

RADIANT SONGS

EDITORS

JNO R. SWENEY

WM J. KIRKPATRICK

AND

H. L. GILMOUR.

FOR USE IN
MEETINGS
FOR CHRISTIAN
WORSHIP OR WORK

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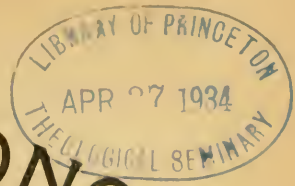
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EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, AND
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"Upon them hath the light shined."
—Is. ix. 2.

PHILADELPHIA :

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RADIANT with light the bending skies,
With radiant hope earth is aglow ;
And joy to radiant joy replies,
As skies resmile in lakes below.

So radiant hearts to hearts unfold,
So radiant hope keeps life aflame ;
So " Radiant Songs," the heart's best gold,
Shall gladden earth with Jesus' name.

Ocean Grove, N. J., June, 1891.

E. H. STOKES.

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THE PUBLISHER.

❖ RADIANT SONGS. ❖

The Everlasting Hymn.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; An - gel voi - ces sing - ing;
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; Grandest mu - sic swell - ing;
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; Come, let us a - dore him;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Thro' high heav - en ring - ing.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All sweet notes ex - cell - ing.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Hum - bly bow be - fore him.

From that temple, pure and bright, Bathed in streams of crystal light,
 Those who conquered by his might, Wearing now their crowns of light,
 Wisdom, glo - ry, love and might, With the ser - a - phim u - nite

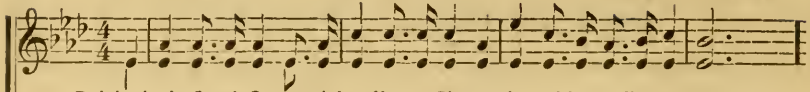
Hear the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.
 Join the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.
 In the ev - er - lasting hymn, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

Rejoice in the Lord.

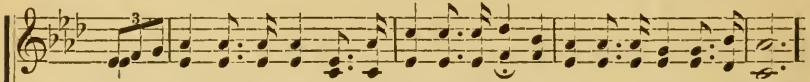
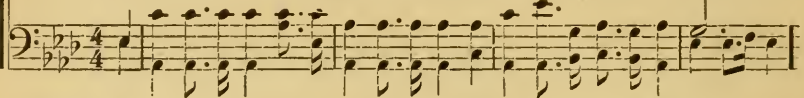
Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

Psalm 33.

H. L. GILMOUR.



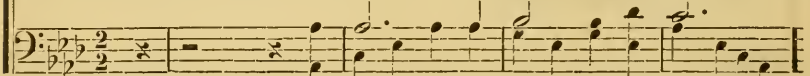
1. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye upright of heart, Sing praise to his excellent name; his name,
2. Rejoice in the Lord, in a new, happy song, The song of redemption so sweet; so sweet,
3. Rejoice in the Lord, the Redeemer of men, His life for a ransom he gave, he gave,
4. Rejoice in the Lord, for his work is complete, Salvation to all he doth bring; doth bring,
5. Rejoice in the Lord, for he cometh again, By seraphs and angels adored, adored,



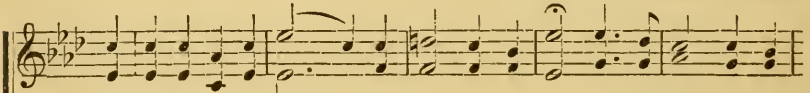
With songs of salvation, with timbrel and harp, His mercy and goodness proclaim,
 Let mountains and valleys the ech-o prolong, And nations the chorus repeat.
 Re-joice in the Lord, for he liveth again, Victorious o'er death and the grave.
 Ye isles of the ocean, come bow at his feet, And crown him your Saviour and King.
 Come, all ye redeemed ones, unite in the strain, Rejoice, as ye watch for the Lord!

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce, Tri-um-phantly sing,



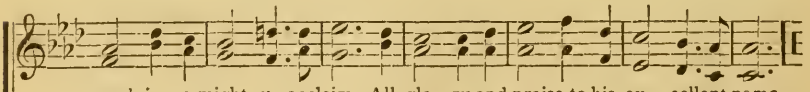
re-joyce, re-joyce, tri-um-phant-ly we'll sing, O sing,



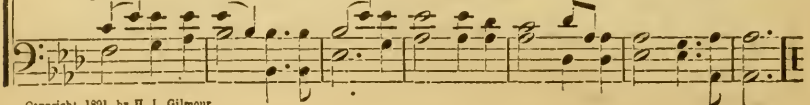
Rejoice, rejoice, re-joyce, In Je-sus our King; Let the whole earth re-



re-joyce, rejoice,



spond, in a might-y acclaim, All glo-ry and praise to his ex-cel-lent name.



New Songs.

5

E. E. HEWITT.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. New songs, new songs for Jesus; His is the morning dew, So love-ly in its
 2. New songs, new songs for Jesus; The hidden spring so bright Must send its sparkle
 3. New songs, new songs for Jesus, Songs in the night of pain He gives to those who
 4. New songs for all his leading, As step by step we rise, And wider grows the

freshness, So let our songs be new. New songs for all his teach- ing; For
 upward, New fountains of delight; For all our springs are in him. Un-
 trust him, A chastened, sweet refrain; So lov- ing - ly he listens, Though
 prospect, And nearer beam the skies; New songs for perfect wis - dom, For

ev- ery added line, Oh, dear and gracious Master, We'll sing thy truth divine.
 failing, pure, and true. Oh, let the streams flow freely. His praises ev- er new.
 faint the mel- o - dy, He'll set the low heart-mu- sic To higher, gladder key.
 purest, richest love; Then, welcome to his glo - ry, New songs to him above.

CHORUS.

"As ma - ny wa - ters" mingling In grand - est har - mo - ny,

The "new, new song," new song of heav - en. Shall rise e - ter - nal - ly.

Why Stand We Here Idle?

WM. STEVENSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Why stand we here i - dle? there's work to be done, Life's la- bors will
 2. The Mas- ter is call- ing, oh, what shall we do? The harvest is
 3. When sheaves are safe gathered, and harvest is past, With songs of re-

end with the setting of sun; The fields are all white to the harvest to-day,
 great, but the laborers are few; We'll work in his vineyard, the workers are blest,
 joicing we'll gather at last; And when the great throne we are called to surround,
D.S.—la - bor for Jesus we'll reckon as hard,

Fine. CHORUS.
 The Master is calling,—haste, reapers, away. O, dream not of ease, there is
 When labor is ended there cometh sweet rest.
 Our names in the Lamb's book of life shall be found.
 In toil or in suffering we'll find our reward.

rit...... *D.S.*
 work to be done, A har- vest to gather ere set- ting of sun; No

Lead Them to the Light.

7

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. Alt.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There are thousands waiting, waiting for a message from the Lord,
2. They are call-ing, "come and help us, lead us from the gloom of night,
3. Tell them that the bless-ed Mas-ter sends his ho-ly, lov-ing word,
4. There are thousands waiting, waiting for the light that shines from heav'n,

Wait-ing for the light of God; In the far off land of
Lead us to the light of God; Lead us to the Sun of
Hast-en with the light of God; O-ver sea and o-ver
Hast-en with the light of God; Send it forth and send it

darkness they are waiting for the light, Waiting for the light of God.
heav-en give us light, O give us light, Lead us to the light of God."
mountains let the joy-ful news be heard, Hasten with the light of God.
glad-ly, free-ly, free-ly was it given, Hasten with the light of God.

CHORUS.

Tell them that it shineth bright, Shines for one and all; Tell them that its blessed rays

Over them shall fall; Tell them, lead them, Lead them to the light of God.

Heaven in the Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. "The kingdom of God is within you,"—Luke xvii: 21. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a "heaven in the heart," when salvation we know, And the bright, living
 2. There's a "heaven in the heart," when its doors open wide, Our Redeemer comes
 3. There's a "heaven in the heart," for the kingdom's "within," where the pow'r of his
 4. If this "heaven in the heart" even now is so sweet, What the measure of

wa - ters a - bundant - ly flow; When par - don and peace in the
 in, ev - er - more to a - bide; He gra - cious - ly smiles on our
 grace is sub - du - ing its sin; The light of his face is the
 bliss when the work is complete? We'll walk with the Master in

Saviour we've found, And the tones of his voice like sweet music resound.
 off'rings of love, While he brings us a fore-taste of glories a - bove.
 sunshine most fair, And the fruits of the Spir - it are blossom - ing there.
 garments made white, In the home of the Father, the cit - y of light.

CHORUS.

Oh, what joys the soul a - wait, Ere we pass the pearl - y gate;

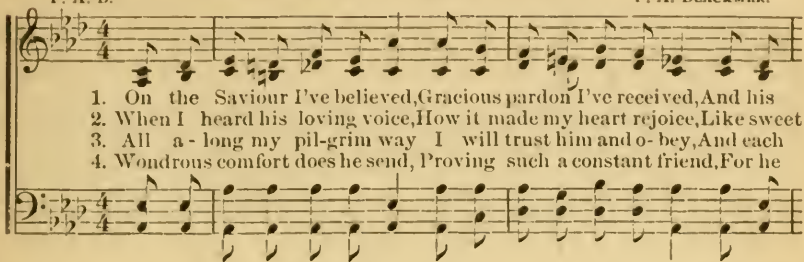
When we choose the bet - ter part Heav - en dawns within the heart.

Glory, I'm Redeemed.

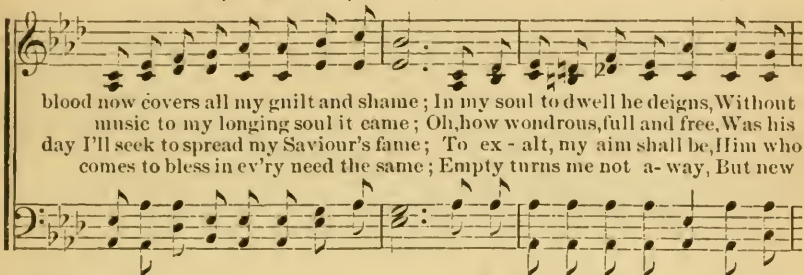
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F. A. B.

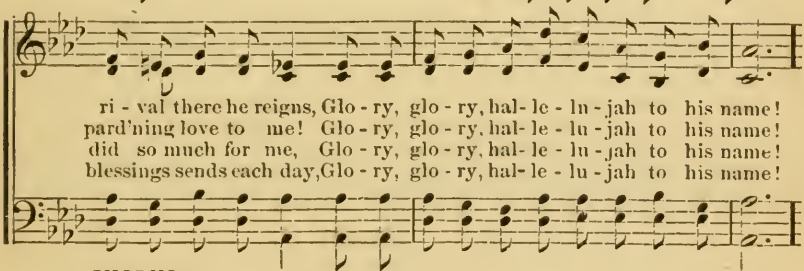
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. On the Saviour I've believed, Gracious pardon I've received, And his
2. When I heard his loving voice, How it made my heart rejoice, Like sweet
3. All a - long my pil - grim way I will trust him and o - bey, And each
4. Wondrous comfort does he send, Proving such a constant friend, For he

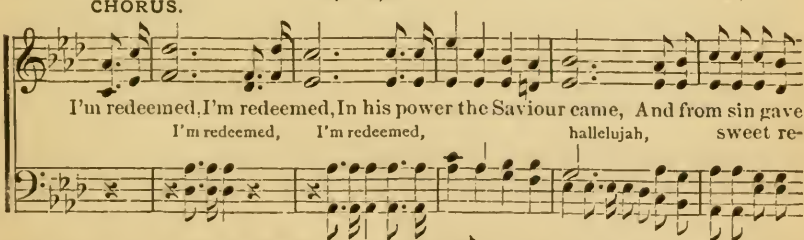


blood now covers all my guilt and shame; In my soul to dwell he deigns, Without
music to my longing soul it came; Oh, how wondrous, full and free, Was his
day I'll seek to spread my Saviour's fame; To ex - alt, my aim shall be, Him who
comes to bless in ev'ry need the same; Empty turns me not a - way, But new



ri - val there he reigns, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
pard'ning love to me! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
did so much for me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
blessings sends each day, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah to his name!

CHORUS.



I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, In his power the Saviour came, And from sin gave
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, hallelujah, sweet re-



lease, Filled my soul with heav'nly peace, Glory, glory, hallelujah to his name!

Lay Aside Thy Fears.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lay aside thy fears, O pilgrim, There's a habi - ta - tion fair, On the
 2. Live thine earth-life for God's glory, 'Neath the shadow of his wings, In his
 3. In their loving hands they'll bear thee, Lest thou wound thy way-worn feet, They [are

shores of life's clear river, Waiting for thee over there; Where no evil shall be-
 loving arms he'll fold thee, Sweetest rest his service brings; Guardian angels he will
 ever, ever near thee, Bending low their faces sweet; Live thy life then all for

fall thee, Cares and sorrows come not nigh, There the Saviour soon shall call thee,
 send thee, Watching o'er thee day by day, And their presence strength will lend thee,
 Je - sus, Who so kindly guardeth thee, Let thy soul to his glad service

CHORUS.

To a home of light on high. Then beyond life's gleaming river, In a
 They will keep thee in the way.
 Ev - er con - se - cra - ted be.

hab - i - ta - tion fair, We shall happy be for - ev - er, If we're true and

poco rit. A A A A

faithful here, We shall happy be for- ev - er, If we're true and faithful here.

Live it Out.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. How - ev - er weak your faith to-day, Live it out, live it out, live it
2. The love that burns with fit-ful glow, Live it out, live it out, live it
3. The truth you hold within your heart, Live it out, live it out, live it
4. The power the Spir - it gives within, Live it out, live it out, live it

Fine.

out! live it out! And work for Jesus while you pray, Live, live it out!
 out! live it out! For on-ly thus 'twill brighter grow, Live, live it out!
 out! live it out! And peace to oth-er souls impart, Live, live it out!
 out! live it out! To stand for God, to war with sin, Live, live it out!

D.S.—oth-ers your sal - vation see, Live, live it out!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

O, let your life a witness be That Christ our Lord has made you free, Let

As the Bird Flies Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. As the bird flies home to its parent nest, When the hunter seeks his prey,
 2. When the winds are cold, and the days are long,
 And thy soul from care would hide,
 3. Oh, the tranquil joy of that dear retreat, Where the Saviour bids thee rest,
 4. 'Tis the Lord thy God that to thee has said, He will guide thee with his eye;

O child of God, to thy Father haste, From the tempter's snare away.
 Fly back, fly back to thy Father then, And beneath his wings a-bide.
 With steadfast hope, and a trusting faith, In his love secure and blest.
 In all thy need, like the weary dove, To thy on - ly ref - uge fly.

CHORUS.

Under his wings thy defence shall be, He with his feathers will cover thee,

Cov - er thee, cov - er thee, He with his feathers will cov - er thee.

Serve the Lord with Gladness.

13

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Serve the Lord with gladness," For his joy is strength; Strength for work and
 2. Serve the lov- ing Fa- ther, As his hap- py child, Drinking from love's
 3. Serve the Lord with gladness; "Yet a lit- tle while," Walking in the

eon- flict, All thy journey's length; Come before his pres- ence
 fount- ain Pleasures un- de- filed; Serve the ris- en Sa- viour,
 sun- shine Of his gracious smile; Then in his bright tem- ple

With a joy- ful song, Do his will with praises, Like the an- gel throng.
 With glad heart, and free, For his blood so precious Bought thy liber- ty.
 Serving ev- er- more;—Oh, for hope so blessed, Praise him o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

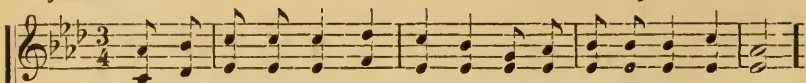
1st.
 Serve the Lord, serve the Lord, Serve the Lord with gladness, Come before his

2d.
 presence With a joyful song; Come before his presence With a joyful song.

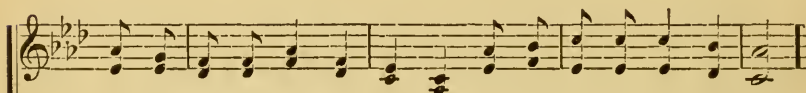
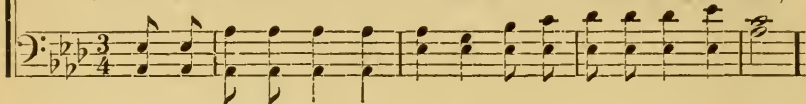
Send the Tidings.

JAMES L. BLACK.

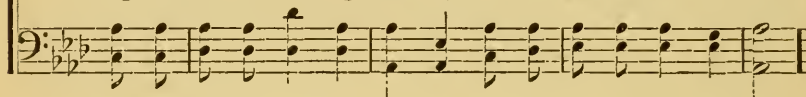
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Send the tidings, hap - py tidings, Like an arrow, through the world;
2. Lo, the flaming sword of justice O - ver E - den hangs no more;
3. Send the tidings of de - liv'rance, To the captive bound in chains;
4. On the blessed name of Je - sus Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve,



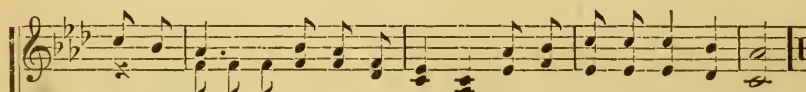
Christ hath conquered. see the standard Of his mer - cy now unfurled.
 For the bleeding hands of Je - sus O - pen wide the bolt - ed door.
 Christ hath triumphed o'er the tempter, He the King of glo - ry reigns.
 Through his all - a - ton - ing mer - it, Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive.



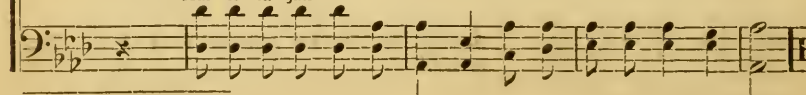
CHORUS.



Halle - lu - - jah to the Fa - ther, Halle - lu - - jah to the Son,
 Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah



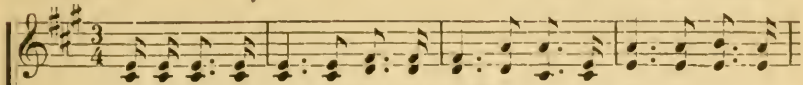
Halle - lu - - jah to the Spir - it, Love's redeeming work is done.
 Hal - le - lu - jah



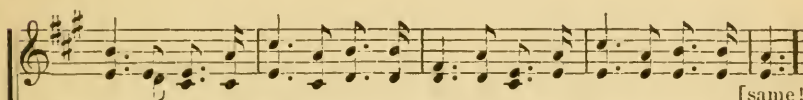
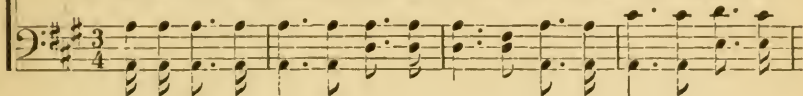
Can a Boy Forget his Mother? 15

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER, By per.

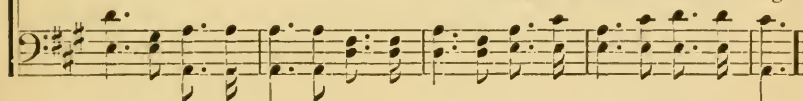


1. Can a boy forget his mother's prayer, When he has wandered, God knows
2. Can a boy forget his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with
3. Can a boy forget his mother's door, From which he wandered years be-
4. Can a boy forget that she is dead, Though many years have passed and

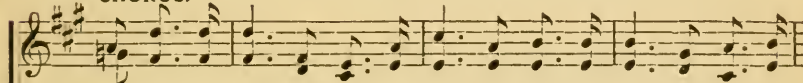


[same!
where? Its down the path of death and shame, But mother's prayers are heard the
grace? Her loving voice it echoes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, beyond the sky!"
fled? Those tears, that prayer, that sweet "Good-bye;"

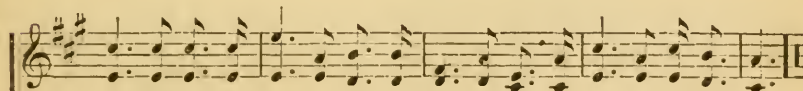
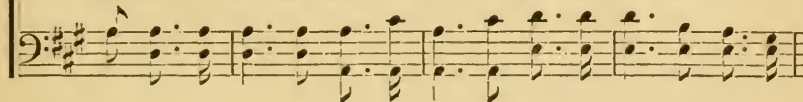
She waits to welcome thee on high!



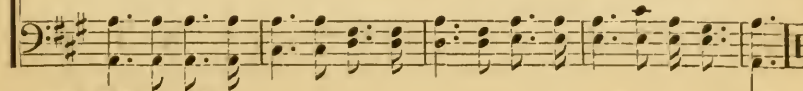
CHORUS.



Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now in thy mother's



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



The Great Day.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. The great day is nearing, For Je - sus' appear - ing, And so would I
 2. But rich grace is offered, And strong help is proffered, That safe I may
 3. That grace, I'll receive it, That word, I'll believe it, And walking by

watch, as I pray, With lamp trimm'd and burning, For my Lord's returning, Lest
 go on my way; The truth ever knowing, In grace ev - ergrowing, O,
 faith all the way, When Je - sus shall call me, No fear shall appal me, For

REFRAIN.

I be not ready for that day. I want to be ready for that day;
 I *may* be ready for that day. O, I may be ready for that day;
 I shall be ready for that day. O, I shall be ready for that day;

I want to be ready for that day, With lamp trimmed and burning, For
 Yes, I may be ready for that day, With lamp trimmed and burning, For
 Yes, I shall be ready for that day, With lamp trimmed and burning, For

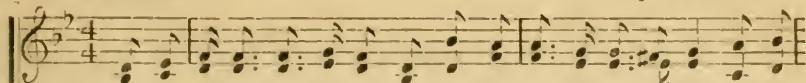
my Lord's re - turning; I want to be read - y for that day.
 my Lord's re - turning; O, I may be read - y for that day.
 my Lord's re - turning; O, I shall be read - y for that day.

No Better Friend.

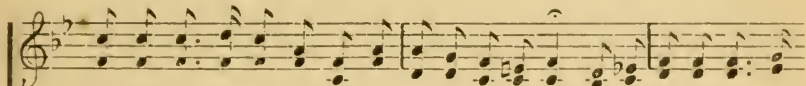
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L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

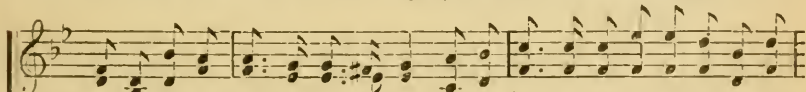
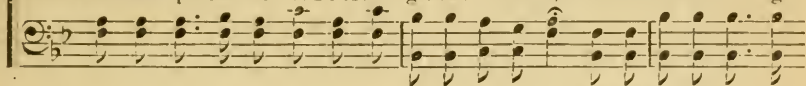


1. There's no better friend than Jesus, Ah, no other friend so good! Such his
2. There's no better friend than Jesus, Surely, he's the best of all, Heart so
3. There's no better friend than Jesus, Friend of friends the very best, More and

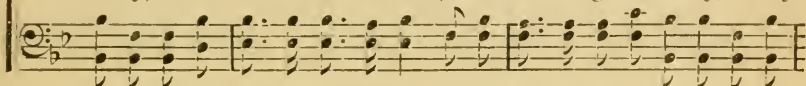


love, he died to save me, In the sinners place he stood: Now he offers freest
tender for my sorrow, Hand from which my blessings fall;

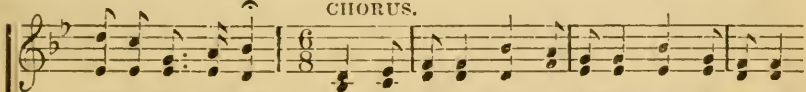
Power that keeps me from the
more I find him precious Since I first his grace confessed: Prince of Life and King of



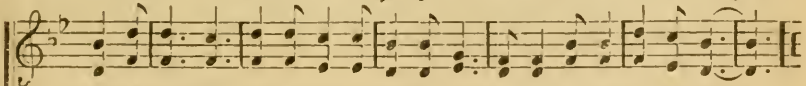
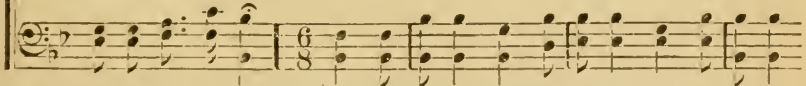
pardon, Gifts from boundless stores of grace, And new proofs of loving kindness In my
tempter, When I'm closest at his side, Safe upholding, gentlest leading, Of this
Glory, Yet a brother and a friend, Jesus, al - to - gether lovely, Let my



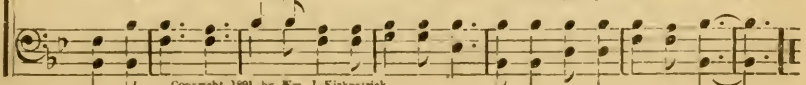
CHORUS.



daily life I trace. There's no better friend, no better friend, No better
dear, almighty Guide,
praises have no end.



friend than Jesus, Loving him the first and best, Living, dying, I am blest.



Praying for Me.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Breaking through mists of the val - ley Sunbeams of blessing I see,
 2. When in life's conflict I fal - ter, When o'er its trials I grieve,
 3. In the dark hour of tempta - tion, When earthly helpers all flee,
 4. Cheered by this precious assur - ance. Forth at his bidding I go,

On the high throne of his glo - ry Jesus is praying for me.
 Then will I look up to Je - sus, Praying for all who be - lieve.
 Then let me cling to my Saviour, Watching and praying for me.
 Knowing that he whom I'm trusting All needful grace will be - stow.

CHORUS.

Praying for me, . . . Praying for me,
 Praying for me, . . . Praying for me.

Jesus is praying for me, for me; Praying for me, . . .
 Praying for me,

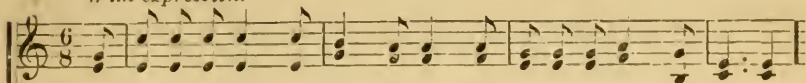
Praying for me, . . . Jesus is praying for me, for me.
 Praying for me,

Don't Let it be Said, Too Late. 19

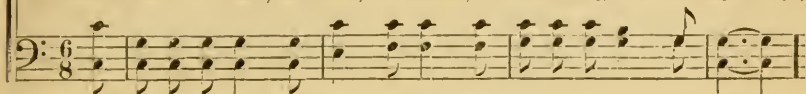
IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

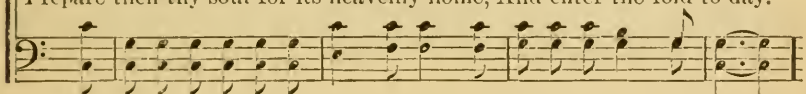
With expression.



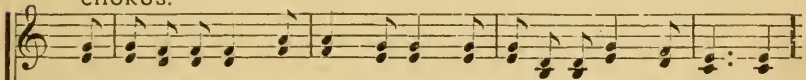
1. Don't let it be said, too late, too late To enter the kingdom fair,
2. Don't let it be said, too late, O friend, That thou must forever stand
3. Don't let it be said, too late; but come, There's naught to win by delay ;



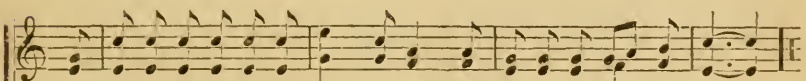
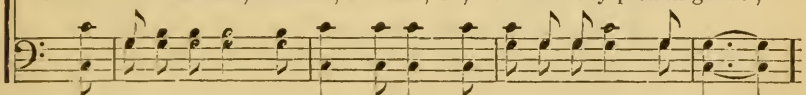
That thou, all in vain, by the jeweled gate Must wait in the darkness there.
Outside of the bright jasper walls for aye, Shut out from the golden land.
Prepare then thy soul for its heavenly home, And enter the fold to-day.



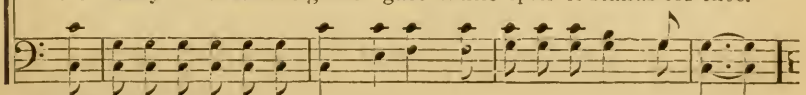
CHORUS.



Don't let it be said, too late, too late, Or, vain will thy pleadings be ;



Be ready to enter the golden gate While open it stands for thee.



Holding On to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am hold- ing on to Je - sus, For his love hath won my heart,
 2. I am hold- ing on to Je - sus, When the golden sunbeams play,
 3. I am hold- ing on to Je - sus, For I need his pow'r to keep,
 4. While I'm holding on to Je - sus Dai - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise,

And his grace the pray'r awak - ens, Let us nev - er, nev - er part;
 Lest the si - ren voice of pleasure Lure me from his side a - stray;
 When the storms of life roll o'er me, And "deep calleth un - to deep;"
 For the pierc - ed hand is leading To the home beyond the skies;

For 'tis not my hold I'm trusting, Weak, uncer - tain that may be,
 Ev - 'ry smil - ing gift is hallowed, When the joy is blessed by him,
 Then how sweet to feel the pleasure Of "the ev - er - last - ing arms,"
 Saviour, hold me clos - er, clos - er, Till the hap - py day, ere long,

But, he gives the glad as - surance, He is holding on to me.
 But, a step a - way from Je - sus Will the brightest sunshine dim.
 Resting on the Savionr's bosom, Sheltered there from all that harms.
 When I'll strike the harp of glo - ry, When I'll join the new, new song.

CHORUS.

Holding on, holding on, I am holding on to
 Holding on, holding on,

Je - sus, And he's holding on to me; Holding on, holding
 Holding on,

on, I am holding on to Jesus, And he's holding on to me.
 holding on,

Peace, Said the Master.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

"Peace I leave with you."—John xiv : 27. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Peace," said the Master, Long years ago : His bene- diction Still we may know.
2. Beanti- ful blessing, Tender farewell, Its wealth of meaning, O, who can tell?
3. Peace in the Saviour, Precious and sweet, Rest on his bosom, Rest at his feet.
4. Peace like a river, Gentle and calm, Bearing the weary Heart's ease and balm.

CHORUS.

Coming to Je- sus, Coming to Je- sus, Resting and trusting, O how sweet !
 O how sweet !

Come Home.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

W. F. COSNER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. The Sa - viour in - vites you, poor wand'r'er, to come, The Fa - ther is
 2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
 3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
 4. Come home, trembling mourner, oh, come and be blest, Here lay down your

wait - ing to wel - come you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
 per - ish when plen - ty is near? Oh, leave the lone des - ert where
 lin - ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un - worth - y, with
 bur - dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone - ly and wild; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
 shadows are piled; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
 sin all de - filed; The Fa - ther will wel - come his prod - i - gal child!
 God re - conciled; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
 Come home, come home,

Humbly Trusting.

23

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Blessed Saviour, look with fa- vor On a soul that comes to thee;
2. Saviour, guide me, walk beside me, Take and hold my hand in thine;
3. Saviour, feed me, gent- ly lead me Where the liv- ing wa- ters flow;
4. Thou hast bought me, kindly sought me, Thou hast sealed me for thine own;

Sin confess- ing, seeking blessing, Pardon, cleanse, and set me free.
Then will duty glow with beauty, Kindled by thy love di- vine,
Or if sorrow dim the morrow, Help me, cheer me as I go.
Now en- fold me, Lord, uphold me, Thine for- ev - er, thine a - lone.

CHORUS.

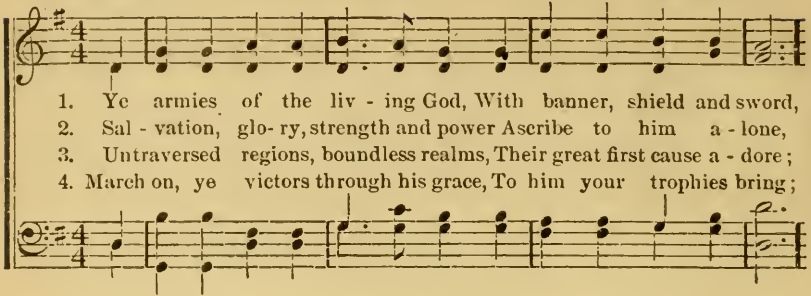
I am trusting, humbly trusting, In the blood once shed for me;

Now confessing, seeking blessing, Saviour, cleanse and set me free.

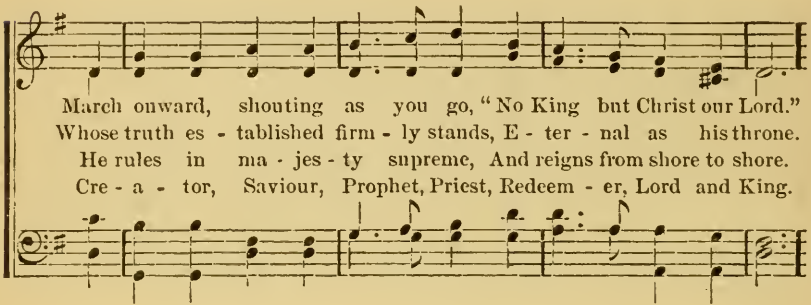
No King but Christ.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

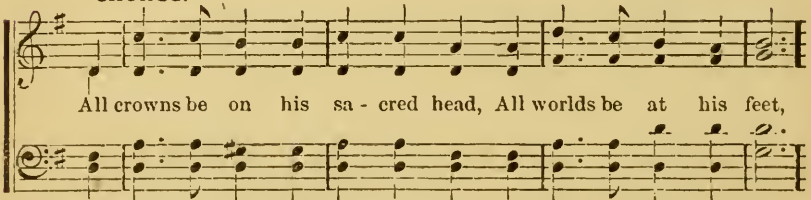


1. Ye armies of the liv - ing God, With banner, shield and sword,
 2. Sal - vation, glo - ry, strength and power Ascribe to him a - lone,
 3. Untraversed regions, boundless realms, Their great first cause a - dore;
 4. March on, ye victors through his grace, To him your trophies bring;

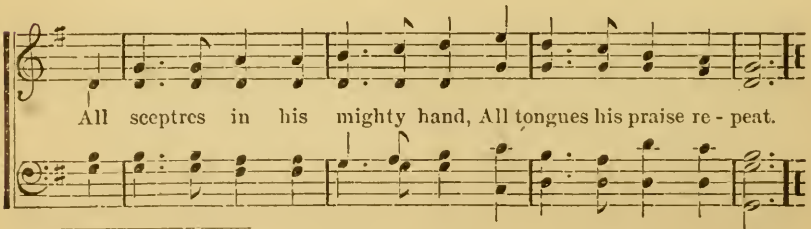


March onward, shouting as you go, "No King but Christ our Lord."
 Whose truth es - tablished firm - ly stands, E - ter - nal as his throne.
 He rules in ma - jes - ty supreme, And reigns from shore to shore.
 Cre - a - tor, Saviour, Prophet, Priest, Redem - er, Lord and King.

CHORUS.



All crowns be on his sa - cred head, All worlds be at his feet,



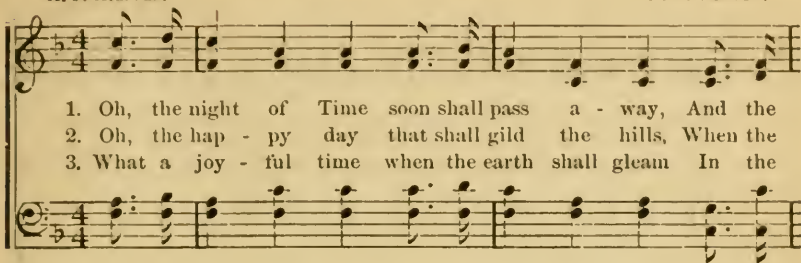
All sceptres in his mighty hand, All tongues his praise re - peat.

The Morning Light.

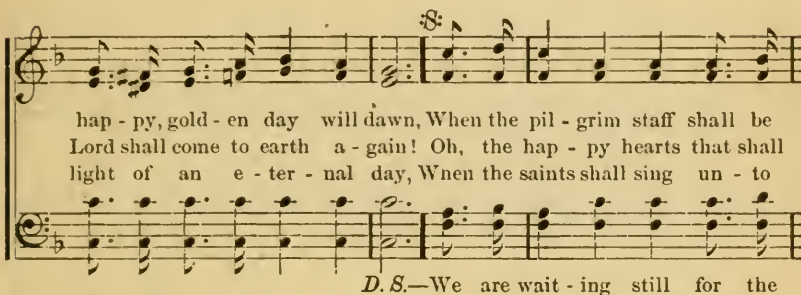
25

A. S. KIEPFER.

D. E. DORTCH.



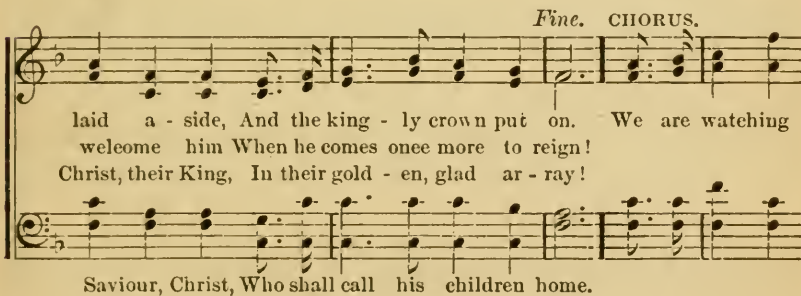
1. Oh, the night of Time soon shall pass a - way, And the
2. Oh, the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the
3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the



hap - py, gold - en day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be
Lord shall come to earth a - gain! Oh, the hap - py hearts that shall
light of an e - ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un - to

D. S.—We are wait - ing still for the

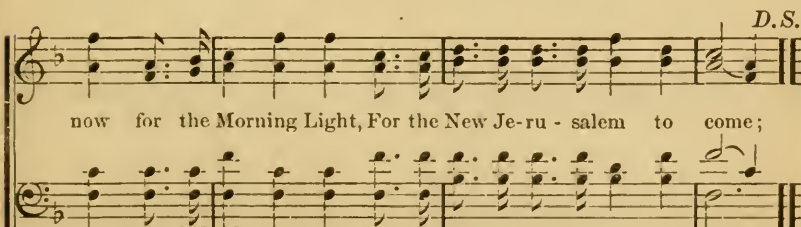
Fine. CHORUS.



laid a - side, And the king - ly crown put on. We are watching
welcome him When he comes once more to reign!
Christ, their King, In their gold - en, glad ar - ray!

Saviour, Christ, Who shall call his children home.

D. S.



now for the Morning Light, For the New Je - ru - salem to come;

Which Will You Choose?

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sinner, while in careless pleasure Life is pass-ing swift a - way,
 2. With e - ter - nal years be - fore you Dare you an - y risk to take?
 3. Can you say the words out boldly: "Ev - er - last - ing death I'll choose!"

Hear the words that God has spoken; May they reach your heart to-day.
 Now is all the time that's promised An - y soul the choice to make.
 Ah, beware! by sim - ple ac - tion You the gift of life re - fuse.

CHORUS.

Life and death are set be - fore you, One of these you must re - fuse;

Life and death are set be - fore you, For e - ter - ni - ty you choose.

4 Will you doom your soul to torture?
 Keen remorse the lost ones know;
 Will you miss the songs of heaven
 For the ceaseless cries of woe?

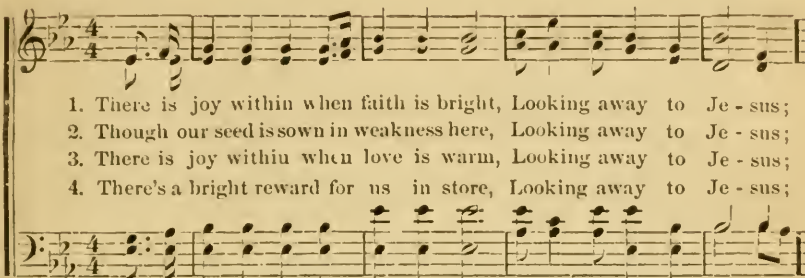
5 Oh, that life of fadeless glory,
 Filled with joys forever new!
 Sin and death removed forever,—
 All this blessedness for you.

Looking Away to Jesus.

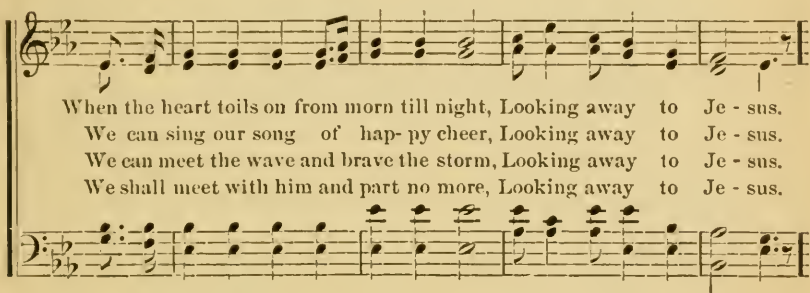
27

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

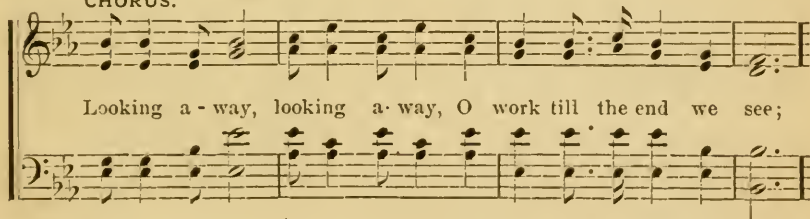


1. There is joy within when faith is bright, Looking away to Je - sus;
2. Though our seed is sown in weakness here, Looking away to Je - sus;
3. There is joy within when love is warm, Looking away to Je - sus;
4. There's a bright reward for us in store, Looking away to Je - sus;

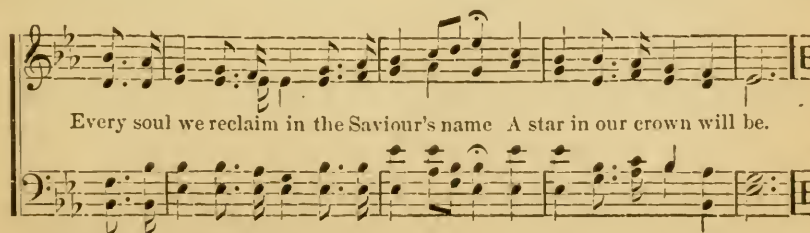


When the heart toils on from morn till night, Looking away to Je - sus.
We can sing our song of hap - py cheer, Looking away to Je - sus.
We can meet the wave and brave the storm, Looking away to Je - sus.
We shall meet with him and part no more, Looking away to Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Looking a - way, looking a - way, O work till the end we see;



Every soul we reclaim in the Saviour's name A star in our crown will be.

At the Setting of the Sun.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, the harvest days are pleasant, When the Master's work we do
 2. O, the harvest days are pleasant, If each others good we seek,
 3. O, the harvest days are pleasant, If we spend them as we ought,

With a cheerful qui - et spir - it, And his glo - ry still in view;
 And remove the heav - y burdens From the shoulders of the weak;
 If we heed the words of counsel By our Lord and Saviour taught;

For we know that when the reaping And the binding here are done,
 If our hands are linked togeth - er And our hearts and hopes are one,
 Then a crown of life e - ter - nal In his kingdom shall be won,

We shall all go home from la - bor At the set - ting of the sun.
 We may look for rest from la - bor At the set - ting of the sun.
 When we all go home re - joic - ing At the set - ting of the sun.

CHORUS.

At the set - - - - - ting of the sun, In the
 At the set - ting of the sun, At the set - ting of the sun, In the

fields beyond the sky; Every sheaf that here we
 fields beyond the sky, In the fields beyond the sky; Every sheaf that here we gather, Every

gath - - - er Will be gar - - - nered by and by.
 sheaf that here we gather, Will be garnered by and by. Will be garnered by and by.

FANNY J. CROSBY. **We Feedeth His Flock.** JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd, And tenderly guideth their way;
 2. He never will leave nor forsake them. His own he hath promised to keep;
 3. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd, And makes them in him to rejoice;
 4. He feedeth his flock like a shepherd, And oh, 'twill be rapture un - told,

f *Fine.*

His banner of mercy is o'er them, Their refuge by night and by day.
 So great was his love and compassion, He laid down his life for the sheep.
 They walk in the light of his presence, And know the glad sound of his voice.
 When all shall be gathered togeth-er, At home in the dear upper fold.

D.S.—lov-eth the faithful that trust him, And loveth them unto the end.

CHORUS!

D.S.

O won - - der-ful Saviour, Precious Redeemer and Friend; He
 O won - der-ful, wonder-ful

'Tis Only to Thee.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When weary and worn with the conflict of life, And longing to rest from the
 2. Though darkness encircle my day like a pall, I fear not, for Je- sus hath
 3. Then, safe in my refuge from sorrow and sin, I fear not the foes from with-
 4. Whatev- er betide me, of sorrow or ill—Whatev- er of gladness my

la - bor and strife, O Je- sus my Saviour, I flee un - to thee, Thou
 ordered it all; Though sometimes the way I may not understand, He
 out or within. For in his dear presence from all I can hide, And
 measure may fill,—Secure in the arms of my Saviour I rest, Con-

CHORUS.

on - ly my hope and my solace canst be. O Je- sus, my Saviour, 'Tis
 loves me, he leads me, he holdeth my hand.
 trusting, and loving, with Je - sus abide.
 tent he should lead me as seemeth him best.

on - ly to thee, Thou help of the helpless, Thy children can flee; 'Tis

on - ly to thee, On - ly to thee, Je - sus, my Saviour, 'Tis only to thee.

As We are Known.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. "We shall know as we are known," When the years, unveiled, are shown In the
 2. "We shall know as we are known," And the blessed guiding own, That has
 3. "We shall know as we are known," Ev-'ry trembling undertone Lost in

glo-ry of the Morning Land; Then the Master will explain Ev-'ry
 compassed all our ways with love, Sowing, in the darksome night, Seeds of
 chords of noblest har-mo-ny, Notes that seemed as discord here, Now the

CHORUS.

link in mercy's chain, Ev'ry onward step divinely plann'd. When we see our Saviour
 gladness and of light, Seeds to bloom in endless joy above.
 prelude, sweet and clear, Of the song to rise eternally. When we see

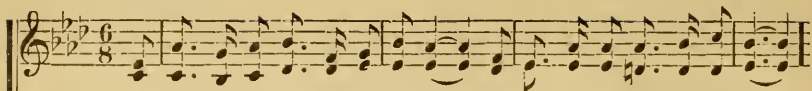
there, Made "like him" in beauty fair, When we meet.
 our Saviour there, Made "like him" in beauty fair, in beauty fair, When we

... around the throne, "We shall know as we are known."
 meet around the throne, know as we are known, as we are known.

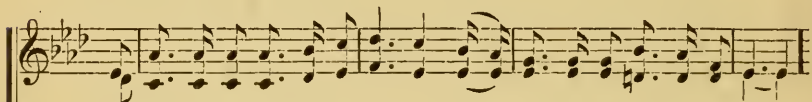
Infinite Love.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



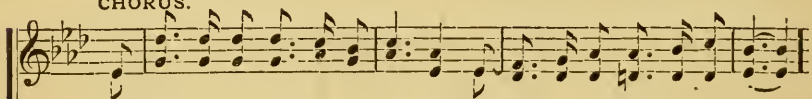
1. A light o'er my pathway is shining, Like the heavenly glory above,
2. I journey in darkness no longer, The victim of doubts and of fears;
3. The prospect grows fairer and brighter, As onward and upward I move;
4. So gladly I'll la- bor for Jesus, Each swift passing moment improve,
5. And soon in the realms of his glory, The bright, golden city a- bove,



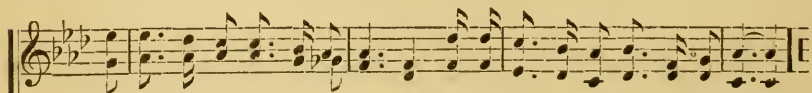
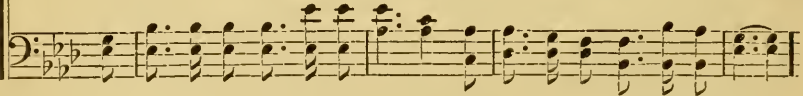
It beams from the face of my Saviour, 'Tis the sunlight of infi- nite love.
 For, ev - er above and around me, His in - finite love-light appears.
 Oh, glo - ry! my soul is rejoic - ing, In this wonderful in - fi - nite love.
 In telling to sinners around me The sto - ry of in - fi - nite love.
 For - ev - er I'll bask in the sunlight Of the smiles of his infi- nite love.



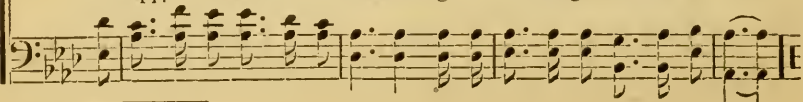
CHORUS.



I'll sing hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus, As onward to glo - ry I move;



So happy and safe while I'm walking In the sunlight of infinite love.




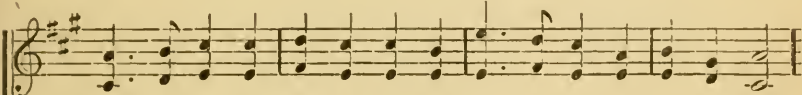
All is Love.

33

JENNIE GARNETT.


JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise to Je - sus For the gift of grace divine!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise to Je - sus, I have caught the sacred flame
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise to Je - sus For the prospect dear to me
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise to Je - sus, I am singing all the day,



What a moment! what a vis - ion Fills with joy this heart of mine!
On the ho - ly al - tar burning, Where the saints adore his name.
Of a mansion in his kingdom, Where with him I soon shall be.
While his gentle hand is dropping Countless blessings o'er my way.

CHORUS.



Oh, the brightness of his presence, Shedding now from heav'n above



Light within me, light around me, —All is glo - ry, all is love.

Hasten Thy Kingdom, Lord.

PERISCILLA J. OWENS.

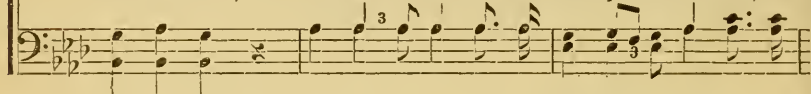
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



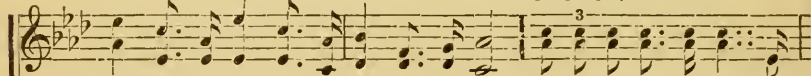
1. Sol-diers of Jesus, who follow his standard, Go forth with his gospel, o'er
2. Souls all around you, and souls in the distance, Are waiting the tidings of
3. Light for the heathen and love for thy neighbor, Thy light shall arise and thy



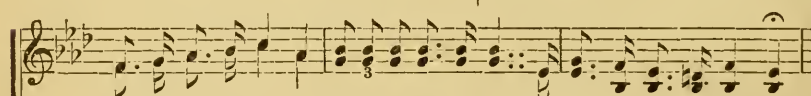
land and wave; Teach all the nations his word, as commanded, And
 love and peace; Hast-en to help them, they need your assistance, God's
 love o'er-flow; God leads thee forward to triumph and la-bor, His



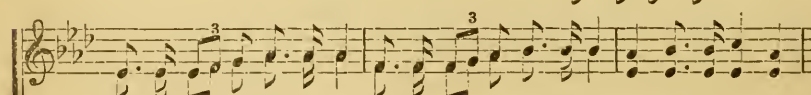
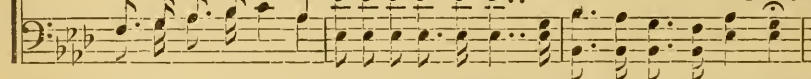
CHORUS.



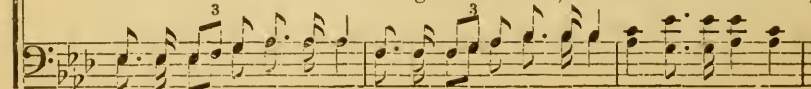
strike down the tyrant and lift up the slave. Hasten thy kingdom, Lord, the
 message shall enter, and sorrow shall cease.
 bounty, his blessing, thy heart then shall know.



darkness fades before thee, Banish earth's gloom and glare, with rays of heaven's
 [glory;



Christ shall reign from shore to shore,
 Christ shall reign forevermore, All hearts shall bless him,



Musical score for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "All tongues confess him, The world his name adore, The world his name adore, his name a-dore".

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Musical score for the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers: 2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways— 3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gild-ed toys of dust, 4. Since my eyes were fixed on Je- sus, I've lost sight of all be- sides; 5. Oh, what wonder! how a - mazing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings—".

Musical score for the continuation of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours. Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise. Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure: On - ly Je - sus will I trust. So enchained my spir- it's vis- ion, Looking at the Cru- ci - fied. Deigns to call me his be - lov- ed, Lets me rest beneath his wings." The piece ends with a *Fine.* marking.

D.S.—All for Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! I am his, and he is mine.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Musical score for the chorus of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "All for Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! All for Je - sus, gladly I re - sign;".

The Rainbow Round the Throne.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When the clouds hang dark and heavy, And the rolling surge we hear,
 2. When we stand a - mid the con - flict Of the bat - tle rag - ing high,
 3. When the veil of time is lift - ed, And the shadows melt a - way,

When no earth - ly pow'r can shield us From the storm that most we fear,
 When the tempter seems to tri - umph, And our ranks desponding fly,
 When we fall a - sleep in Je - sus, And awake in end - less day,

O 'tis then our Father's pres - ence To the trust - ing heart is shown,
 With the fleetness of an ar - row God's protect - ing care is shown,
 When the bat - tle march is end - ed, And our cares and tears have flown,

In a bright and glorious vis - ion Of the rainbow round the throne.
 In the brightness that de - scend - eth From the rainbow round the throne.
 We shall gaze, and gaze for - ev - er, On the rainbow round the throne.

CHORUS.

O the rainbow round the throne! Lovely rainbow round the throne!

Ev - er bril - liant, ev - er sparkling Shines the rainbow round the throne.

Musical score for 'The Rainbow' in G-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Brighter Every Day.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The way grows brighter every day, Just as God said it would; His
 2. O, sweet the light of faith that breaks When first the cross we see, And
 3. But sweeter yet to surely know Our path will shine still more, That
 4. Come, bear your witness, friends, and say, In grateful glad refrain, The

Musical score for 'Brighter Every Day' in G-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHORUS.

promises in Christ are "yea, amen," he makes them good. Brighter every day,
 sweet the light of love that wakes The heart's true melody.
 faith and hope and love will grow, And praise more freely soar.
 way grows brighter every day, Till heaven's light we gain.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'Brighter Every Day' in G-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Clearer all the way, The way grows brighter every day, Till heaven's light we gain.

Musical score for the final line of 'Brighter Every Day' in G-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . . The flow'rs that
 2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, . . . And marks the
 3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we
 4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with

grow . . . beneath our feet, . . . And fragrance breathe a-long the
 path . . . that we should go ; . . . And when at times . . . our sky is
 lean, . . . in him we rest ; . . . The more we trust . . . our Shepherd's
 him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . . Till safe we tread . . . the fields of

way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . .
 dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . .
 care, . . . The more his love . . . 'tis ours to share. . .
 light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . in per-fect sight. . .

43

CHORUS.

express.

We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

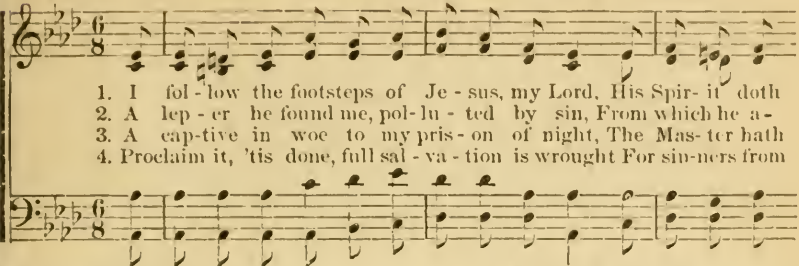
And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

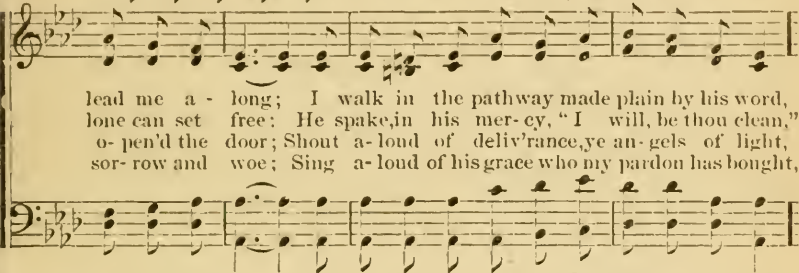
My Spirit is Free.

39

W. A. S.

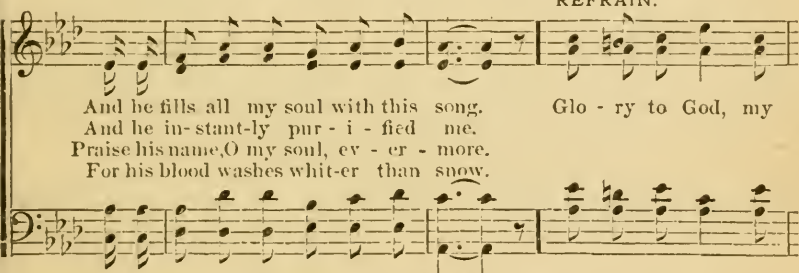
Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

- 
1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir - it doth
 2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lu - ted by sin, From which he a -
 3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas - ter bath
 4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from

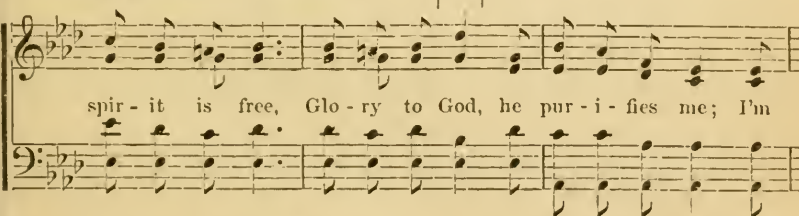


lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by his word,
none can set free: He spake, in his mer - cy, "I will, be thou clean,"
o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of deliv'rance, ye an - gels of light,
sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of his grace who my pardon has bought,

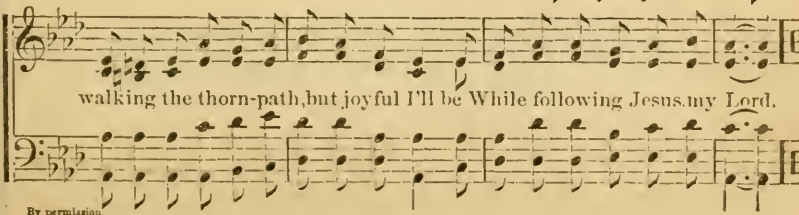
REFRAIN.



And he fills all my soul with this song. Glo - ry to God, my
And he in - stan - tly pur - i - fied me.
Praise his name, O my soul, ev - er - more.
For his blood washes whit - er than snow.



spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, he pur - i - fies me; I'm



walking the thorn - path, but joy - ful I'll be While following Jesus, my Lord.

Why Will Ye Die?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Ezek. xxxiii: 11.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Why will ye die, when promised life eternal,—When from thy guilt Christ
 2. Why will ye die, when bread is given free-ly,—When without price ye
 3. Why will ye die, when for thy full redemp- tion Je- sus, thy Saviour,
 4. Why will ye die beneath your heavy burdens, When Jesus calls, "Come

of- fers thee release? Why will ye choose the ways of sin and fol - ly,
 all may buy and eat? Why will ye faint be- side the flow- ing fountain,—
 died up- on the cross? Why will ye turn from gifts of endless val - ue,
 un- to me and rest?" Light is the bur - den of his lov- ing kindness;

CHORUS.

When wisdom's paths are pleasantness and peace? Why will ye die?
 Why taste his wrath, when pardon is so sweet?
 Try - ing to grasp earth's emptiness and dross?
 Eas - y the yoke of service he hath blest!

ritard.

Why will ye die? Je- sus is asking,—lost one, reply; "Just as I am,

thou dy - ing Lamb, Take me, and save me, just as I am.

Safe in the Glory Land.

41

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
 2. In the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to
 3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
 4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the

King leads on be - fore us, We are travelling home to the
 Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are travelling home at the
 bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
 Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

CHORUS.

heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the
 King's command, And our lamps are trimm'd and burning.
 King we see, And with him we hold communion.
 oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for - ev - er.

man - sions fair, Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear ;

O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land!

Clinging to Thee.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Father above, a blessing I seek, Speak to me now, O, tender-ly speak ;
 2. Saviour divine, whatever betide, Sheltered by thee, O, let me a-bide ;
 3. Spirit of love, my teacher and friend, Now like a dove, I pray thee, descend ;
 4. Father above, O Saviour divine, Spirit of love, all worship be thine ;

Dark is the way unless thou art near, Yet, with thy presence, no danger I fear.
 There I am safe, though surges may roll, Firm is my anchor, O Rock of my soul.
 Dwell in my heart, for then shall I sing Praise to my Saviour, Redeemer and King.
 Blessed triune, three persons in one, Here as in glory thy will shall be done.

CHORUS.

Cling - - ing to thee, cling - - ing to thee,
 Clinging to thee, clinging to thee, Clinging to thee, clinging to thee,

No oth-er ref - uge have I but thee,
 No oth-er ref-uge have I but thee, No oth-er ref-uge have I but thee,

Cling - - ing to thee, cling - - ing to thee,
 Clinging to thee, clinging to thee, Clinging to thee, clinging to thee,

Un - - - der thy shad - ow my trust shall ev - er be. . . .
 Un - der thy shad - ow my trust shall ev - er be,

Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by J. J. H.

1. How restless the soul of the wand'rer from Jesus! No spot in the wide world can
 Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly, Still farther and farther a-
2. His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning convictions are
 He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that labor, and

D. C.—And chords of "sweet home," that have long been reposing,
 By fingers unseen are a-
D. C. He ventures in weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by

Fine.

comfort afford. } Yet still there are moments of fond recollection,
 way from his Lord. } When bright scenes of
 tossing his breast. } He listens! the Spirit repeats the sweet message,
 I'll give you rest. } And turning from

wakened anew.
 Father at home.

D. C. 3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old
 homestead, [for his feet ;
 The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes
 He's clad in the garments his Father pro-
 vided, [plete.
 childhood come fresh to his view, Has feasting for famine, and resting com-
 fol - ly no longer to roam, Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to
 the Saviour,
 He patiently lingers to lavish his love ;
 His arm is outstretched to resene the needy.
 And bring you to mansions he's promised
 above.

44 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

P. ev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

Lift Your Eyes to the Cross.

45

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lift your eyes to the cross where the Lord of glo- ry died, Where the
2. Lift your eyes un - to him who is might- y now to save, Who will
3. Lift your eyes to the throne where he's pleading now for you, Look to

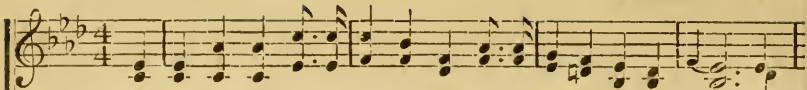
"sin of the world" Jesus bore; See the soul-cleansing stream from his
give you his par - don and love; Take the life that he of - fers, the
Je - sus, "the first and the last," Look in faith, till for - ev - er we

hands, his feet, and side, Look in faith, and be saved ev - er - more.
mercy, grace and peace, Take the hand that will lead you a - bove.
gaze up - on his face, When the riv - er of Jor - dan is passed.

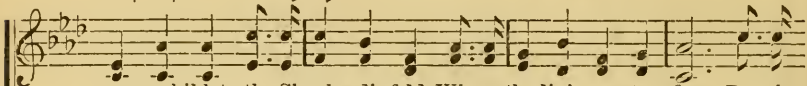
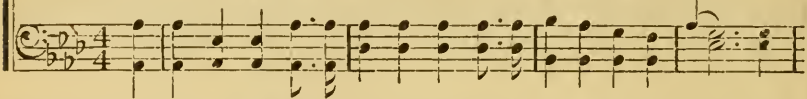
CHORUS.

Lift your eyes to the cross, to the wondrous cross,
Where the Lord of glory died; Lift your

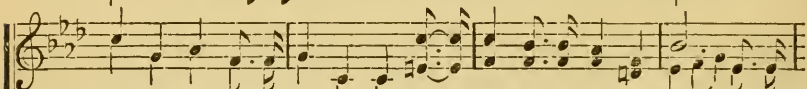
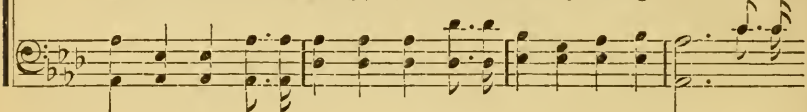
heart to the Saviour who gave his life for you, Come and dwell by his pierced side.



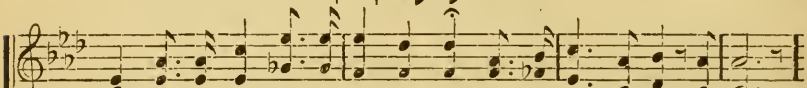
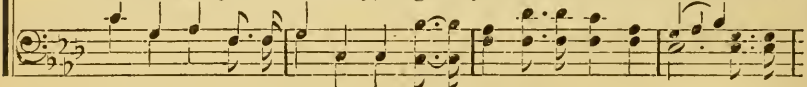
1. A voice is heard in the dewy dawn, And the call is sweet and low ; Come
2. The day is nearing the noontide glow, And the voice is heard again, It
3. The feet are treading the western slope, And the air is growing chill ; O,



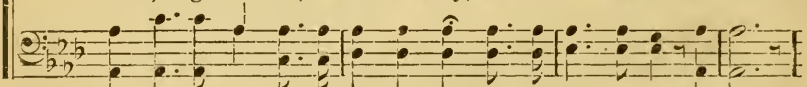
now, my child, to the Shepherd's fold, Where the living waters flow ; But the
calls the soul to a nobler life, 'Tis a patient, kind refrain ; Enter
can it be God is waiting yet, That his voice is pleading still ? That he'll



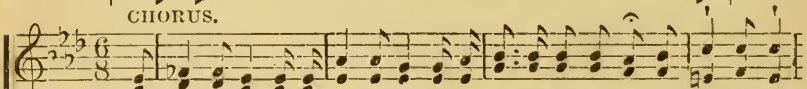
gay heart answers, in careless tones, As light as the morning chime, "Let me
now the Master's broad harvest field, In the strength of your early prime, Come and
flood with beauty the sunset sky, Bright rays from the Golden Clime ? But the



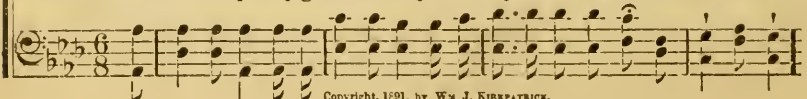
live for the world just a lit - tle while, I will turn to God—sometime."
bring to his work service good and true, Still the same reply—"sometime."
sinner, long-hardened, has turned away, With the fatal word—"sometime."



CHORUS.



Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!



ad lib.

Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

On to the Battle Front.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On to the battle front, Boldly to-day, Boldly to-day;
2. Fight the fight manful - ly, What do ye fear? What do ye fear?
3. Yield not an inch of ground, Though sorely pressed, Though sorely pressed;
4. Think of the crowns of joy Laid up in heav'n, Laid up in heav'n;

CHORUS.

Clad in your armor bright, Soldiers, a - way. Strike at the root of sin,
Wield the sword mightily, Je - sus is near.
Lay not your armor down, Stay not to rest.
Think that to you at last They may be given

Strike in your Leader's name; Viet'ry thro' him proclaim, Soldiers, a - way.

Come unto Me.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis the blessed Saviour call - ing, Come un - to me;
 2. How he longs for your re - turn - ing, Come, come a - way;
 3. On the cross be - hold him dy - ing, All, all for you;
 4. While the Spir - it now is plead - ing, Come, come a - way;

Precious words, like mu - sic fall - ing, Come un - to me.
 While the lamp of life is burn - ing, Come, come to - day.
 It is finished, hear him cry - ing, What will you do?
 And the Sav - iour in - ter - ceed - ing, Do not de - lay.

CHORUS.

In this hour of your pro - ba - tion, O ac - cept his great sal -

va - tion; Do not slight his in - vi - ta - tion, Come un - to me.

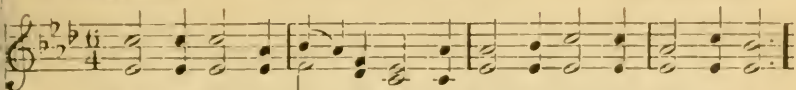
Bless Us Now.

49

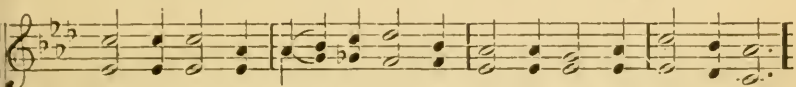
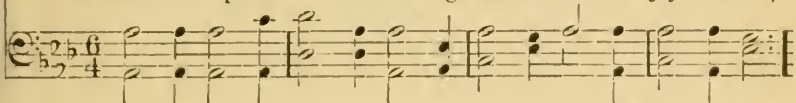
F. G. BURROUGHS.

INVOCATION HYMN. Mat. iii. 10.

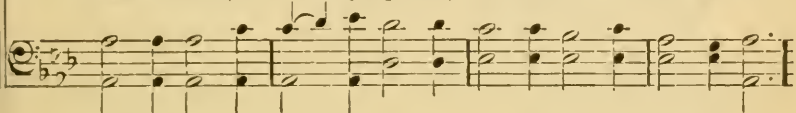
H. L. GILMOUR.



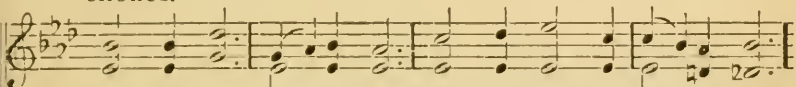
1. Heavenly Father, we thy servants Here are met with one accord,
2. O - pen thou our understand - ing, Break, O Lord, each mystic seal;
3. To renew our con - se - cra - tion We have gathered in thy name;
4. Fill our cups to o - ver - flowing With the oil of joy divine;



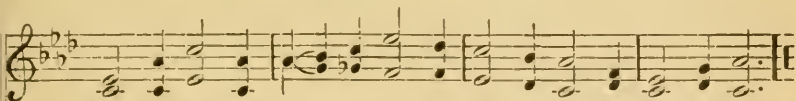
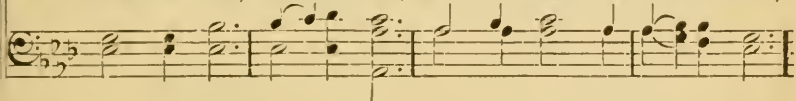
Seeking for thy ben - e - diction On the stud - y of thy word;
To this band of true dis - ci - ples Gracious - ly thyself reveal.
May the pen - ti - cos - tal pow - er Set our hearts with zeal aflame.
Feast our souls, O Ho - ly Spir - it, On the fruit of love's true vine.



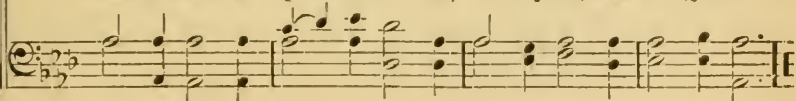
CHORUS.



Bless us now, bless us now, While our hearts be - fore thee bow;



Give to faith a glorious vis - ion, Of thyself, dear Lord, just now.



5 E'er again we face the conflict
Raging in this sinful world,
Let us sit in sweet communion
Where love's banner is unfurl'd.

6 Till our hearts shall burn within us
Thy salvation to proclaim.
Then, O Lord, prepare thy servants
Thus to glorify thy name.

Grace is Overflowing.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Bring your ves-sels—not a few, Grace is o-ver-flow-ing;
 2. Emp-ty ves-sels bring to him, Ask for larg-er measures;
 3. Hum-bly tell your ut-ter need, Well he knows the sto-ry;
 4. Oh, the won-ders of his love! Love that fails us nev-er;

Come, for mer-cies wait for you, While the Lord's bestow-ing.
 He will fill them to the brim, From his boundless treasures.
 Then his great sal-va-tion plead, To his name be glo-ry!
 We will sing his praise a-bove, By the shin-ing riv-er.

CHORUS.

Trust the prom-ise free-ly made, Nev-er will the oil be stayed,

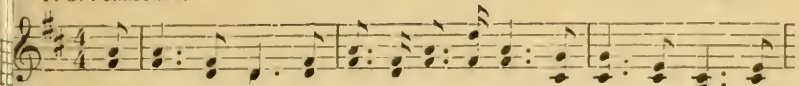
Never blessing cease to pour, While faith claims the "more and more."

Awake! Go Forth!

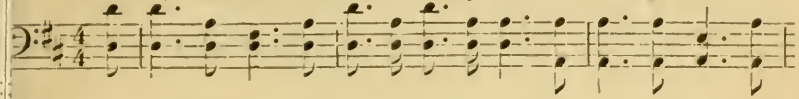
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F. G. BURROUGHS.

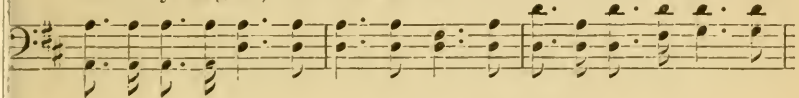
H. L. GILMOUR.



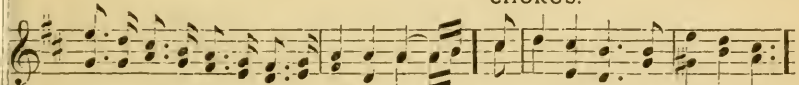
1. Awake, awake! the trumpet sounds the call, Go forth, go forth! the
2. Awake, awake! the peaceful leave behind, Go forth, go forth, ye
3. Awake, awake! nor halt in all the plain, Go forth, go forth, the



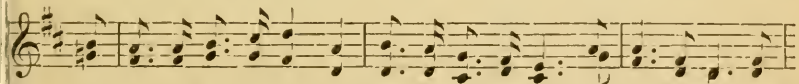
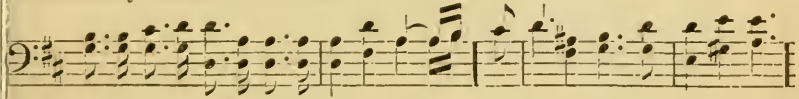
summons is to all, The foe is near, with forces great and strong; Then men of willing mind; Your standard raise, unfurl it to the breeze, Till vic - to - ry to gain; The foe will flee be - fore the cho - sen few That



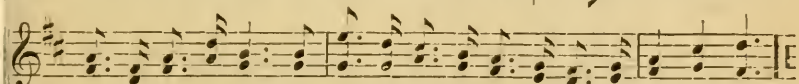
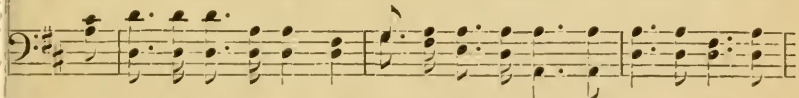
CHORUS.



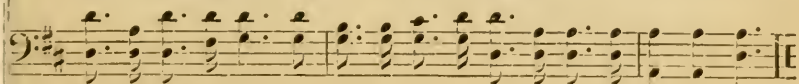
hasten to the battle ground, to strive with wrong. Awake, awake! ye sons of day, every enemy of truth your motto sees. answer every summons where there's work to do.



The ho - ly war is rag - ing, help the foe to stay! Go forth, go forth, and



join the zealous band, To fight for truth and freedom, and our soul's home-land.



Never a Day so Sunny.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. There's never a day so sun-ny But a lit-tle cloud appears; There
 2. There's never a cup so pleasant But has bitter with the sweet; There
 3. There's never a dream that's happy But the waking makes us sad; There
 4. There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight, There

never a life so hap-py But has had its time of tears, There's never a
 never a path so rug-ged That has not the print of feet, There's never a
 never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad, There's never a
 always a guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate, There's always a

CHORUS.

life so hap-py, But has had its time of tears. Ah, ah,
 path so rug-ged, That has not the print of feet. < > < >
 dream of sorrow, But the waking makes us glad.
 guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate.

Life's burdens, true, are great; But God will us de-liv-er, If patiently we

wait; And the angels will be near-er To the soul that's deso-late.

Keep Close to the Rock.

53

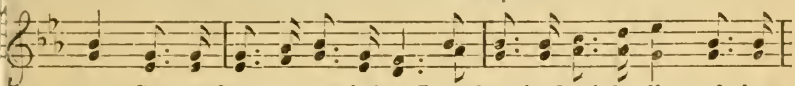
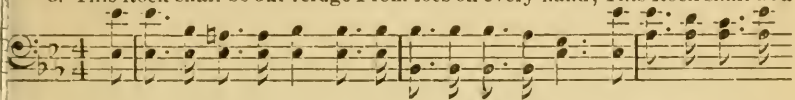
"Once more he pressed him tenderly in his arms, saying, Keep close to the Rock, my son, which were his last words."

F. G. BURROUGHS.

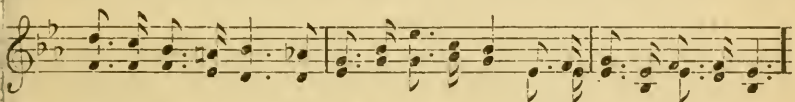
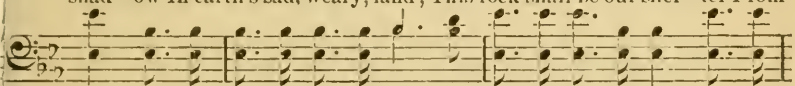
H. L. GILMOUR.



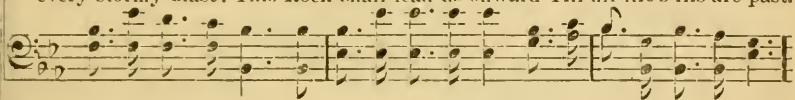
1. This life is like a vapor That soon shall pass away, While dangers seen and
2. Although the days are evil, For great is Satan's sway, His snares cannot o'er
3. This Rock shall be our refuge From foes on every hand; This Rock shall be a



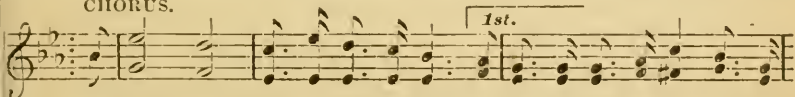
unseen Surround our steps each day; But when the death-knell soundeth we come us While by this Rock we stay; Hosts may encamp against us, Our shad - ow In earth's sad, weary, land; This rock shall be our shel - ter From



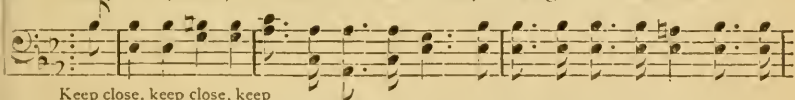
will not dread the shock, If we are ever keeping Close to the Living-Rock. hearts shall feel no fear If to the Rock, Christ Jesus, We're ever keeping near. every stormy blast: This Rock shall lead us onward Till all life's ills are past.



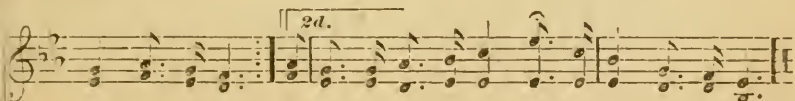
CHORUS.



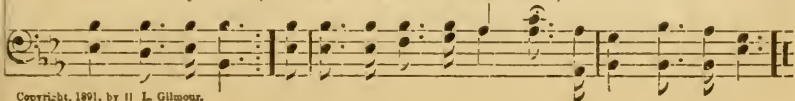
Keep close, close, close to Christ the Rock, For a - ges it has sheltered and



Keep close, keep close, keep



borne eve - ry shock, No harm shall e'er befall thee, When close to the Rock.



The Fountain of Truth.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the Saviour, Come in your youth, Drink from the flowing Fountain of truth;
 2. Come to the Saviour While it is day, Glad is his welcome, Do not delay ;
 3. Come, he will bless you ; Tender and true, Friend and Redeemer He'll be to you ;

Je- sus invites you, List to his voice, Pleading and tender, Hear and rejoice.
 More than all others He is your friend, Closer than brother's,—Unto life's end.
 Hasten to obey him, Wait not too long, Serve him with gladness, Willing and strong.

CHORUS.

Come to the Saviour, Come in your youth, Drink from the flowing Fountain of truth ;
 Come, come, come, come,

e to the Saviour, Come in your youth, Drink from the fadeless Fountain of truth.
 Come, come, come, come,

The Wings of the Morning.

55

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Let "the wings of the morning" my spir-it uplift, Un - to Je - sus, "the
 2. On "the wings of the morning" hosan-nas ascend To the throne of his
 3. Let "the wings of the morning" glad melodies bear, Blessed hopes of the

sun of my soul," For the light of sal- vation he sheds on my way, And the glo- ry above; My Redeemer is reigning, and soon this dark world Will be land fair and bright;
 Where no night ever comes, where no clouds dim the sky, Where the

CHORUS.

shadows of night backward roll. On "the wings of the morning" My filled with his knowledge and love.
 Lamb is for- ev - er the light. On "the wings

spir - it would fly. . . . To hold sweet communion With Jesus on high.

Jesus is Calling for Thee.

LID:R H. EDMUNDS.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O come, to Cal-va-ry turning, Je-sus is calling for thee; His heart so
 2. O hark! in life's sunny morning, Jesus is calling for thee; Sweet flowers thy
 3. O soul so burdened and weary, Jesus is calling for thee; He'll lift the
 4. But still the Saviour is calling, Jesus is calling for thee; Though now the

tenderly yearning, Jesus is calling for thee. Come now, and enter the
 pathway adorning, Jesus is calling for thee. He sends thee gladness and
 shadows so dreary, Jesus is calling for thee. In love thy troubles are
 night-dews are falling, Jesus is calling for thee. E'en though so long thou hast

fountain, Fountain of mercy so free; Though sin arise like a mountain,
 pleasure, Wilt thou not thank him to-day? Come now, and seek endless treasure,
 giv- en, Sorrow is on-ly his voice That bids thee look up to Heaven,
 slighted, Slighted salvation so great, Yet his own promise is plighted,

CHORUS.

Je- sus is call- ing for thee. Call- ing, call- ing, Je- sus is
 Joys that are brighter than day.
 Look, and in Je- sus re- joice.
 Come; Je- sus stands at the gate.

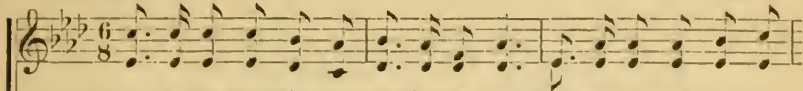
calling for thee, Call- ing, call- ing, Je- sus is call- ing for thee.

Purity, Whiter than Snow,

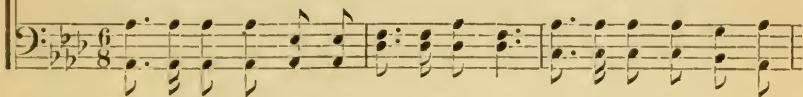
57

Rev. JOHN O. FOSIER.

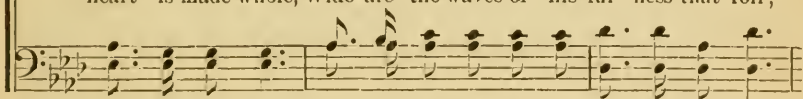
JNO. R. SWENEY.



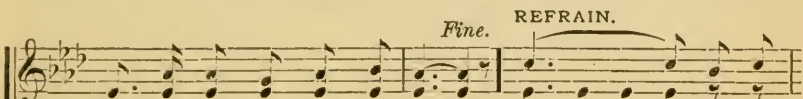
1. In - to the fountain of cleansing we go, Down where the waters of
2. Oh, what a won - der - ful pow - er is there, Sav - ing the soul from its
3. Here, by this Fount of Sal - va - tion we stay, O - pen for sin and un -
4. Christ has revealed his deep love to my soul, Now by his mer - its my



pur - i - ty flow, Troubled to - day is that Fountain we know,
ut - ter de - spair, Wash - ing of re - gen - er - a - tion we share,
clean - ness to - day, Guilt and cor - rup - tion are ban - ished a - way, —
heart is made whole, Wide are the waves of his ful - ness that roll;

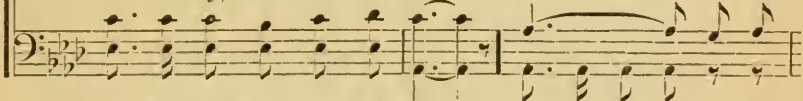


D.S.—Come where the waters of pur - i - ty flow,

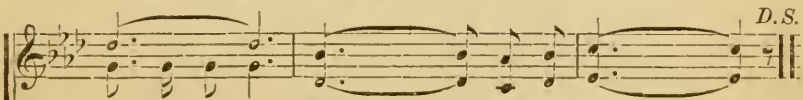


REFRAIN.

Wash - ing us whit - er than snow. Whit - - - - er than
Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow!
Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow.
Pur - i - ty, whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow,

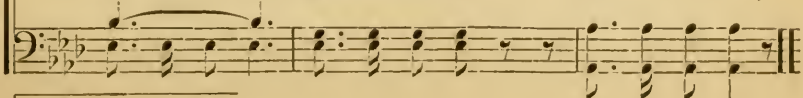


Wash and be whit - er than snow.



D.S.

snow, Whit - - - - er than snow,
whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, whit - er than snow,



Glorious as the Light.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I
L. W. SMITH. make up my jewels."—Mal iii: 17. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When the jewels of earth shall be gather'd, They with glory effulgent shall shine,
2. What a host there will be of the sav'd ones! Like the stars of the night, we are told,
3. They are those who have follow'd the Saviour, Out of ev-er-y nation and tribe,
4. "Thou art worthy, O Christ," they are singing,
"Who hath died, all our race to redeem."

As they come to the gates of that city, Sweeping in thro' its portals divine.
As they march in their strength and their grandeur,
Thro' the bright, shining streets of pure gold.
Who have come thro' a great tribulation, Praises loud they to Jesus ascribe.
"Hallelujah!" the grand swelling chorus, And his love everlasting their theme.

CHORUS.

Glo-ri-ous as the light of the king - - - dom! Glo-ri-ous as the
Glo-ri-ous as the light,

bright, ris - ing sun. Oh, what a rapt'rous sight, In that
as the bright, ris - ing sun.

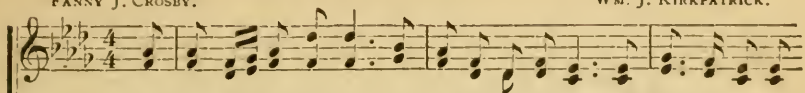
heav'nly home so bright,—As glo-ri-ous as the light of the kingdom!

Let the Light Stream In.

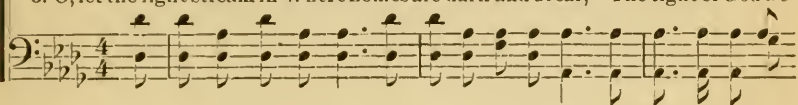
59

FANNY J. CROSBY.

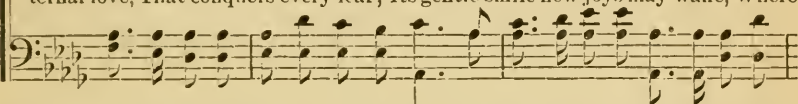
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



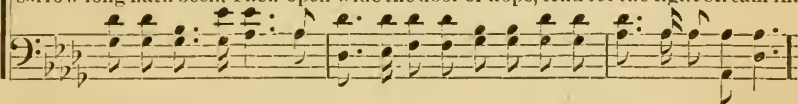
1. O, let the light stream in, The glorious light of day, That o'er the face of
2. O, let the light stream in, The light of gospel day, That shineth thro' the
3. O, let the light stream in Where homes are dark and drear,—The light of God's e-



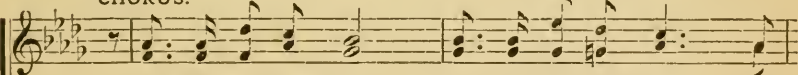
nature sheds A bright and genial ray; We need its beams our steps to guide, Ere righteousness Of Christ, the truth, the way; 'Twill teach us how by faith in him Im-
ternal love, That conquers every fear; Its gentle smile new joys may wake, Where



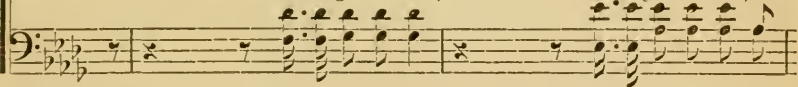
daily toils begin, Then open wide the door of prayer, And let the light stream in. mortal souls to win.—Then open wide our willing hearts, And let the light stream in. sorrow long hath been. Then open wide the door of hope, And let the light stream in.



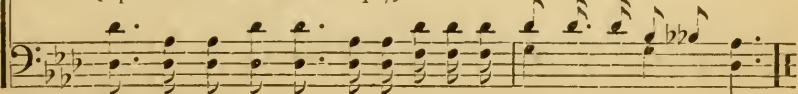
CHORUS.



Let the light stream in, Let the light stream in, Then
Let the light stream in, Let the light stream in,



{ open wide the door of prayer, } And let the light stream in.
{ open wide our willing hearts, } let the light stream in.
{ open wide the door of hope, }



Hold Up the Bible.

E. E. HRWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hold up the Bi-ble, for on-ly there we learn, Good news for sinners, the
 2. Hold up the Bi-ble, a lamp to guide our way, All thro' the journey, with
 3. Hold up the Bi-ble, with brave and loyal hand, Guard well the treasure, the
 4. Hold up the Bi-ble, there's gold in every line, Bright gems of promise on

gen-tle word "re- turn;" Book of sal-va-tion, a gift from God a-bove,
 pure and heavenly ray; Showing the dangers that lurk on ev-ery side,
 hope of this our land; Let not the scof-fer e'er ban-ish from our youth,
 all its pag-es shine; "Sweeter than honey" the com-fort it bestows,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Let us ev-er prize it—the let-ter of his love. Hold up the Bi-ble!
 And a mighty stronghold, wherein the soul may hide.
 Wisdom ev-erlast-ing—the holy book of truth.
 There, in blessed beauty, blooms Sharon's lovely Rose.

hold up the Bi-ble! Hold up the Bible! God's gift from above, Book of sal-

vation to ev-ery nation, Let us ever praise it—the letter of his love.

Remember the Sabbath Day.

61

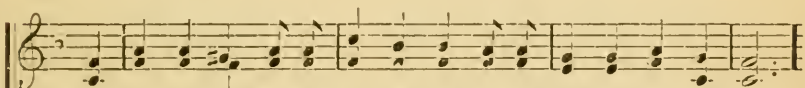
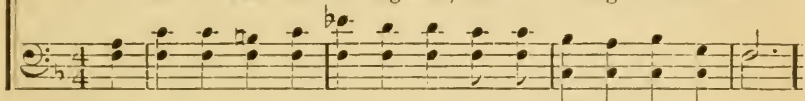
E. A. BARNES.

EX. XX. 8.

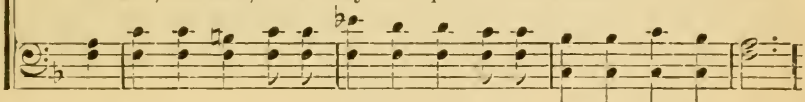
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The Sabbath comes, with ho - ly light, And its rest we gladly greet :
2. It calls for peace in heart and home, And for rest from toil and care :
3. It calls for joy and simple faith, As we meet to praise and pray :
4. It calls for zeal in do - ing well, And for loving deed and word :



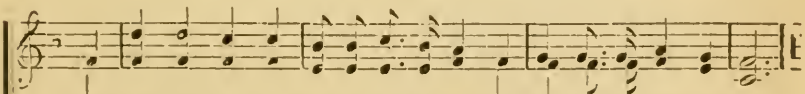
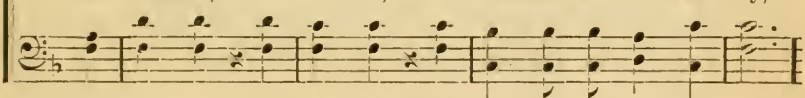
And un - to all, on its peaceful wings, There is borne this message sweet.
It calls for thanks, that are sweet to lift, For the blessings that we share.
It calls for thought that will sweetly flow With the teachings of the day.
It calls, in truth, for a day well spent In the service of the Lord.



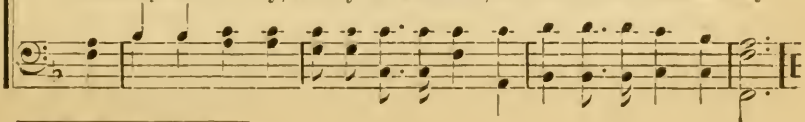
CHORUS.



Re - member, re - member, Re - member the Sabbath day,



And keep it ho - ly, ho - ly to the Lord, Remember the Sabbath day.



Anchored On the Rock of Ages.

F. L. CORNISH.

"This is my Rest forever."—Psalm cxxxii: 14.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Resting in the love of Je - sus, Sweetly rest - - ing
 2. I can hear the surges tread - ing Up and down life's
 3. Here is ev - - er - lasting com - fort, Here is found the

ev - 'ry day, Anchored on the Rock of A - ges,
 storm - y beach, But up - on this sure Founda - tion
 sweet - est peace, Here I shall a - bide in pa - tience,

CHORUS.

Till the shad - - ows flee a - way. I am resting, sweetly
 I am far beyond their reach.
 Till life's storms for - ev - er cease.

resting, Resting, happy, happy all the day, Anchored on . . . the
 Anchored on the

Rock of A - ges, Till the shad - - ows flee a - way.
 Till the shad - ows

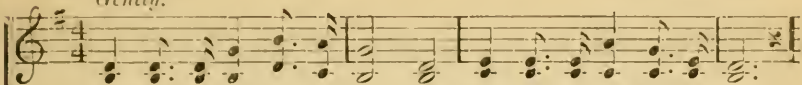
The Balm of the Soul.

63

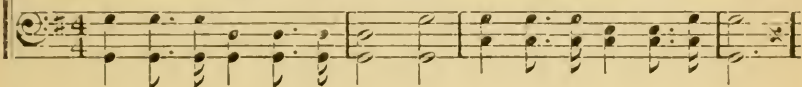
MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

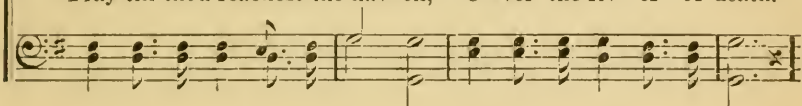
Gently.



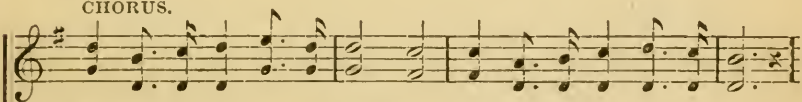
1. Go when the daylight is dy - ing, Go when the sunbeams depart,
2. Go in the silence of eve - ning, Go in the hush of the night,
3. Go when the blush of the morning Scatters the shadows a - way,
4. Pray when thy earth-star is fading, Pray with thy life's latest breath,



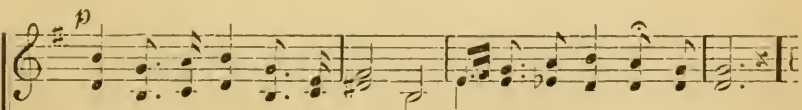
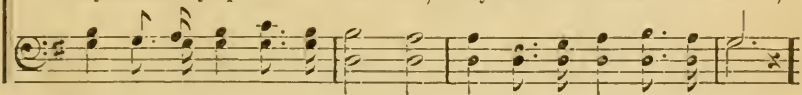
Pray to thy Father in se - cret, Closing the door of thy heart.
Whisper thy wants to the Saviour, Trust him, and all will be right.
Ask for the grace that will bring thee Safe through the toils of the day.
Pray till thou reachest the hav - en, O - ver the riv - er of death.



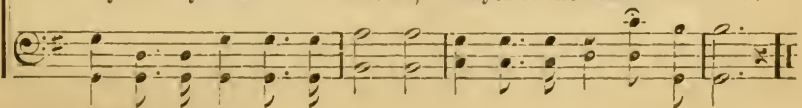
CHORUS.



Pray when thy spirit is troubled, Pray when the dark billows roll,



Pray to thy Father in secret,—Prayer is the balm of the soul.



O that Beautiful Land so Fair.

WM. STEVENSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O'er the rapid stream Is a land unseen, And its fields are bright and fair;
 2. There is joy for me When that land I see, Dear ones gone before are there;
 3. Never-fading flowers Bloom in Eden's bowers, And its charms no tongue can tell;
 4. O what joy 'twill be When that home I see, And its glories round me shine;

'Tis the pilgrim's home, Where no sorrows come, And my soul its bliss would share.
 By the pearly gate Will they watch and wait, And a joyous welcome bear.
 In its glories bright Will my soul delight, And my voice its anthems swell.
 When my wond'ring eyes See the promised prize, And a starry crown be mine.

CHORUS.

O that beautiful land so fair, Ma - ny loved ones are o - ver there;

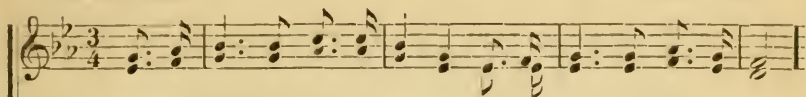
How my soul in its bliss would share! Beautiful home in heaven!

All to Thee.

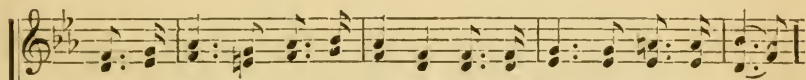
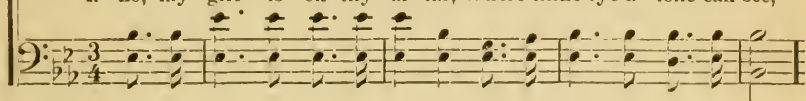
65

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

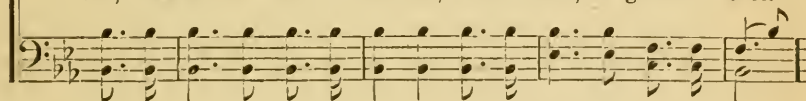
JNO. R. SWENEY.



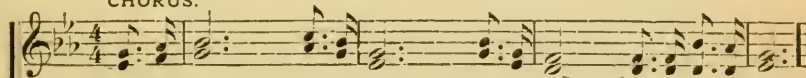
1. Gracious Lord, for thy compassion And thy mer - cy shown to me
2. All of earth that once I cherished, Ev - ery power of heart and soul,
3. Let my hands ful - fill thy bidding, And my tongne thy voice o - bey,
4. Lo, my gift is on thy al - tar, Where thine eye a - lone can see,



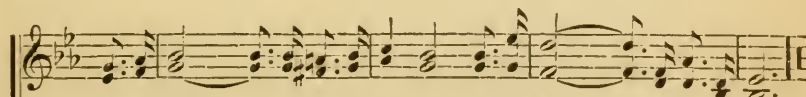
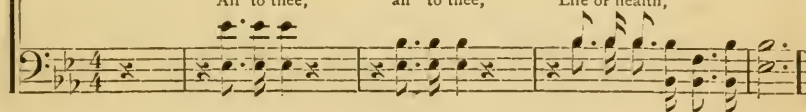
Would I make a full sur - ren - der Of my all, henceforth, to thee.
Hope, and thought, and will, and purpose I would yield to thy con - trol.
Let my feet be ev - er read - y,—Swift to run the heavenly way.
All, without a res - er - va - tion, Blessed Lord, I give to thee.



CHORUS.



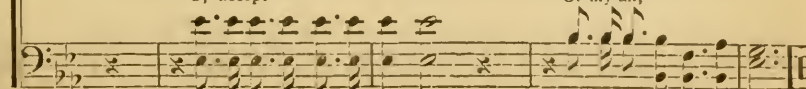
All to thee, all to thee, Life or health, what're it be,
All to thee, all to thee, Life or health,



O, ac - cept . . . the consecra - tion Of my all, . . . henceforth, to thee.

O, accept

Of my all,



Come to the Saviour Now.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Jesus the Saviour is calling to-day, Come to him now, come to him now ;
 2. Come in the sparkle of life's morning hours, Come to him now, come to him now ;
 3. Come in the darkness, if clouds gather 'round, Come to him now, come to him now ;
 4. Jesus will give you forgiveness and peace, Come to him now, come to him now ;
 5. Jesus will give you his riches of grace, Come to him now, come to him now ;

Moments are passing ; oh, wherefore delay ? Come to the Saviour now.
 Give him the fragrance of dew-laden flowers, Come to the Saviour now.
 Comfort and blessing in Je - sus abound, Come to the Saviour now.
 Treasures that fail not, and joys that increase, Come to the Saviour now.
 Welcome at last to the heaven - ly place, Come to the Saviour now.

CHORUS.

Come to the Saviour, come to him now ; Come to the mercy-seat ; come, humbly bow ;

Come, he will write his new name on your brow, Come to the Saviour now.

Anywhere With Jesus.

67

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-ywhere He
 2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Other friends may
 3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

leads me in this world be-low. Anywhere without him, dearest
 fail me, He is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o-ver
 shadows round-a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall waken nev-er

joys would fade, Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 drearest ways, Anywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, Anywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know,

An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

He'll Wipe the Tears.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When darkness shrouds your lone-ly path, And long and
 2. He comes to bind the brok-en heart; He comes to
 3. In pas-tures green ye shall lie down, And rest be-

drear-y seems the way, With aching heart and tearful eyes
 make the darkness light, To guide your wea-ry feet to find
 side the liv-ing spring; Oh, joy of joys! when heaven is gained

You sigh in vain for break of day, O pilgrim, then look up; be-
 The blessed morn that hath no night. And when your soul shall joyful
 Ye shall not want for an-y-thing, For there shall be no pain nor

hold! A bright light shin-ing in the sky, The "Bright and
 rise To its ce-les-tial home on high The Lord shall
 death; Ye shall not sor-row, neither cry. For God him-

Morn-ing Star" ap-pears; He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.
 lead you ten-der-ly, He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.
 self shall be your God, He'll wipe the tears from ev-'ry eye.

The Healeth the Broken Hearted.

69

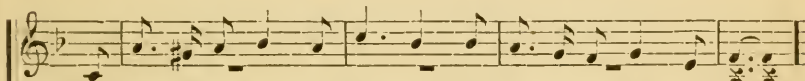
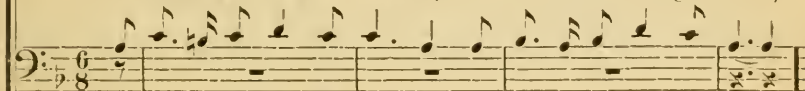
IDA L. REED.

Luke iv. 18.

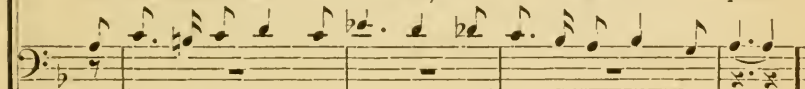
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



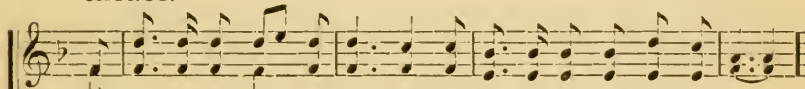
1. He healeth the broken hearted, How cheering the thought and sweet,
2. He healeth the broken hearted;—'Tis ev - er a blessed thought,
3. He healeth the broken hearted, Doth ev - er their strength sustain,



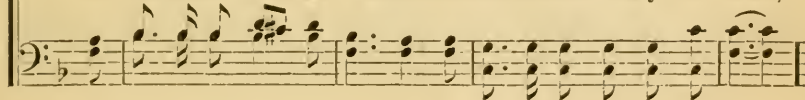
He bindeth their wounds, our Saviour, And guideth their wayworn feet.
None know but the sad and weary What peace the dear words have brought.
His love cannot fail nor fal - ter, 'Tis ev - er a balm for pain.



CHORUS.



He healeth the broken hearted, He cheereth the weary and weak,



And out of their doubts and their troubles He lifteth the souls of the meek.



The Wondrous Story.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We will sing the blessed sto - ry, Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain,
 2. May our hearts with love enkindle, Till, impelled by love di - vine,
 3. Tell his birth with - in the manger, Tell his life in Gal - i - lee,

How the Sa - viour, Prince of Glory, Came to earth for sin - ful men.
 We the mes - sage bear to na - tions, That in dark - ness now re - pine.
 Tell his death and res - us - rec - tion, Tell his glo - rious vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

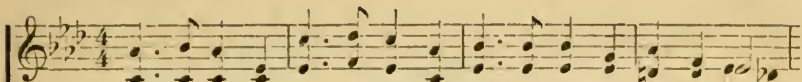
Blessed word! Oh, wondrous story! Half its beau - ty yet untold,—
 Blessed word! Oh, wondrous sto - ry! Half its beau - ty yet untold,—

Of the Sa - viour and his glo - ry, Of the Sa - viour and his love!
 Of the Sa - viour and his glo - ry, Of the Saviour and his love!

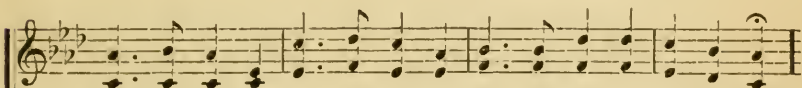
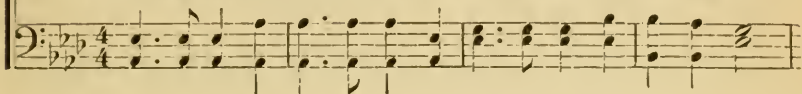
When Each Others Face We See. 71

FANNY J. CROSBY.

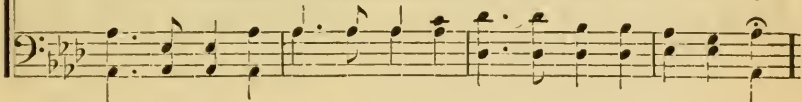
JNO. R. SWENEY.



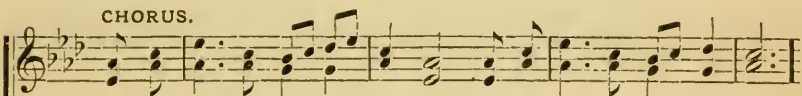
1. In the glo - ry of the Father When our Lord shall come again,
2. At the sounding of the trumpet, When the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. When the book of life is o - pened, With our names record - ed there,
4. O that day of joy is com - ing, And its dawn is drawing nigh;



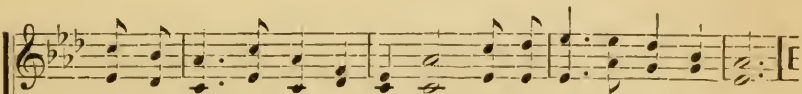
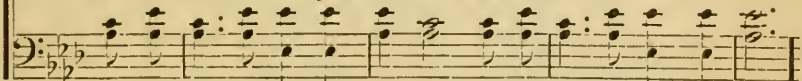
By his an - gel guards at - tend - ed, In his ma - jes - ty to reign,
And the brightness of his presence Shall a - dorn the glowing skies.
And with all the saints triumphant We shall meet him in the air.
We are watching, we are waiting, We shall hail it by and by.



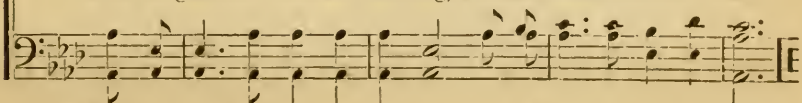
CHORUS.



What a hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus, What a shouting there will be.



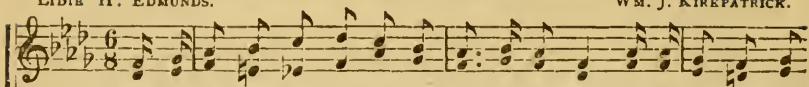
When we gath - er in the morning, And each others face we see!



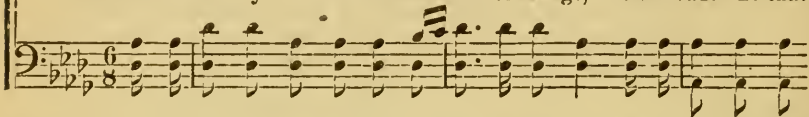
Let us Carry the Sunshine.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

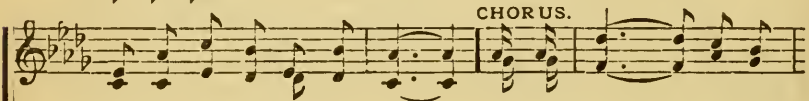
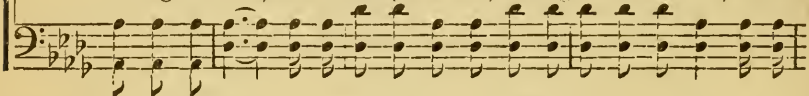
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



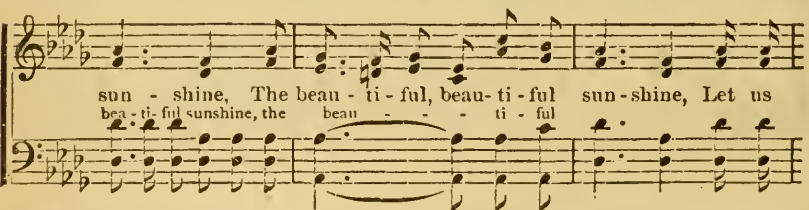
1. Let us car - ry the sunshine wherev - er we go, It will surely make
2. Let us car - ry the sunshine wherev - er we go, Let it beam from the
3. Let us car - ry the sunshine wherev - er we go, 'Tis the sunshine that



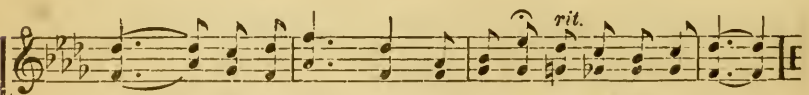
somebody glad, For a comforting word, like a clear, golden ray, Will bring
bright, cheery face; There's a charm in the smile, there is pow'r in the glance, That be-
never grows dim, When looking to Jesus, the Light of the world, We are



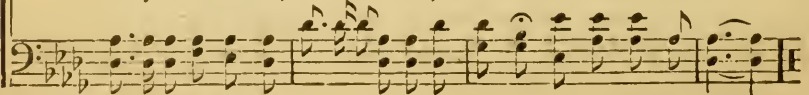
help to the wea - ry and sad. Let us car - ry the
to - kens the heart's tender grace. carry the beau - ti - ful,
liv - ing and shin - ing for him.



sun - shine, The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Let us
beau - ti - ful sunshine, the beau - ti - ful



car - ry the sun - shine, The sunshine of heav - en - ly love.
car - ry the beau - ti - ful, beautiful sunshine,

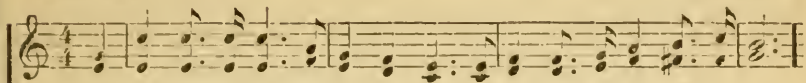


Go On With the Work.

73

E. E. HEWITT.

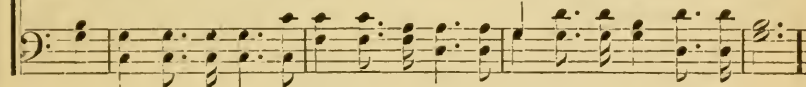
H. L. GILMOUR.



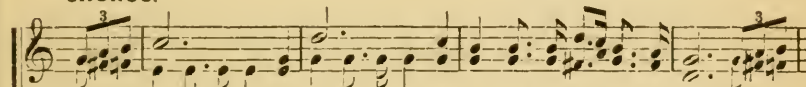
1. Go on with the work, go on, go on! No time for excuse or de-lay;
2. Go on with the work, go on, go on! And partners with Jesus we'll be;
3. Go on with the work, go on, go on! For why should his servants know fear?
4. Go on with the work, go on, go on! How blessed will be our reward,



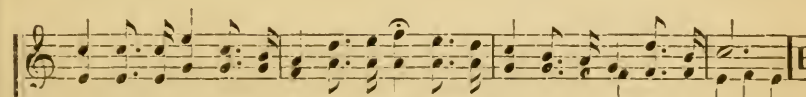
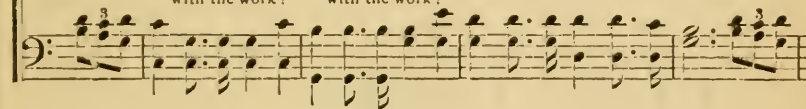
The harvest is white, the day-beams are bright; How swiftly the hours glide away!
He'll bless from above our efforts of love, His Spirit will help you and me.
The enemy's power like mountains may tower, We smile—with omnipotence near.
When called, by and by, to glo-ry on high, To en-ter the joy of our Lord.



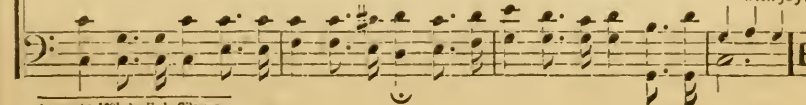
CHORUS.



Go on! go on! The fast-flying moments employ; And
with the work! with the work!



cheerfully sing, We are serving a King, Who will crown all our labors with joy.
with joy.



Out in the Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out in the sunshine of in - fi - nite love, Breathing the fragrance of
 2. Out in the sunshine, though shadows may fall, Yet will I thank thee and
 3. Out in the sunshine sweet music I hear, Tender - ly waiting a
 4. Out in the sunshine by faith I can see, Mansions in glo - ry pre -

E - den a - bove; I am so hap - py, O Sa - viour di - vine,
 praise thee for all; Nev - er, no, nev - er my heart shall re - pine,
 song on my ear; Oh, what a bless - ed as - sur - ance is mine,
 par - ing for me; O my Re - deem - er, what rap - ture is mine,

CHORUS.

Liv - ing or dy - ing, to know I am thine. Yes, . . . I am
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine. Yes, I am thine,

thine, . . . Lord, . . . I am thine, . . .
 Lord, I am thine, Yes, I am thine, Lord, I am thine,

Liv - - ing or dy - - ing, I know . . . I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine, I know, I know I am thine.

Light of the World.

75

Rev H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sun of righteousness di-vine, Je-sus, thou light of the world;
 2. Let thy soul - en - liv'ning ray, Je - sus, thou light of the world;
 3. Press - ing on - ward may I be, Je - sus, thou light of the world;
 4. 'Till in glo - ry, saved by grace, Je - sus, thou light of the world;
 5. All my toils and wand'rings o'er, Je - sus, thou light of the world;

On my spir - it's pathway shine, Je - sus, thou light of the world.
 Doubt and darkness drive a - way, Je - sus, thou light of the world.
 Guid - ed all the way by thee, Je - sus, thou light of the world.
 I be - hold thee, face to face, Je - sus, thou light of the world.
 Safe with thee for - ev - er - er - more, Je - sus, thou light of the world.

CHORUS.

Star of the morning! beautiful, bright! Day-spring of mercy, welcome thy light;

Beam on my pathway, banish my night, Je - sus, thou light of the world

Sinner, Turn.

CHAS WESLEY.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die? God your Mak-er asks you why;
 2. Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why;
 3. Sin-ners, turn; why will ye die? God the Spir - it asks you why;

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live;
 He who did your souls retrieve, Died him-self that ye might live.
 He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to em-brace his love.

He the fa - tal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands,
 Will ye let him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
 Will ye not his grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?

Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
 Why, ye ransomed sin-ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?
 Why, ye long-sought sin-ners, why Will ye grieve your God and die?

CHORUS.

1st. Rep *fp* 2d.

Sinner, turn; O sinner, turn; Turn, O turn, why will you die? will you die?

God is Visiting His People.

77

L. H. EDMUNDS.

Acts iii: 19.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is vis - it - ing his peo - ple; Blessed be his name!
2. Now the ten - der, seeking Shep - herd Call - eth to his own;
3. You, whose careless feet still lin - ger In destruc - tio'n's way,

CHO.—Gracious sea - son of re - fresh - ing, Promised in God's Word:

Fine.
See the hills of Zi - on, ra - dian't With the liv - ing Flame.
Now the wait - ing heavenly Fa - ther, Bend - eth from his throne,
List - en to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Urg - ing you to - day.

In his courts his glo - ry shin - ing, Praise, oh, praise the Lord!

Christian hearts are heav - y - la - den, Sweet the bur - den,—prayer;
Clasping many a con - trite wand'r'er To his lov - ing breast;
Now, while God is ver - y near you, Turn a - way from sin,

D. C.
God is send - ing swift - winged answers, Blessings fill the air.
Now the Spir - it gent - ly plead - eth, Wea - ry soul, find rest.
Mer - cy's door is o - pen to you, Why not en - ter in?

'Tis Summer in My Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I know in whom my soul believes, I know in whom I trust;
 2. I know the Sun of Righteousness Illumes the path I tread;
 3. How sweet to walk o - bedient - ly With Christ my lov - ing Lord;
 4. I know in yon - der mansion bright For me there is a place;

The Ho - ly One, the mer - ci - ful, The on - ly wise and just.
 And buds of hope that nev - er die Their balm - y o - dor shed.
 And learn in sim - ple, childlike faith My du - ty from his word.
 And there with Je - sus I shall wake, And see him face to face.

CHORUS.

I know in whom my soul believes, And all my fears de - part;

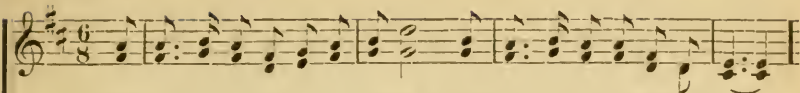
For though the win - ter winds may blow, 'Tis summer in my heart.

Wells in the Valley.

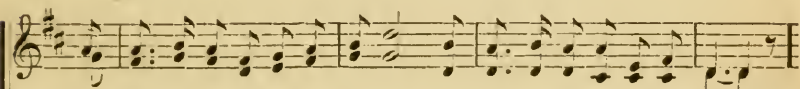
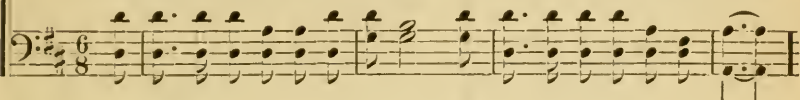
79

E. E. HEWITT.

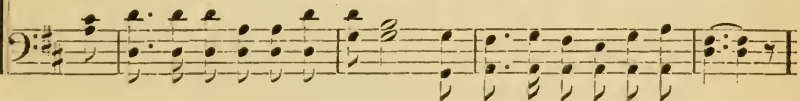
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



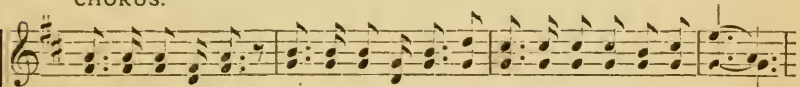
1. We find in the valley of Baca, Bright spots of refreshing and cheer,
2. From beautiful wells in the valley, Flow murmuring waters of peace,
3. O eyes, that are heavy with weeping, Look up from the sorrow and fear,
4. These wells in the valley of Baca, In Je - sus abundantly spring,



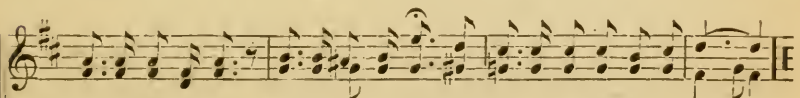
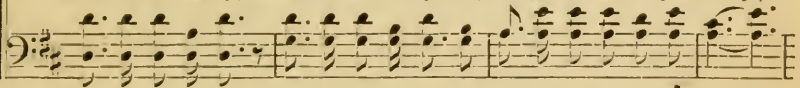
Where fountains of mercy are springing, Where run living streams, pure and clear.
Reflecting the sunbeams of heaven, Still more will their blessing increase.
Some messenger - angel will show you, The waters of comfort so near.
The longer we draw from their fullness, More freely our praises will ring.



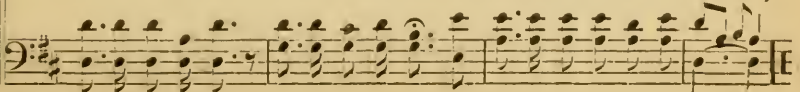
CHORUS.



Wells in the valley, Wells in the valley, Rejoicing our hearts by the way ;



Wells in the valley, wells in the valley, The wilderness blossoms to-day.
to-day.



Like as a Father.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalms ciii : 13.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When silent falls the gushing tear, O'er cheeks grown pale with care; And on the
 2. When one by one our treasured hopes Like autumn leaves decay, And they who
 3. The clouds that bode the darkest hour The purest light may bring; The heart that

heart a cross is laid That seems too hard to bear, Remember what our Lord has
 made our life most dear Are borne from us away, O look beyond the veil of
 mourns its broken chords The sweetest song may sing; Tho' oft a rugged path we

said, And trust, in weal or woe, His ho-ly word, that changeth not, Tho'
 time, Wheresprings of comfort flow, And trust his word, that changeth not, Tho'
 tread Yet this one thing we know, God's ho-ly word can never change, Tho'

CHORUS.

uttered years a - go. — "Like as a fa - ther pit - i - eth his children

poco ritard.
 So the Lord pitieth them that fear him, So the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

That Gentle Whisper.

81

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
 2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
 3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
 4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,

'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
 Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while early sunbeams play.
 Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
 Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.

CHORUS. *p*

p Come, oh, come; *p* Come, oh, come; *p* come, oh, come; *p* Sweetly
 Come, oh, come; *p* come, oh, come;

pp
 breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to-day," Breathes the

Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to-day.

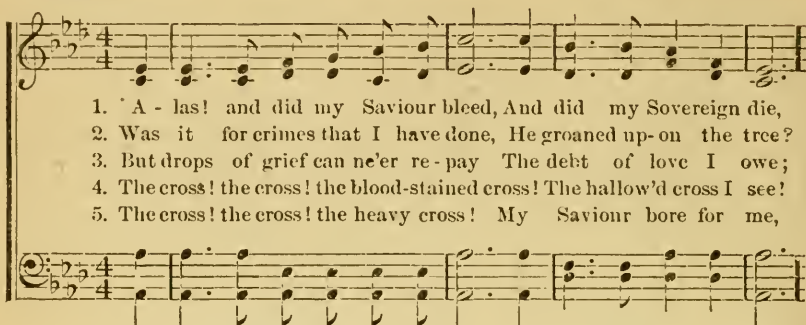
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Radiant Songs-F

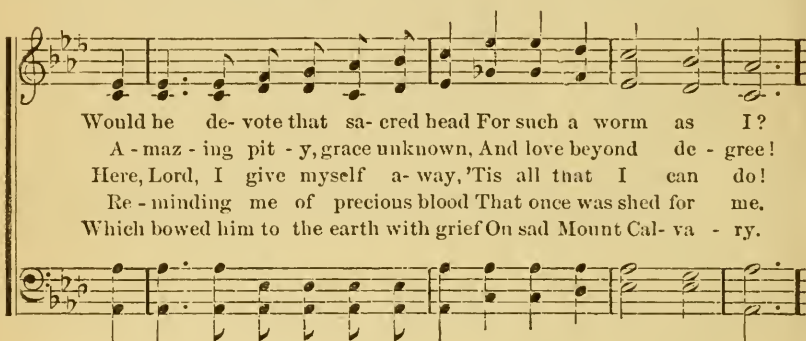
The Blood is All My Plea.

Selected.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
 4. The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
 5. The cross! the cross! the heavy cross! My Saviour bore for me,

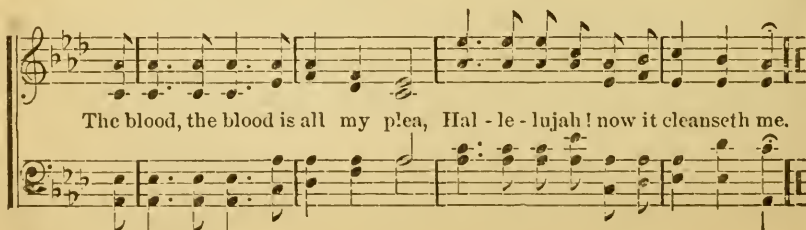


Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give myself a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!
 Re - minding me of precious blood That once was shed for me,
 Which bowed him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.



The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lujah! now it cleanseth me;



The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lujah! now it cleanseth me.

In the Time of Trouble.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the time of trouble, let us trust the Lord, Finding hope and courage in his
2. In the time of trouble, when the night comes on, Stars the sky will brighten till the
3. In the time of trouble, there are words of love, Softly, sweetly whispered by the
4. In the time of trouble is the chosen hour, For the blest revealing of his

precious word, For we know the promise has for ages stood, Unto them who
daylight dawn, Golden stars of blessing—oh, how brightly shine Gentle rays of
Holy Dove, Then we learn the secret of his peace untold, Then we see the
mighty power, For our God is a - ble to de - liv - er all, And his heart is

CHORUS.

love him, "all things work for good." All the way, all the way, Jesus walks beside me,
comfort, gems of truth divine.
treasures of his grace unfold.
o - pen to the faintest call.

In the time of trouble, he will sure-ly hide me, To his own pa-

ad lib......

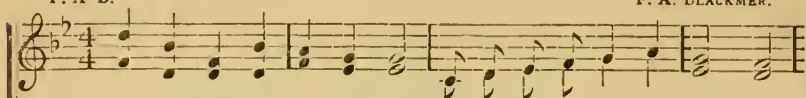
vilion, he will safely guide me, In the time of trouble I will trust my Lord.

At the Threshold Standing.

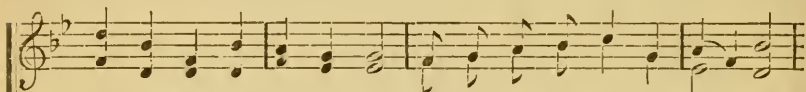
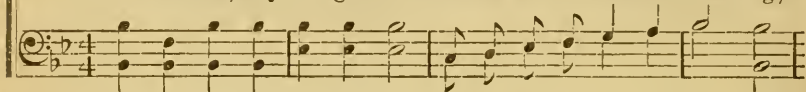
"By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John x: 9.

F. A. B.

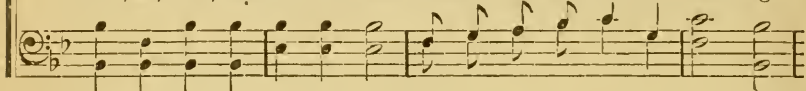
F. A. BLACKMER.



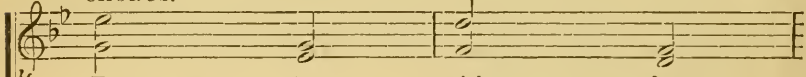
1. Jesus calls, your heart would win, Brother at the threshold standing;
2. Waiting there you long have stood, Brother at the threshold standing;
3. Souls will perish just outside, Brother at the threshold standing;
4. En - ter now, why lon - ger wait? Brother at the threshold standing;



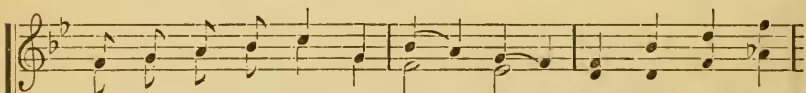
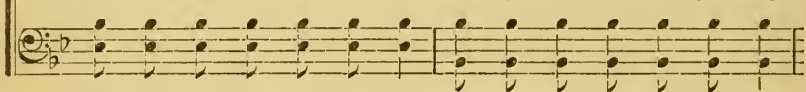
Heed his voice, come in, come in, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Waiting ne'er can make you good, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Haste! the door stands open wide, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Soon, ah, soon, 'twill be too late! Brother at the threshold standing.



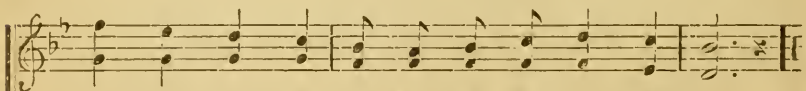
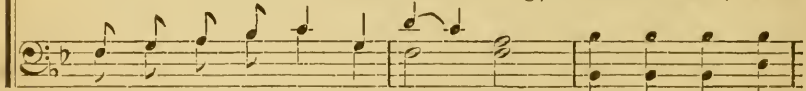
CHORUS.



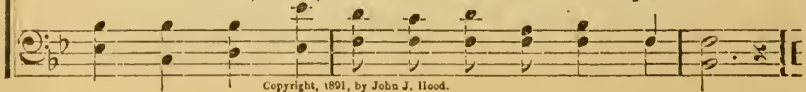
En - ter - ter o - quick ly,
 En - ter now, his voice o - bey, Quick - ly en - ter while you may,



Brother at the threshold stand - ing; Je - sus calls, as



oft be - fore, Oh, en - ter at the o - pen door.



Lord Jesus, I Come.

85

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord Je - sus, I come In my darkness to thee, Through life's weary
 2. I long for thy love, Thy compassion most sweet, To shine from a -
 3. Lord Je - sus, my God, Let me travel with thee, The ways thou hast

way Wilt thou ev - er - more be A Comfort - er true; Whatso -
 bove, Mak - ing clear for my feet A pathway of light, Leading
 trod Are the pathways for me; O take thou my hand, In thy

ev - er be - tide, The long journey through Be my Refuge and Guide.
 on to that shore Thy prescnce makes bright Through the glad evermore.
 love lead me on, Up to that blessed land, By thy fair golden throne.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I come to thee, Light - in my darkness be;
 Je - sus, I come Light in my dark - ness ev - er be;

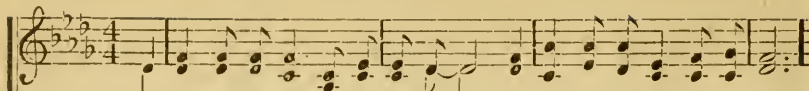
Guide and protect thou me, Jesus, I come to thee,
 Guide and protect, I come to thee.

Fair Portals.

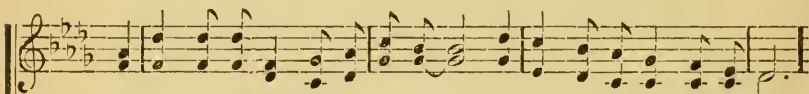
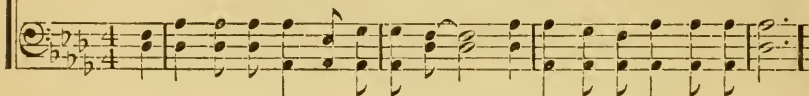
F. A. B.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16.

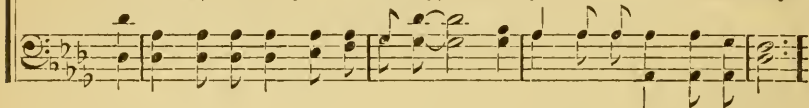
F. A. BLACKMER.



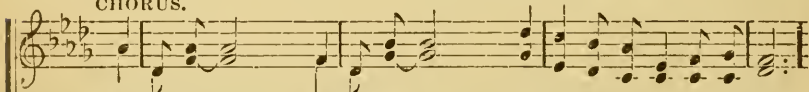
1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous city, we pray ;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way ;
3. We've read of that city's bright glory, That knows not the darkness of night ;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's water and fruit ev-er fair ;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful alway ;



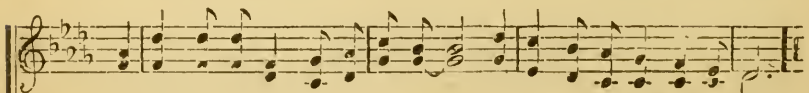
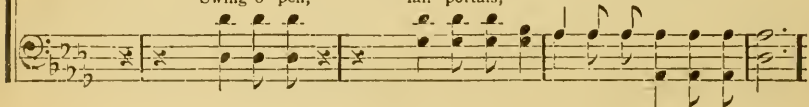
One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall vanish forev - er away.
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden ? By faith we would view it to-day.
 And reading that wonderful sto - ry Has ravished our souls with delight.
 We've looked up in faith to the Giver, And prayed that we might enter there.
 And know, as the city we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day



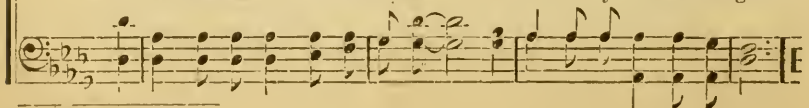
CHORUS.



Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A moment, and let us look thro' ;
Last v. Swing o - pen, those por - tals, And we shall in triumph go in,
 Swing o - pen, fair portals,



One glimpse, and we faltering mor - tals To enter shall press on a - new.
 Where we shall as ransom'd immortals E - ter - nit - y blessed be - gin.



The Very Same Jesus.

87

L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sinners, to the liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
 2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
 3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
 4. Come un- to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus

As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver- y same Je- sus.
 As when the mul- ti- tudes he fed, The ver- y same Je- sus.
 As when he shed those lov- ing tears, The ver- y same Je- sus.
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver- y same Je- sus.

CHORUS.

The ver- y same Je- sus, The wou- der work- ing Je- sus;

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

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

Is it Well with Thee?

E. E. HEWITT.

2 Kings, iv. 26.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Con espress.

1. Is it well with thee? Is the buried past Beneath the crimson flow?
 2. Is it well with thee? Is thy life to-day, Surrendered all to him?
 3. Is it well with thee? Is thy heart at peace, Because the days to come,

Has the wounded hand swept your sins away, And made thee white as snow?
 Have you learned the power of his gracious smile To chase the shadows dim?
 Are ordered all by the mighty Friend, Whose love will lead thee home?

CHORUS.

For these fleeting hours, for e - ter - ni - ty, Is it

well with thee? Is it well with thee?
 with thee? with thee?

A Song of Joy.

89

"And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

H. L. G.

Psalms, xl: 3.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. The sweetest song my heart e'er sung Was one about my Lord. Of
 2. The hal - le - lu - jahs of that hour Have never passed a - way, For
 3. No harp on willow branches hang, But all in tune for God, My
 4. No Bab - y - lo - nian rivers now, Flow by me when I weep; For
 5. Tho' trials come, and troubles too, Temptations press se - vere; My
 6. And still the car - ol of my soul, From early morn till night, Is,

par - don free he gave to me, When I believed his word.
 Christ abides, whate'er betides; My soul's a - glow to - day.
 bounding soul, while a - ges roll, Will shout his praise a - broad.
 tears of joy, without al - loy, Are mine while Christ doth keep.
 Je - sus is a conquer - or, And tells me not to fear.
 "who - so - ev - er will may come," "And walk with me in white."

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves, His blood a - vails for me;

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, He sets his peo - ple free.

At the Breaking of the Day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, how oft amid our labor Do we think of what will be When our
 2. Oh, how oft amid the conflict And the battle raging high, With a
 3. Endless praise to our Redeemer For his all a-toning love, That pre-

boat shall drop its anchor In the haven o'er the sea! And our hearts, with joy ex-
 faith as clear as noon-day We behold the vict'ry nigh, And we know that with the
 pares for us a mansion And a crown of life above, Where our eyes shall see the

panding, From our trials look away, Where we all shall meet together,
 righteous We shall stand in bright array, When we all shall meet together,
 beauty Of the flow'rs that ne'er decay, When we all shall meet together,
D S—And we all shall meet together,

Fine. CHORUS.

At the breaking of the day! At the breaking of the day, when we
 At the breaking of the day.

anchor on the shore, At the breaking of the day, when the storms of life are

At the Breaking of the Day.—CONCLUDED. 91

D.S.

o'er, When our sorrow and our sighing, like a dream will pass away,

Leaving All to Jesus.

O. M.

I G. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Leaving all to Jesus! Heart and mind at rest. Sure, whate'er betideth,
2. Leaving all with Jesus! Tho' I may not see, For the length'ning shadows,
3. Leaving all with Jesus! Trusting to his might, Pray'rful, watchful, anxious
4. Leaving all with Jesus! Striving to be pure. Strong in him, endur - ing,

Je - sus knoweth best. Tho' no ray of sunshine O'er my path is shed,
That en - compass me. Darkness radiant seemeth. Shadows dis - ap - pear,
To be led aright. Trusting, yet hard striving Wrong thoughts to subdue,
Tho' the world allure. There's no time for sighing, Resting on his word,

CHORUS.

Soon the mists shall vanish, And the night have fled. Leaving all to Je - sus!
Joy - fac - es sorrow. While my Lord is near.
Through him over - coming All that is not true.
All in all is Je - sus, Trusted and adored.

rit.

Heart and mind at rest, Sure, whate'er be - tid - eth, Je - sus knoweth best.

His Love Passeth Knowledge.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is joy in my soul, for the Saviour is mine, I am wearing the
 2. There is joy in my soul that will nev - er depart, My Redeem - er has
 3. There is joy in my soul though the clouds may arise, Yet the bow of his
 4. There is joy in my soul, there is rapture and rest, In my Saviour and

pledge of his Spir - it divine; Eve - ry promise by faith through his
 made his a - bode in my heart; From the tempter and sin I am
 mer - cy ne'er fades from the skies; I am standing by faith where the
 Lord I am per - feet - ly blest; 'Twill be on - ly a step ere my

grace I may claim, Oh, his love passeth knowledge, all praise to his name.
 kept eve - ry hour, Oh, his love passeth knowledge, so great is its power.
 pure waters glide, Oh, his love passeth knowledge, so deep and so wide.
 feet press the shore, Then his love passeth knowledge, I'll shout evermore.

CHORUS.

There is joy in my soul, there is joy in my song, I am nearing the

gates of the bright, shining throng; And I list to the mu - sic of

E - den so fair, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, I soon shall be there.

Save Now, O Lord. S. M.

Rev. JONATHAN DUNGAN, B. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I come with aching heart, I look, I cry to thee, For thou a gracious
 2. I come with burdened soul, I anxiously implore; Make thou my broken
 3. I come with bending will, I give up every sin; With thine own peace my

CHORUS.

Saviour art, Oh, come and pardon me. Save now, O Lord, I pray; Speak that
 spirit whole; From sin's dark thrall restore. *Last v.*
 heart now fill, And dwell thyself within. Thou hearest while I pray, Thou hast

word, forgiven; Wash the crimson stain away, Make me an heir of heaven.
 all forgiven; Eve - ry stain is washed away, And I'm an heir of heaven.

4 Unworthy now I feel
 To lisp thy sacred name,
 Low at thy feet I humbly kneel,
 And thy sure promise claim.

5 I know thy pardoning grace,
 I feel thy blood applied,
 I see at last thy smiling face,
 My soul is satisfied.

We will Help One Another.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We will help one another to be faithful, We will not offend in
 2. We will help one another to be loyal To the duties that we
 3. We will help one another, and together We will march to final

an-thing we do, But, with love for our brother we will journey, Striving
 find a-long our way; We will never offend in word or ac-tion, Whereby
 vic-to-ry and rest, Then we'll praise him forever o-ver yonder, Where temp-

CHORUS.

ev-er to be loyal, brave and true. We will help one an-
 others may, perchance, be led astray.
 tations cannot reach us, nor molest. Help one another,

oth-er, We will help one another to be true, Yes, we will
 Help one another, to be true,

help one another, We will help one another to be true.
 Help one another, Help one another,

Firm to the End.

95

JENNIE JOHNSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are band - ed togeth - er for Je - sus still to live, And to
 2. We are marching togeth - er a - long the bless - ed way Our Re -
 3. We are marching togeth - er, sore conflicts we shall meet, But the
 4. We are marching togeth - er beyond these fad - ing skies, We are

fol - low wherev - er he may lead; And the grace he has promised we
 deem - er commandeth us to go; With the cloud and the pil - lar to
 Saviour beholds us from his throne; With the sword of the Spir - it temp -
 looking beyond the billow's foam; We are wait - ing and watching with

D. S.—tried and the faithful, who

Fine.
 know that he will give If, be - liev - ing, his pre - cious name we plead.
 lead us night and day, While be - side us the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 ta - tions we'll defeat, Our pro - tect - or will leave us not a - lone.
 calm and trus - ty eyes, Till the Sa - viour shall come and call us home.

serve the Master here, Shall be jew - els to sparkle in his crown.

REFRAIN.

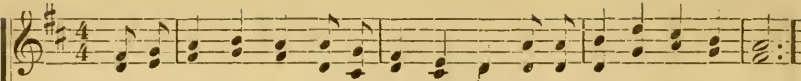
Then be firm to the end, then be firm to the end; Let us

D. S.
 nev - er, nev - er lay our ar - mor down, ar - mor down, For the

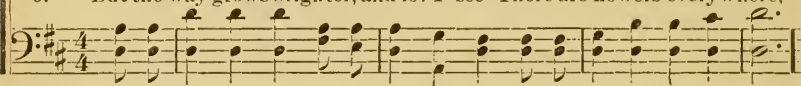
My Leader.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



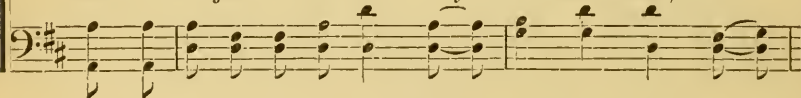
1. 'Tis the Lord's own hand that is leading me, Though the way I may not know ;
2. 'Tis the Lord's own hand that hath made me free, And his blood hath washed me clean ;
3. Sometimes he may lead me thro' valleys deep, Where the thorns and briars grow ;
4. Or if he should lead where the thunders roll, Yet amid the storm I'll sing ;
5. But the way grows brighter, and lo! I see There are flowers everywhere,



But I'll follow him, though I cannot see The path he would have me go.
 And 'tis grace divine that is keeping me, From the guilt and power of sin ;
 Sometimes over mountains, so wild and steep, In the noontides torrid glow ;
 For no harm can touch the believing soul, That is sheltered by his wing ;
 And the songs of heaven float down to me, On the perfume-laden air ;



Yes, I'll fol-low, fol-low Je - sus an - y - where, For the
 And I know that Je-sus' grace is suf-fi - cient still, So I'll
 But I'll glad-ly, glad-ly trust his lov - ing care, 'Tis th
 So in sun - ny, sun - ny glow, or shad - ows dim, I
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I am led by God's own hand, And



CHORUS.



way is right, since he leads me there. { He's my Shepherd, gladly I will follow,
 let him lead wheresoe'er he will. { In green pastures, and beside still waters,
 best for me *me* since he leadeth there.
 know I'm safe if I follow him.
 and I'm walking in Beulah land.



1st. 2d.

With his rod and staff I dai-ly com-fort take;
He will ev-er lead me for his own name sake.

Be of Good Cheer.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. On life's great battle ground, Yield not to fear; All power in Christ is found,
2. If round thy pathway close, Clouds, dark and drear, On this sweet truth repose,
3. Rich treasures bless our way, Hopes, glad and dear, Tokens of endless day,

Promise so clear; His strength around thee gird, In ev-ery conflict heard,
Je - sus is near; What though the shadows throng, Look up with joyful song,
Star-like, appear; Hopes that will still a-bide, Lighting the e-ventide,

Rings our commander's word, "Be of good cheer," "Be of good cheer."
Sunshine will break ere long, "Be of good cheer," "Be of good cheer."
While Je - sus walks beside, "Be of good cheer," "Be of good cheer."

Be of Good Courage.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. If the cup of life that you hold to-day Has its drops of grief and
 2. If the storms betide, and the way is dark, And you have a sense of
 3. If your dai - ly life is a bus - y one, And your cares are ma - ny
 4. As you know, by faith, that your sorrows here Are sent from the Lord a -

pain, If your heart is faint, and your courage fails, There is
 fear; If you wrestle oft with the sins of life, You have
 too, If the heart is sad, and the teardrops flow, There is
 bove, As you bear them all with a pa - tient heart You have

REFRAIN.

help in this re - frain. "Be of good courage, Be of good
 this to help and cheer.
 this to com - fort you.
 this to show his love.

courage, And he shall strengthen your heart, Strengthen your heart,
 Strengthen your heart,

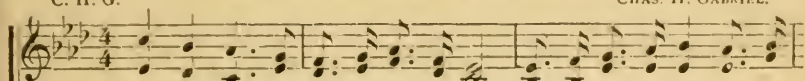
Strengthen your heart, . . . All ye . . . that hope in the Lord."
 Strengthen your heart, All ye

Light is Spreading.

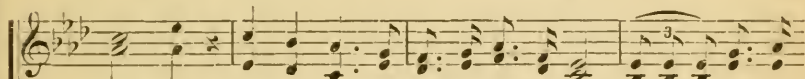
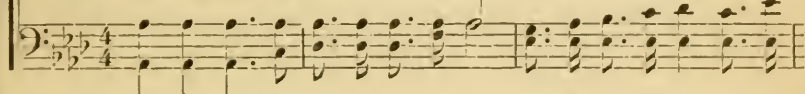
99

C. H. G.

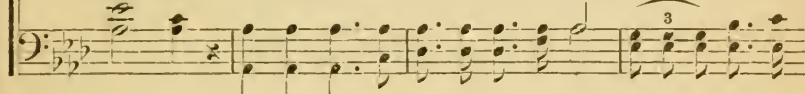
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



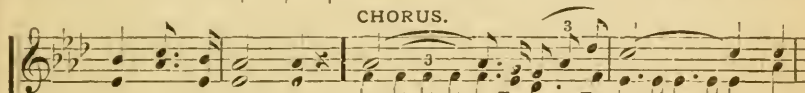
1. Light is spreading, sing the ju-bi-lee, Shout the word from nation to
2. Light is spreading! weary one, beheld! See the fruits of earnest en-
3. Light is spreading! now and evermore Trust the Lord, and herald the



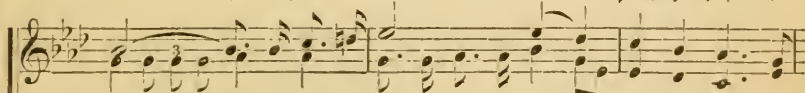
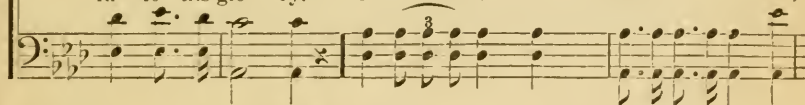
na - tion! Loud the song comes ringing o'er the sea, Answering back the
deav - or, — Thir - ty, six - ty, and a hundred fold! Glory to Je - sus,
sto - ry; O - pen stands the ev - erlast - ing door, Beckoning millions



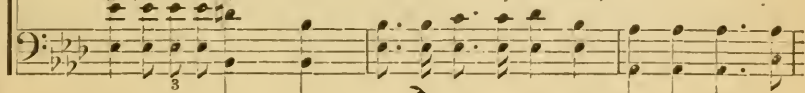
CHORUS.



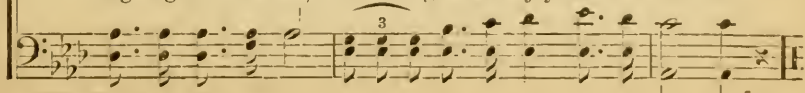
joys of sal - va - tion. Light, . . . O beautiful light . . . of
now and for - ev - er!
in - to his glo - ry. Light, beautiful light, of Christ and his sal - va - tion,



Christ . . . to ev - 'ry na - - - - tion, Loud the song comes
Light, beautiful light of Christ to ev - 'ry na - tion,



ring - ing o'er the sea, Answering back the joys of sal - va - tion.



Only for Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On - ly for Je - sus, the lives he has giv - en, Bought with a
 2. On - ly for Je - sus, the "tal - ents" entrust - ed, Sent to be
 3. On - ly for Je - sus the days that are passing, Hal - low the

price, e'en his own precious blood; Sealed by his Spirit, and claimed for his
 used for his hon - or a - lone, O, in our stewardship let us be
 hours "in his name," as they fly, Find - ing sweet pleasure in serv - ing our

glo - ry, Heirs of sal - va - tion, and chil - dren of God.
 faith - ful, Bring each "endeav - or" in prayer to the throne.
 Mas - ter. Do - ing his bid - ding with an - gels on high.

CHORUS.

On - - ly and ev - er for Je - - sus our Sa - viour.
 On - ly and ev - er, yes, on - ly and ev - er for Jesus our Saviour, for Jesus our Saviour,

Hope - ful - ly, trust - ful - ly look - ing a - bove,
 Hop - fully, hopeful - ly, trustful - ly, trustful - ly looking, yes, looking a - bove, a - bove,

On - ly and ev - er for Je - sus our Sa - viour,
 On - ly and ev - er, yes, on - ly and ev - er for Jesus our Saviour, for Jesus our Saviour,

ritard.

Life's no - blest serv - ice, the heart's warm - est love.

No Voice but Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We come again, O gracious Lord, Around thy hallowed mercy seat,
 2. We come again, for still we need Refreshing showers our hearts to cheer;
 3. Our strength renew, our hope increase, And may we now thy blessings share;
 4. And when this hour shall pass away, Oh, may thy presence come so near

Fine.

To feast up - on thy liv - ing word, And lay our burdens at thy feet.
 In thy dear name the grace we plead, That to thy throne will bring us near.
 Keep thou thine own in perfect peace, Control our thoughts, direct our prayer.
 That from our hearts we all may say, 'Twas good for us to gather here.

D.S.—love inspire through faith divine, That we may hear no voice but thine.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Shut out the world, that we may see Within our midst no one but thee; Our

Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep, unmeasured love ;
 2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Render hearty thanks and praise ;
 3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound prolong ;
 4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be

Let the soul - in - spir - ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove,
 While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on through endless days.
 Heav'nly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap - ture swell the song.
 Un - to him who loved and saved us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing the love of Je - - - - sus,
 the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,

Heav'n and earth re - peat the strain ;
 re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re - peat the strain ;

Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - - - - tion
 till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

Ech - oes on . . . the sweet re - frain.
 the sweet re - frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re - frain.

Will You Rise?

MENNO B. DIEHL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. Do you feel your load of sin? Then, a - rise; Let the work of grace be-
2. Do not fear the scorn of those—Bravely rise!—Who are eager to op-
3. Do you long for sweetest rest? Then, a - rise;—It is found on Je- sus'
4. Who will choose the Lord to-day? Who will rise? "There is danger in de-

gin, Come, a - rise; Je - sus waits to make you free, He will
 pose, Come, a - rise; Think of him who came to die, There is
 breast, Oh, a - rise; Have you wandered far a - way? Will you
 lay," Oh, a - rise! Is it hard to speak, or stand? On - ly

give you grace to be His for all e - ter - ni - ty; Oh, a - rise!
 help for all who try, Now on him a - lone re - ly, Oh, a - rise!
 seek the Lord to-day? Will you now his voice o - bey? Will you rise?
 lift a trembling hand,—Heed your thinking soul's demand,—Raise your hand.

104 Fill This Temple with Thy Glory.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Fill this temple with thy glo - ry, Lord of hosts and King of kings,
 2. Yet we pray thee, may thy glo - ry With thy grace and mercy blend,
 3. Grant us from thy boundless treasure, Gifts of faith, and hope, and love ;
 4. Fill this temple with thy glo - ry, Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

Angels bending to a - dore thee, Veil their fa - ces with their wings.
 As of old, in gos - pel sto - ry, Be our Saviour and our friend.
 In thy o - verflow - ing measure, Send us blessings from a - bove.
 So we'll sing sal - vation's sto - ry, Answering heaven's enraptured host.

CHORUS.

Fill this tem - - ple with thy glory, Hear us from . . . thy mighty
 Fill this tem - ple Hear us from

throne, While thy children bow before thee, Make thy stately stepplings
 mighty throne, [known.]

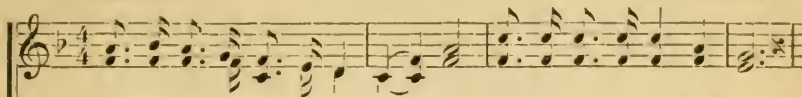
Keep My Sabbaths.

105

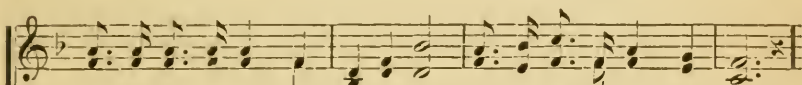
F. G. BURROUGHS.

"Remember the Sabbath day."—Ex. xx: 8-11.

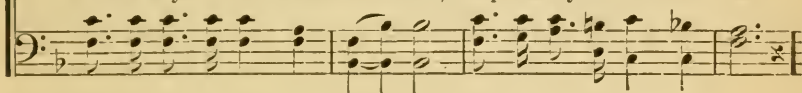
H. L. GILMOUR.



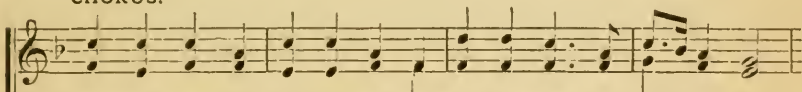
1. Soldiers of th' Sunday-school ar - my, Stand equipped in bright array!
2. Soldiers of th' Sunday-school ar - my, See the ranks of sin draw near,
3. Soldiers of th' Sunday-school ar - my, Fear ye not the foe's a - harm;
4. Soldiers of th' Sunday-school ar - my, Rouse ye in this time of need;



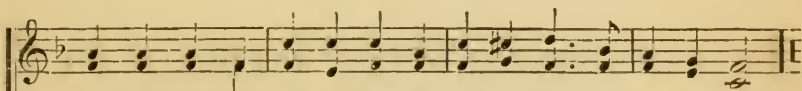
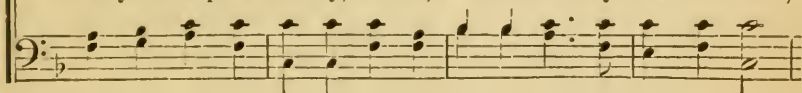
God is calling forth the loy - al To protect his ho - ly day.
Striving to annul God's pre - cepts, And destroy his day, so dear!
Though a host encamp a - gainst you, You may shield God's day from harm.
Hold aloft your Lord's commandments, Keep his day in truth and deed.



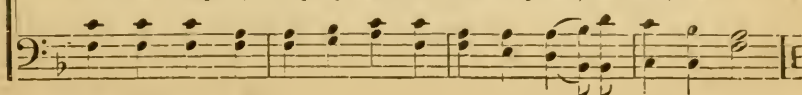
CHORUS.



Show your weapons bold - ly, soldiers, Make God's word your trusted sword;



While he trumpets, "keep my Sabbaths!" Shout ye all, "we will, dear Lord!"



Going Home to Glory.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are go- ing home to glo- ry, we are on the shining way, On the
 2. We are go- ing home to glo- ry, let us not so greatly mind If at
 3. We are go- ing home to glo- ry, O, that all the world would go! O, that

blessed way that shineth more and more ; Leading to the many mansions, brighter,
 times the road is rough that we pursue ; Our best friend is close beside us, and his
 all would turn and seek the " living way ; " We will give the invitation, 'tis the

brighter than the day, Where we'll meet with friends and dear ones gone before.
 loving arm we'll find Strong to keep and guide us all the journey through.
 Saviour's gentle " come," Come and seek the joys that nev- er fade away.

CHORUS.

We are go- ing home to glo- ry, we'll sing it o'er and o'er, Our Lord

Je- sus, pre- cious Je - sus, we shall see ; We shall see him in his beauty,

and with rapture we'll adore, Praise and serve him through a glad eternity.

For Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We want to live for Je- sus, A life of ser-vice true, And try to show his
 2. We want to work for Je- sus, Because he loved us so; We want to do his
 3. We want to die in Je- sus, When all our work is o'er, And go to live for-

CHORUS.

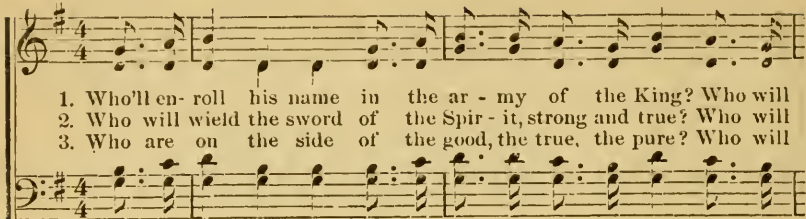
glo- ry In ev-ery thing we do.
 pleasure, In all our life below. We want to { live } for Jesus, His children
 ever, On heaven's shining shore. { work }
 { die }

we would be; We love to sing his praises, For his lit- tle lambs are we.

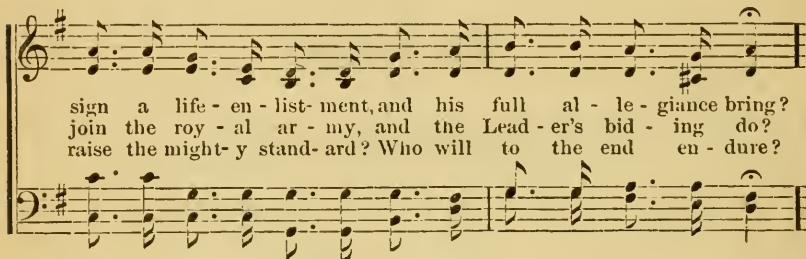
Put My Name On the List.

E. E. HEWITT.

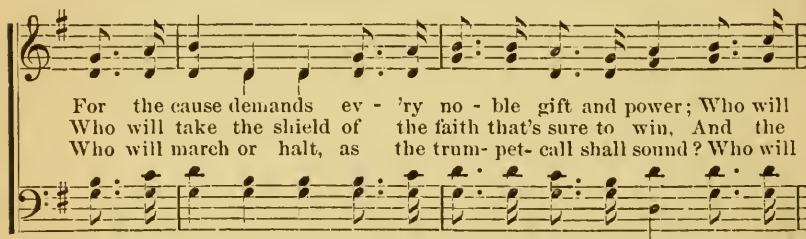
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



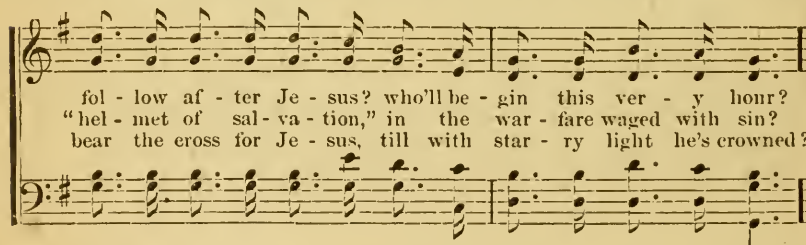
1. Who'll en- roll his name in the ar - my of the King? Who will
 2. Who will wield the sword of the Spir - it, strong and true? Who will
 3. Who are on the side of the good, the true, the pure? Who will



sign a life - en - list - ment, and his full al - le - giance bring?
 join the roy - al ar - my, and the Lead - er's bid - ing do?
 raise the might - y stand - ard? Who will to the end en - dure?

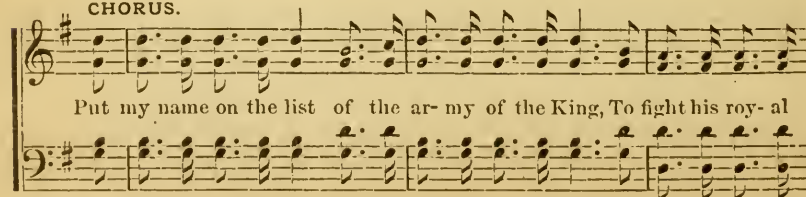


For the cause demands ev - 'ry no - ble gift and power; Who will
 Who will take the shield of the faith that's sure to win, And the
 Who will march or halt, as the trum - pet - call shall sound? Who will



fol - low af - ter Je - sus? who'll be - gin this ver - y hour?
 "hel - met of sal - va - tion," in the war - fare waged with sin?
 bear the cross for Je - sus, till with star - ry light he's crowned?

CHORUS.



Put my name on the list of the ar - my of the King, To fight his roy - al

bat-tles, and his glo-ry sing; And when the sunset bells shall their
fi-nal vic'try ring. I'll have a joyful welcome in the palace of the King.

O Stay Not!

Rev. CHAS. ROADS.

Gen. xix : 17.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O stay not, O stay not thy coming to Christ, Whatever be laid in thy way,
2. O stay not, O stay not to stumble at men, Tho' blinded and halt, coming in;
3. O stay not, O stay not to controvert truth, The truth as in Jesus that saves;
4. O stay not, O stay not, postponing once more The day of salvation from sin;

Fine.

For surely we know that the soul's deadly foe Opposes thy coming to-day.
If thou art severe then thou surely must fear Thy knowledge will deepen thy sin.
His sweet, tender call, and his promise to all, So perfectly what the soul craves.
In penitence bow, for his time is now, to pardon and cleanse thee within!

D.S.—For Jesus, who died with a thief at his side, Will wondrously save you to-day.
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Then stay not thy coming, but yield as thou art, No longer salvation delay;

Send the Light.

G. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light, Send the light!"
 2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day, "Send the light, Send the light!"
 3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, Send the light, Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, Send the light, Send the light!

There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
 And a golden off'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
 And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found, Send the light! Send the light!
 Let us gather jewels for a crown above, Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS. *The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*

We will spread the ev - er - last - ing light,
 We will spread the ev - er - last - ing light With a
BASS SOLO.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the
 will - ing heart and hand. Giving God the glory

glo - ry ev - er - more, We will fol - low, fol - low his command.
 ev - er - more, We will fol - low his com - mand.

Send the light, the bless- ed gos - pel light,
Send the light! and let its ra - diant beams

Let it shine . . . from shore to shore!
Light the world . . . for - ev - er - - more,
for - ev - ermore.

Praise, Praise His Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the desert mountain straying, Far, far from home, Heard I there a sweet voice,
2. At a throne of mercy kneeling, Sad and oppressed, Came that voice, to me re-
3. Oft I heard that voice repeating, "I am the way, Tarry not, the hours are
4. When from glory unto glory My flight shall be, Still I'll sing the precious

CHORUS.

saying, Why wilt thou roam? 'Twas my blessed Lord that sought me, Out of
vealing Hope, life, and rest.
fleeting, Come, come to-day."
sto - ry, Saviour, of thee.

sin to grace he brought me, Oh, the glad, new song he taught me, —Praise, praise his
[name!]

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. O't when tossed on ocean's foam, As I voyage to my home,
 2. He can cheer the darkest night, He can flood the soul with light,
 3. Knowing this I courage take; He will nev - er me forsake,

And no ray of light about I see; With my bark the sport of wave,
 He can scatter all our fears a - way; He will hear the honest cry,
 But my tri - als help me bear instead; They are on - ly for my good,

When no human arm can save, Un - to Je - sus in my fear I flee.
 And all needed grace supply, Sending answers e - ven while we pray.
 And when all is understood I shall thank him for the way he led.

CHORUS.

What tho' mountain billows threaten, and the clouds above me roll? I am

safe if Jesus only of my bark shall take control; I can brave the wildest

tempest if his glory fills my soul, I can sing amid its raging and rejoice.

Every One may have a Friend.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Every one may have a Friend, A loving Friend in Je - sus;
2. Every one is tru - ly blest Who finds a Friend in Je - sus;
3. Every one may have a home, Who seeks it now through Je - sus;
4. Every one may have a crown, Who bears the cross for Je - sus;

Fine.

Saving, keeping to the end, For such a Friend is Je - sus.
 Love and pardon; peace and rest, We have them all in Je - sus.
 To the "Father's house" he'll come, Who journeys there with Je - sus.
 At his feet to lay it down, And glo - ry give to Je - sus.

D. S.—Every one a Friend may win, A loving Friend in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Every one who turns from sin, Asks the blessed Saviour in,

Bright Stars of Promise.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. There's a promise for the contrite, Crimson stains shall be as snow ; There's a
 2. There's a promise for the children, Suf- fer them to come to me, There's a
 3. There's a promise for the care-worn, 'Tis your Father knows and cares ; There's a
 4. There's a promise for the suff'rer, Of the land of " no more night ; " There's a

promise for the doubtful, Wait—here—af - ter you shall know ; There's a
 promise for the a - ged, They shall ne'er for - sa - ken be ; There's a
 promise for faith's pleading, He will answer all your pray'rs ; There's a
 promise for the faithful, Of the crown of glo - ry bright ; There's a

promise for the fearful, Lo, I'm with you all the way ; There's a promise for the
 promise for the weary, Come, and I will give you rest ; There's a promise for the
 promise for the worker, " I will help thee. " saith the Lord ; There's a promise for the
 promise for death's valley, For the Shepherd's with them there ; Blessed promise of ^[a]

CHORUS.

tearful, God shall wipe all tears away. There's a promise for you, And a
 helpless, Such he carries on his breast.
 battle, God's own truth shall be your sword.
 mansion, In the Father's house, so fair.

promise for me, O - beying and trusting, a promise we see; Whatev - er the

need or the trouble may be, A bright star of promise for you and for me.

The Wondrous Love of Jesus.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I found the love that long I sought, The wondrous love of Je - sus;
 2. 'Tis deep and high, 'tis vast and wide, The wondrous love of Je - sus;
 3. On him in per - fect peace I lean, My ev - er precious Je - sus;
 4. I have a home in end - less day, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;

f From death to life my soul is brought, By grace, through faith in Je - sus.
 'Tis boundless as the o - cean tide, Oh, wondrous love of Je - sus!
 My faith is clear, my sky se - rene, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus!
 And there my soul is on its way, All glo - ry be to Je - sus!

D.S. - ter - ni - ty can nev - er tell The wondrous love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

He saves me now, I know it well, I feel his power within me dwell; E -

It Needs but a Touch.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. It needs but a touch, a touch of the heart, And Je - sus his
 2. It needs but a look, a look of the heart, To him who him-
 3. It needs but a word, a word from the heart, He's standing so

healing will give, Now press thro' the crowd—all that's holding you back, His
 self free - ly gave, Now lift up your eyes un- to Cal- vary's cross, And
 lov- ing - ly near, O, tell him your sin, humbly ask for his grace, His

CHORUS.

pre- cioussal- va- tion re - ceive. Come in faith to this Sa- viour,
 find him still mighty to save.
 peace- giv- ing answer you'll hear.

Come, prove him this hour; How tender his mer- cy, How boundless his power.

Not One Thing hath Failed Us. 117

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Not one thing hath failed us Of his word of grace; Gratefully the blessings
 2. Every golden promise, When we sought its light, With an undimmed lustre
 3. Heeding the Good Shepherd, Olt he brought our feet To the richest pastures,
 4. Need we dread the future, Trusting in his name? Through the years before us

Of the past we trace; For our dai-ly hunger Dai-ly manna fell;
 Sparkled clear and bright; Ev-ery night of weeping Brought a rosy dawn,
 Sunny, fresh and sweet; When his guidance led us Thro' some gloomy vale
 He is still "the same." We will sing in glory; Round the "sea of glass,"

CHORUS.

In the wea-ry des-ert Sprang the living well. Not . . . one thing hath
 When new songs of gladness Hailed the glowing morn.
 He was there beside us, Love can nev-er fail.
 "Not one thing hath failed us," "All are come to pass." Not one thing hath failed us,

failed us Of . . . his word of grace; . . .
 Not one thing hath failed us Of his word of grace, Of his word of grace;

Grate - - fully the bless - - ings Of the past we trace.
 Gratefully the bless - ings, Gratefully the blessings

Hold Out the Hand.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You've read what our Lord in his pilgrimage here
 2. The little ones came, and the sinful and sad
 Bestowed by the touch of his hand,
 Were won by his kind, tender way;

Rich blessing, full pardon, and healing divine,
 E'en storms knew his wave of command.
 Just try what the touch of a true, loving hand
 Will do for the wand'ers to-day.

CHORUS.

Then hold out the hand, hold out the hand, To-day 'tis the world's great demand,

All around you are brothers who waitingly stand, Then hold out, hold out the hand.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 There's something divine in the clasp of the hand, [know; There's a power beyond what we And the sorrowing world has a right to demand, [show. That the Christian should sympathy</p> | <p>5 The old, the forsaken, the sorrowing ones, How great are the burdens they bear; Kind actions and words will bring com- fort and cheer. And save from the blight of despair.</p> |
| <p>4 Reach out for the brother that's drift- ing away, From out the safe harbor of right, Don't shun him, or treat him with self- righteous scorn, A hand-shake may save him to-night.</p> | <p>6 Great deeds are performed by the cho- sen and few, While dreamers in idleness stand; Slight actions have sometimes the graud- est results, Then prayerfully hold out your hand.</p> |

Falter Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Fal - ter not nor look behind thee, Cast thy ev - ery weight aside,
 2. Fal - ter not nor look behind thee, Firm and fearless take thy place,
 3. Fal - ter not nor look behind thee, Lest thy la - bor prove in vain;
 4. Fal - ter not nor look behind thee, Lo, the prize is just in sight,
 5. Fal - ter not nor look behind thee, What of all thy tri - als past,

Haste to win the prize before thee, Trusting him, thy Precious Guide.
 Robe and crown and palm are wait'ng For the vic - tors in the race.
 Run with pa - tience, and remember Thou hast much to lose or gain.
 One more struggle, meet it bravely, Speed thee on with all thy might.
 If by grace through faith in Jesus, Thine the vic - tor's crown at last?

CHORUS.

Fal - ter not nor look be - hind thee, Still thy
 Fal - ter not nor look be - - - hind thee,

course with joy pur - sue; Per - se - vere, for
 Still thy course with joy pur - sue; Per - se - vere, for thou

thou must con - quer, With the cross of Christ in view.
 must con - quer, With the cross of Christ in view.

We are Singing On the Way.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We are sing - ing on the way, To a blessed land of day, Where the
 2. What though trials here we meet? Soon we'll walk the golden street, Where we'll
 3. We are pressing on the way, Let us work, and watch, and pray, Winning

raptured hal - le - lu - jahs nev - er cease; Soon we'll see its shining towers,
 look up - on the beau - ty of our King; Tears of sorrow here may flow,
 stars to sparkle in our crowns of light; Let us tell the Saviour's love,

f Fine.

Rest within its lovely bowers, In that Eden-land of ev - er - lasting peace.
 But "hereafter we shall know," And redeeming love thro' endless ages sing.
 Till he bids us come above, Where no shadow ever mars the radiance bright.

D. S.—glory we shall share, In the house of "many mansions," bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Blessed home! blessed home! In the house of "many
 Blessed home! blessed home! blessed home!

D. S.

"mansions," bright and fair; For we'll be like Je - sus there, And his
 bright and fair;

Walking in White.

121

Mrs. F. E. WILLIAMS.
(Chorus by H. L. G.)

And they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.
Rev. 3: 4.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I am walking with my Saviour in companionship so sweet, In the
2. I am walking with my Saviour—and the ever-lasting arms Are
3. I am walking with my Saviour—and His blood is all my plea It

rap-ture of this fel-low-ship, I find a joy complete, His presence sat-is-
round about, and underneath, to shield me from all harm, His loving smiles
was shed for all uncleanness, and it cleanseth even me, The crimson fountain

fi-eth me and fills with such delight, As cloth'd in His own righteousness I
o'er my way a lustre pure and bright, As cloth'd in His own righteousness I
deep and wide, doth o-ver-flow me quite And wash'd in His own precious blood I

CHORUS.

walk with Him in white. We shall walk with Him in white, When the spirit takes its

flight, With the blood wash'd throug, we'll sing the song, As we walk with Him in white.

Come to the Feast.

E. RICHMOND. (Cho. by H. L. G.)

Luke xiv: 17.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion to the gos - pel feast, All things are
 2. Send the news through every highway, and the hedges round, Bid them a
 3. See the ta - ble all prepared for ev - ery hungry soul Who will may
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! what a table, filled with gospel grace, Sal - va - tion

read - y, come to - day, For the Saviour now is waiting to receive each guest,
 welcome while they may, Tell the sick and poor, the blind and lame, wherever found,
 come and be supplied, There is room enough and plenty, it is free to all,
 free and running o'er; Not a soul in all cre - a - tion but may find a place,

CHORUS.

Will you not the call o - bey? He is wait - ing now to wel - come,
 What a feast awaits to - day.
 Spread the in - vi - ta - tion wide.
 Praise the Lord forev - er - more!

Who - so - ev - er will the call em - brace, Hal - le - lu - jah!

What a Sa - viour, Ev - ery sin - ner may be saved by grace.

Eberlasting Life.

123

JAMES L. BLACK.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. Oh, wondrous love! how can it be That Je - sus came to make us free,—
 2. Oh, wondrous love! unbounded grace, That stooped to save our guilty race,
 3. Oh, love surpassing human thought! That we from death thro' faith are brought,
 4. O cross of Christ our Lord and King, In thee our boast, of thee we sing,

That he should drain the bitter cup, And for our sins be lifted up.
 And opened wide for you and me The precious Fount of Cal - vary.
 And life e - ter - nal we receive, The ver - y moment we believe.
 Where first we felt the rapture sweet Of pard'ning love at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

These are the words of the Ho - ly One, He that be -
These are the words

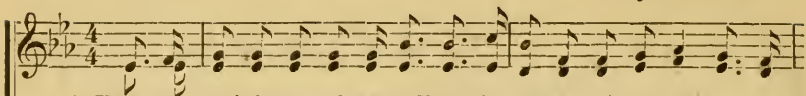
lieves on Christ the Son, He that be - lieves, . . . and
He that believes He that believes

Je - sus re - ceives, Hath ev - er - lasting life.
and Je - sus receives,

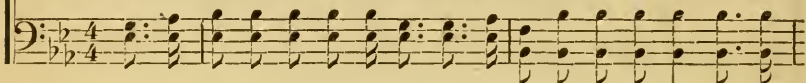
You Have Done it Unto Me.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

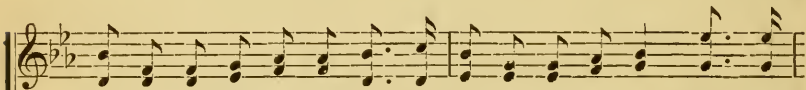
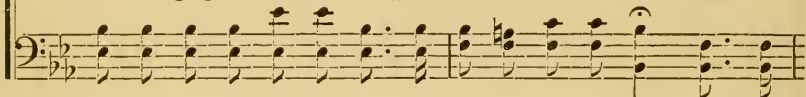
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



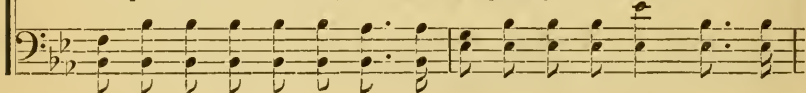
1. Have you carried cups of water, From the fresh and living spring, To the
2. Have you tried to cheer the stranger? Spoken comfort to the sad? Have you
3. Have you brightened lonely pathways With the gentle light of love, And to



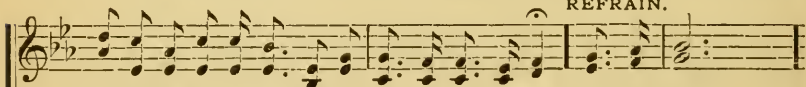
thirs-ty, faint and wea-ry, For the love of Christ our King? Then, when
helped the poor and need-y? Made the lit-tle chil-dren glad? Then, be-
those who grope in darkness Brought the sunshine from above? When the



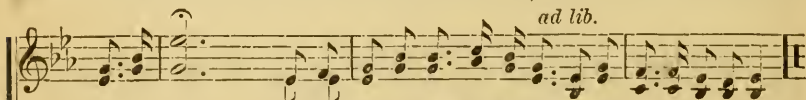
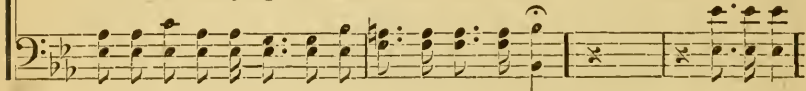
all the journey's end-ed, Sweet the welcome home will be, When you
yond the walls of jas-per, By the shining crys-tal sea, You will
trumpet has re-sound-ed, For the last great ju-bi-lee, You will



REFRAIN.

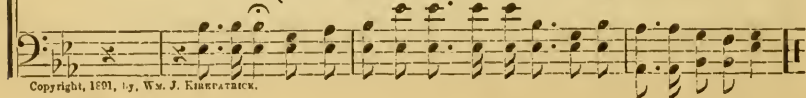


hear the Master saying, "Ye have done it un - to me," Un - to me,



un- to me,

{ When you } hear the Master saying,
{ You will } "Ye have done it unto me."



The Walk to Emmaus.

125

E. RICHMOND.

"Did not our hearts burn within us?"—LUKE 24: 33.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. We have walked with Christ to-day, All a-long the joy-ful way, With His presence we can
 2. We have talked with Christ to-day, As we walked along the way, And our hearts were made to
 3. We have worked for Christ to-day, In our weak and humble way, As we tried to tell the

never more be sad; As we journey hand in hand, T'wards that bright and shining land, How our
 burn with holy fire; And the sto-ry all so dear, Drove a-way our ev'-ry fear, For the
 sto-ry of His love; He has blest us with His grace, And we know we have a place, In the

CHORUS.

hearts go out in prais-es, and are glad. }
 theme was one of which we nev-er tire. } Yes, our hearts are all a-glow, Praise the
 man-sion now pre-pared for us a-bove. }

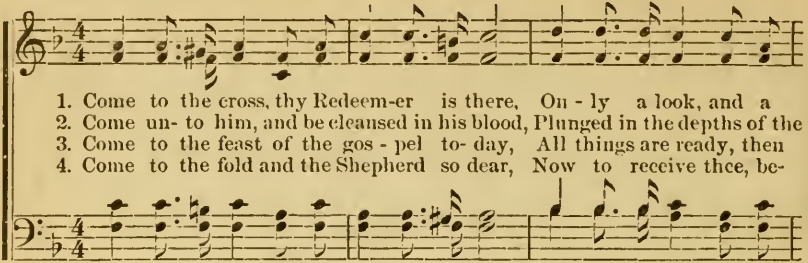
Lord, His love we know, To His name we sing hosanna as we go; We will tell'to all a-round,

What a Sav-iour we have found, With His presence it is heav-en here be-low.

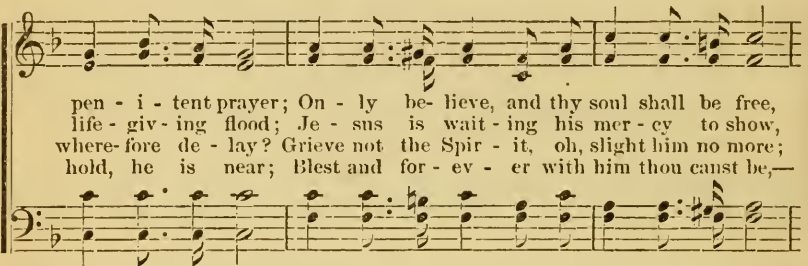
Come to the Cross.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

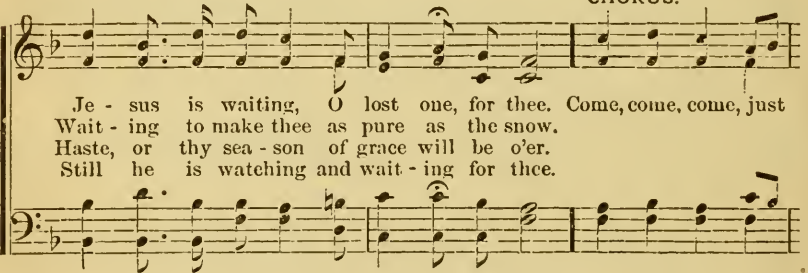


1. Come to the cross, thy Redeem-er is there, On - ly a look, and a
 2. Come un- to him, and be cleas'd in his blood, Plunged in the depths of the
 3. Come to the feast of the gos- pel to- day, All things are ready, then
 4. Come to the fold and the Shepherd so dear, Now to receive thee, be-

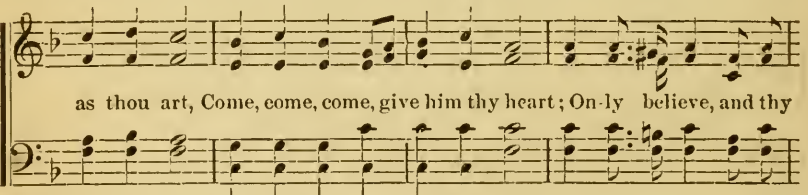


pen - i - tent prayer; On - ly be - lieve, and thy soul shall be free,
 life - giv - ing flood; Je - sus is wait - ing his mer - cy to show,
 where - fore de - lay? Grieve not the Spir - it, oh, slight him no more;
 hold, he is near; Blest and for - ev - er with him thou canst be,—

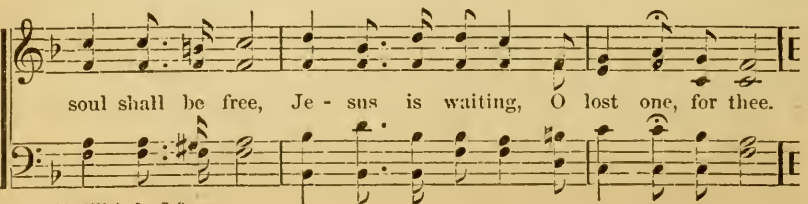
CHORUS.



Je - sus is waiting, O lost one, for thee. Come, come, come, just
 Wait - ing to make thee as pure as the snow.
 Haste, or thy sea - son of grace will be o'er.
 Still he is watching and wait - ing for thee.



as thou art, Come, come, come, give him thy heart; On - ly believe, and thy



soul shall be free, Je - sus is waiting, O lost one, for thee.

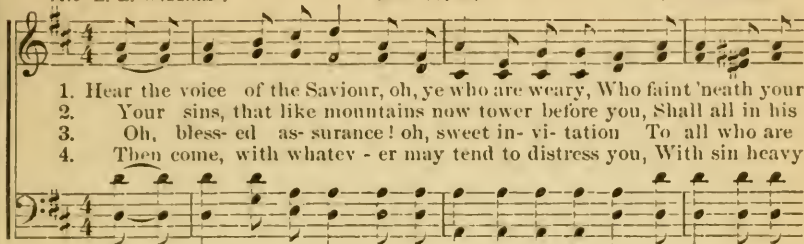
Christ's Invitation.

127

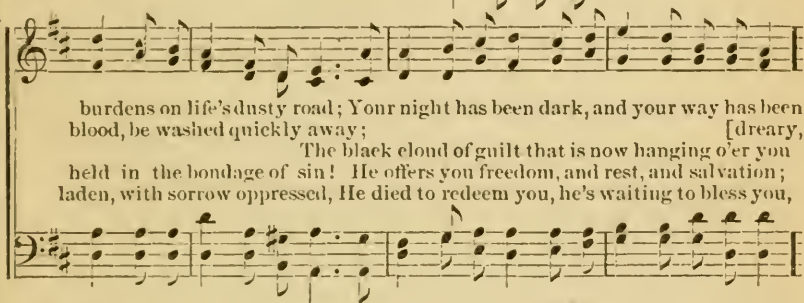
Mrs E. E. WILLIAMS.

Matt. xi: 28.

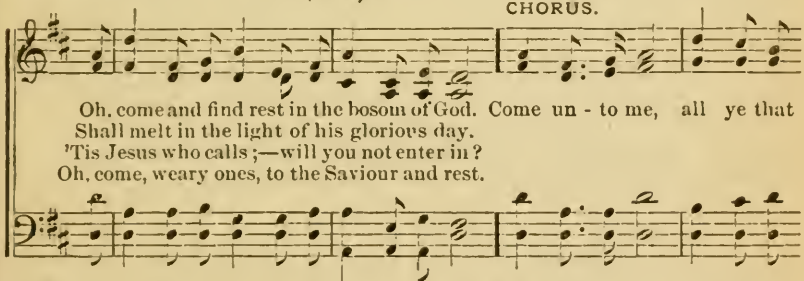
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Hear the voice of the Saviour, oh, ye who are weary, Who faint 'neath your
2. Your sins, that like mountains now tower before you, Shall all in his
3. Oh, bless- ed as- surance! oh, sweet in- vi- ta- tion To all who are
4. Then come, with whatev- er may tend to distress you, With sin heavy

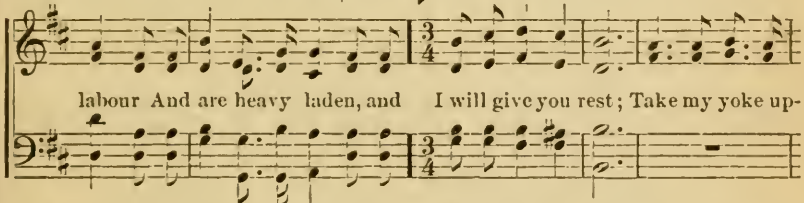


burdens on life's dusty road; Your night has been dark, and your way has been
blood, be washed quickly away; [dreary,
The black cloud of guilt that is now hanging o'er you
held in the bondage of sin! He offers you freedom, and rest, and salvation;
laden, with sorrow oppress'd, He died to redeem you, he's waiting to bless you,

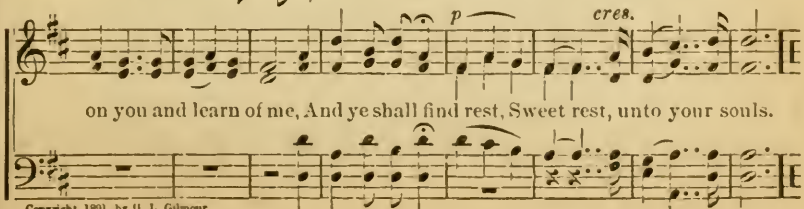


CHORUS.

Oh, come and find rest in the bosom of God. Come un- to me, all ye that
Shall melt in the light of his glorious day.
'Tis Jesus who calls;—will you not enter in?
Oh, come, weary ones, to the Saviour and rest.



labour And are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; Take my yoke up-



on you and learn of me, And ye shall find rest, Sweet rest, unto your souls.

Lo, I am with You Always.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lo, I am with you alway, From lips divine we hear, Falling like distant
2. Lo, I am with you alway, O words with joy replete, Shedding the light of
3. Lo, I am with you alway, Your constant loving friend; Lo, I am with you

music, When life seems cold and drear; Lo, I am with you alway, 'Tis
glo - ry Around the mercy seat; Lifting the souls that fal - ter Be -
al - way, Until the world shall end; Jesus, thy blessed promise Our

love's divine refrain, Softly its tones we echo, And faith grows bright again,
neath their weight of woe, Into the sunny pastures, Where peaceful waters flow,
guiding star shall be, Till o'er the silent riv - er We come at last to thee.

CHORUS.

"Lo, I am with you alway," The Lord will surely not forget his own;

Though they may pass through trials, He leaves them not alone. (a-lone.
He leaves them not alone.

1st. 2d.

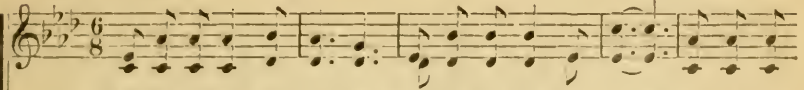
Never Despair, O Brother.

129

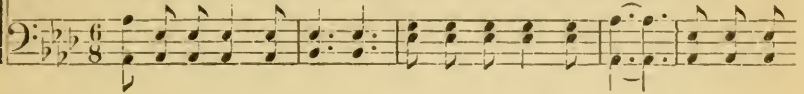
M. A. WHITAKER.

Matt. xi : 28.

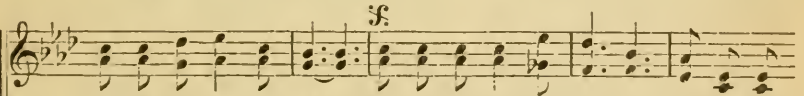
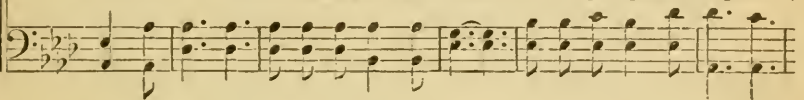
H. L. GILMOUR.



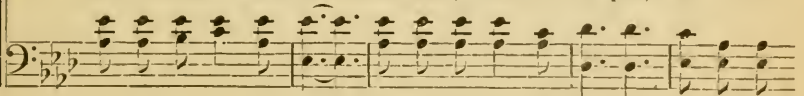
1. Sighing amidst the shadows, Weeping thy bitter tears, Bending be-
2. Leave then the gloom and shadows, Cease from thy sighs and tears, Rise up to
3. Yes, there is light for shadow, Gladness for sighs and tears, Strength in thy
4. Linger not then with shadows, Come where the blessed light Showeth the



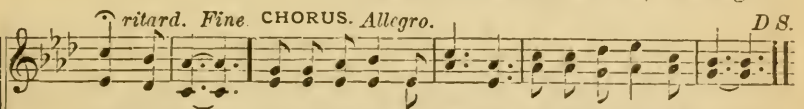
neath the sorrows Born of thy wasted years; Sad are the years that, rising,
bear thy sorrows, Look to the coming years; He who has called thee knoweth
human weakness, Brightness for future years; Fear will be lost in trusting,
face of Je - sus, Shining so pure and bright; He will give peace and pardon,



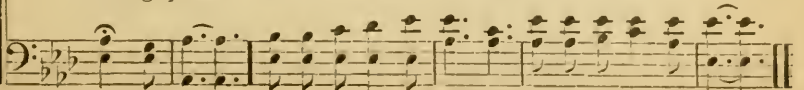
Darken thy path to - day, Faith in thy heart seems dying, Life but a
All that is in thine heart, Life with its griefs and sinning, Longings from
Sin he o'ercome and slain, If the dear call of mer - cy Reaches thee
He will redeem and bless, Haste then, his arms are o - pen, In - to their



D. S.—Je - sus e'en now is call - ing, "Weary one,
Close to the heart of Je - sus, Dwelling e -



clouded way. Never despair, O brother, Still there is hope for thee,
sin to part. Chorus for last verse.
not in vain. Pardon and peace, O brother, Joy and new life for thee,
folding press.



come to me."
ter - nal - ly.

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Radiant Songs-I

Emmanuel's Land.

Mrs. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The
 2. O, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
 3. I've wrestled on toward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now,
 4. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now

summer morn I've sighed for — The fair, sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark hath been the
 streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an ocean
 like a wea - ry trav - ler That leaneth on his guide, A - mid the shades of
 these lie all be - hind me — Oh, for a well tuned harp! Oh, to join the halle -

midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry — glo - ry dwelleth
 full - ness, His mer - cy doth expand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth
 eve - ning, While sinks life's lingering sand, I hail the glo - ry dawning
 In - jah With yon triumphant band! Who sing where glory dwelleth,

poco rit......

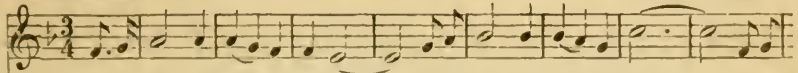
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
 From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning, From Immanuel's land.
 In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land.

There's a Hand Held Out.

131

M. W. MORSE.

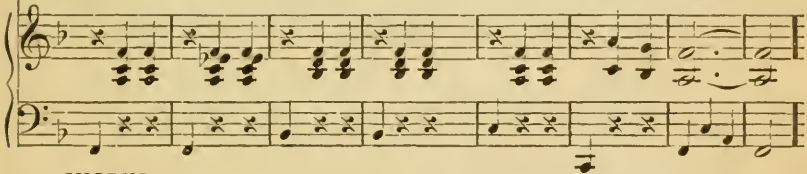
JNO R. SWENEY.



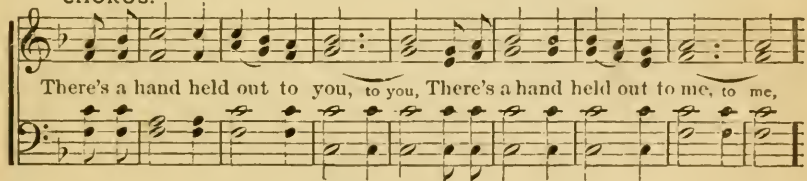
1. There's a hand held out in pi-ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
 2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
 3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin-ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
 4. Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in-vites? Shall my



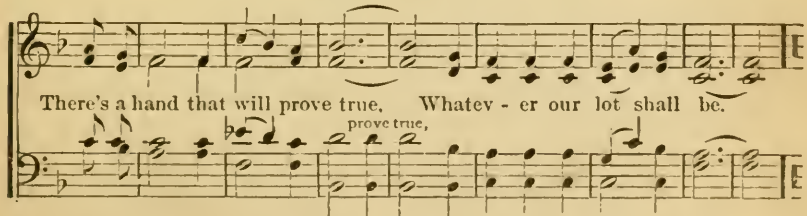
pi- lot to the ci- ty, Where our Father dwells a- bove.
 bless- ed hand of Je- sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
 thus to be the win- ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
 Sav- iour be of- fend- ed, Give I not to him his rights?



CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true, ^{prove true,} Whatev- er our lot shall be.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take, Knowing that it leads aright; Yes, I would this loving choice make; Trusting in his love and might.</p> | <p>6 Then, as hand in hand together With my Saviour with my Friend, With my Christ, my Elder Brother, Let him lead till life shall end.</p> |
|--|--|

Praise to Thee, Mighty One.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Praise to thee, Mighty One, Throned in the sky, Heav'n and earth worship thee
 2. Author of every good, King o - ver all, Un - to thy ho - ly name
 3. Vast as thy pow'r and strength, Thy wondrous love; Drawing each heart and voice
 4. Praise to thee, Mighty One! From earth and heaven, Praise to thee, Holy One!

Lord God on high! Holy One, great in pow'r, Strong in thy might, All the world
 Glad - ly we call! Deep to deep now replies, At thy command, All the world
 Glad - ly above! Greater than all thy work—Thy living Word! All the world
 Glad - ly be giv'n! Father, Son, Ho - ly Ghost, One God on high! Evermore

CHORUS.

made by thee, Darkness and light. Praise, . . . O praise the Migh - ty One,
 made by thee, Ocean and land.
 saved by thee, Through Christ the Lord.
 evermore, Earth sea and sky. Praise, O Praise, Praise the Mighty One,

Wor - - - - - ship and a - dore.
 Worship and a - dore, Worship and a - dore,

Sing - - - - - ing of his glo - - - - - ry, Now and ev - ermore.
 Singing of his glo - ry, Singing of his glory,

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, in sickness and sorrow, so
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

f
 oft - en have told That sto - ry so simple, so kind and so free, Oh,
 ten - der and soft, Did gently ad - monish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
 wand'rings are o'er; I seek now for pardon, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
 cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D. S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.
 speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . to me
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
 speak to me, Je - sus, be - fore 'tis too late.
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
 (3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

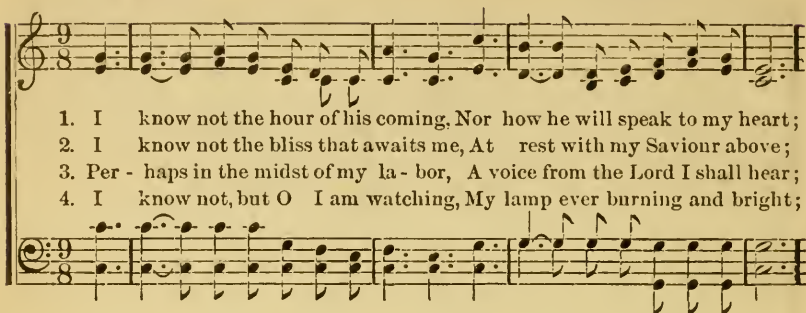
Je - sus, speak . . from a - bove, Tell of thy
 speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands, of thy

D. S.
 hands, of thy side, and thy love; For -
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

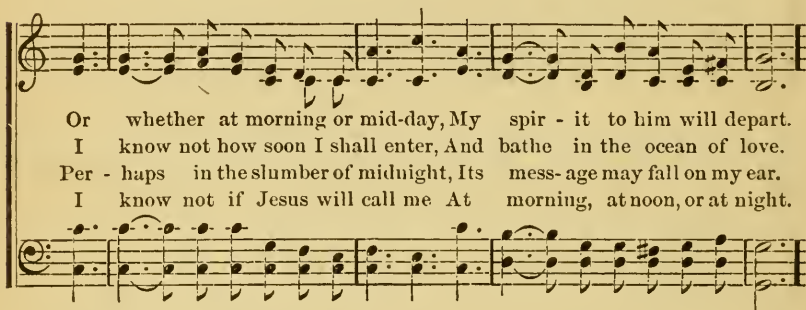
Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

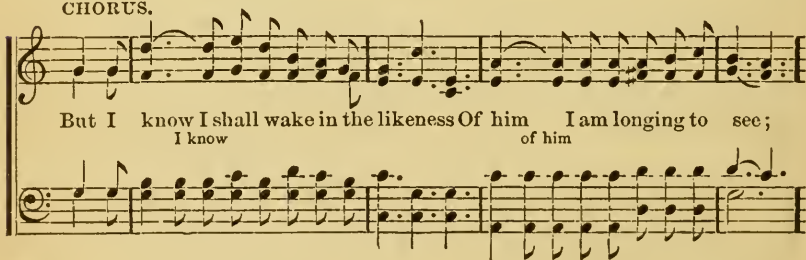


1. I know not the hour of his coming, Nor how he will speak to my heart;
 2. I know not the bliss that awaits me, At rest with my Saviour above;
 3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;
 4. I know not, but O I am watching, My lamp ever burning and bright;

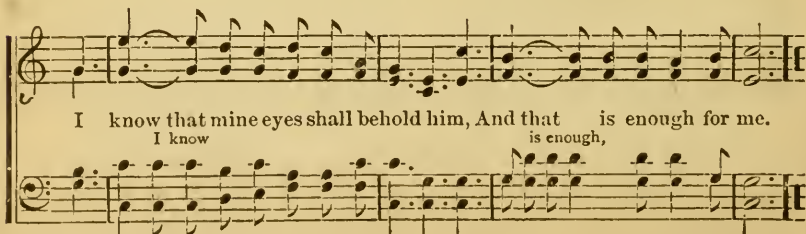


Or whether at morning or mid-day, My spir - it to him will depart.
 I know not how soon I shall enter, And bathe in the ocean of love.
 Per - haps in the slumber of midnight, Its mess - age may fall on my ear.
 I know not if Jesus will call me At morning, at noon, or at night.

CHORUS.



But I know I shall wake in the likeness Of him I am longing to see;
 I know of him



I know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that is enough for me.
 I know is enough,

How can I Honor Him?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. How can I hon- or him? what shall I bring. Meet for his praises, my
 2. How can I hon- or him, Saviour di- vine? Oh, may his light thro' my
 3. How can I hon- or him? Not words alone, Blend with the voi- ces that
 4. How can I hon- or him? This will I do, Trusting his promise, my

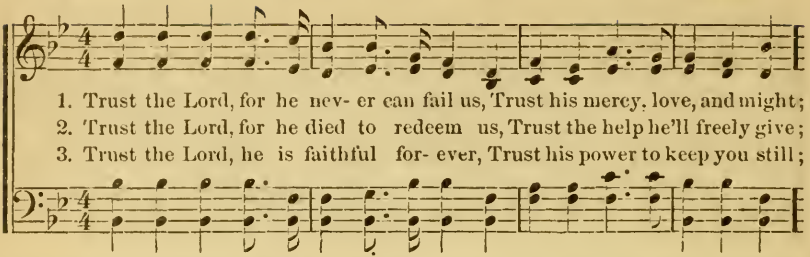
Saviour and King, Whom the bright seraphim bow to a- dore, Whom angels
 life ever shine; Now may his hand sweep the chord of my days, Waking with
 the sing'round the throne; Oh, let me bring him a heart all aflame, Glowing with
 vows I'll renew, Bring to his service my heart and my will, Glad that my

CHORUS.

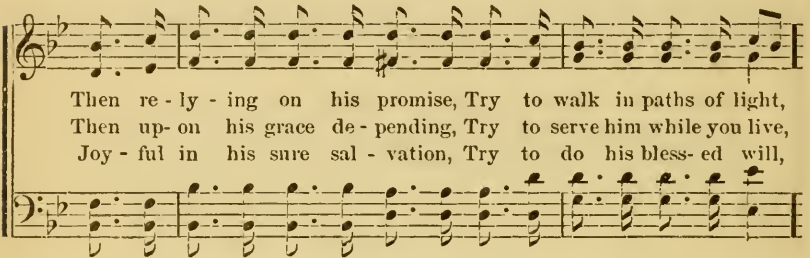
worship, and bless ev- er - more. Hon - - - or him, hon - - -
 harp-notes of ju - bi - lant praise.
 love for his wonder - ful name.
 Saviour "hath need" of me still. Hon - or him, hon - or him, lov - ing - ly

- - or him, lov - - - ing - ly sing . . . Glo - -
 sing, Hon - or him, hon - or him, lov - ing - ly sing Glo - ry to

- - ry to Je - - - sus, our Sa - - - vious and King. . .
 Je - sus, our Saviour and King, Glo - ry to Je - sus, our Saviour and King.

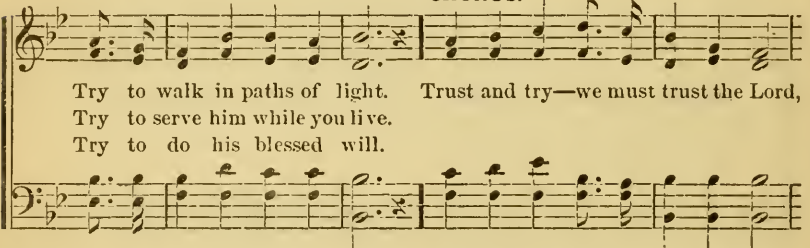


1. Trust the Lord, for he nev- er can fail us, Trust his mercy, love, and might;
2. Trust the Lord, for he died to redc- eem us, Trust the help he'll freely give;
3. Trust the Lord, he is faithful for- ever, Trust his power to keep you still;

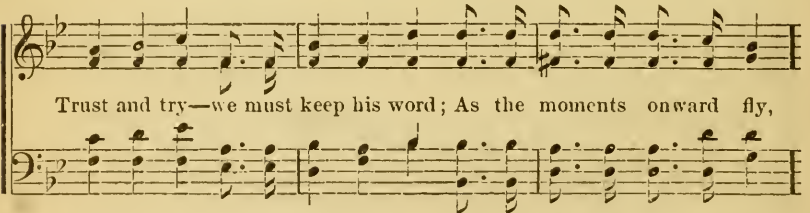


Then re- ly - ing on his promise, Try to walk in paths of light,
Then up- on his grace de- pending, Try to serve him while you live,
Joy - ful in his sure sal - vation, Try to do his bless- ed will,

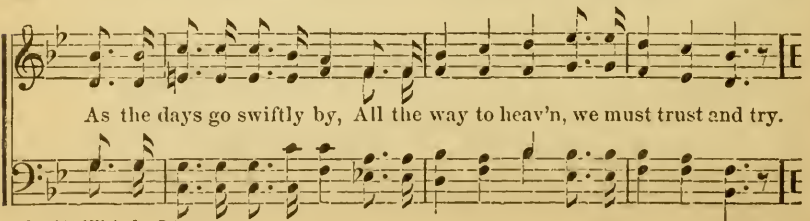
CHORUS.



Try to walk in paths of light. Trust and try—we must trust the Lord,
Try to serve him while you live.
Try to do his blessed will.



Trust and try—we must keep his word; As the moments onward fly,



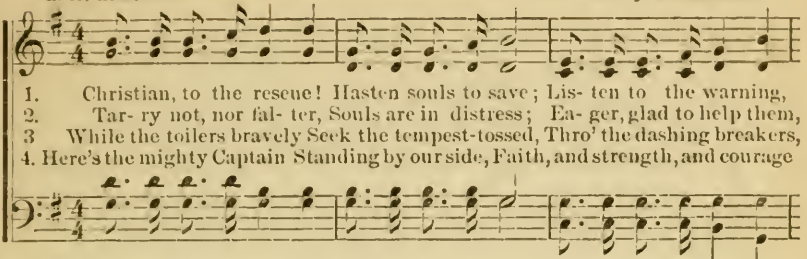
As the days go swiftly by, All the way to heav'n, we must trust and try.

Rescue Them.

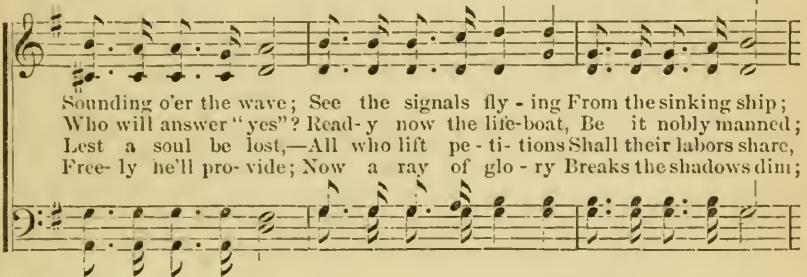
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L. H. EDMUNDS.

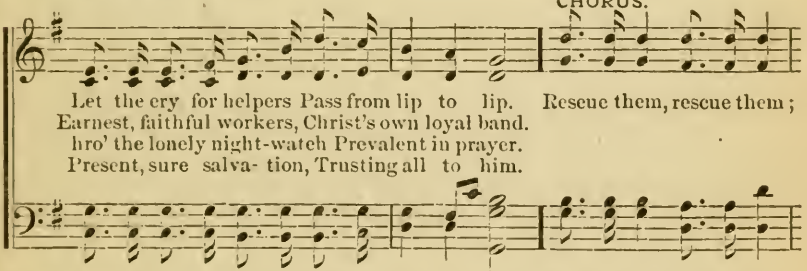
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Christian, to the rescue! Hasten souls to save; Lis- ten to the warning,
2. Tar- ry not, nor fal- ter, Souls are in distress; Ea- ger, glad to help them,
3. While the toilers bravely Seek the tempest-tossed, Thro' the dashing breakers,
4. Here's the mighty Captain Standing by our side, Faith, and strength, and courage

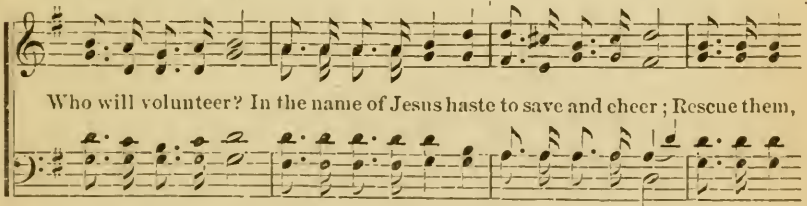


Sounding o'er the wave; See the signals fly - ing From the sinking ship;
Who will answer "yes"? Read- y now the life-boat, Be it nobly manned;
Lest a soul be lost,—All who lift pe- ti- tions Shall their labors share,
Free- ly he'll pro- vide; Now a ray of glo- ry Breaks the shadows dim;

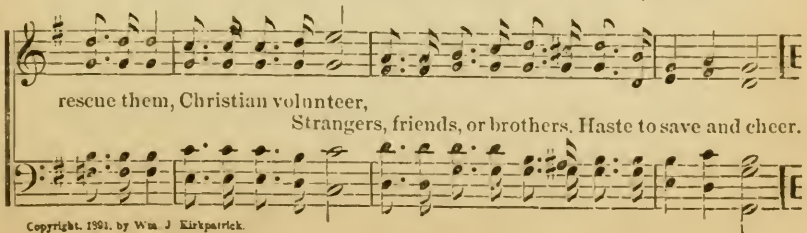


CHORUS.

Let the cry for helpers Pass from lip to lip. Rescue them, rescue them;
Earnest, faithful workers, Christ's own loyal band.
thro' the lonely night-watch Prevalent in prayer.
Present, sure salva- tion, Trusting all to him.



Who will volunteer? In the name of Jesus haste to save and cheer; Rescue them,



rescue them, Christian volunteer,
Strangers, friends, or brothers. Haste to save and cheer.

O, Work for the Master.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, work for the Mas - ter; the field is so wide, Wherev - er God
 2. Yes, work for the Mas - ter; at home, by the way, You meet precious
 3. Sweet work for the Mas - ter! you toil not a - lone, Your weakness and

puts you in pa - tience a - bide; Be faith - ful in lit - tle, for
 souls, for whom la - bor and pray; "The Lord giv - eth wis - dom," he'll
 needs to your Sa - viour are known; He'll strengthen and help you, while

then you shall know How much greater blessing the Lord can be - stow.
 give it to you, If ear - nest - ly ask - ing, "Lord, what shall I do."
 life pass - es by, Then give you a share in his triumph on high.

CHORUS.

Do something for Je - sus! Do something for Je - sus! "Go, work in my

rit......*a tempo.*

vineyard," O hear him now say, Do something for Je - sus! Do

something for Je- sus! The Master is call - ing, O serve him to - day.

When shall We all Meet again?

Arr. by L. H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
2. Soon we shall all meet a - gain, Soon we shall all meet a - gain,
3. There we shall all Je - sus see, There we shall all Je - sus see,
4. There we may wear starry crowns, There we may wear star - ry crowns,

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| When shall we all meet a - gain? | If not on earth, in heav - en |
| Soon we shall all meet a - gain, | If not on earth, in heav - en |
| There we shall all Je - sus see, | If not on earth, in heav - en |
| There we may wear starry crowns, | Tho' not on earth, in heav - en |

- 5 ||: There we shall meet friends we love, :||
When we get home to heaven
We shall meet friends we love.
- 6 ||: There we shall *never* part again, :||
When we get home to heaven
We shall *never* part again.
- 7 ||: There we shall *never* say good-by, :||
When we get home to heaven
We shall *never* say good-by.

Joy in Zion.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" Let the mountains and the
 2. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" Let them praise his name in
 3. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" There are blessing at his
 4. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King;" And their loving, grateful

valleys with their glad hosannas ring; 'Tis a joy that this world cannot
 anthems, and with exul - tation sing; With the robes of sal - va - tion the
 coming, like the gentle showers of spring; There's abundance of peace and re-
 service as a willing tribute bring, 'Tis the joy of the Lord that can

give nor take away; 'Tis a fore-gleam of the glory of the land of perfect day.
 Lord will beautify Those who come to him for pardon, who to him for refuge fly.
 demption full and free;
 There's deliv'rance for the captive, and kind hearing of each plea.
 make his people strong—Strong to live and work for Jesus, unto whom all lives be-
 [long.

REFRAIN.

There is joy in Zion for the children of the King, There are raptured halle-
 There is joy raptured

lujahs for his ransomed ones to sing; For our clearest notes of praises are but

preludes of the song
That will roll in grandest music from the gathered blood-washed throng.

O Precious Jesus.

Rev. ROBT. PIERCE.

1 Peter ii: 7.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Precious Jesus, I am thine, Help me live a life divine; Thou hast cleansed my
2. Sprinkling now with water clean, Flowing love in a living stream; Idols gone, no
3. He hath put his law within, And I love to walk therein; How my soul with
4. Precious Jesus, all for thee, Body, soul, and spirit free; Glory! now my

CHORUS.

heart from sin, And art now the guest within. O precious Je- sus, precious,
dross defiles, I'm entranced with Jesus' smiles.
rapture fills, As I do what Je - sus wills.
soul doth cry, Glory be to God on high.

precious Jesus, Precious now to my glad soul, For thy blood hath made me whole.

One Thing I Know.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. One thing I know ; . . oh, bless his name, . . To me the Lord . . of mercy
 2. One thing I know ; . . he heard my cries, . With mighty power he touched my
 3. One thing I know ; . . he died for me, . . In him my hope, . my trust shall
 4. One thing I know ; . . the Saviour's mine, . Oh, boundless grace, . . oh, joy di-
 5. One thing I know ; . . oh, help me sing . . Such happy praise . . to Christ our
 One thing I know ; oh, bless his name, To me, the Lord

came, . . . He filled my heart . . with love's bright flame, . . . This I
 eyes, To see the light . . . that never dies, This I
 be, My Saviour lives . . . e-ter-nal-ly, This I
 vine! . . . And heavenly beams . . . around me shine, . . . This I
 King. . . . While smiling faith . . . and love upspring, . . . This I
 of mercy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,

CHORUS.

know, this I know. I know, I know, he loved me
 This I know, I know, I know,

so, He saved my soul from sin and woe, . . Now peace and
 He loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,

joy . . . he doth bestow, . . . This I know, . . . This I know.
 Now peace and joy he doth bestow, This I know.

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa- viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee ;
 2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea- ry watch or blaze of day,
 3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
 Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
 And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee ;
 Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
 Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

O Blessed Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Thou art, O Lord, the Truth, the Life, And thro' this world of toil and strife
 2. Thou art the Vine, the branches we, And if our souls a-bide in thee
 3. Thou art our Rock of A - ges past, The Rock that shall for-ev - er last;
 4. Thou art the Light that cheers our gloom, And guides us safe beyond the tomb;

Thou art the Way, by whom alone Our pray'rs can reach thy gracious throne.
 No ill can harm, nor fear de-destroy Our peaceful rest, our ho - ly joy.
 Thou art the Word that can-not fail, Though all the hosts of death as-sail.
 Thou art our King, to whom is given All power on earth and all in heaven.

CHORUS.

O blessed Way, . . . O Truth di-vine, O Truth di-vine, O
 O bless - ed Way, O Truth di-vine,

Life where endless glories ever shine; . . . Hide thou our lives . . . Till we shall
 ev-er shine, Hide thou our lives

wake And in - to ho - ly songs of rapture break.
 till we shall wake, rapture break.

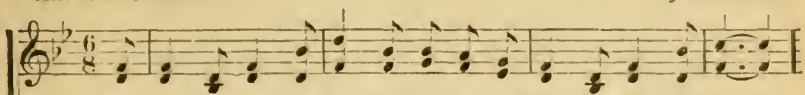
We'll Never Say Good By.

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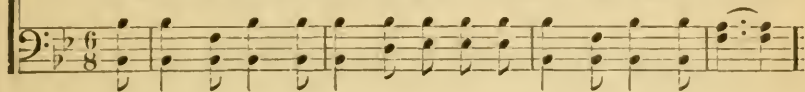
"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



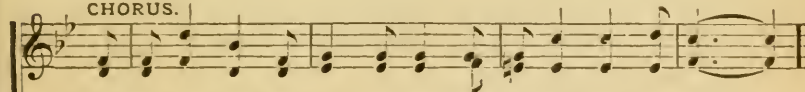
1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,



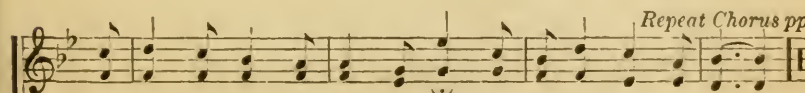
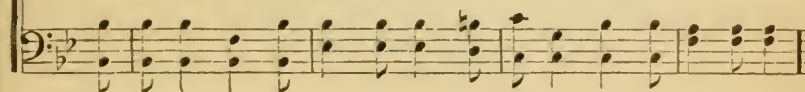
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.



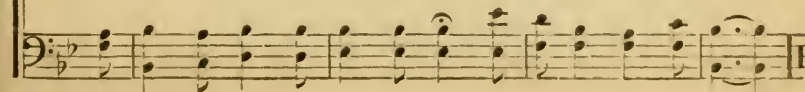
CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .



For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.



The Gospel Bells.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ring - ing, ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, Chime the gos - pel bells;
 2. Ring - ing, ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, Chime the gos - pel bells;
 3. Ring - ing, ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, Chime the gos - pel bells;

Poco rit.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, How the mu - sic swells.
 Far and wide, their gladness bring - ing, How the mu - sic swells.
 Praise from man - y hearts up - spring - ing, How the mu - sic swells.

TRIO or SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Songs of joy, and peace, and love, Mingling with the songs a - bove,
 Je - sus came to seek and save, God, his best - be - lov - ed gave;
 Strike a - new the bliss - ful note, On - ward let the mes - sage float,

QUARTETTE or SEMI-CHORUS.

Tell salvation's blessed sto - ry, "Pres - ent help," and promised "glory."
 Now, in ov - er - flowing measure, Of - fers us each blood - bought treasure.
 O - pen stands the door of heaven, Life, e - ter - nal life, is giv - en.

CHORUS.

Ring - ing, ring - ing, Chime the gospel bells, Sing - ing, sing - ing,
 Ringing, ringing, sweetly ringing, Singing, singing, sweetly singing,

How the music swells, the music swells.
the music swells, the music swells.

Lead Me, Ever Lead Me.

IDA. L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lead me, ev - er lead me, Clos - er by thy side; Thou, my on - ly
2. Thou my ev - 'ry weak - ness Knowest, Saviour, dear, All my sins and
3. Let me walk still clos - er, Saviour, by thy side, All through life's long

Cho.—Lead me, ev - er lead me, Hold my hand in thine, Keep me ev - er

Fine.

Sav - iour, Wayward footsteps guide; Of - ten I am straying
fol - lies, All my doubt and fear; But thou wilt forgive them,
journey Wilt thou be my guide? In thy lov - ing presence
near thee, Je - sus, Saviour mine.

Chorus, D C

Far, too far from thee, All thy love for - getting, And thy mercy free.
If I come to thee, Thou wilt love and cherish Me, yes, e - ven me.
Hap - py will I be; Hand in hand for - ev - er Walking thus with thee.

It is Time to Seek the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. While these favored hours are passing It is time to seek the Lord,
 2. Time to seek the friend of sinners, He's a hiding-place and shield;
 3. Soon the harvest will be o - ver, And the falling leaves appear;

Time to heed the in - vi - tations, And the warnings of his word;
 Time to choose the noblest Master, And your hearty service yield;
 When the autumn breezes, sighing, Tell of winter cold and drear;

Time to leave the drifting quicksand, Build up - on the sol - id Rock;
 Time to strike redemption's key-note. Time to swell sal - vation's chord;
 Time to seek an endless summer, That will peace and joy afford;

Time to follow to the pasture, Where the Shepherd leads his flock.
 Now be - gin the heavenly mu - sic, It is time to seek the Lord.
 When the hopes of earth are fad - ing, It is time to seek the Lord.

CHORUS.

Even now, even now! Ere the "golden bowl" is broken, Or is
 E - ven now, e - ven now!

loosed the "silver cord," Even now, even now! It is time to seek the Lord.
Even now, even now!

Jesus is Calling.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER. Chorus arr.

1. Je - sus is call - ing thee! Oh, hear his voice Pleading so
2. Oft has he lov - ing - ly For thy soul pled; "For this time
3. Turn now, O wan - der - er, From sin de - part; Lest thy re -
4. Fail not, O wan - der - er, Wise - ly to choose; The precious

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

ten - der - ly; Make him your choice. Jesus is calling, His voice o -
go thy way," Oft hast thou said.
ject - ing oft Shall steel thy heart.
heav'nly gift Do not re - fuse.

hey; Child, come home, No longer roam, O sinner, come to - day.

Where Do You Journey?

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."
 F. G. BURROUGHS. Num. x. 29. H. L. GILMOUR.

Question.

1. Whither do you journey, sail - or, O'er the o - cean deep and wide?
 2. What if tempests rock thy ves - sel, And the an - gry waves dash high?
 3. When the darkness gathers 'round you, And you see no lighthouse ray

Do you seek a bet - ter country, Far beyond this swelling tide?
 What if per - ils thron - a - bout thee, — Unseen dangers hov - er nigh?
 Gleam a - cross the troubled waters, Sail - or, will you know the way?

Response.

Yes, it is the land of Caanan, Where my heart and treasures are;
 Christ will be my faithful Pi - lot, Ou his grace I can depend;
 Bethlehem's Star can nev - er fail me, Lo, its blessed, golden light

'Tis a land of milk and honey; And the journey is not far.
 Safely on shall glide my vessel, E - ven to my journey's end.
 Guides me onward toward that cit - y, Where there are no tears, no night.

Where Do You Journey?—CONCLUDED. 151

CHORUS.

God be with you as you jour - ney To that fair and blissful shore;

Will we meet you there in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er?

we will meet.

All Glory to My Saviour's Name.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All glo - ry to my Saviour's name, Glory, hallelujah; He called me, and to
2. He threw the arms of love around, Glory, hallelujah; And peace and healing
3. He helps me know and keep his word, Glory, hallelujah; He rules within, my

him I came, Glory, halle - lujah. Glory, halle - lujah; Glory, halle -
I have found, Glory, halle - lujah.
present Lord, Glory, halle - lujah. CHORUS.

lu - jah; For - ev - er bless his precious name, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

4 He gives me comfort day by day,
Glory, hallelujah;
He hears and answers when I pray,
Glory, hallelujah.

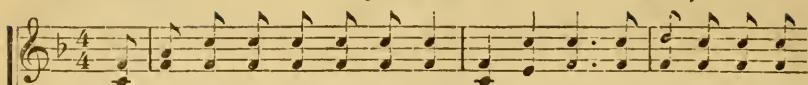
5 He tells me of the mansions fair,
Glory, hallelujah;
O, praise the Lord! my home is there,
Glory, hallelujah.

Love Found Me.

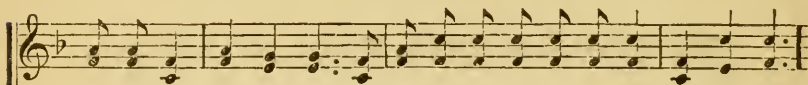
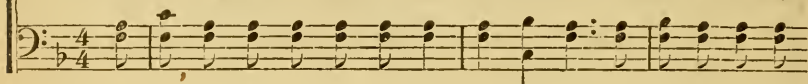
H. L. GILMOUR.

John iii: 16.

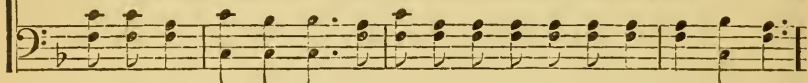
Arr. by H. L. G.



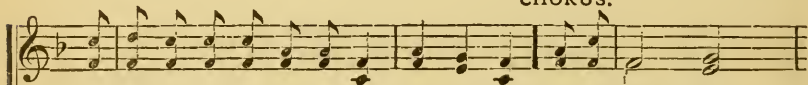
1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Love found me, For saving from an
4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - doring



tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,
 strong and deep, Love found me, Although I long withstood his grace, Love found me,
 endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad- vocate above, Love found me,
 at his feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me,



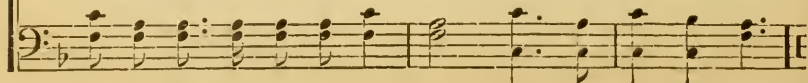
CHORUS.



Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
 He wooed me to his kind embrace, Love found me.
 I'm yoked to him in perfect love, Love found me.
 Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,



Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.



Delay Not to Come.

153

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. De - lay not to come to Christ! The moments are fleet - ing
 2. De - lay not to come to Christ! Thy heart will grow hard as
 3. De - lay not to come to Christ! For soon it may be too

od, And ere thou art scarce a - ware, The
 steel, Un - til, tho' the Sav - iour calls, Thy
 late. And thou may'st be left in sin, Un -

CHORUS.

day of thy life may be gone. } De - lay not to
 spir - it no long - er can feel. }
 pardoned at sweet mercy's gate. } De - lay not, de - lay not, O

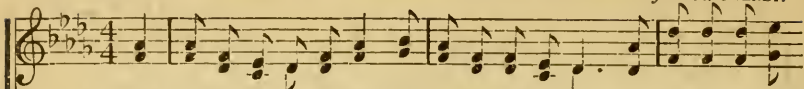
come, . . . De - lay . . . not to come, . . . While
 sinner, to come, De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For

Je - - sus in - vites, . . . Delay not, delay not to come.
 Jesus hath power to save thee this hour, Oh, delay not, delay not to come.

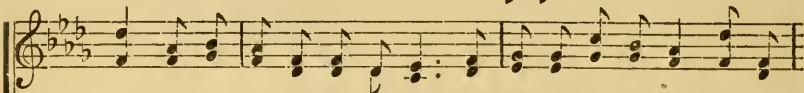
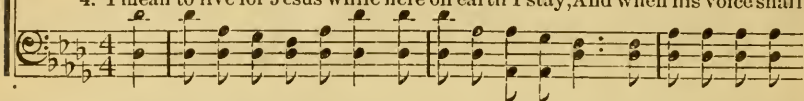
154 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

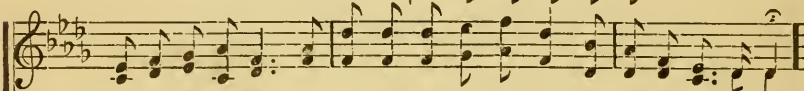
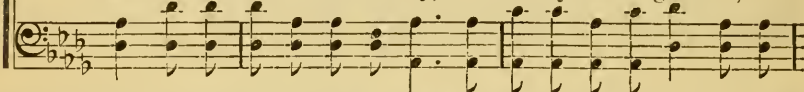
JNO. R. SWENEY.



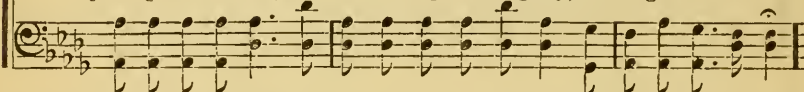
1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall



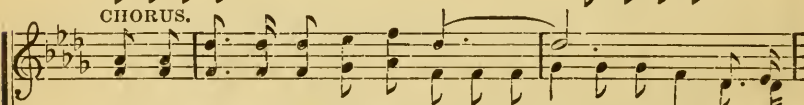
Sav-iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath-er, re-



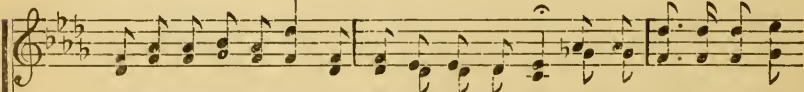
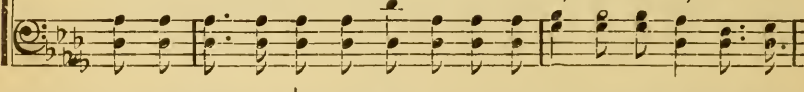
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be, pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control. in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me. joying on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev-ermore.



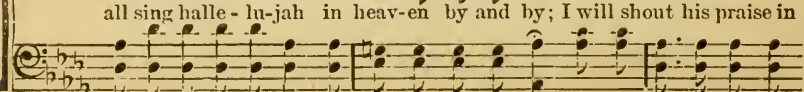
CHORUS.



I will shout his praise in glo-ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing halle-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in



I will Shout His Praise.—CONCLUDED. 155

glo - ry, And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee ;
2. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum - bled By the power of grae di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each pre - cious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
 2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
 3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
 beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
 Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no

blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . . Beau - - tiful robes, . . .
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, . . .
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . . .
 Garments of light, . . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . . Lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs,
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain

- 5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more:
 Life's tears shall be wiped away,
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harp ring,
 And the sun unsheathe for aye.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
 3. The song - of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest cau harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
 wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Sunshine in the Soul.

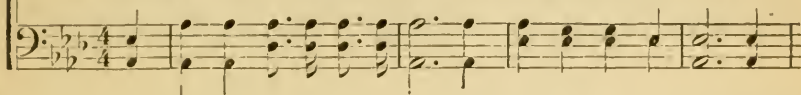
159

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



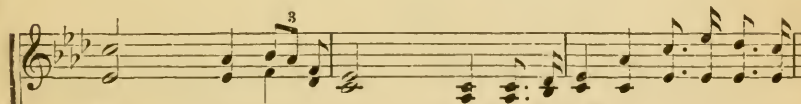
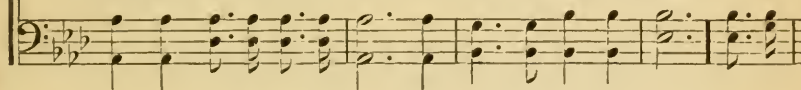
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu - sie in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For



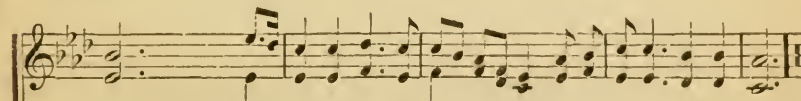
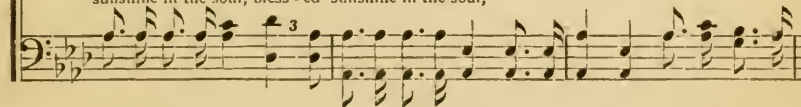
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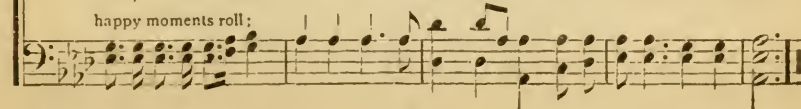
glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



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



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



Sweet the Moments.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I
 2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low be - fore his cross to
 3. Here it is I find my heaven, While up - on the cross I
 4. Love and grief my heart divid - ing, with my tears his feet I

spend, — Life and health, and peace possess - ing, From the
 lie, — While I see divine compas - sion Floating
 gaze; Love I much? I'm much forgiv - en, — I'm a
 bathe; Constant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de -

CHORUS.

sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. Here I'll sit for - ev - er
 in - his languid eye.
 mir - a - cle of grace.
 riv - ing from his death.

view - ing Mer - cy stream in streams of blood; Precious

drops, my soul bedew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Jesus of Nazareth Died for Me. 161

WM. H. CLARK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm help-less, Lord, to thee I fly, In mer-cy hear me
2. I know thou wilt my sins for-give, For thou hast bid me
3. My Sav-iour now is lift-ed up, I look to him, my
4. And now I hear thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in thy

when I cry, While now I urge one on-ly plea:
turn and live, With long-ing heart I come to thee;
on-ly hope, I trust thy word, and press the plea:
love re-joice, My soul doth tri-umph in the plea:

CHORUS.

Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me! Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me,

Died to re-deem me and set me free; This is my hope, my

on-ly plea: Je-sus of Naz-a-reth died for me!

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
 2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
 3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
 4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free - ly promised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
 Happy, how happy, our journey above.
 Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

The Silver Trumpet.

163

REV. E. I. D. PEPPER, D. D.

Numbers x. 1, 2. Joel ii. 1.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR

1. Hark! hark! loud, long, melodi-ous, The Silver Trumpet swells and falls:
 2. There stands the hallowed Mercy-seat, Where man is reconciled to God:
 3. There 'mid the sheen of angels' wings The glory of the Lord doth flame:

Its clarion notes are calling us To stand within Jehovah's walls.
 Where God is waiting us to greet With pardon thro' the streaming blood.
 While God's own voice the message brings Of peace and joy thro' his own name.
 1. Jehovah's walls.

CHORUS.

We come! we come! O gracious One! We crowd thy courts with high acclaim! We

press around thy great white throne! And shout aloud our Saviour's name!
 Saviour's name!

4 No longer hangs the hiding veil:
 No longer is a priest required: [vail.
 Our Great High Priest doth now pre-
 The One by nations long desired.

5 No sacrifice does God demand,
 T'atone for sins of crimson dye:
 No offering from one scarlet hand,
 As, penitent, we now draw nigh.

6 The Lamb of God hath shed his blood:
 It sprinkles now the Mercy-seat:
 Thro' that we may approach to God,
 And in his presence gladly meet.

7 Then let the Silver Trumpet's call
 Stir all our hearts to gather near;
 Before his gracious throne we'll fall,
 And, saved, before his face appear

164 Praise the Lord for His Love to Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

(Sing also "O how Happy are They.")

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the cold, bar-ren hills I had wan-dered a - far,— I was
 2. Oh, the depths of his love that my sin could re-move, When so
 3. Oh, the joy that I feel I can nev - er re - veal, There is
 4. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for the work he has done, For his

wea - ry, as wea - ry could be,—When the kind, lov-ing voice of the
 long I had turned from his call, But my guilt I confessed, for my
 light where my pathway was dim; I was lost till he came, now by
 good - ness and mer - cy to me, For the hope of a rest in the

REFRAIN.

Saviour I heard, And I knew he was seeking for me. Praise the
 heart was oppressed, And he free - ly for-gave me for all.
 faith in his name I am trust-ing my fu - ture to him.
 land of the blest, Where for - ev - er with him I shall be.

Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul, rejoice and sing; Praise the Lord for his love to me,
 [He re-

[Lord.
 deemed me with his blood, O, the precious, cleansing flood. Hallelujah, praise the

Lead Me, Saviour.

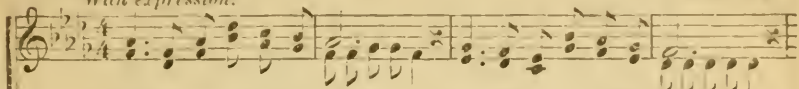
165

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

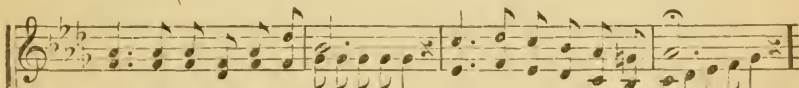
With expression.



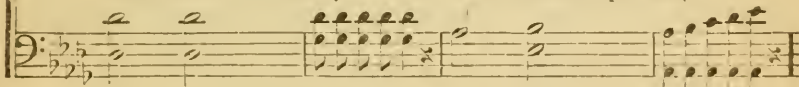
1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;



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



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.



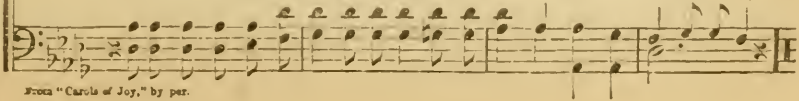
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray ; . . .
 . . . lest I stray ;



rit. e dim.



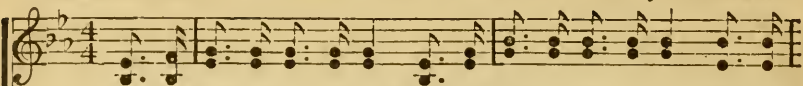
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.



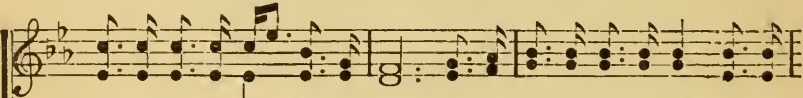
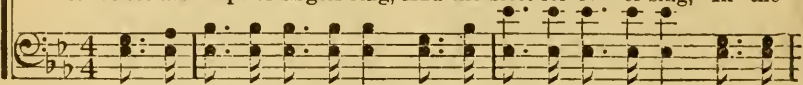
Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

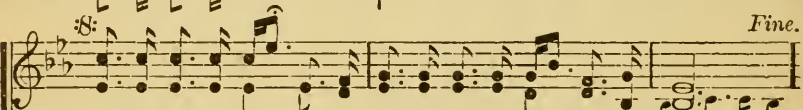
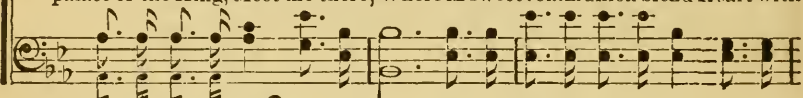
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



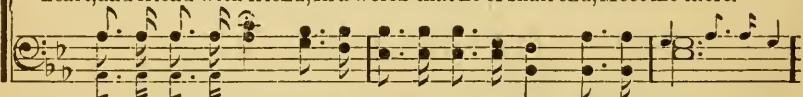
1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the



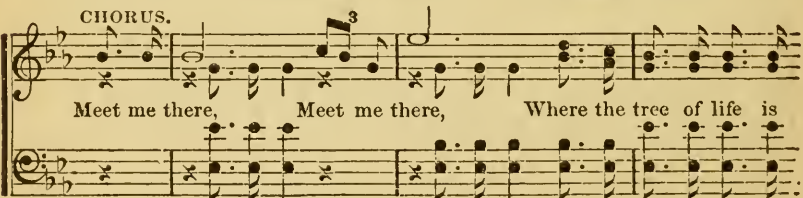
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with



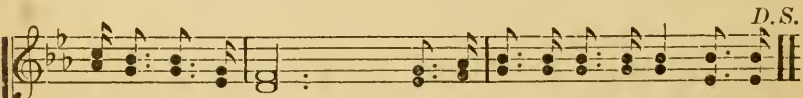
pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.



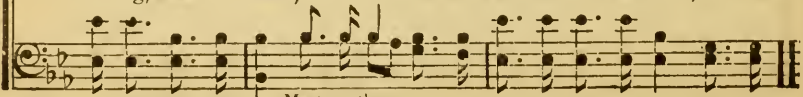
D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.



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



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



Meet me there;

Blessed Assurance.

167

F. J. CROSSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.

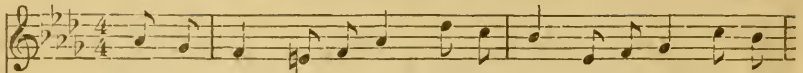
song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

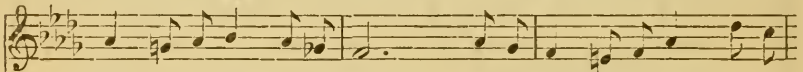
The Beautiful Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

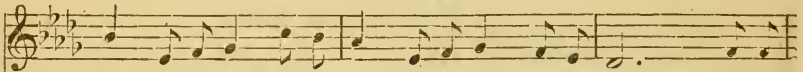
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. We have heard of a land on whose blue, ether skies Not a
2. We have talked of that land when our jour-ney was long, And our
3. We are near - ing that land, we are near - ing the gate To the

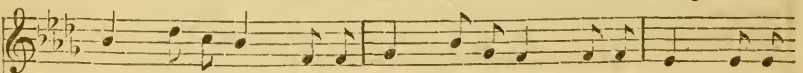


cloud for a moment can stay, And it needs not the sun in his
 hearts overburdened with care, We have talked of the blest at the
 cit - y of jas - per and gold, Where the Saviour to welcome his



splen - dor to rise, For the Lord is the light of its day;
 riv - er of song, And how oft we have sighed to be there;
 children doth wait, And will gath - er them in - to the fold;

We have
 And our
 To the



heard of that land, and its glo - ry we seek, Where the faith - ful with
 faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing, To that land on e -
 fold of his love, in the mansions a - bove, Where for - ev - er with



The Beautiful Land.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

a tempo.

Je - sus shall dwell,
ter - ni - ty's shore,
him they shall dwell,

Where the ros - es of youth nev - er
Where the joy bells of E - den for -
And the eyes that were sad in his

fade from the cheek, And the lips never murmur, farewell.
ev - er shall ring, And the soul shall be wea - ry no more.
smile shall be glad, And the lips never murmur, farewell.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,

O - ver the roll - ing sea, (rolling sea.) Beautiful land, beautiful

land, When shall we come to thee?

beautiful land,

When shall we come to thee?

Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arranged by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
 3. Re - deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conquer - or, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet; With rapturous awe adore their King, And worship at his feet.</p> | <p>6 Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world above Forever sing around the throne His everlasting love.</p> |
|--|--|

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

171

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

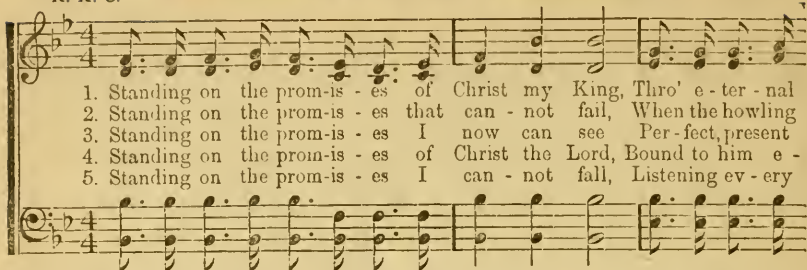
1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-
3. Come, then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

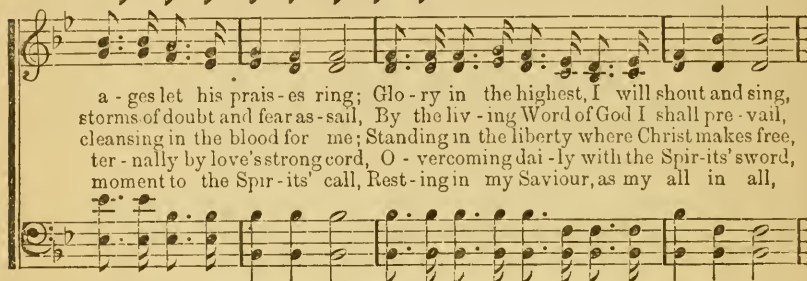
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,

glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

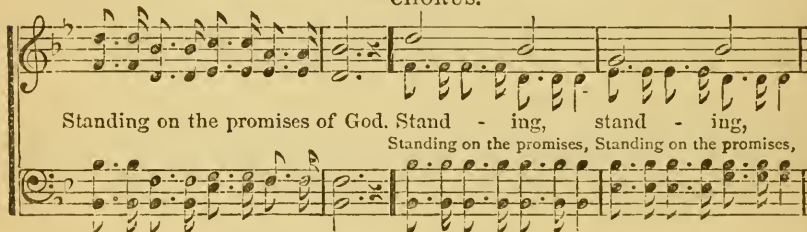


1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

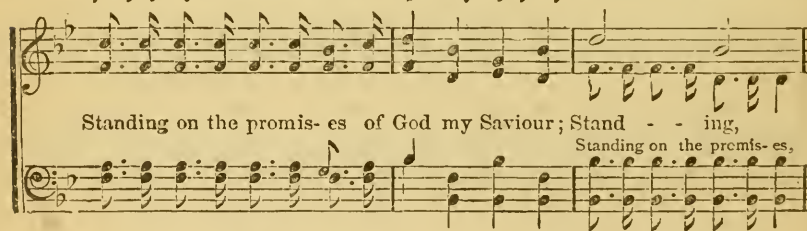


a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

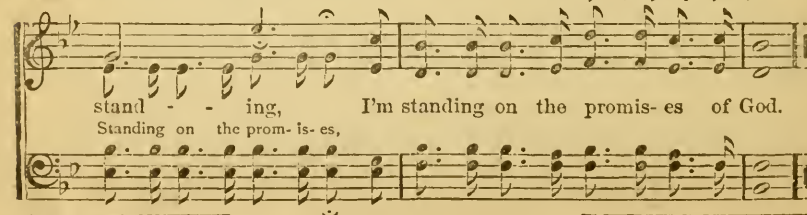
CHORUS.



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



Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,



stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

Jesus Saves.

173

PRISCILLA J OWENS.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
 3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
 tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of his love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor he shows,
 And the joy he bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

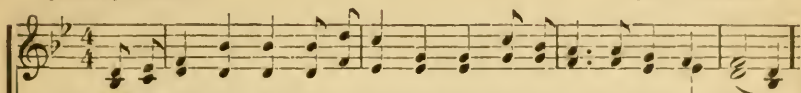
5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at his feet,
 Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
 What he says we will do,
 Where he sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

Gather the Reapers Home.

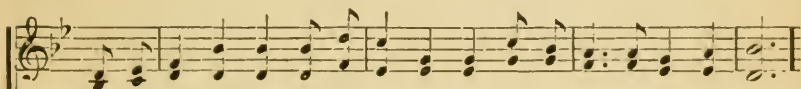
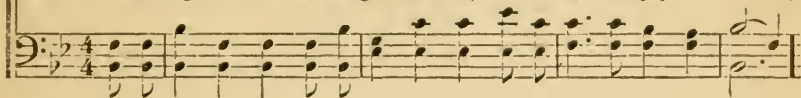
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JENNIE JOHNSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

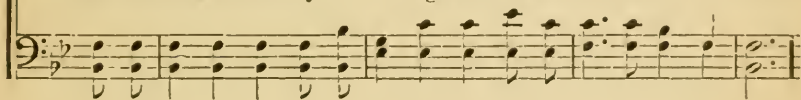


1. Have ye heard the song from the golden land? Have ye heard the glad new song,
2. They are looking down from the golden land, Our beloved are looking down,
3. O the song rolls on from the golden land, And our hearts are strong to-day,
4. O the song rolls on from the golden land, From its vales of joy and flowers,

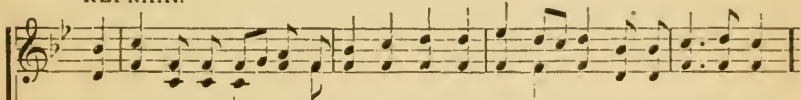


Let us bind our sheaves with a willing hand, For the time will not be long.
They have done their work, they have borne their cross,
And received their promised crown.

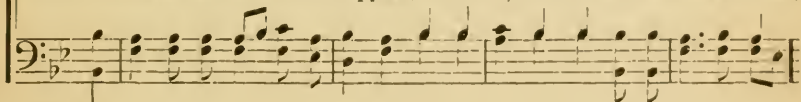
For it nerves our souls with its music sweet, And we toil in the noon-tide ray.
And we feel and know by a liv- ing faith That its tones will soon be ours



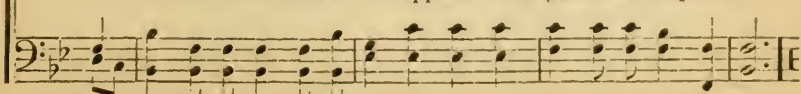
REFRAIN.



The Lord of the harvest will soon appear, His smile, his voice we shall see and hear,



The Lord of the harvest will soon appear And gather the reapers home.



Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap- py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
 2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
 3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
 hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
 find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
 Are you try- ing still to win Constant victory o- ver sin, Tell it
 Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
 world the joy you feel, tell the

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad-ness.
world the joy you feel,

Do it Now.

M. M. LIGHTCAP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is work for one and all, Do it now, Do it now; Hear the Master
2. Can you help an erring one? Do it now, Do it now; Stay not for to-
3. If for Jesus you can speak, Do it now, Do it now; Though your tones are
4. Bid them trust in Jesus' power, Do it now, Do it now; Flee to him this

to thee call—Do it, do it now. Lead the young, the weak, the old, Woo the
morrow's sun, Do it, do it now. Bid them leave the paths of sin, And a
low and weak, Do it, do it now. Take the tempted by the hand, Point them
ver-y hour, Do it, do it now. Tell them that his life he gave Us from

strong, the brave, the bold To the tender Shepherd's fold, Do it, do it now.
better life begin; If some wand'rer you can win, Do it, do it now.
to the better land That awaits beyond the strand, Do it, do it now.
endless wrath to save, Gained the vict'ry o'er the grave,—Do it, do it now.

178 His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.

JOSHUA GILL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus saves me and keeps me from sin, By the blood that he shed on the
 2. It is bless - ed his presence to feel, And his faithful dis - ci - ple to
 3. In his care I am hap - py and blest, And his perfect peace flows unto
 4. When in glo - ry the Saviour we meet, When the King in his beauty we

tree ; Through his Spir - it and Word I am clean, For his grace is a -
 he ; For his love he delights to re - veal, And his grace is a -
 me, And my spir - it is al - ways at rest, For his grace is a -
 see, We'll con - fess, as we fall at his feet, That his grace is a -

REFRAIN.

bundant and free. I be - lieve I believe Je - sus saves, And his
 Je - sus saves,

blood wash - es whit - er than snow, I be - lieve
 Yes, whit - er than snow, I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

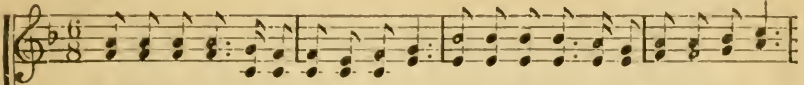
Je - sus saves, And his blood washes whit - er than snow.
 I be - lieve Je - sus saves.

Saved to the Uttermost.

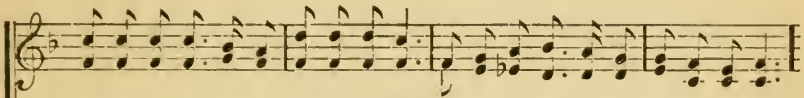
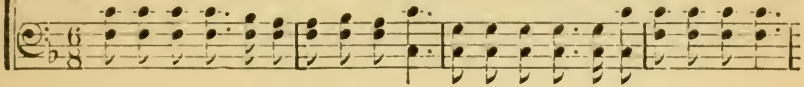
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W. J. K.

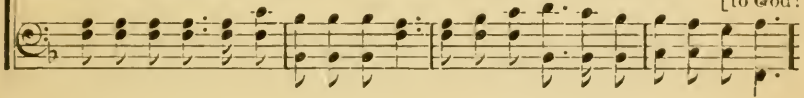
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear ;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King ;



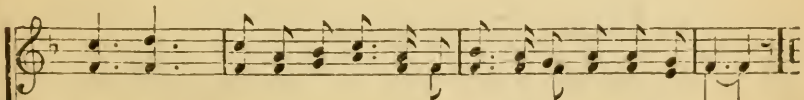
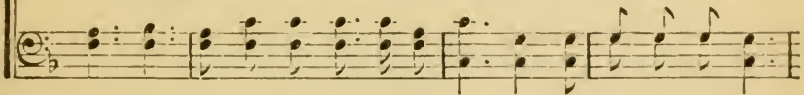
Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
Beauti- ful vis- ions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory
[to God!]



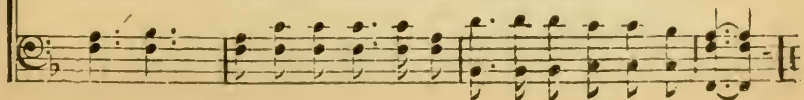
CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine ;



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Je - sus the Saviour is mine.



More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Let the Blessed Saviour in.

181

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who stands out-side the clos-ed door? Rise and let him in.
 2. It is the Sav-iour calls to thee, Rise and let him in.
 3. In pa-tient love he pleading stands, Rise and let him in.
 4. All night he kept his vig-ils true; Rise and let him in.

Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er? Rise and let him in.
 He will come in and sup with thee, Rise and let him in.
 The nail prints still are in his hands, Rise and let him in.
 Be - hold his locks are wet with dew; Rise and let him in.

REFRAIN.

Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour
 Let him in, Let him in, Let him in,

in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er,
 Let him in,

Let the blessed Sav-iour in.

5. O why should he be waiting now?
 Rise and let him in.
 Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
 Rise and let him in.

6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
 Rise and let him in.
 Lest he should leave thee evermore,
 Rise and let him in.

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," }
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav iour and my God!

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - berty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv. 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos- pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev'- ry soul be Je- sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid- den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea- ry wand' rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sal- va- tion full, sal- va- tion free, The price was paid on Calva- ry;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all:</p> <p>4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.</p> <p>5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest;</p> <p>6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind In Christ a hearty welcome find.</p> | <p>7 My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live:</p> <p>8 O let this love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.</p> <p>9 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice:</p> <p>10 His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
|---|---|

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There is a fountain.

— Key A.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 There is a fountain : fill'd with blood, : Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged : beneath that Lose all their guilty stains. [flood, : </p> <p>CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins away.</p> <p>2 The dying thief : rejoiced to see: That fountain in his day,</p> | <p>And there may I, : though vile as he, : Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Thou dying Lamb, : thy precious Shall never lose its power, [blood, : Till all the ransomed : Church of God: Are saved to sin no more.</p> <p>4 E'er since by faith : I saw the stream: Thy flowing wounds supply. Redeeming love : has been my theme, : And shall be till I die.</p> |
|--|--|

Cho. by H. L. G.

Hosea 2: 16.

Adapted by H. L. GILMOUR.
BARTIMEUS.

1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad,
2. Ish - i, Ish - i, is the jew - el, Mine he is while a - ges roll,

CHO.—Wilt thou have this precious "Ishi" Bridegroom of thy soul to be?

D C. Chorus.
For I have a precious treasure, Such as prin - ces nev - er had.
An - gels taste not of such glo - ry, Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.

He, the fair - est of ten thousand, Waits in love to welcome thee.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Many beauteous names thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King, But they none unto my spirit Such divine support can bring.</p> <p>4 Other joys are short and fleeting, Thou and I can never part, Thou art altogether lovely, Ishi, Ishi of my heart.</p> | <p>5 In thy own fair realms of glory, In the holiest above Choirs of angels chant the story Of the wondrous, matchless love.</p> <p>6 All my longings are contented, All my wanderings turn to thee, Pole-star of my restless spirit; Ishi, all in all to me.</p> |
|--|---|

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>2 Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move; But his mercy waneth never God is wisdom, God is love.</p> | <p>3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his mercy streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwined Hope and comfort from above; Every where his glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.</p> |
|---|---|

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleeding side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!

Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. || 2.

CHORUS.

1. || 2.

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

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

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

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

Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Longing for rest; Fold thou thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
 4. Swiftly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on storm - y sea,
 per - ish, Lord, Save, or I die.
 troubled deep, Peace, peace, be still.
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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Nearer, My God! to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me!
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 - 5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God! to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

Fine.

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
 Thou art comfort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;

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Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A.
Slow with dignity.

{ I. R. S.
 W. J. K.
 J. J. H.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, Is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen, amen.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here below,

Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here below ;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

Gloria Patri.

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost ;
2. As it was in the begining,
is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

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