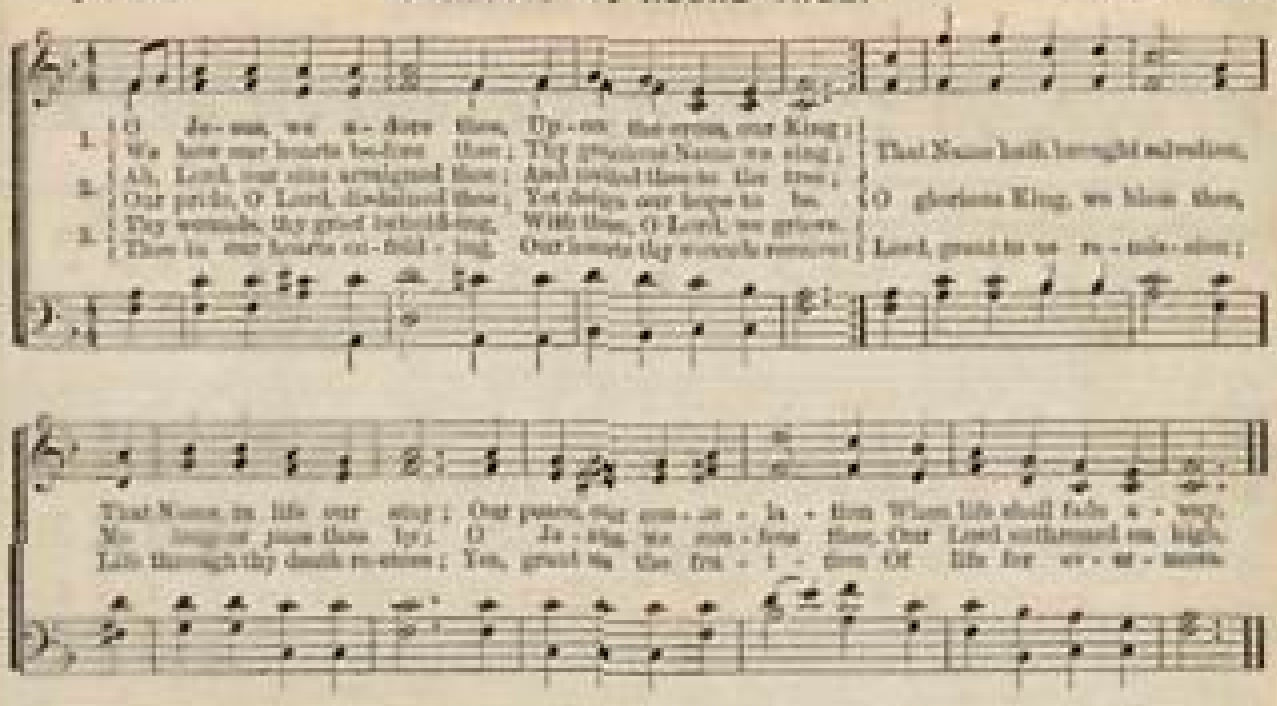
3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, and pain and woe,
And hindered hearts, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and lame, and lame,
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He comes at our invitation—now,
He comes—accordeth to vow.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Home's garden, country, road, and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's home,
Return, accept his proffered crown,
Ye benighted, there's a refuge nigh—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

O JESUS, WE ADORE THEE.



SECOND HYMN.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scoffingly surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes now faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who died believing
Dies safely, through thy love.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

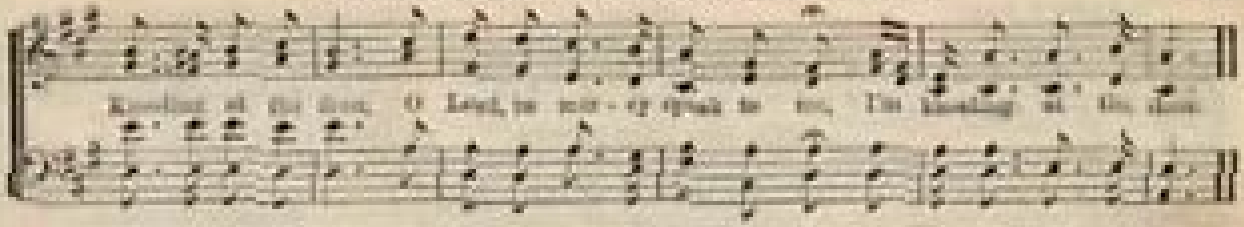
Mrs. Emma C. Pearson.

T. E. Pearson, Aug. 1880.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've wait-ed long and
2. None ev-er step-ped turned a-way, Who sin-ly sought thy face; And I my sin-ful

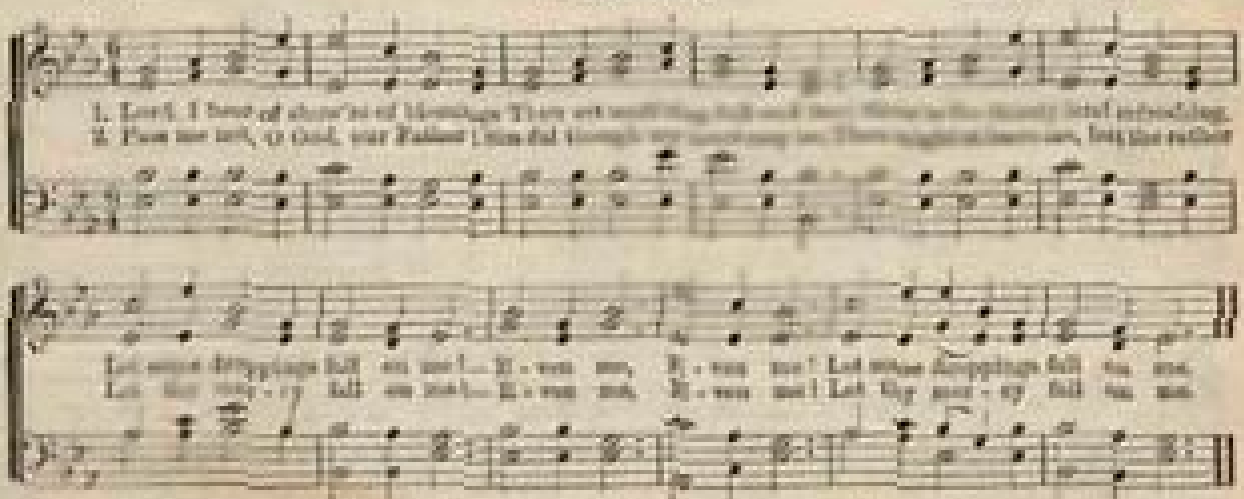
still I wait Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys that last in
sorrow to-day, To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea. Thousands and ten-

mercy; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door.



EVEN ME.

Common. T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1888.



3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and sing to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favor;
While there is calling, call on me.
Even me, Even me! While there is, &c.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Healer!
Thou could make the blind to see;
Strength and Savior! strength and power to me.
Even me, Even me! Strong, strong to save, &c.

5. Lord of Hosts—so rich and glorious,
Friend of Christ—so rich, so free;
Glorious God—so strong and bounteous,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me, Even me! Magnify, &c.

FIRST HYMN.

I WILL SING.

1 I will sing for Jesus,
When the blessed he sought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me hold his glory,
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
He never alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

SECOND HYMN.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve him,
All his holy law fulfill,
Little hearts were made to love him,
Little hands to do his will.

CHORUS.

Little children, come to Jesus!
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing his praises,
Little feet to walk his ways;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the Holy Spirit stays. Cho.

3 There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold;
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and pearls untold;
Jesus gave his blood to buy them;
He has bought enough for all,
Little children, come to Jesus,
He has love for great and small. Cho.

THIRD HYMN.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1 Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy. Hallelu.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

FOURTH HYMN.

ANTIOCH. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayers ascending rise;
And our praise be not below thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Father, thy streams of blessing
Oft have flowed, even our way; Sing,
By thy power and grace assessing,
We continue to this day.
Hence we then with glad emotion,
Thankful lays, and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, abounding love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful hearts to move!
Oh, that in the everlasting
May diamond as trophies rise,
Till the wilderness resounding
Blossoms as the rose again.

THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Calvary Tune. W. G. Fitzgerald, by per.

1. I stand all be - wildered with wonder, And gaze on the a - zure of love; And ever the more I gaze on my
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it,— The blessing that seemed for me; But when I had ceased from striving
3. The Prince of my Peace is now passing, The light of His face is on me; But listen, hearts weary, be

Chorus

spirit, Comes peace like a heav-en-ly dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is un-der the
struggle, His peace came gave me to me.
spoken,—"My peace I will give unto thee."

blood; I am trusting in Je - sus to all. My will is the will of my God.

CALLING NOW.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

By per. of Jesse Lippincott & Co.

EDWARD.

1. This loving Saviour stands pa-tiently Thro' all ex-ist-ence, Calls again for thee, Calling now for
2. Oh, boundless mercy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of sin, shall pity kindness call
3. Tho' all unworthy, Come, now, come home! Say, which he's waiting, "Come, dear I plead"

thee, prodi-gal, Calling now for thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But he's calling now for thee.

MY FATHER, GOD, TO THEE.

T. E. Pearson, Cin. ohio.

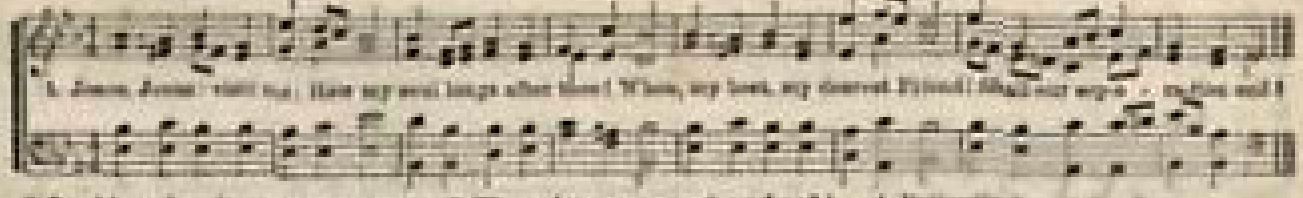
1. My Father, God, to thee, On reverent knee-s I bow; To thee I bow; To thee my prayer I raise, To thee my

2. Weary and weak I crawl,
Still seeking through the gloom
To see Thy face;
O Father, hear my plea,
And take me under Thy
And let Thy heaven be
My resting place.

3. My path is wrapt in cloud,
This world is cold and proud,
And shadows come;
But yet I trust in thee,
Thou art life's troubled sea,
To whom the immortals bow,
Thou'lt lead me home.

JESUS, VISIT ME!

S. F. Dean, Tr. — L. T. Downes



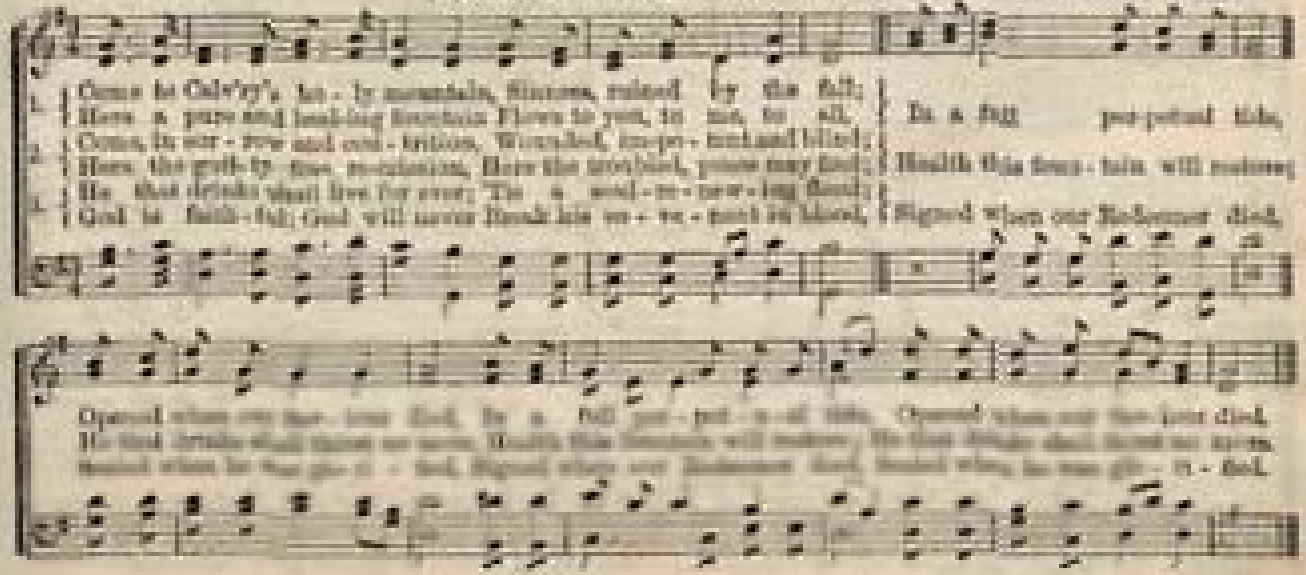
2. Lord! my longings never cease,
Without thee I find no peace,
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3. Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my fairest thing,—
To thy sovereign will I bow.

4. Patiently I wait the day
For this gift above I pray,
Then, when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

Hymn-tune. — W. B. Bradbury, by per.



THE PENITENT.

R. A. Salvin.

Air Bohl, 10 pm.

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch; My heart is rent with sorrow, Oh! do not turn me

Latch. [I've come a weary distance, Long miles of grief and sin; Come sorely pressed and laden, [Oh!.....] Oh! will thou let me

Chorus.

Let me in..... Oh! will thou let me in!..... I've come a weary distance, Oh! will thou let me in!

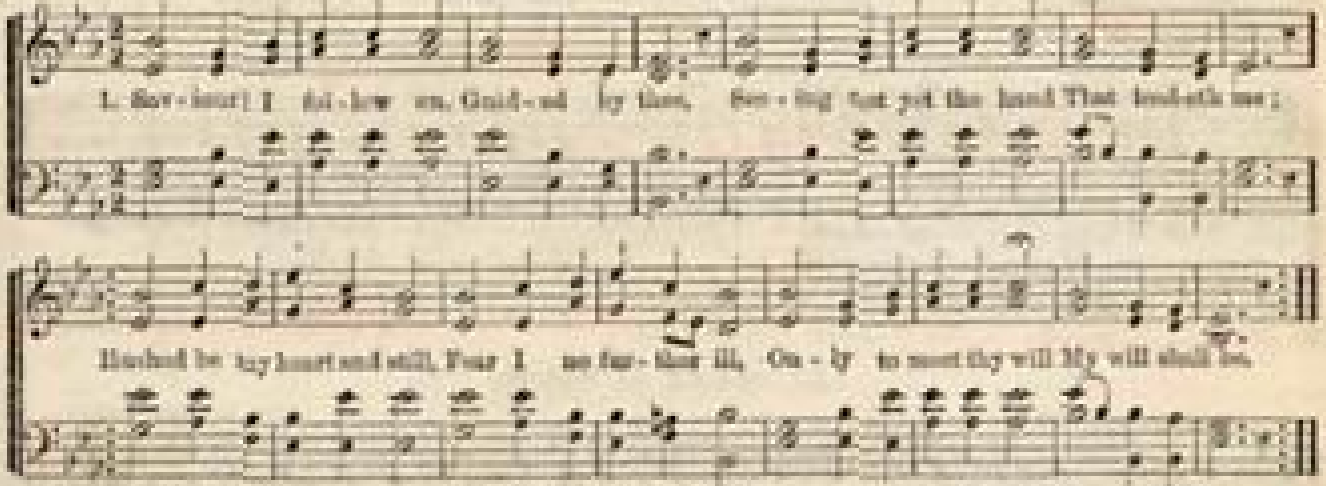
Legato. Legato.

2 My hands hang limp and nerveless,
My burden to remove;
My feeble knees are shaking,—
Open, and show thy love.
My eyes are dim with watching
To catch a glimpse within;
My heavy ear is aching
To hear thee say, "Come in."

3 Oh, hasten! unlatch, I pray thee!
I trust thy gracious word,
"To him that knocks I'll open!"
Thou true and faithful Lord.
The latch turns on the pressure,
The door on hinges of gold;
Oh, wondrous grace and glory!
The half had not been told.

SAVIOUR! I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. D. Kom. Rainer, by per.



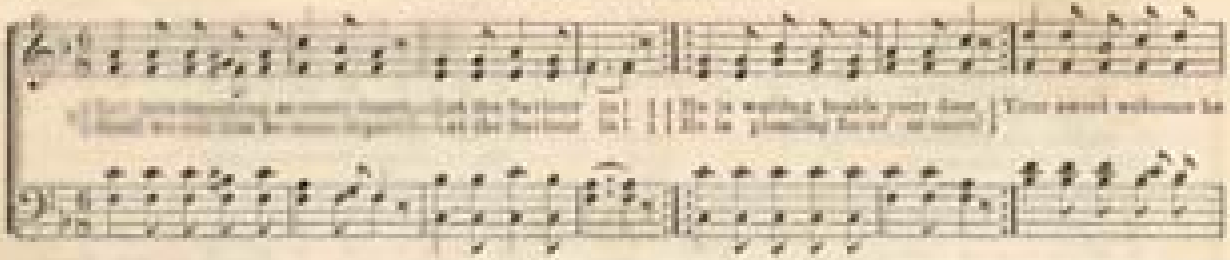
4 Where the rock cur me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
|: Never a want grows
Cometh my eye a tear,
But then that whisper sweet,
"Only believe!" :|

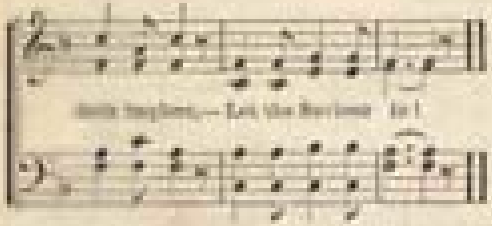
5 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
|: And with the prayer's accent,
Joins the branch hath rest,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught. :|

6 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
|: Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me! :|

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

H. Ballard, by per.





2.

Would ye turn him in grief away?
Let the Saviour in!
Sinner, brother, do not delay,—
Let the Saviour in!
He is mighty to save and keep!
He will comfort the eyes that weep!
In his presence how sweet our sleep!—
Let the Saviour in!

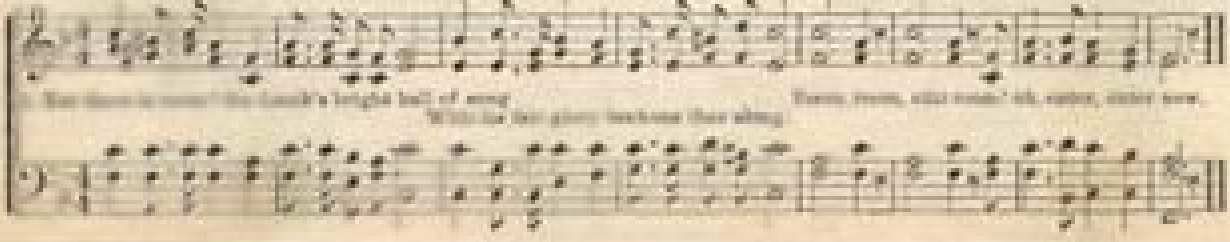
3.

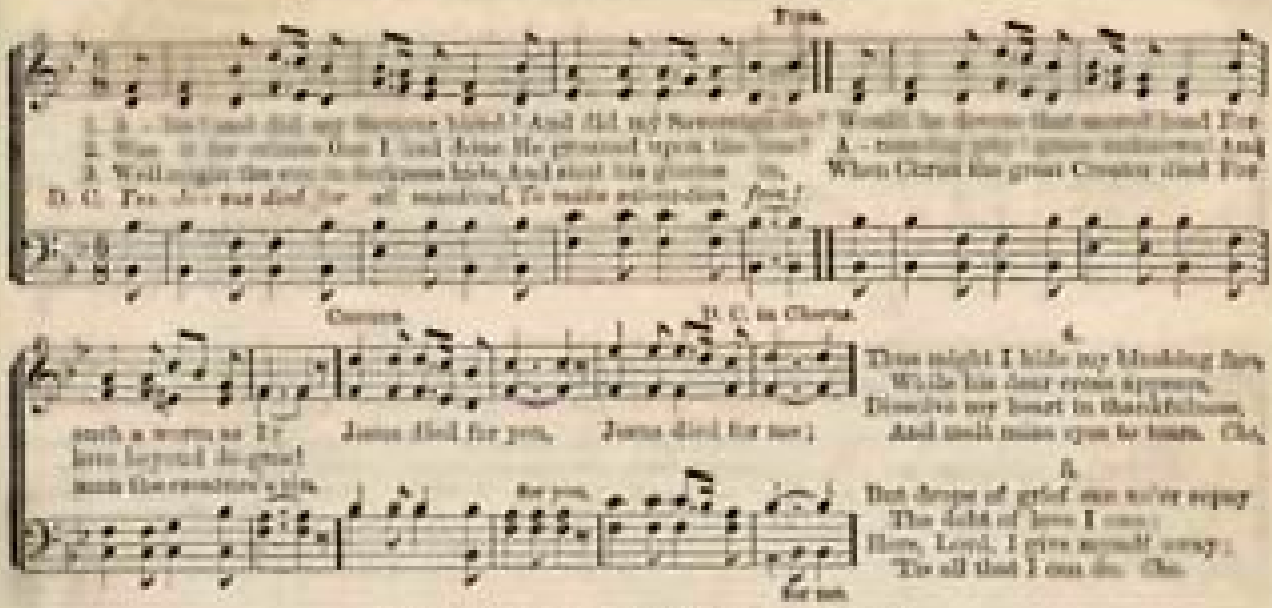
Take him finally under your breast,—
Let the Saviour in!
He will give to the weary rest,—
Let the Saviour in!
Shall his summons be heard in vain?
Shall we turn him away again?
Ye who linger in doubt and pain,
Let the Saviour in!

YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

Jos. P. Ewbank, by per.





YET THERE IS ROOM. Concluded.

1 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

2 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 O life, O life, that hall of jubilee!
Rise hasten, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 Yes there is room! Still open stands the door,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee: the prize be win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, linger, come; enter the festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Ere night that gate may close, and sad thy doom,
Thou that hast, first, long cry — "No room, no room!"
No room, no room — oh, wildest cry — "No room!"

SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

T. E. Preston, Cop. 1875.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear him say! Hap-py place! so near, so
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and
3. Bless me, O my Saviour! Bless me, As I am low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love up -

gra - cious! May it Not me there each day! Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would
sor - rows, And when sor - ry, find sweet rest; Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I
on me; Let me see thy face so sweet, Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me

look upon the past; For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
love to weep and pray While I from his fall - ness gath - er Grace and comfort ev - ery day
he - ly as he is; May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous - ness!

OVER THE SEA.

Rev. W. W. Evans. Arr. Rev. H. Kinnebrew, by per.

1. The sea is wild-ly toss-ing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly cross-ing To
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, But we in heaven may number And

Chorus.

our e-ter-nal home. (O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Glorious Shepherd, gi-ve me
ring redeeming grace. (O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Spir-it Blest, my guardian be. (Over the

sea, wher-e-er I roam, Father a-lone, Oh, bring me home, Under the bright e-ternal dome.

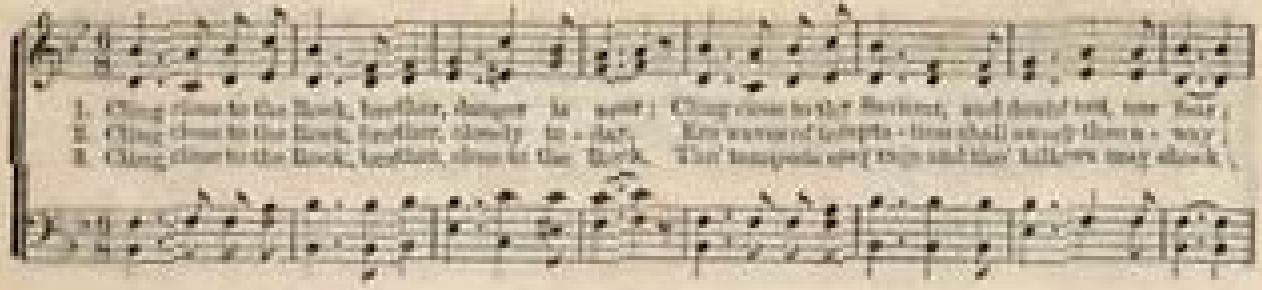
3. Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still. Cho.

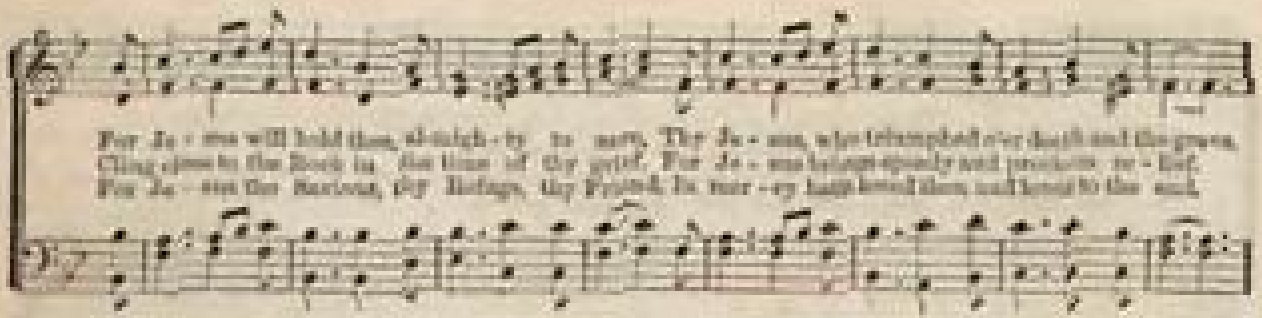
4. Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart. Cho.

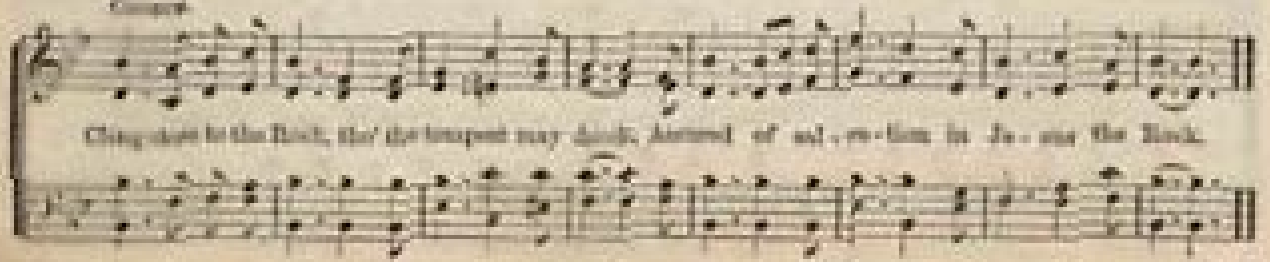
5. We'll find the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife. Cho.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. T. E. PERKINS, Cor. Mus.







TAKE THY CROSS.

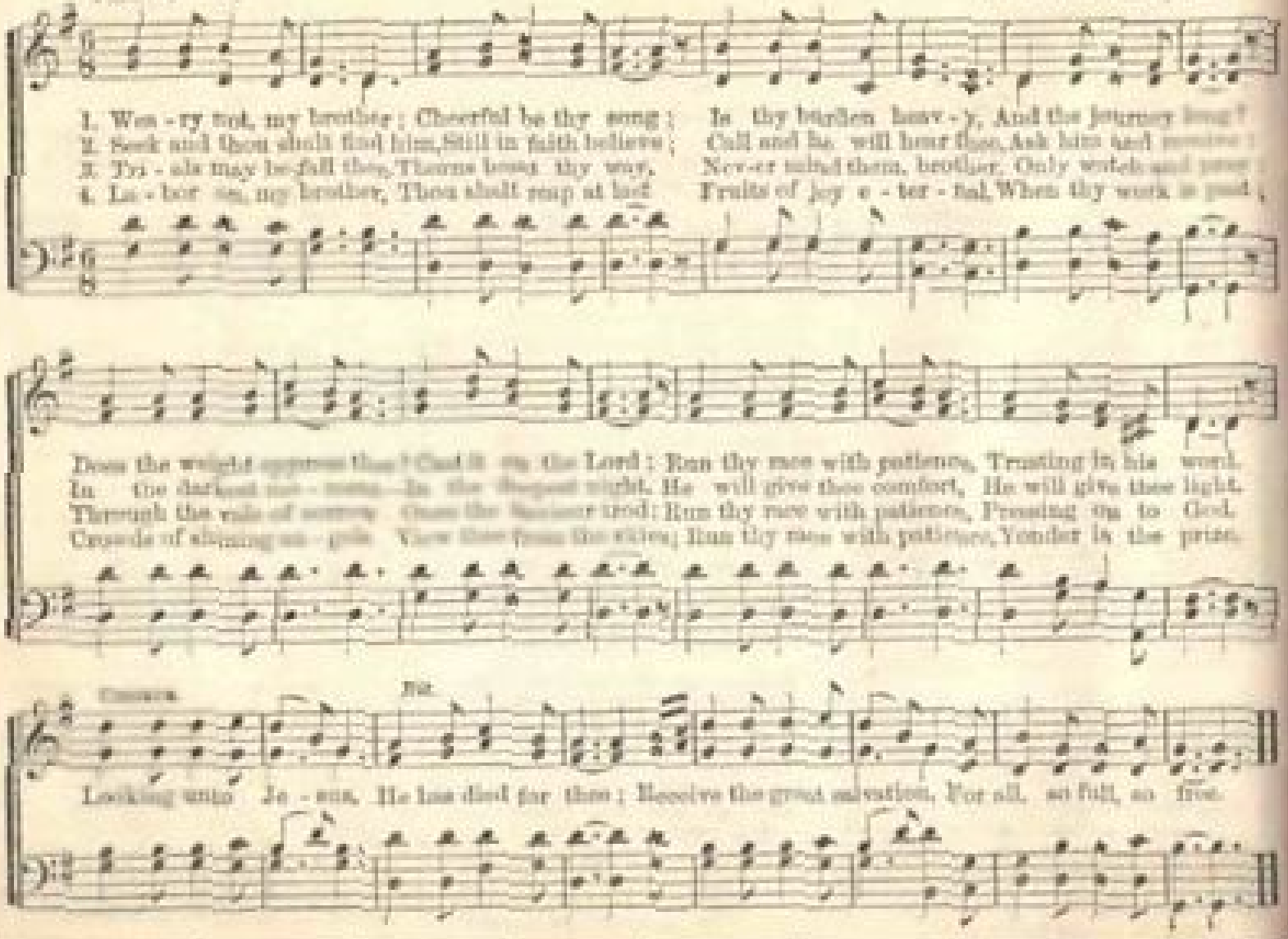
1. Brother, take thy cross and bear it, Toils and hard-ship through it bear; Je - sus his cross
2. Brother, take thy cross of sor - row; Bear the hard-ship, weight of pain; Je - sus bore death
3. Brother, take thy cross and fol - low Je - sus through the slow-down dim; Then will find thy
4. Brother, take thy cross; for Je - sus Gives thee strength in weight to bear; Trust him in the

sound has gir - en, Take thy cross and fol - low me. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
such a frat - dom, Why should such as thou com - plain.
bur - dom ea - sy, If thou wilt de - pend on him.
time of sor - row, He will hear and an - swer prayer.

Take thy cross whate'er it be; Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to wear it cheer-ful - ly.

WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, Cop. 1888.



FIRST HYMN.

RATISBON. 8s & 7s.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the wings of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

SECOND HYMN.

WEAR THE CROSS.

1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*

3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 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! I come!

FOURTH HYMN.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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

REP.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon. *Ref.*

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

FIFTH HYMN.

ALLENDALE. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

THINE EYE CAN SEE

Mr. M. A. Kinder.

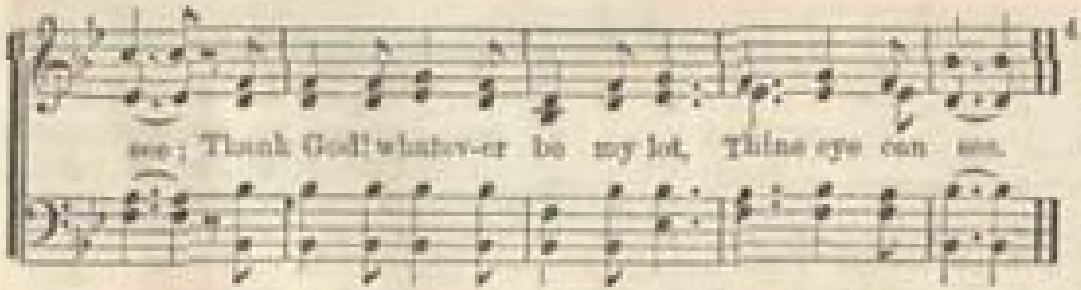
T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1888.

1. Dear Saviour, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My ma - ny wants, my tri - als too,
2. Do clouds obscure my morning sun? Thine eye can see; Do friends forsake me one by one?
3. When evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pil - low calm I sleep,

Thine eye can see; Wher-e'er I dwell it matters not, My home a pal - ace or a cot, Thank
Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no resting place? Still opened are thine arms of grace, Tha
Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watch-ful care, How sweet thy tender love to share, And

Chorus.

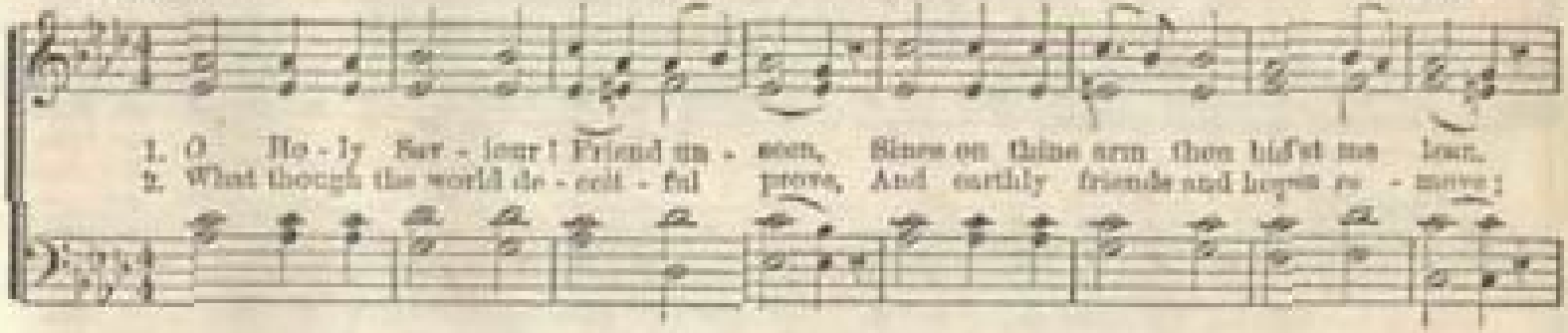
God! whatev - er be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can
tear of sor - row on my face Thine eye can see.
know that ev - ery grief I bear Thine eye can see.

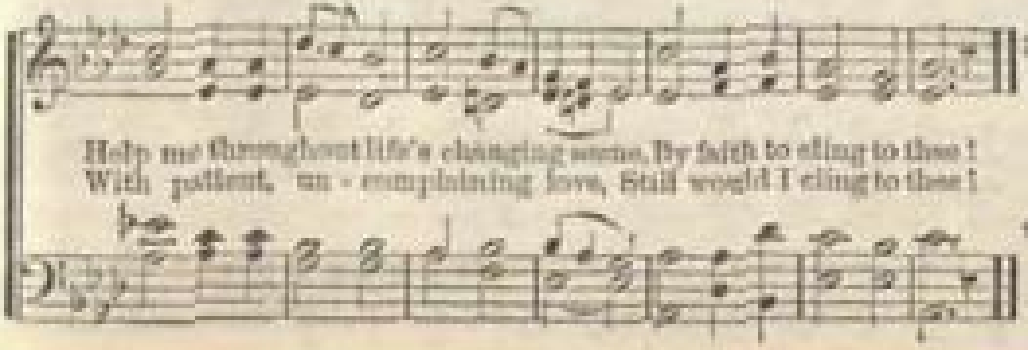


4 If I will serve thee day by day,
Thine eye can see;
If from thy pleasant paths I stray,
Thine eye can see;
Oh, take my heart, my will subdue,
And may I ever keep in view,
That all I think and all I do
Thine eye can see.

I CLING TO THEE.

C. Blaiff. Flewwed.





3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-grown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

Wm. W. Bentley, by per.

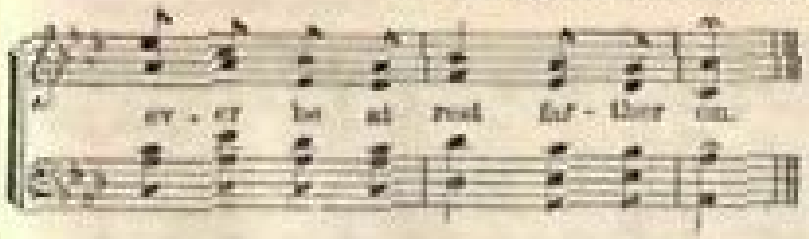
1. Hope is singing, singing sweetly, softly in an un-der tone, Singing as if God had
2. Night and day it singeth sweetly, Singeth while I sit a-lone, Singeth so the heart may

taught it "It is better farther on," Singing as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on."
hear it, "It is better farther on," Singeth so the heart may hear it, "It is better farther on."

Refrain.

It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on, Sweetly whispers Hope, "It's

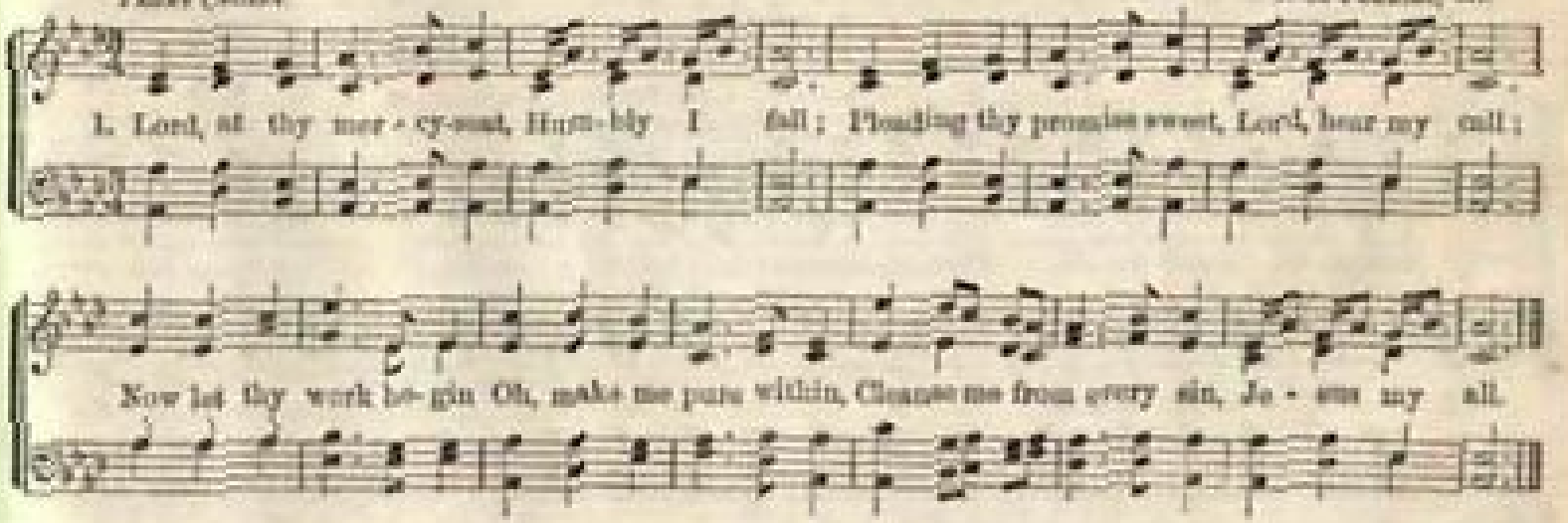
bet-ter far-ther on," Then with Je-sus and the blest We shall ev-er be at rest, We shall



3 Farther on, oh, how much farther!
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on."
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on." *Ref.*

JESUS, MY ALL.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, arr.



2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Hear thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Still at thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. Johnson. W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows sometimes how they sweep, Like
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet, But toiling in life's dusty way, The
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If temptings, or sorrows prevail; Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or

Chorus.

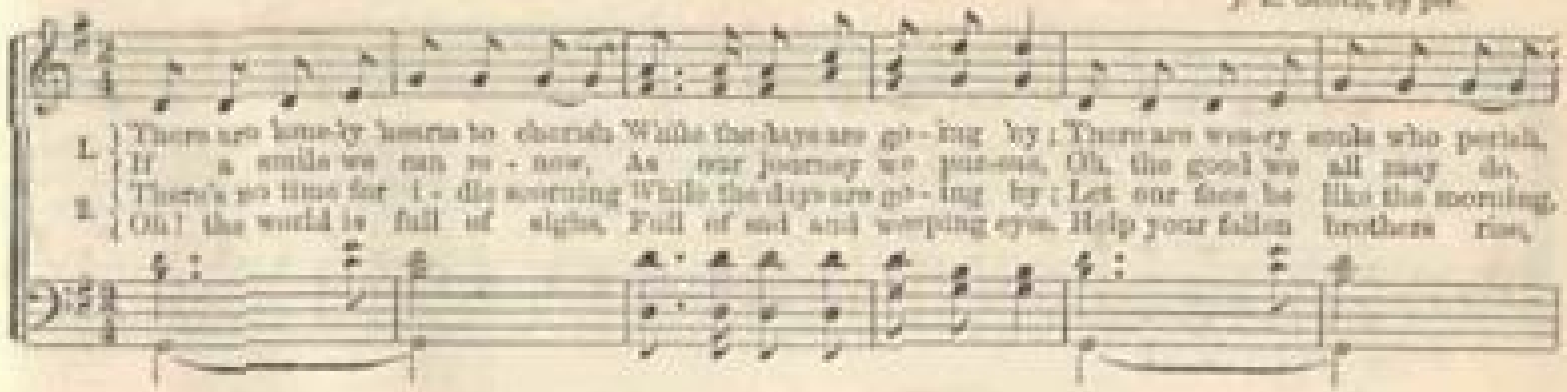
tempests down o-ver the soul. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
Rock, a blessed shadow how sweet. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
walking the shad-dow-y vale. Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than

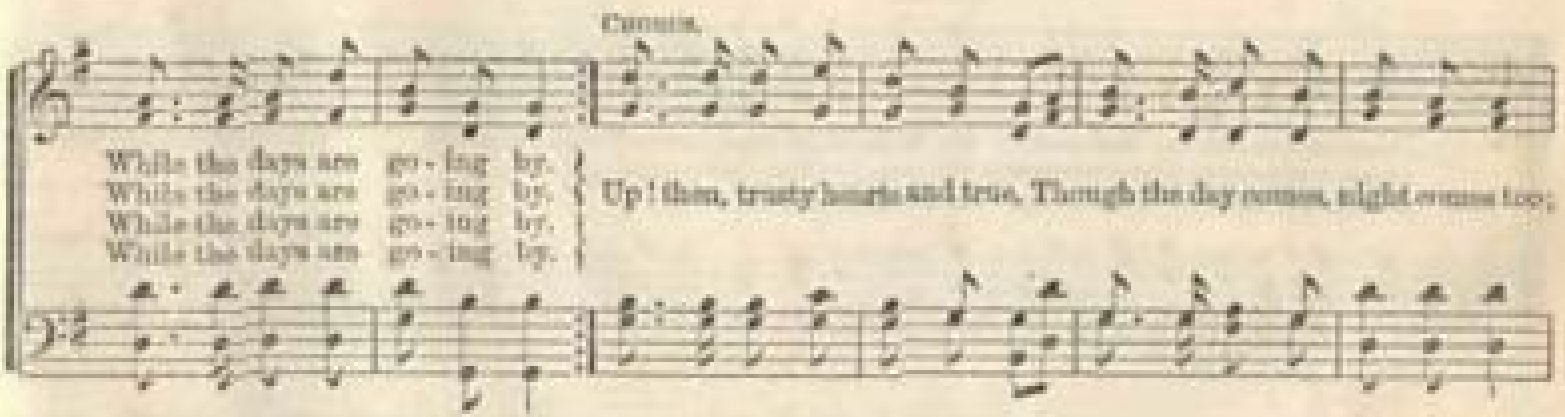
I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
I: Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

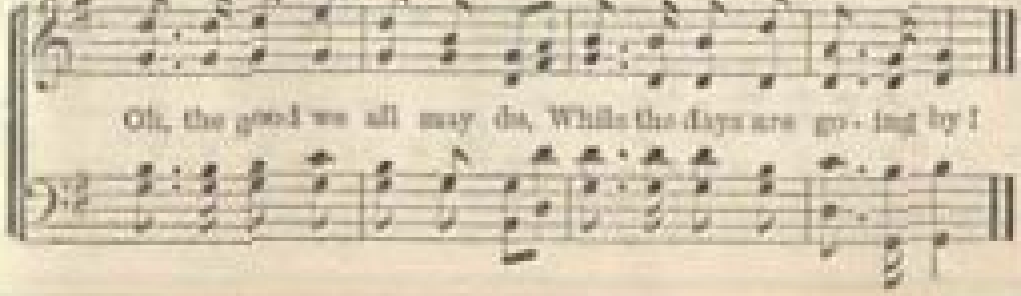
high-er than I:

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

J. E. Gould, by per.







3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by. Cho.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin, Oct. 1879.

1. It is better to trust in the Lord, Than to lean on the wor-ld-ly arm Of the kings and the
2. It is better to trust in the Lord, For the word of his promise is sure; The ties we may pay to
3. It is better to trust in the Lord, Resting here in his in-fi-nite love; And will gladness to

princes of earth; God's love is a refuge from harm. Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord,
trappings of state, There are bright crowns for those who endure.
serve him be-low, Till we en-ter his kingdom a-bove.

Refrain.

Trust the Lord!

Low at his feet let us fall! Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord, For he is the King o-ver all.

Trust the Lord!

REST, PILGRIM, REST.

T. E. Perkins, Op. 161.

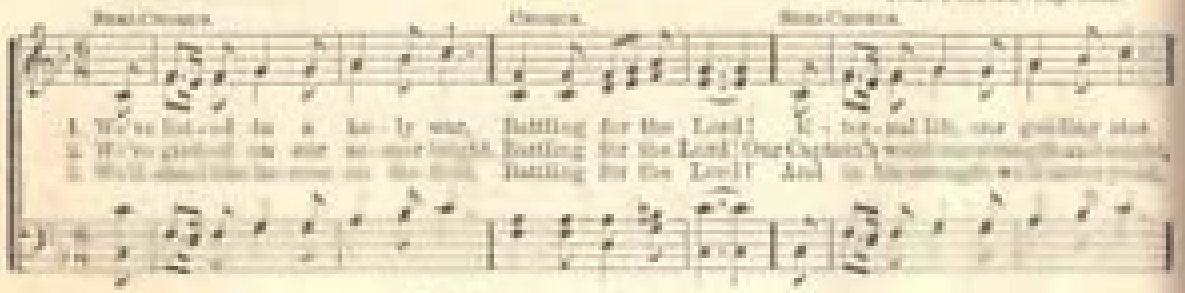
1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Night treads close upon the
2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Worn by journey are thy
3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; They who slumber by the

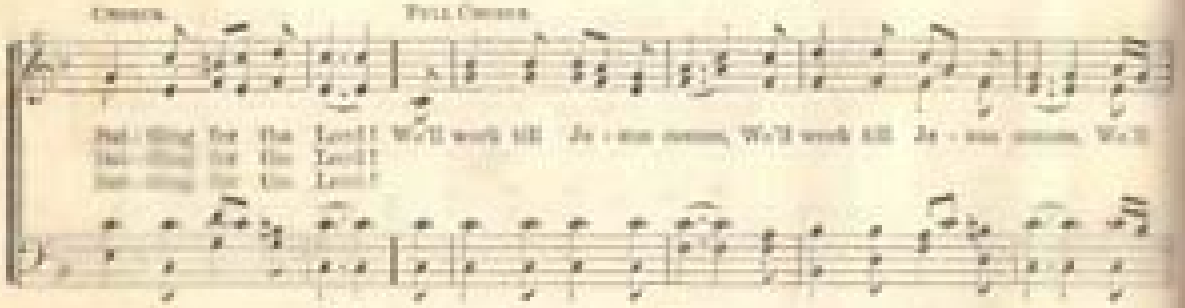
heels of day. There is no ob - ser - ving thine the way. The rock is near, The
wan - der - ing feet. Turn now, O Pilgrim, to this safe re - treat. Oh, sweet - ly rest, Pil
Rock so dear. A - wake ex - pec - ting, for their home is near; Be - neath the shade, They

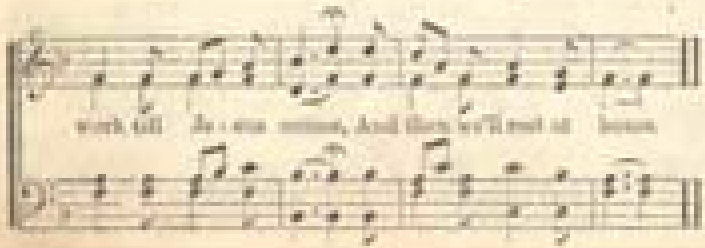
will be clear. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest!
grim, rest! Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest!
bed is made; Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil - grim, Rest, pil - grim, rest!

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1898.







4. Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!—Cho.

5. And when our glorious war is o'er,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!
We'll dwell salvation evermore,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!—Cho.

FIRST HYMN.

1 Hear Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free!
[illegible] for every one,
And death a crown for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

THIRD HYMN.

1 There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can unlock it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal no more.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To smile that watch and wait.

And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From court to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears;
Death is an angel sweeter,
"Who welcomes them?" they cry;
There lies with glory behind it—
'Tis life for them to die!

FOURTH HYMN.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give over;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Never think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
Thou art a soldier yet, and shalt be down
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to his blest abode.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

W. F. S.
March movement

W. F. Sherwin, Esq. 1864.

1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path before us, We have sought to fare
Chorus. In the march of life, &c.

with a fair-ly wind, And the hea-ven-ly wa-ter o'er us. If the tempest rise on the

dark-ening skies, We will yield to no ve-ge-ta-ing; Tho' the storm may lour, tho' the sil-ver cloud

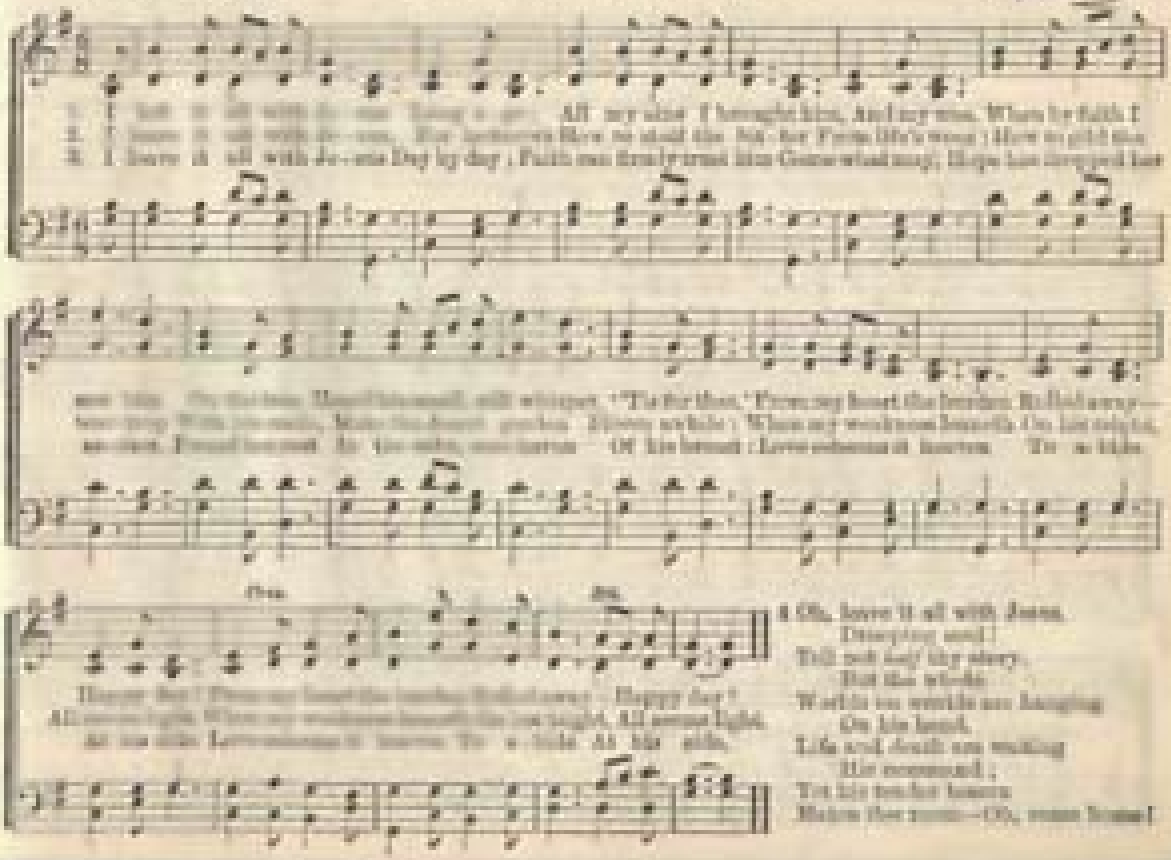
D. C. Chorus.

There's a gold-en ma-ture shin-ing.

2 In the Christian race if we take our place,
We may run and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.
Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;
We will soon obtain, our have not in vain
For the prize of God's high calling.
In the march of life, &c.

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Miss Eliza H. Wilson. English.



4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Discipline and
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole
World to worlds are hanging
On his hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet his tender bosom
Makes thee room—Oh, come home!

JESUS BY THE SEA.

From "Two Hours."

By per. of Jesse Cottrell & Co.

1. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside the sea, Where the vessels were only moving on the

stand; When he sat within the boat on the silver Cove afloat, Where he taught the waiting people on the land.

Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea, And I

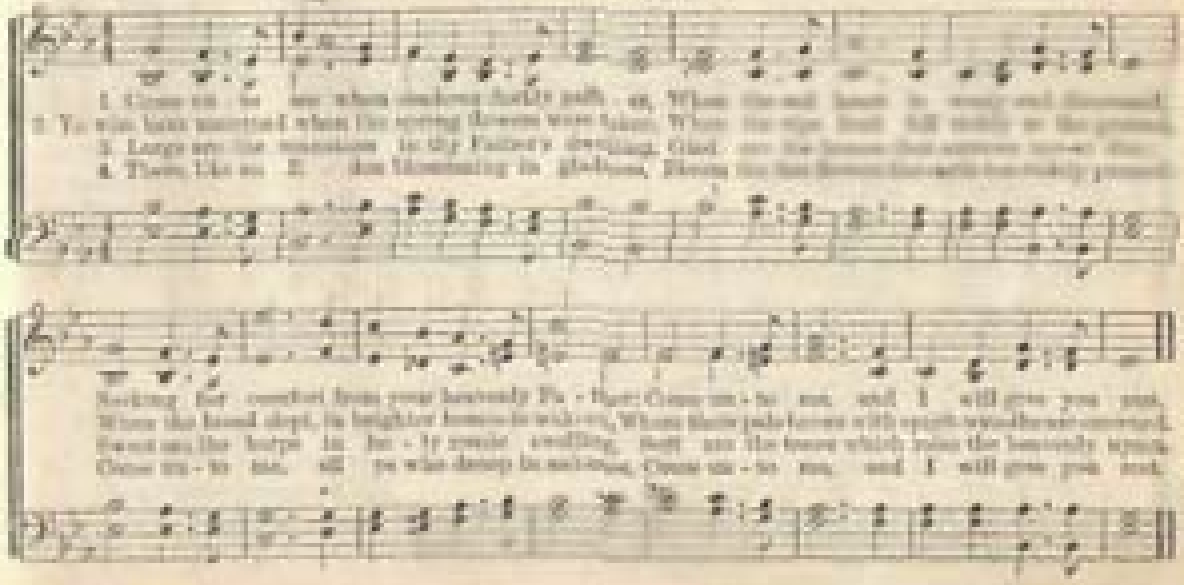
love the precious Word, Which he spoke to them that heard, While he taught the waiting people on the sea.

2. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea;
When the waves were roiling fearfully and grand!
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will,
While he brought his loved disciples safe to land.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the waves,
He whispered peace to earth,
While he brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
How he bade them follow him and become (as paths of sin),
And to be his true disciples evermore.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I long to leave my all,
At my dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

COME UNTO ME.

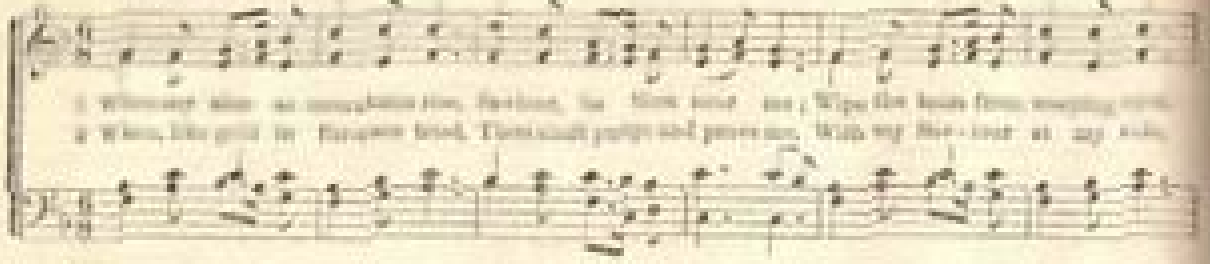
Mendelssohn.

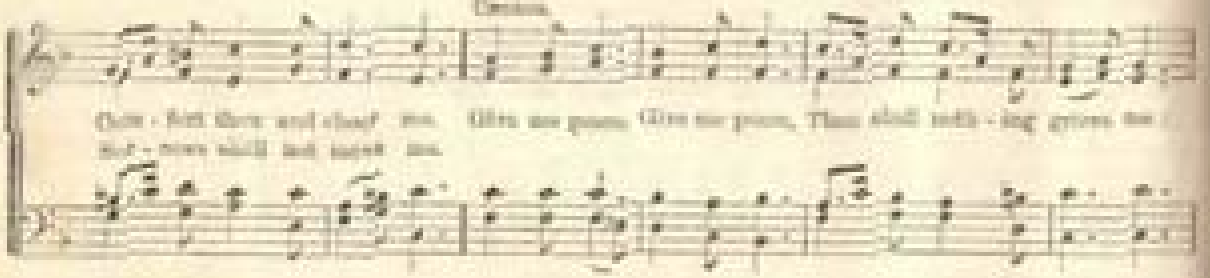


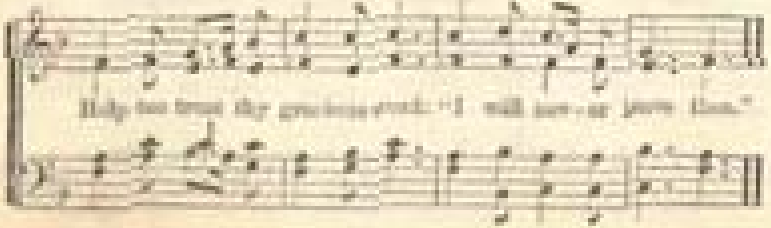
I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

T. E. Pierson, Esq. Mus. Doc.







3.

When I tread the vale of death,
Let not fears confound me;
May I yield my dying breath,
With close arms around me. Che

FIRST STICK.

1 How gently God's commands
How kind his precepts sound!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his sovereign crown.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
He sends security down;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His promises stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

SECOND STICK.

1 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin. Cho.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land. Cho.

THIRD STICK.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! [word!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— [God!
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, [aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand, [hand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall overflow you;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

FOURTH STICK.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

BETTER THAN THRONES.

1. There's nothing sweeter than the thought That I may see the Lord, If I but seek Him as I
2. How fit his arms the strong seek Young children just like me, And blessed them without a word
3. And though to heaven the Lord hath gone, And seems so far a - way, He hath a circle round us cast

CHORUS.

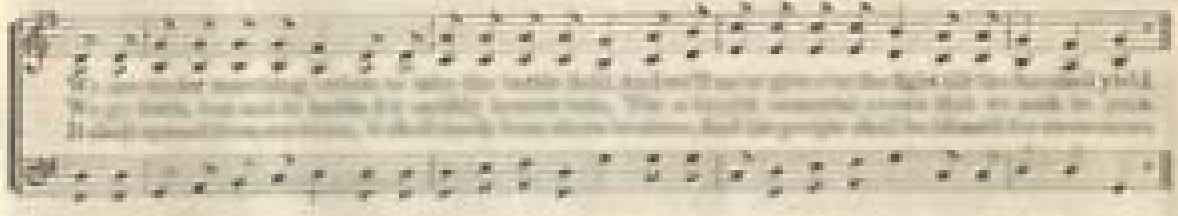
sought, And love his work and word. I'd rath - er be the least of those That see the Lord a -
look, As kind as kind could be. I'd rath - er be the least of those That shared that look and
one That doth his voice o - bey. I'd rath - er be the least of those That he will come and

lone, Then wing a my - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on - a throne,
sun, Then wing a my - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on - a throne,
soon, Then wing a my - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on - a throne,

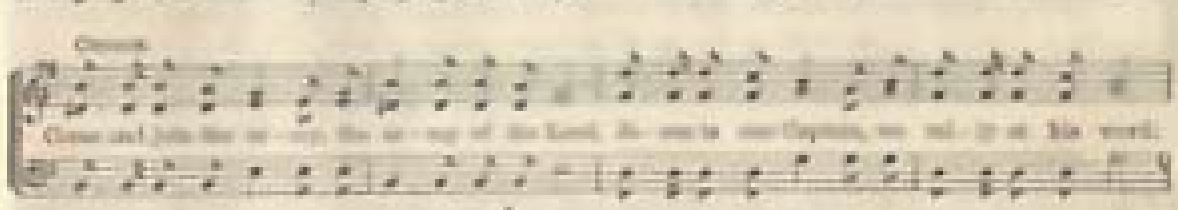
OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

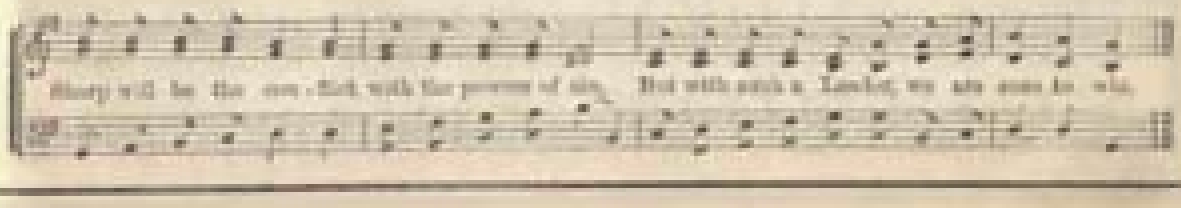
From "Service Songs."

Geo. F. Root, Cop. 1864.



Chorus.





TAKE THY STAFF, O PILGRIM.

Rev. Rabbi, by per.

Cheerfully

1. Take thy staff, O pilgrim! Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee Farther from to-day.
2. In the inner city journey, Press with and a-long,— Resting will not serve you, Running make thee strong.
3. Haste, it hath been told thee—All things are thine own; Pass the pearly gate-falls, Stand within the throne.

If thou seek the cit-y, Of the Golden Street, Press not on the pathway, Rest not wea-ry feet.
Wouldst thou see glo-ry, Rest thee in their light; For thy heaven begin-ne—Journey from the night.
Have thy journey end-ed, Have thy staff by down, Ex-ch-ange thy mansion, Have re-ceive thy crown.

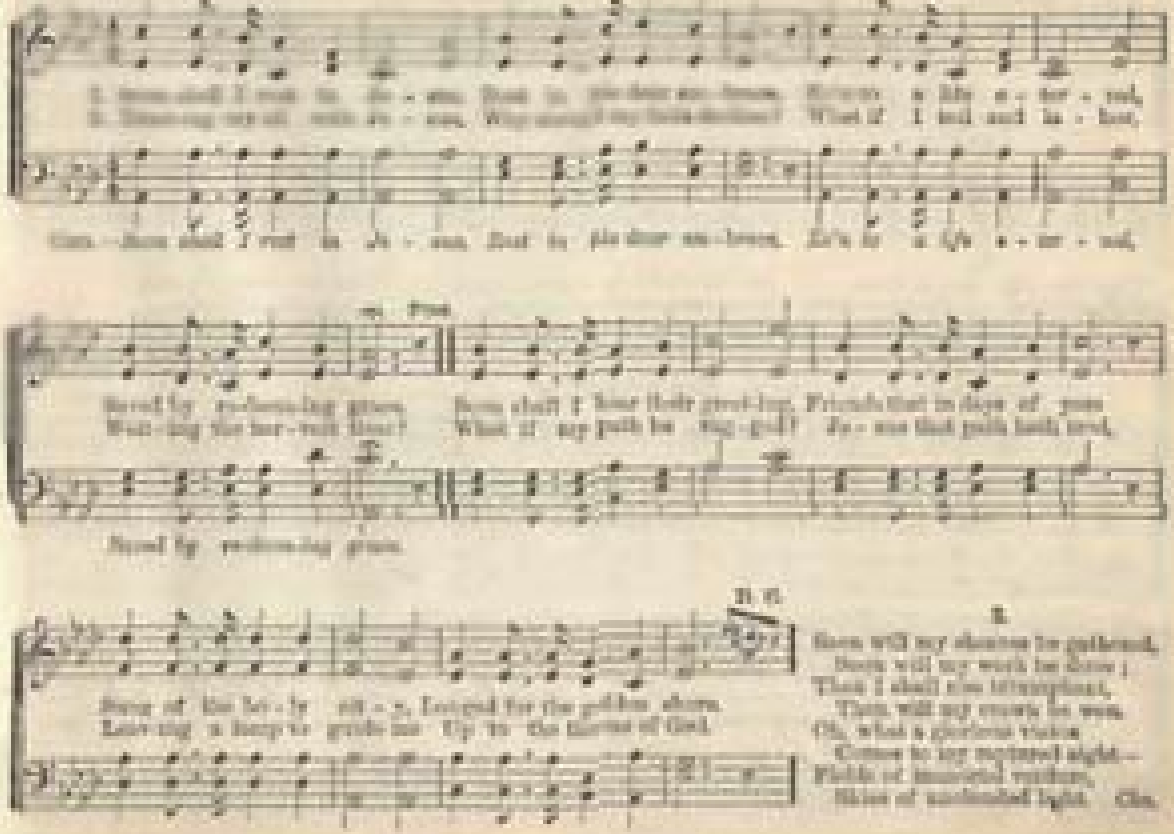
Chorus.

Cf.

Take haste, oh, haste thee, pilgrim on thy way! And let the morrow find thee, Still farther from to-day.

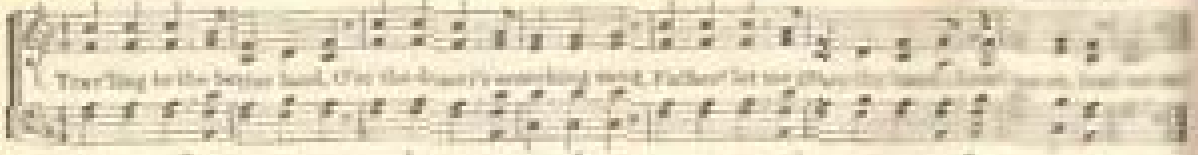
RESTING IN JESUS.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. W. Newell.



LEAD ME ON.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758.



2.
When at March, you lead with hosts,
Like sparkling fountain gush,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3.
When the wilderness is done,
Where no Elim's palm-groves wave,
And here walls, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4.
Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

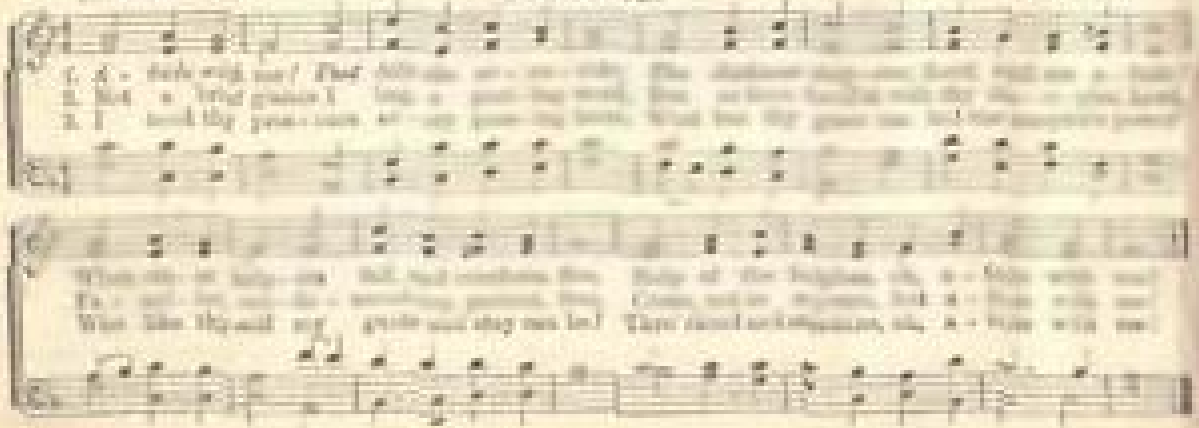
5.
Did we stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6.
When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7.
When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

EVENTIDE.

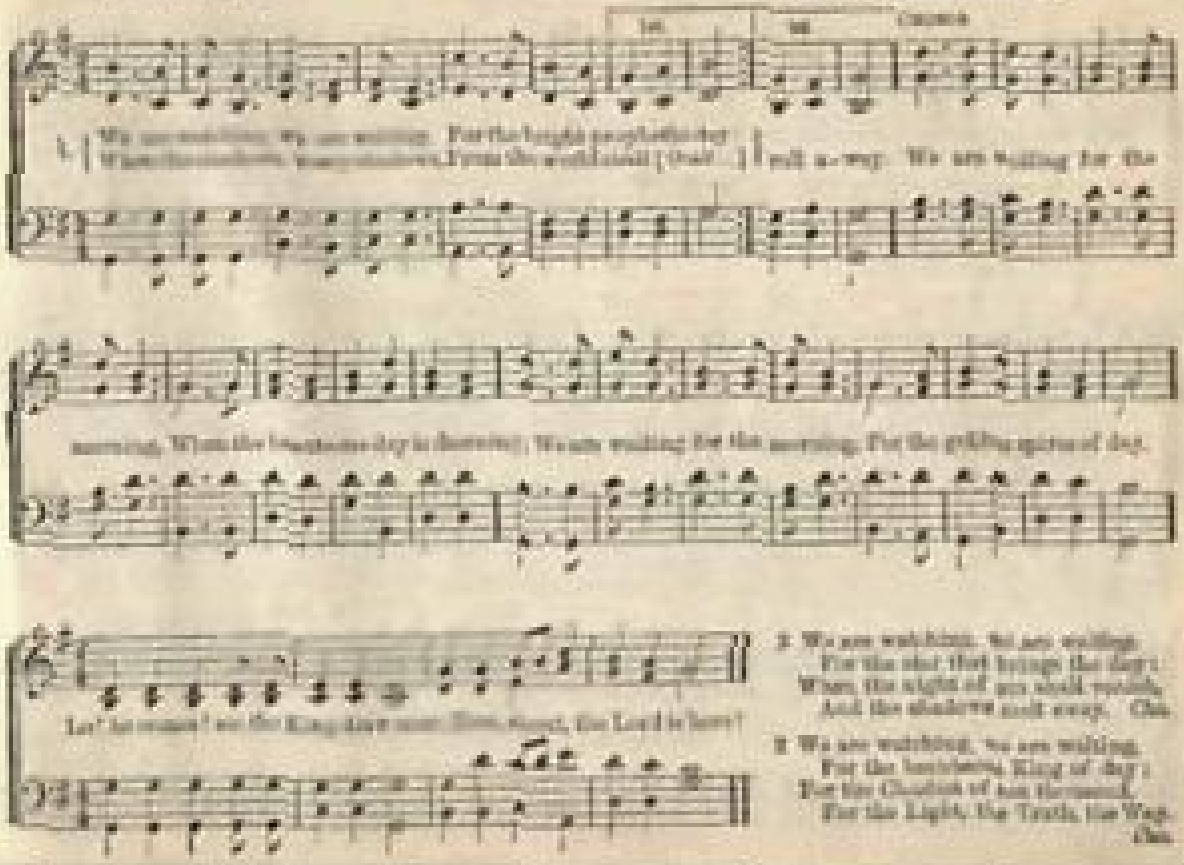
Rev. Thomas F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

From "The Chorus."

By per. of Jesse Crossley & Co.



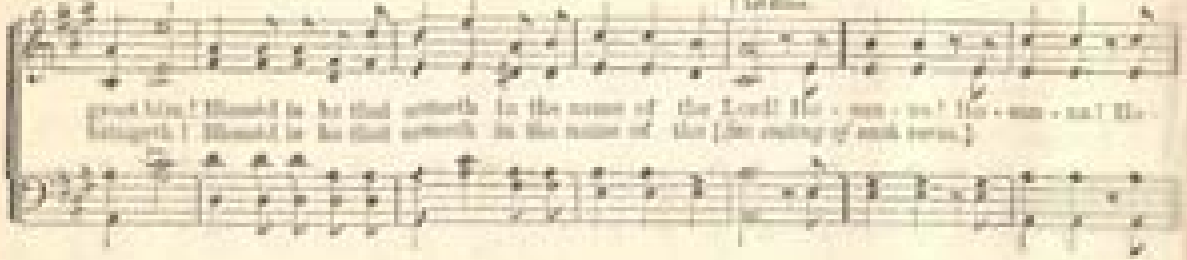
2. We are watching, We are waiting,
For the star that brings the day;
When, the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows shall away. Cho.

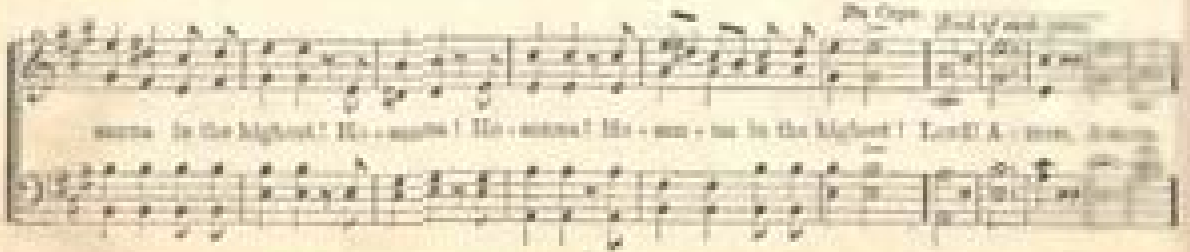
3. We are watching, We are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day;
For the Church of sun-thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
Cho.

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH.

H. Williams, by per.

1. Hosanna! in the lofty strength in the name of the Lord! Joyfully let us sound him! Lovingly let us
D. C. E. - ches his wonderous patience in the sweetest accord! Let every valley ringing, Tidings of joy be



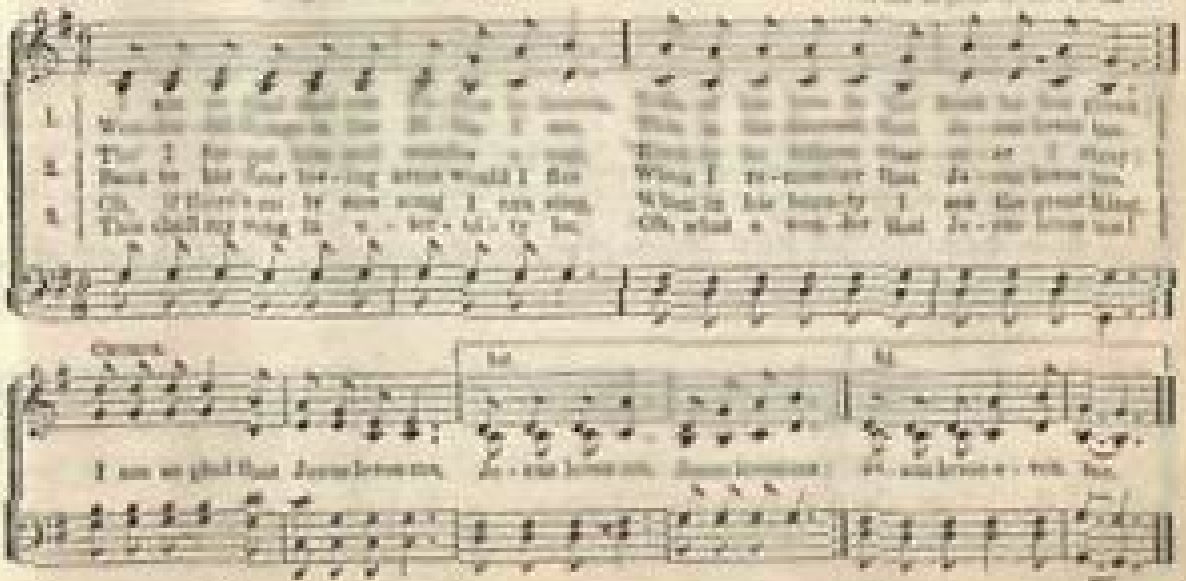


3 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hear we the prince before him!
Let every body adore him!
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!
Rest to the weary-hearted he with kindly endowed;
Welcome him to your mansions!
Welcome the King of glad tidings!
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Amen! Amen!

3 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Honor to him forever!
Thanks unto God, the Giver!
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!
He is both greatly compared by the weight of his
Little crew saved from heeding [Word!
Greet him with psalms sounding!—
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Amen! Amen!

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

From "Gospel Song," by P. P. Bliss. By kind of Jesse Cottrell & Co.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. B. Gould.

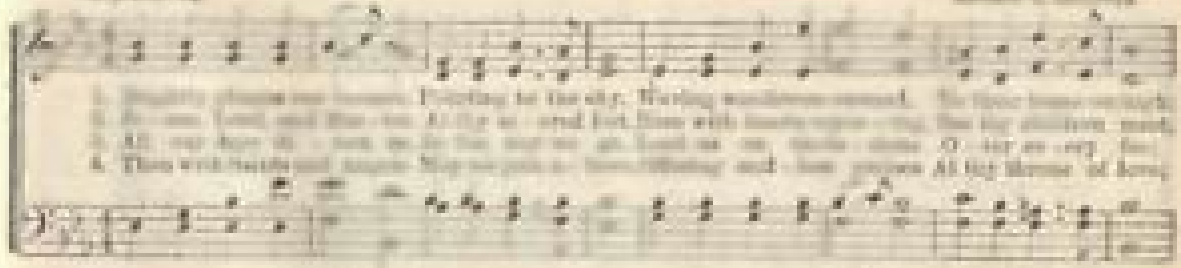
Jos. Barnby, arr.

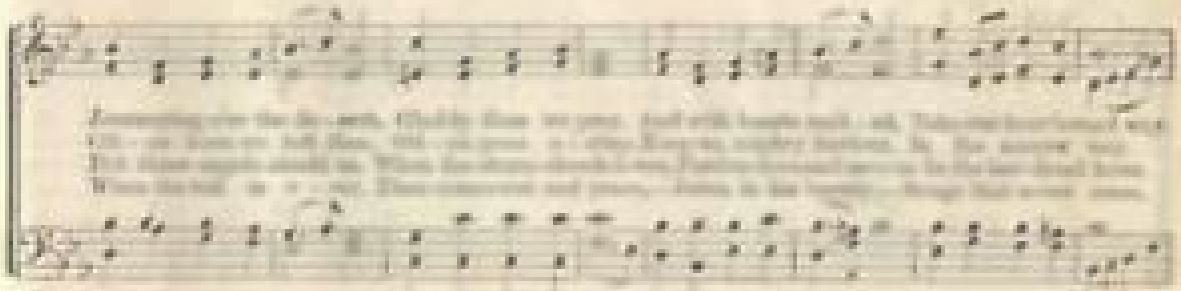
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with all your voices

Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Glo - ry, land, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Unison.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.





BATTLE FOR THE LORD.

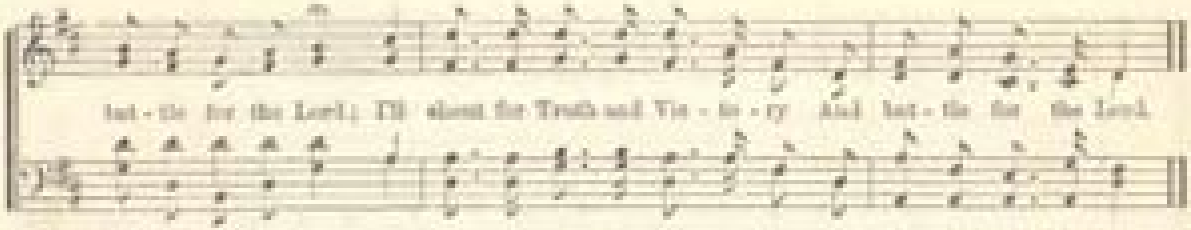
Rev. H. S. Sawyer. Rev. Bryan, by per.

1. Who-e'er would win the bat-tle, Must nev-er mind the blows; Who-e'er would win for heaven, Must
2. God's li-ts the humble ver mighty, When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are lit-tle Be-
3. Your sin-w-wise may gather, Like clouds in days of storm; But Truth's bright blade, like lightning, Shall
4. The wrongs shall all be conquered, And ev-ery foe outwitted; All, in that day that's coming, Shall

not turn back for foes; But, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The bel-met and the sword, I'll
fore the sword-ent right. Then tak-ing all the ar-mor, The bel-met and the sword, I'll
sent-ter their proud forces, Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The bel-met and the sword, I'll
fall at Je-sus' feet. But now, take all the ar-mor, The bel-met and the sword, And

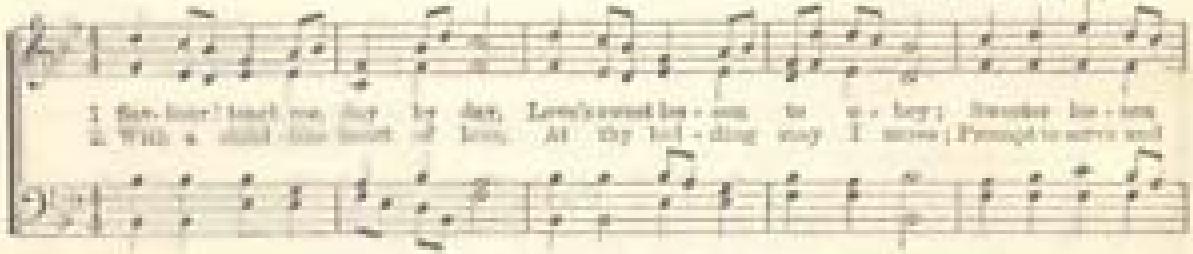
Chorus.

shout for Truth and Vic-to-ry, And bat-tle for the Lord. I'll bat-tle for the Lord, too,



SAVIOUR! TEACH ME DAY BY DAY.

W. B. Bradbury, by per.



3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in the grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

JESUS SAVES.

Rev. A. J. Morton. Rev. J. F. Knapp, by per.

1. Ma - ny at the throne are kneeling, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, By his boundless love re - vealing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
2. All the lost and all the sorrow - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Oh, come now, be - lieving on - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
3. Hearts are at their longest proving, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Ev - ery soul - ful vista fe - ver - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

Je - sus, Je - sus saves. Hal - le - lu - jah, light is breaking, Hal - le - lu - jah, blood is streaming,
Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

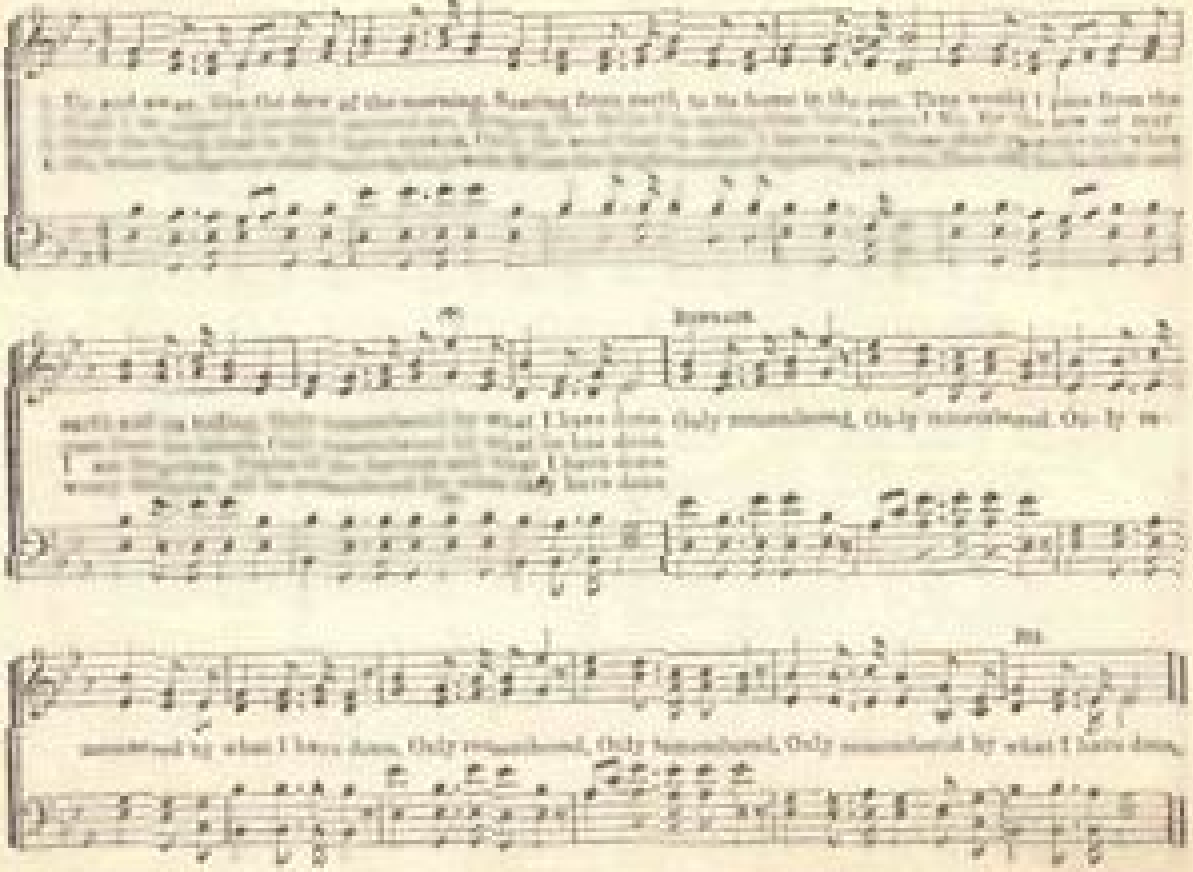
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves.

4. Come with haste your sin confessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Seek and find the choicest blessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.

5. Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar. Wm. W. Sweetser, by per.



SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. E. H. Cutler. | S. J. Vail, Cir. 1870.

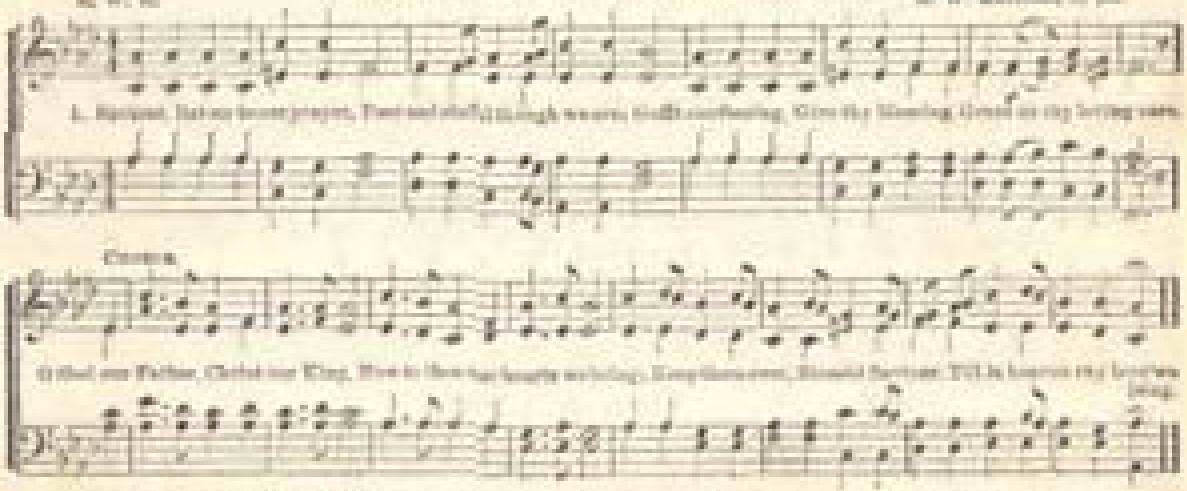
1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Lying all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheel and
pin-ion, Oiling not the floors and cloth; Let us find our greatest comfort In the blessings of to-
day, With a pa-tient hand re-moving All the bri-ars from the way. Chorus. Thus scattering seeds of
kindness, Thus scattering seeds of kindness, Our reaping by-and-by.

2 Strange, we never notice the smile
Till the cheek upon which it has lingered
Strange, that we should sight the tears
Till the sorrowy drooping and gather
Strange, that memory clings and mumbles
Never more than well or ill,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white death in the air. Cho.

3 If we know the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and still to-morrow—
Never touches us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Greet the frown upon our brow?
Would the patter of our dearest
Vex us like as they do now? Cho.

4 Ah! those little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the lonely mounds and sorrow
Strewn along our back track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in money gives they lie,
But in sunshine, flowers—but roses—
For we reaping by and by! Cho.

SAVIOUR, LISTEN TO OUR PRAYER.



2 Strength is Grace; we often stray
From thy pure and holy way;
Will thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day? Cho.

3 Thou may we, when life is over,
Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, Forever winning,
Praising evermore. Cho.

THE DAY-LABORER.

Rev. H. Kirchner, Cop. 1875.

1. How ye loiter, all day long, Where the vine of heaven may fall, Ye shall reap if ye be pat - ient, For the
2. How the Pride, ye pat - ient, In the vigil and sacrifice prime; Soon such share may be the - ir, Where the

Spirit breathes to us all, Now the Gather-ing season shine—One wave the Grange for thee, And the mild world warm thee,
Do - ve wind its wide, Fear not, the sense will hear us; And the fir-ture closest, Like willows by the wa - ter

Pulses and behold! How ye loiter, all day long, With a Hopeing and a prayer, Thine Hin whose hand ye
Will overtaken glory be found, Wait, while the day light length, Ere the shadow of night shall cor - ne; Ere the, and of the vineyard

labor on, And with them every where,
sources, And the harvest's work is done.

Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the wind and storm blow away;
God sees the seed time give thee,
But gleaner's hand cut reap.
Have faith, thou art beholding
The seed burst from the ground;

Thou know'st not which may prosper,
Or what be spared to bloom;
Know on the morrow shine
The ripened grain will fall,
That the Lord of the harvest reaping
In the harvest-sheaves may bind

GATHERING SEED.

W. H. Fleming, Esq. 1876

1. Out in the highways, wherever we go, Seed we must sow, and seed we must strew;
2. Here, where it means life, a home for our place, Wanting to hear of and working for grace,
3. Gath - er - ing seed we never shall rest, nor we will; God will watch over the place where we fell;
4. That which we gath - er is that which we sow; Sweetness and bit - ter - ness ri - pen up low;

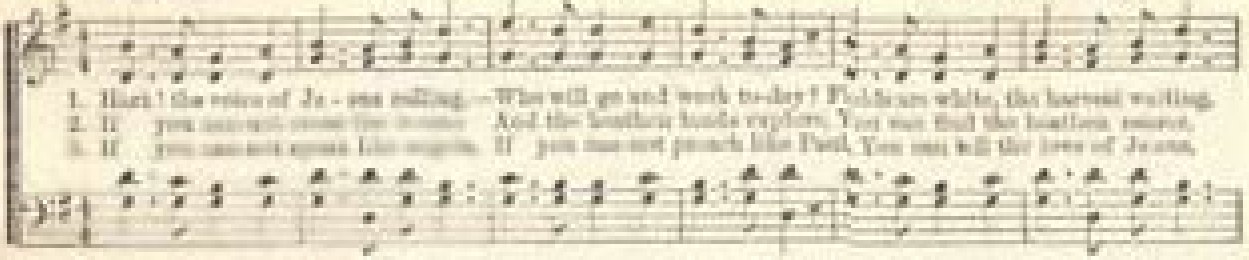
5. Yes, the fin - al - est seed has a power, Be it of thistle or be it of flower.
Some grow the corn - ers to bear their sheaves home, Pitch - ing the wat - ers and plashing the foam.
On - ly the grain of the best seed is seen, Shall we plant nettles or shall we plant flowers?
Where we have fal - len with tears we will bless, How we have gathered and how we have sown.

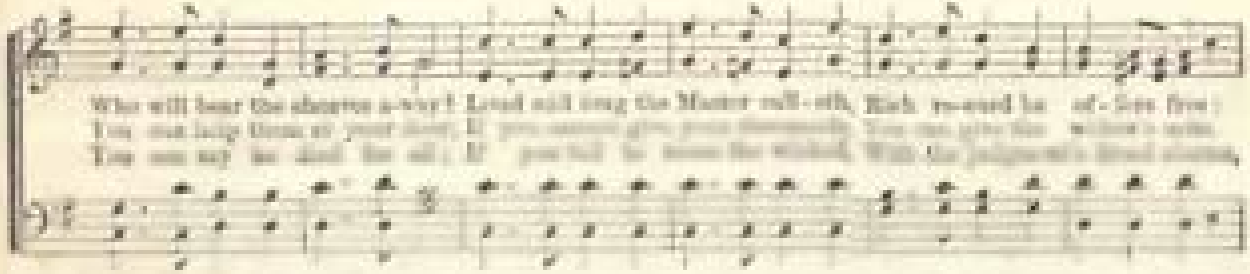
Chorus.

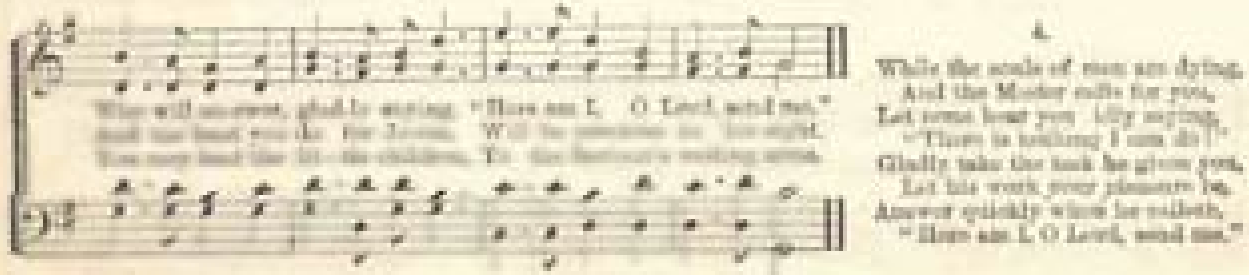
God speed the little seed that we be scattering now, Making this wilder - ness blossom as the rose.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Dr. Mason. — P. P. Van Antwerp, by permission.



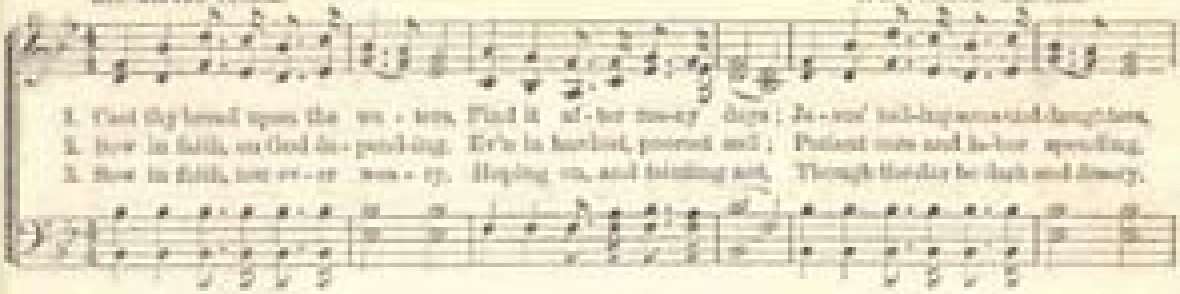


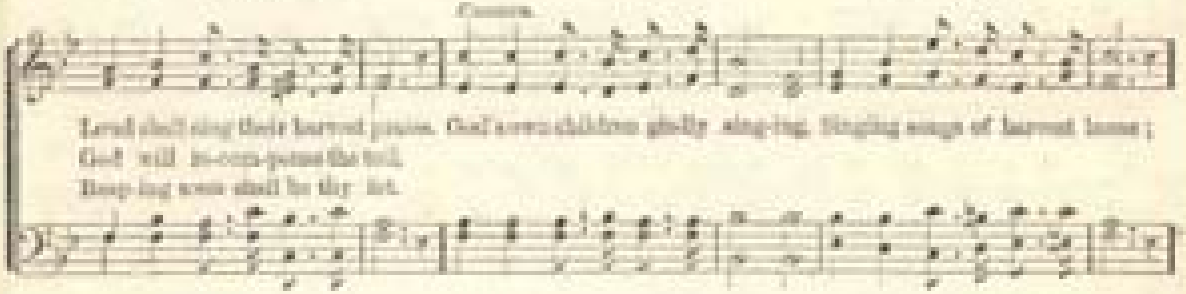


4.

While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Rev. Alfred Taylor. T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1888.





4. Soon shall come the time of sowing,
Soon the waiting days be over,
Precious harvest softly growing,
For God's glory, evermore.

5. Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus' reapers hasten home!
Harvest welcome gladly singing,
Jesus meets them as they come.

WORK HYMN.

WORK. 7s & 6s.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, while the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill every moment with labor;
Rest comes soon and soon.
Gathering and storing memory
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

SECOND HYMN.

LAUDS. 8, 8.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim,
The year of jubilee, etc.

THIRD HYMN.

[illegible] 8, 8 & 6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What? we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

FOURTH HYMN.

[illegible] 8, 8 & 6.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To possess their spheres;
Each heart that sways the sceptre
Brings tribute from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See kindreds, peoples, kneeling
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts revealing
Its gracious mercy;
While angels, new creations,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Nations' blessing—
A nation in a day.

FIFTH HYMN.

[illegible]

1 The children are gathering from east and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
We'll gird on the armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along;
Our leader is Jesus, he bids us be strong,
Then gird on your armor and be marching along.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way,
The Lord is our strength, he this year our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along. Cho.

OH, TARRY NOT, DEAR LORD.

Power Cantata

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1894.

1. Dear Jes - sus - or, Lo - ving Sav - iour, Now be - hold us from the dwell - ing - place,
2. Thou hast bound us, thou hast blessed us, Once a - gain Thy bless - ing we im - plore,
3. May the Spir - it, now de - scend - ing, Rest up - on us like a gen - tle dove!

D. S. We are long - ing, we are yea - ning, for the sweet re - freshing of Thy grace.
And we give thee all the glo - ry, While the ho - ly mer - cy we a - dore.
Oh, re - vive us, oh, re - fresh us, Till our hearts shall burn with love and love.
D. S. We are pray - ing, we are long - ing, Oh, for - ry us, dear Lord, we come!

Fine.

D. S.

We have pub - lished in thy sacred ho - ly name, And Thy bless - ing is resting fully on us now;
We are look - ing with ex - ce - ed - ing joy, We are wait - ing to see the cloud a - rise,
Thou hast promised, and we thy word be - lieve, That thy children shall there re - ceive re - ceive.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. H. Adams. J. M. Evans, by per.

1. "Land a - head!" the pilgrims warning O'er the hills of Sabbath green; And the lo - ving ac - cen
2. Oh, send, hark! the sign Da reminding: See the blue - eyed wave their lands; Hear the harps of God re -
3. Then, let go the anchor, roll - ing On this calm and silv'ry bay; Shouting look the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of ages sal -

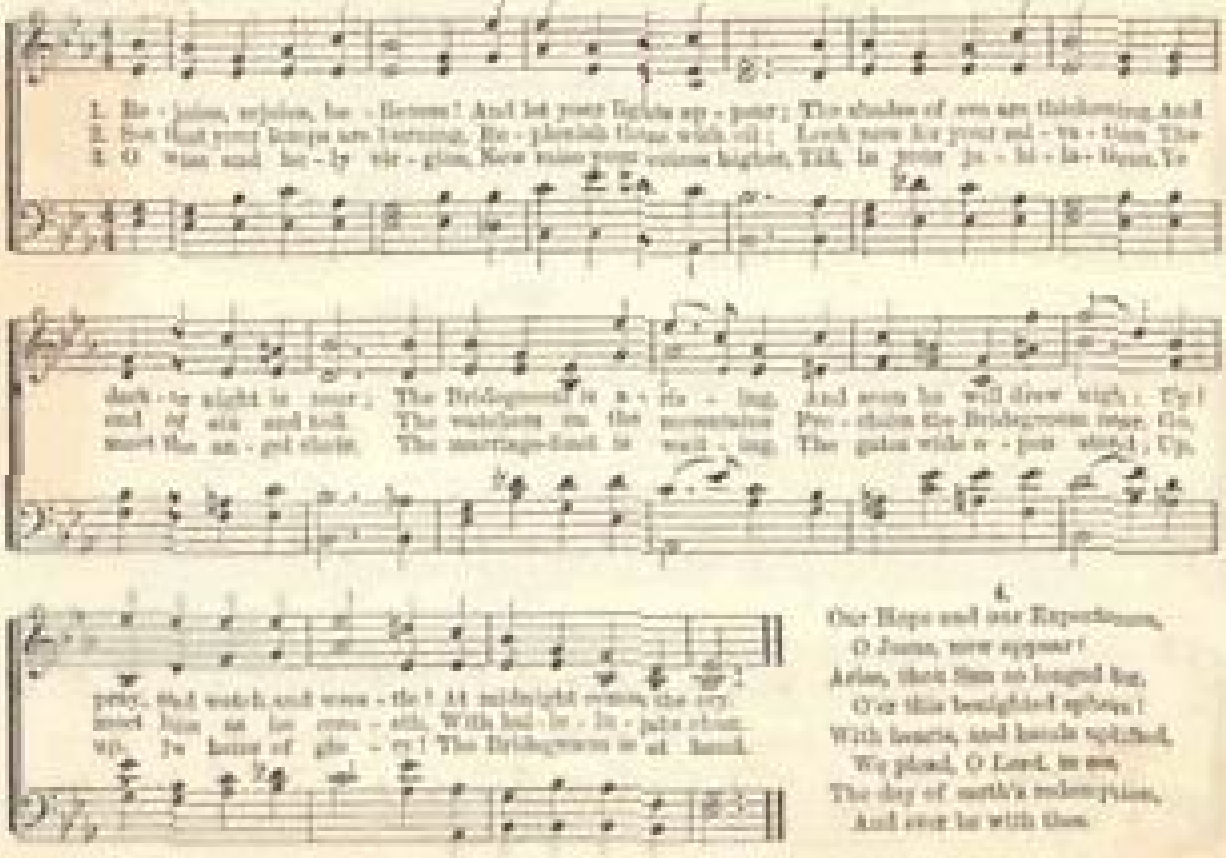
Chorus.

lo - ving thoughts whose hour'ly frame ten - ders, Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the heights in - ner hal - lands.
glid - ing, Hence in mag - nificent ob - ly - vy.
va - tion, We are safe at home at last!

Bur - ter tal Shore: Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS.

Harmonic. H. Smart.



4.

Our Hope and our Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

A STARLESS CROWN.

Mrs. Lizzie Slayton.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1898.

1. Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yonder world of glo - ry? Or will some lit - tle
The wonderous mis - ty of the cross, The suffrings of the Sav - iour, Who died that lo - ving

2. A youthful ar - my now we stand Our Captain's word is gla - ad, We'll on - ward move, his
White raiment hands shall gather round The Lamb on Zion's mountain, Oh, there may we in

friend be found To whom I've told the mes - sage—
world - ly dress Might win us to his ha - ven.
blest command, Will guide us on to heav - en,
sinner be found, Be - side the ri - ver - side!

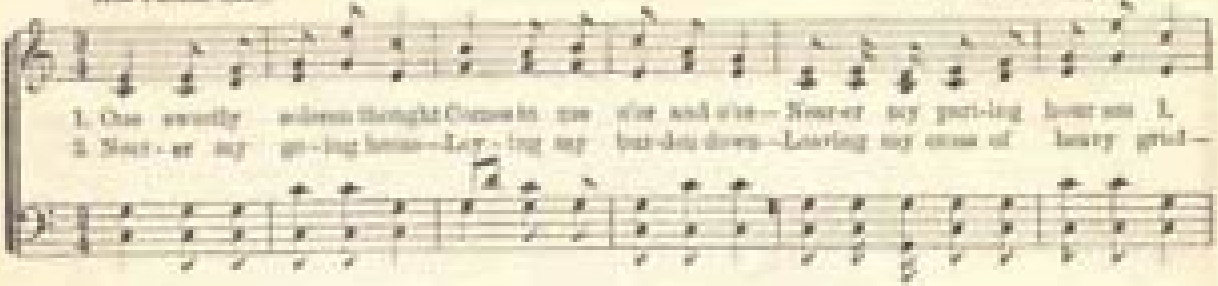
Full Chorus.

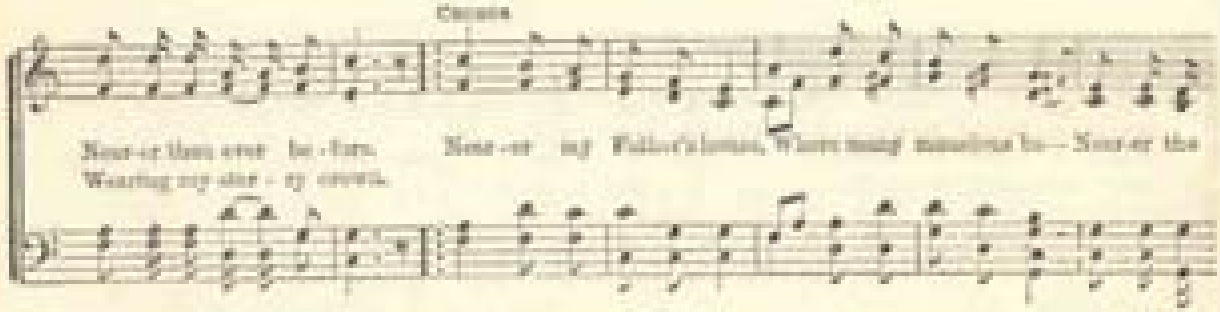
Oh, hap - py day! Oh, hap - py place!

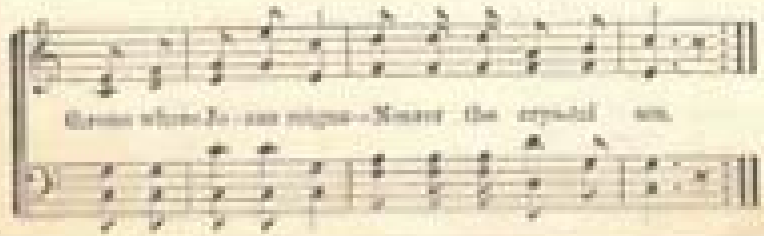
We soon shall meet to-geth - er, Where Jesus stands with smil - ing face To crown us his for - ev - er.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Mrs. Phoebe Cary. Karl Rosen, by per.





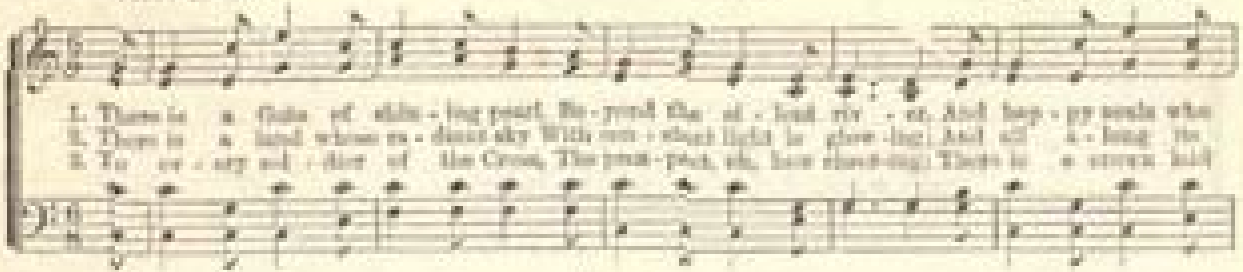


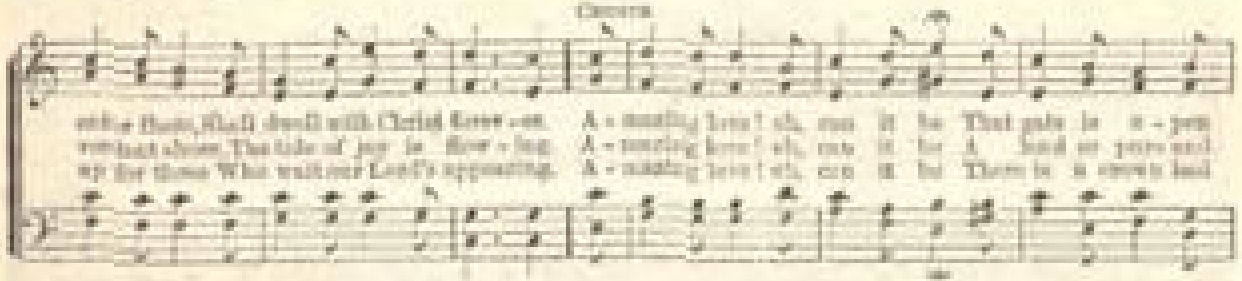
3 Nearer the hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light. Cho.

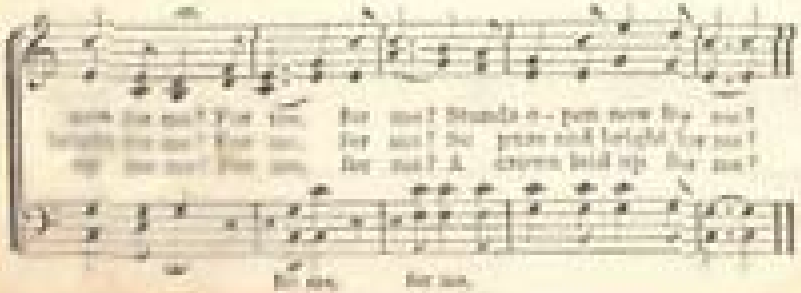
4 Jesus! to thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Cross through the stream of death. Cho.

THE GATE OF PEARL.

Fanny Crosby. S. J. Vail, Con. ch.







4.

The blood of him who died for all—
Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!
His blood that cleanseth every sin,
Secures that land of glory.
Amazing love! oh, can it be
His blood secures that land for me?
For me, for me?
Secures that land for me?

THE OTHER SIDE.

S. L. Cummings. J. R. Gates, by per.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft does cross a shining beam Across from yonder shore, And bear from yonder shore.
2. The other side! oh, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And meet of Christ grace, a so much of Christ's grace, The

chorus of a fully strong, and sweet of harp and sonorous song Some gently waffed over, Some gently waffed over, Will welcome deep joy, yes, the Christ, As we meet and meet no more, To sing them safely home, To bring them safely home.

Chorus.

O Di-vi-ni-ty Sole! O Di-vi-ni-ty Sole! The other side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?

3. The other side! oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
[:] For me a loved one waits; [:]
Over the stream he calls to me,
Wait not—I am thy guide to be
[:] Up to the pearly gates. [:] Cho.

4. The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
[:] Of earthly toil and care, [:]
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
[:] With all the blest man there? [:] Cho.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. — C. E. Pierson, Cop. 1891.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the work - ing and the
2. Be - yond the blos - soming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the sheaving and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the farewell and the
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon; Be - yond the pack-snow and the

sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I . . . shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be - yond the drop - ping and the dead - ing, I . . . shall be soon.
greet - ing, Be - yond the pale-eyed fu - ner book - ing, I . . . shall be soon.
ris - ing, Be - yond the so - ar and the set - ting, I . . . shall be soon.

Refrain.

Love, rest and home! Sweet home, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come. Lord, tarry not, but come.

FIRST HYMN.

MEET FOR THE YOUNG.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest:
There the Saviour's gone before us,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land. Cho.

3 Pain, my sickness, or my sorrow,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial region,
I a crown of life shall wear. Cho.

SECOND HYMN.

SHALL WE GATHER.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day. *Ref.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Ref.*

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Ref.*

THIRD HYMN.

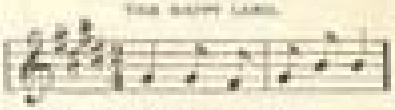
1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
There's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

FOURTH HYMN.

THE HAPPY LAND.



1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for ay.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for ay.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
For a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for ay.

JESUS THEN I KNOW.

C. S. R.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1891.

1. When my soul within Sorrowed with its sin, Je - sus swept the shadows a - way,
2. And when off oppressed, Wandering from my rest, Who was quick to see my grief?
3. Now when er - ery task Tries the faith I ask, Who be - side me comes to stand?
4. And when hail - ing breath Tells the hour of death, Who will be my ear - th's stay?

Fine.

Christ, the Lord di - vine, Gave his life for mine, Turned my darkness in - to day.
Je - sus, from a - bove, Shed his help - ful love, Came to bring me sweet re - lief.
Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, Speaks the cheering word, Takes me by the trembling hand.
Je - sus then will be Near to wel - come me, At the shining gates of day!
D. S. His the pure un - bind, His the streets of gold,—Je - sus is the Lord I find.

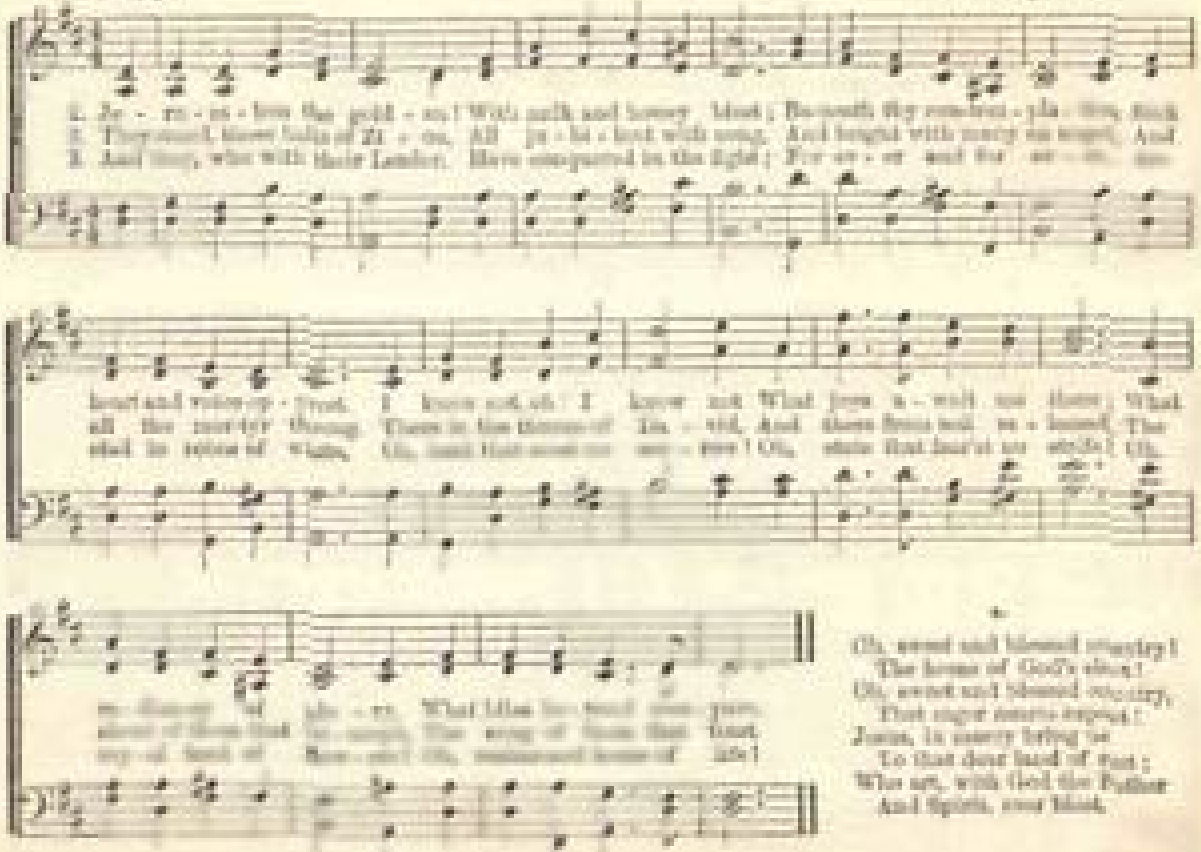
Chorus.

D. S.

Je - sus then I know! His the name be - low— His the name to sing a - bove.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

Sharp, Tr. — Rev. H. L. Jenner.

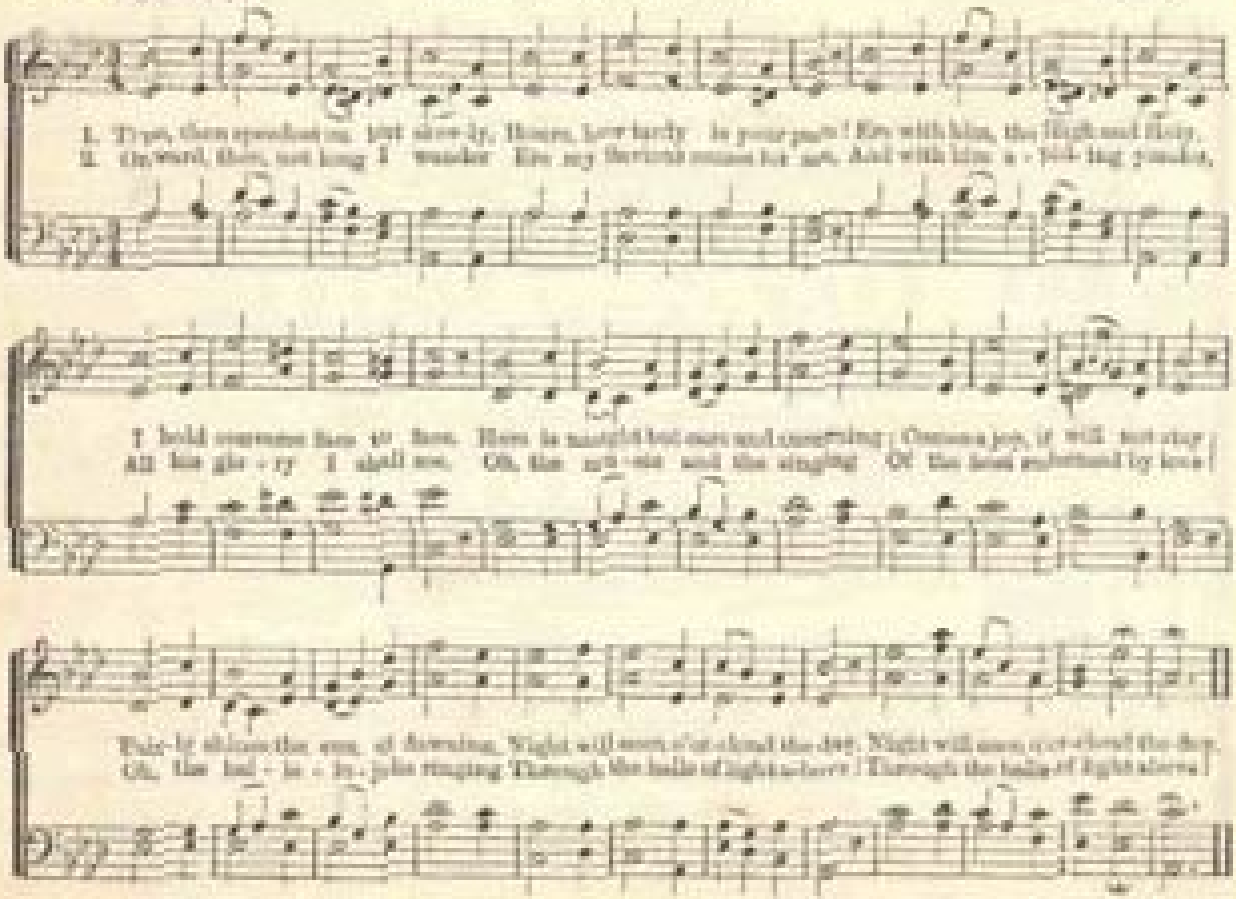


4.

Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

TIME, THOU SPEEDEST.

WOODWORTH, 7s. Farrow.



WHEN JESUS COMES.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss. By per. of Jesse Crosby & Co.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes;
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je - sus comes;
3. No more heart pangs nor anguish, When Je - sus comes;
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je - sus comes;
5. He'll know the way we journey, When Je - sus comes;
6. He'll know what grieves oppressed us, When Jesus comes;

We watch and wait and wonder, Till Je - sus comes.
Yet time my soul to prepare, When Jesus comes.
All pains and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
All shades his face will banish, When Jesus comes.
He'll know the foes we've met, When Jesus comes.
Oh, how his arms will rest us! When Jesus comes.

Chorus.

All joy his loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise love's tones singing, When Je - sus comes.

All beauty bright and vernal, When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry grand, eter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

THE NEW SONG.

From "Choice Hymns."

By per. of John Church & Co.

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stand a great throng In the presence of Je - sus, and
2. All these were sin - ners, de - filed in his sight, Now ar-rayed in pure garments in

Chorus.

sing this new song:— Un - to him who hath loved us and washed us from sin, Un - to
praise they a - sain.

him be the glo - ry for ev - er, A - men.

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

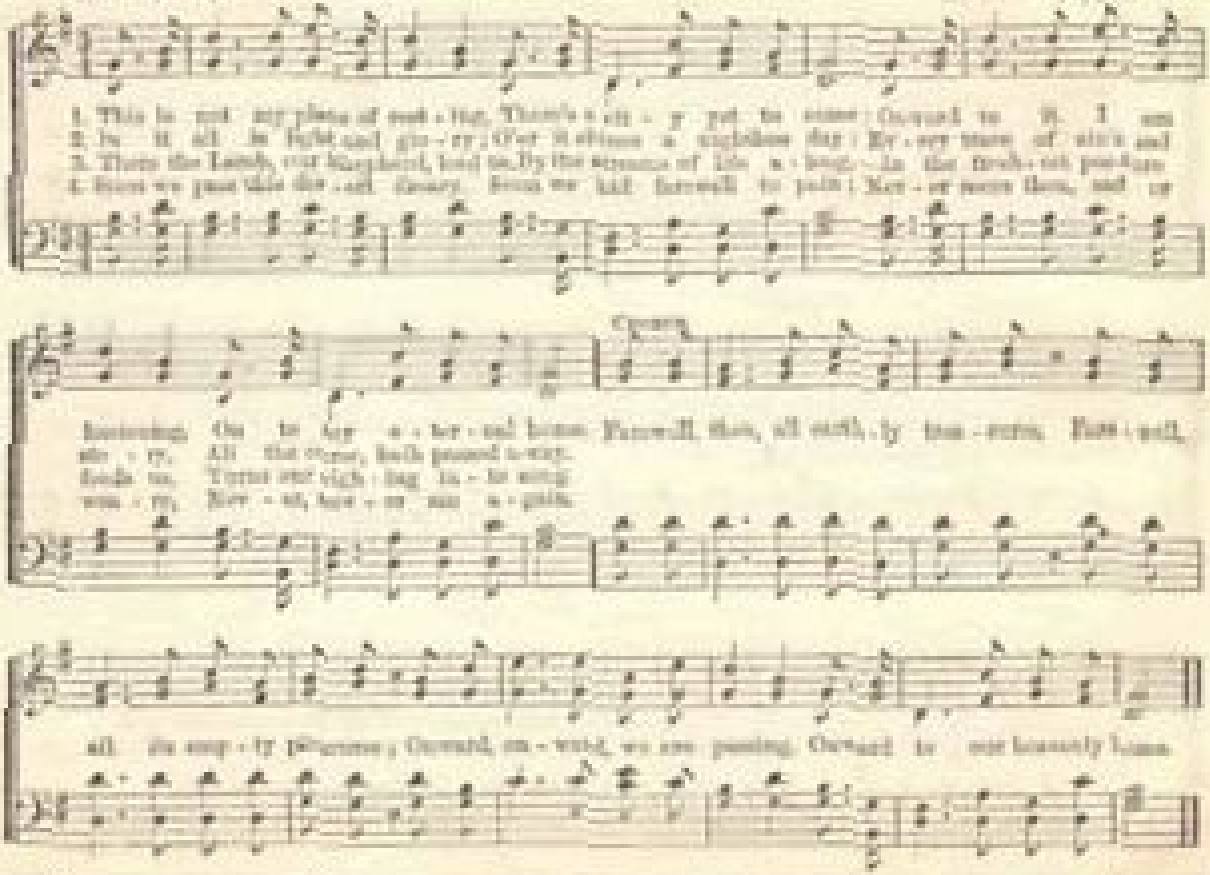
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If he never had loved us till cleansed from our sin. Cho.

5 Above in his praises, our voices shall ring;
So that others, believing, this new song shall sing. Cho.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

ONWARD TO OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. — Earl Brown, Mus. Bac.



EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

F. E. Cox, Tr.

T. E. Perkins, arr.

1. Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Lovely forms or beauties rare, But be - fore my eyes they bring
2. When the day begins to close the night, Oft I think on Zion's light.—Think,—how bright that light will be,
Cho.—Earth has nothing sweet or fair Lovely forms or beauties rare, But be - fore my eyes they bring

Fine.

Christ, of beauty Heaven and Spring. When the morning points the skies, When the golden orb arises,
Shinding through a - ro - al - ty. When, as moonlight softly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Christ, of beauty Heaven and Spring.

D. C. Chorus.

Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly im-aged on my mind.
Then I think,—who made their light In a thousand times more bright.

3. When I see, in springtide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Widow the thrilling thought to me,—
What must their Creator be!
Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me,
Let me, mid thy radiant light,
See thine revealed glorious height. Cho.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

A. R. Cousin. Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1891.

1. The ends of time are wait - ing, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The
2. Oh! Christ he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More
3. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin - ner, In -

Fill, sweet morn a - rise, Oh, doubt hath been the night, But hope spring in our land, And glo - ry, glo - ry
deep I'll drink a - bove, There is an o - cean full - ness His mercy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry
to his banqueting house. Up on the Rock of A - ges, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory

dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth, In Immanuel's land.

JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

Mrs. S. E. Roberts. Rev. Fanny J. Crosby

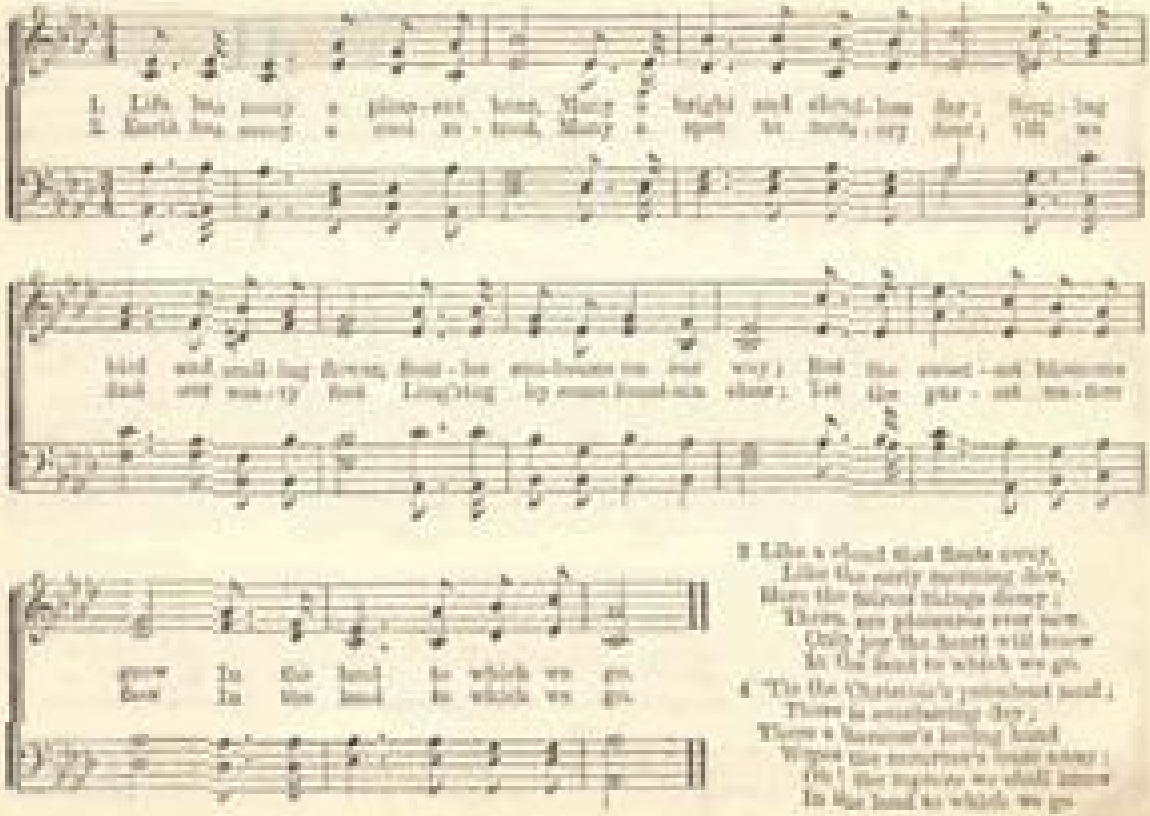
1. Just across the riv - er, On the gold-en shore, Where the crystal sunlight Flows for ev - er more.
2. Hark! the sound of voices, 'Tis the sub - lime sweet, Of the children singing At the Saviour's feet;
3. Je - sus loves the children, Who his praises sing; Though they wear the earth robe, He is still their King;

Mid the heav'nly towers, Mid the fadeless flowers, Dwell the happy children, In their blissful home.
'Tis the glorious anthem, Ring ev - er more, Of the love God brought them To that golden shore.
He will gently guide them, Till the night is over; Then they'll join the chorus On the gold-en shore.

Would you cross the riv - er, To the gold-en shore, Give your heart to Je - sus, He will guide you o'er.

THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

Parlor Chorus. Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1894.



3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Have the fairest things decay;
There are pleasures ever new,
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's parchment land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

Mrs. V.

NEARER THE CROSS.

Rev. J. F. Green, by ear.

1. Nearer the cross, my heart can say, I'm coming near - er, Nearer the cross from day to day,
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy - seat, I'm coming near - er, Pouring my soul out prayer sweet,
3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I'm coming near - er; Deeper the love my soul de - sires,

I'm coming near - er; Near - er the cross where Jesus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide.
I'm coming near - er; Stronger in faith glory clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me.
I'm coming near - er; Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share,

Near - er my Saviour's wounded side, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.
Near - er to him I still would be, Still coming near - er, Still coming near - er.
Near - er the crown I soon shall wear, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

Mrs. C. Ainsworth.

English.

1. Oh, to be o - ver - yon - der! In that land of won - der, Where the angel wan - ders mingle, and the
2. Oh, to be o - ver - yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of looking to the east, to see the
3. Oh, to be o - ver - yon - der! A - las! I sigh and wonder Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to

p

an - gel harpers ring; To be free from pain and sorrow, And the sorrows, dread to-morrow, To
blessed day - star bring hope tidings of the waking. The shadows, pain day troubling - My
sin - ny earthly thing, Sigh the of earth must ev - er, And pass a - way for ev - er, But there's

mf

rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.
heart is yearning - yearning for the com - ing of the King.
no more sep - a - ra - tion in the presence of the King.

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

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

J. M. Evans, by per

1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Beyond where the pearl - y gates stand; O - ver the cold ri - ver
2. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet in the land of the blest, Loved ones, who long have been
3. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Oh, seek not to draw me a - side; How! the bright angels are

bid - den, To live in a far sunny land. My Father has built me a mansion, More precious than all my soul
wait - ing, To welcome me home to my rest. The world with its pleasures no longer My spirit in bondage can
wait - ing To cal - ry me o - ver the tide. My Saviour is there to receive me, And shield me from suffering and

Refrain.

gold? Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold. The angels there will
hold. Yes o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
sold. Yes o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.

welcome me With harps and crowns of gold; Yes! over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

FIRST HYMN.

MOD. L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

SECOND HYMN.

PECULIAR. 11s.

1 I would not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lovely moonings that flown on us here
Are enough for life's joys. Full enough for its cheer.

2 Who, who would live always, away from his God—
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the sunshine of glory eternally reigns!

3 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

THIRD HYMN.

COMM. PE MEDIUM.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

FOURTH HYMN.

WORK SONG.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?

CHORUS.

They have been robes, white robes,—
White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, those robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

THE GATES AJAR.

1. There's a home of joy ex - ful - ting. Let us seek it, let us seek it; There's a Saviour's love unchanging

Just within the gates a - jar. En - ter in, and share his glo - ry, Let us sing as we draw near,

Chorus. Hark! the ma - sic soft - ly, soft - ly

We'll be - hold the heavenly mansions Just within the gates a - jar. Hark! hark! the music soft - ly, softly

Hark! the mu - sic soft - ly

steal - ing from the angel choir a - far; They are singing, sweetly, sweetly singing, En - ter in the gates a - jar.

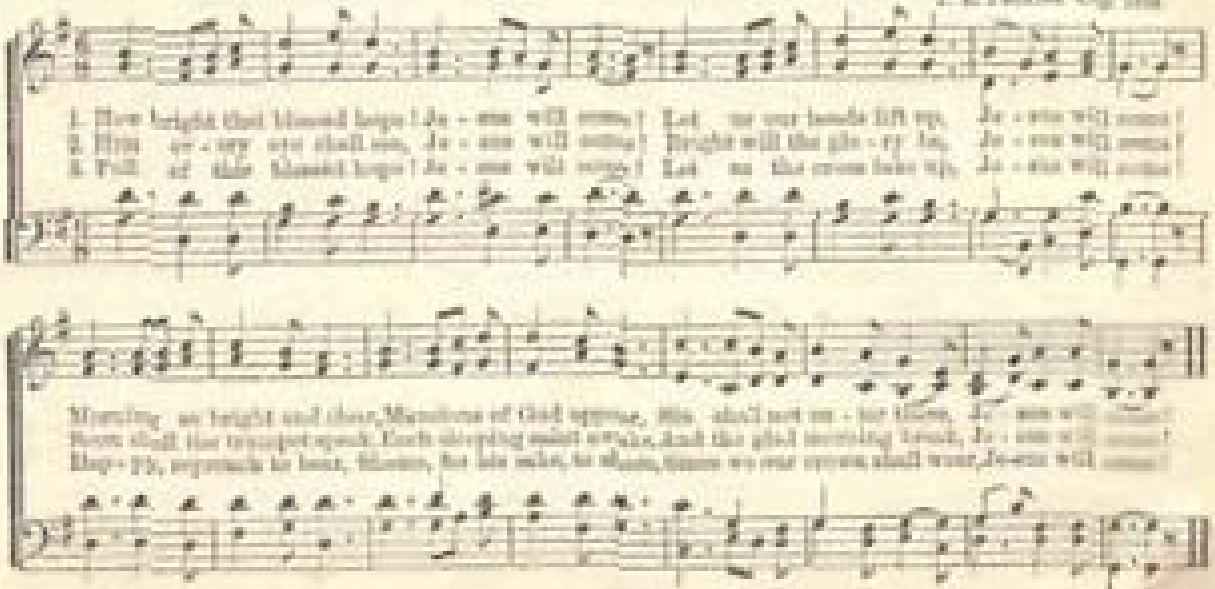
3. The a bright Saviour calls us
Home to all his glorious state;
Crowns of life he'll surely give us
When within the pearly gate.
Look to Jesus, trust his mercy,
Look to him by faith and prayer,
Live for Jesus, precious Saviour,
Opening wide the pearly gate. Cho.

4. No more weeping, no more sadness
No more death nor sickness pain,
Lost, the heavenly songs of gladness
Sounding through the pearly gate.
No more longings, no more pining,
Wing their way through midnight air,
Hark! the voice of angels calling
Thro' the heavenly pearly gate. Cho.

5. Soon we'll reach the heavenly portals
Angel hands will hail us there,
Then we'll catch the strains immortal
Sounding through the pearly gate.
Saviour, give us hearts to love Him,
Guide us to that land we pray,
Then the shade of death's dark valley
Shall we see the pearly gate. Cho.

JESUS WILL COME.

T. R. Parsons. Cop. 1870.



FIRST HYMN.

SACRED THE TRIUMPH.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band.
Rise—singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came these children there? *Say.*

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Rapt in that joys and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean! *Say.*

SECOND HYMN.

SEVENTY. P. S. M.

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend.
His holy and rejoicing,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Kindling in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant over the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day:
For those who love and serve him,
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

THIRD HYMN.

NO SORROW THERE.

1 Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

CHORUS.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *Cho.*

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear! *Cho.*

FOURTH HYMN.

LONG. L. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

FIFTH HYMN.

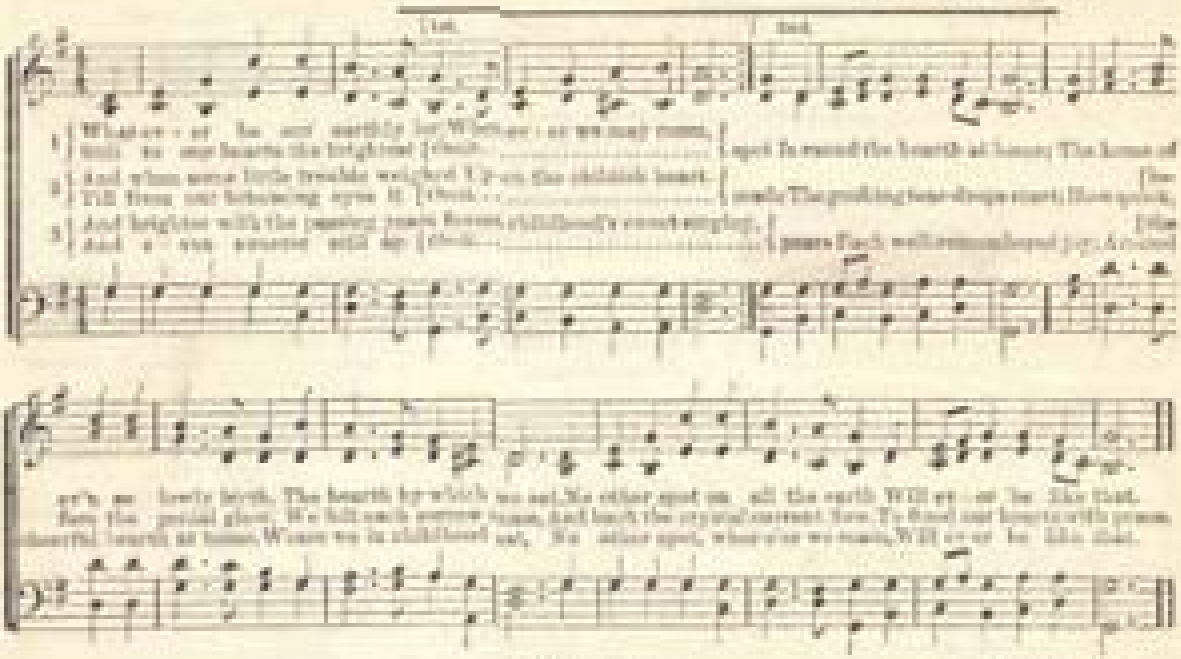
SWEET HOME.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,—
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me,

AROUND THE HEARTH.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1870.



FOUND HOME.

Rev. F. A. Hamilton.

1. "Come earth-worn, earth's weary ones!"
The Saviour calls to-day;
"Come, as that heavy burden, sigh,
Your burdens cast away!"
Come, in the velvet boat of love,
And I will give you rest;
Come, weary pilgrim, hither come,
And be forever blest!"

2. Lord Jesus! now the value we know,
Thy blessed way to find!
From earthly hopes and vain desires,
Our spirits turn away.
Thy voice, O Teacher, sweet divine!
With gentle tones so sweet,
Comes to us amid the din of earth,
And says our wandering feet.

3. Dear, sweet home! we sighed long
For calm and sweet repose;
To have my soul a tranquil lake
Where love's lily grows.
I claim the promise, precious Lord!
Thy love to comfort me,
Repeating, trusting, for thy word,
O Christ! I come to Thee.

WHEAT AND TARES.

Rev. H. Kingsland. Con. 474.

Rock.

1. Growing together, wheat and tares, Choice leaf thick and green, Fanned by the gentle summer airs,

Un-der one sky so - near, O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O - ver them both the rain, Till the

Chorus.

angels come, when the Master calls, To gather the ripe-ned grain. Jesus, oh, grant when those angels

come, To reap the fields for him, We may be gathered safely home, Where the precious wheat shall be.

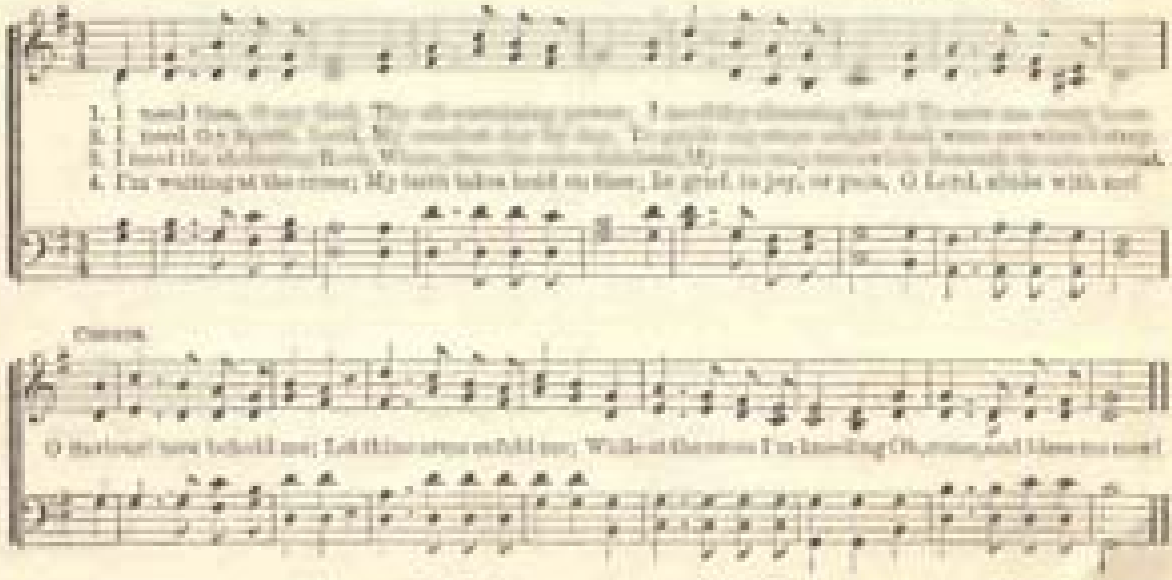
2. Growing together, side by side,
Sore shall the reaper reach,
Tares sleep in their mournful pride,
Bending heads of the wheat,
Each and now o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the angelic reaper, the avenging pain,
Shall be harvested in the sky. Cho.

3. But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast,
Bind and burn, said the Judged Lord,
They shall have the wheat at last.
Never again the evermore rain,
Never the weeping or wail,
Those that were lashed Fright, all in vain,
On the have among the wheat. Cho.

4. Where shall the reapers look for us,
When long day of days shall come?
Seeking the thought with grateful thoughts
Of that wondrous harvest home.
Some but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command,
For He bears alone the form of sin,
And the tares in the Judge's hand. Cho.

I NEED THEE, O MY GOD.

F.—— Wm. F. Sherwin, Cop. 1874.



I'M NEARER MY HOME TO-DAY.

Rev. George Cook. | George F. Wilson. Cop. 1895.

1. There are mansions in the skies, I'm nearer my home to - day! To that bright and lo - ly land,
2. Soon will our work be ended I, I'm nearer my home to - day! Fleeting pleasures wing their flight,
3. To the Saviour's throne I hasten, I'm nearer my home to - day! There a welcome he will give,
4. Where the redeemed rest in heaven, I'm nearer my home to - day! Where the white robed glorious throng,

5. With Faith and hope we wait, we sing, Faith and hope be finally crowned, I'm nearer my home to - day!
6. Repeat, gave all, we sing, we sing, Gave I, dear Lord, my all to Thee, I'm nearer my home to - day!
7. There my home, my home, my home, My weary soul, my home, I'm nearer my home to - day!
8. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'm nearer my home to - day!

ff Unison. | *pp* | *rit.* Full.

Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day, Nearer my home, Nearer my home, I'm nearer my home to-day.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Rev. Dr. Cornell. Kate Kenny.

1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm wea-ry faint and wea-ry, Waiting for the dawning. The
2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, Mid darkness storm and wind; Bearing many a bur-den, And
3. Midnight. I have the vow-ed, Of loved ones as they stand, Singing in the sunshine, In

morning of the Lord, I'm watching till the Mas-ter shall call for thee and come. I'm
struggling for my life, But now the storm is breaking, My toil will soon be over, I'm
than he are fair land, Oh, would that I were with them, In—and those shining shores, I'm

Chorus.

an all glorious presence, The glorious of his home. Kneeling at the threshold, Weary faint and wea-ry;
kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door,
singing in their worship, And praising in their song.

Cho.—Slow.

Kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

4. With those the Blessed angels,
That know no grief or sin;
Bye-Gone by the portals,
Prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wish thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best,
But I'm all worn and weary,
O Father, bid me rest. Ah.

FIRST HYMN.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on; [breezes
All on board are sweetly singing—
Sweet salvation is the song.

SECOND HYMN.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares. [cares

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we assemble part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

THIRD HYMN.

1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild,
See! the father meets his son upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the hosts keep ring;
'Tis the ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthems of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the tidings to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain;
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far as way!
For a penitent soul is born again.

FOURTH HYMN.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

FIRST HYMN.

[illegible]

1 Come, children, and join to our festival song.
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in our house of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voices of thanksgiving, our glad melodies;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. Cho.

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us to death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the homes of Jesus, where all shall be well. Cho.

SECOND HYMN.

[illegible]

1 While with emotions course the one
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their vows have run,
Never more to meet in love;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins entreat;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short race is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

THIRD HYMN.

[illegible]

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not delay them as they fly
These limits of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

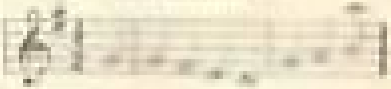
Yes, yes! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the Shining Shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. Hy!

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. Hy!

FOURTH HYMN.

[illegible]



1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall stand from sun to sun,
Till time shall cease and not be more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR.

PSALM 72. HOSANNAH.

1. All glo-ry, praise, and hon-or To thee, Redeem-er, King! To whom the lips of children Made
2. The cres-pe-ry of ac-cla- Are pouring thee on high, And cre-ta' men, and all things Cre-

sweet ho-san-nas ring. Thou art the King of Is-rael, Thou, David's ro-yal Son, Who
ti-on, make re-ply. The pen-pla of the He-brews With palms be-fore thee went; Our

in the Lord's name comest, The King and Blessed One,
praise and prayer and anthems Be-fore him lay we pre-sent.

3. To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise:
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delighest,
Thou good and gracious King!

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1896.

1st time

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most hi - gh, Who chooses the contrite, gives with strength the weak,
2. Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly, [Omit
3. Praise ye the Lord for all his ter - ring kind-ness, And all the won - der mercies he hath shown
4. Praise him who par - dons all our sin and blind-ness, [Omit

1st time

And with his ter - ribly beneficent gift, the rain. Praise him for his abundant care, His ev - er - present love;
And calls us sons, and makes us his own.

Refrain

Praise him, for he hears our prayers. And answers from above. Praise God the Father, Praise thee our Eternal Love,

Praise God the Spir - it, Praise the Three in One.

2. Praise ye Jehovah! source of every blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest gifts are dross
Resting in love, his peace and love possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4. Praise ye the Lord! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us,
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three-in-One.

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