

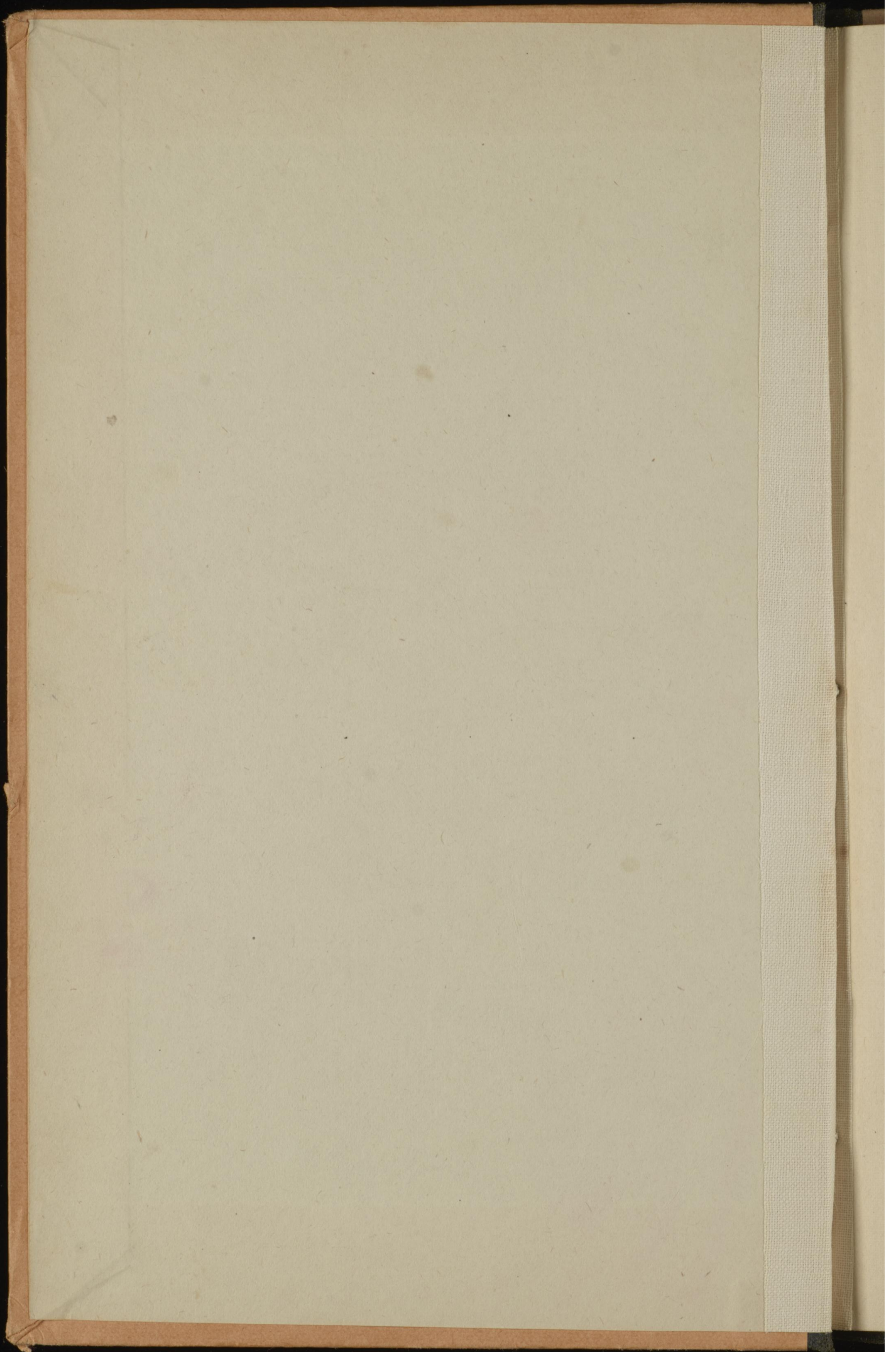
A BOOK OF
SACRED SONGS

BY
J. H. RUEBUSH
J. H. HALL
A. S. KIEFFER
and W. H. RUEBUSH

PRICE 30 CENTS
\$3.00 PER DOZ.

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CROWNING DAY

No. 3

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE GOSPEL SONGS

FOR

*Sunday Schools, Revivals, Young Peoples'
Meetings, and all the Services of
the Sanctuary*

BY

J. H. RUEBUSH, J. H. HALL, A. S. KIEFFER

and W. H. RUEBUSH

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ROUND AND CHARACTER NOTES

PREFACE.

The wonderful and unprecedented success attending the publication of CROWNING DAY No. 1 and No. 2 has induced the authors to prepare and send forth No. 3, with the hope that the many bright, cheering, and soul-stirring songs contained within its pages may comfort, sustain, and encourage many souls along the rugged path of life, and that the "Crowning Day" may prove a blessed reality when the songs of this life are sung no more.

THE AUTHORS.

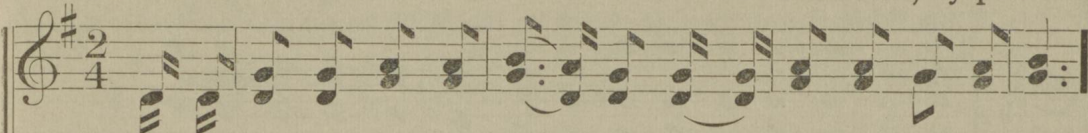
THE CROWNING DAY.

No. 3.

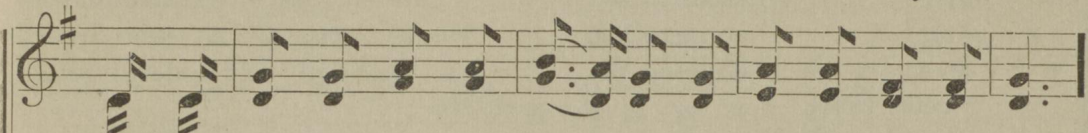
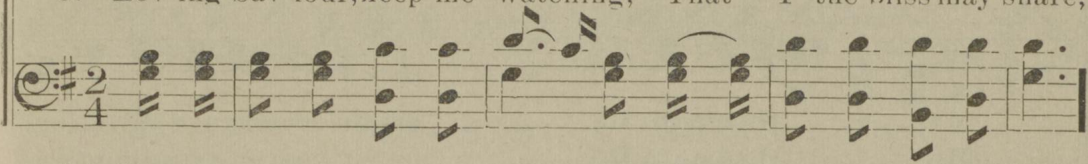
No. 1. At the Crowning.

Mrs. Lizzie Underwood.

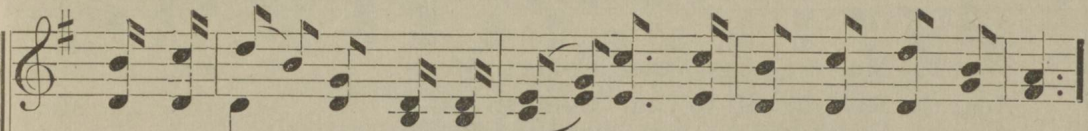
S. C. Hanson, by per.



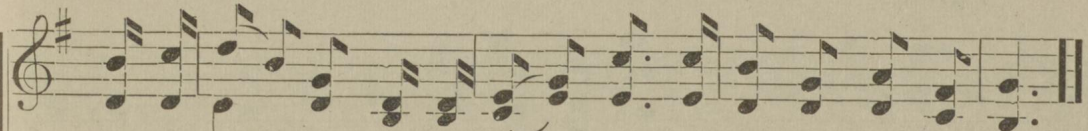
1. When the Saviour counts His jew - els, Will I be number'd there?
2. When He calls the roll of heav - en, Will my name be writ - ten down?
3. Lov - ing Sav - iour, keep me watching, That I the bliss may share,



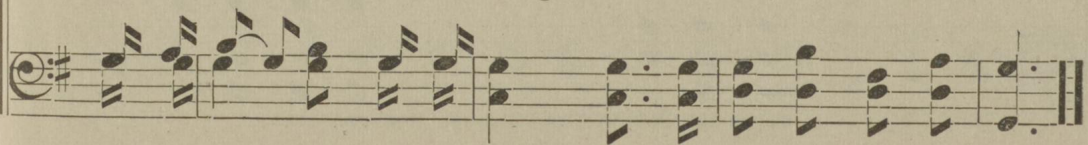
When He crowns His faith - ful chil - dren, Will I the crowning share?
When the faith - ful are re - ward - ed, Will I re - ceive a crown?
When Thou com - est in Thy king - dom, Let me, let me be there.



At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there,



At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown - ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there.



No. 2.

The Gospel Invitation.

MATT. 11: 28.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion? Je - sus says, Come un - to Me, Come to
 2. There are blessed ma - ny mansions Waiting for the pure and true; Come to
 3. Heav - y la - den, or a - wea - ry, Je - sus says, In Me find rest, Come to
 4. Time is short, and days are fleeting, Heed the message, Come to Me, Come to

Me, . . . O, come to Me. 'Tis the message of salvation,
 Me, . . . O, come to Me. There in heaven's green expansions
 Me, . . . O, come to Me. Does your path in life seem dreary?
 Me, . . . O, come to Me. O, the joy of yonder greeting,
 Come to Me, O, come to Me.

That the Mas - ter brings to thee : Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
 Hear the Saviour call to you, Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
 By His love you may be blest, Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
 In the home beyond the sea; Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me.
 Come to Me,

CHORUS.

Come to Me, . . . O, come to Me; Je - sus
 Come to Me, O, come to Me;

The Gospel Invitation. Concluded.

says, . . . Come un-to Me. Wea-ry heart, . . . for ref-uge
 Je-sus says, Come un-to Me, come unto Me. Wea-ry heart,

flee Un-to Christ . . . who call-eth Thee.
 for ref - uge flee Un-to Christ who calleth thee, who calleth thee.

No. 3.

St. Nicholas.

Dr. Havergal.

1. E - ter-nal Source of joys di - vine, To Thee my soul as-pires;
 2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As-sures me of Thy love;
 3. Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice, And triumph in my God,

Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de-sires.
 Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re-move.
 Till heavenly rap-ture tune my voice To spread Thy praise abroad.

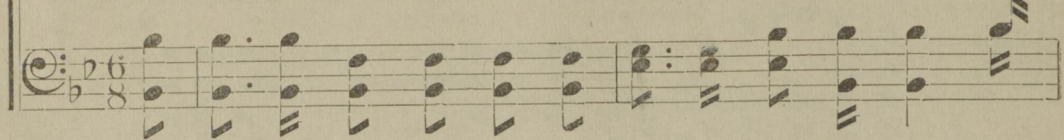
No. 4. The Future Meeting and Greeting.

Rev. A. M. Evers.

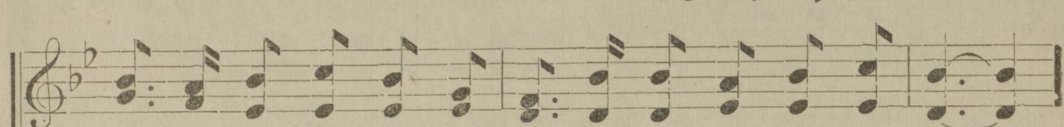
J. H. Ruebush.



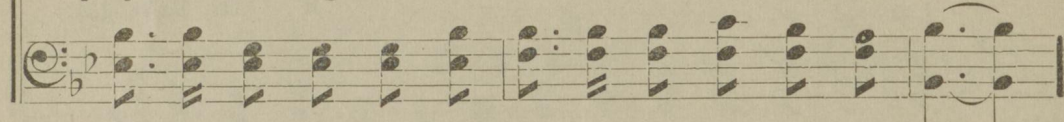
1. In heav - en - ly man - sions be - yond the dark riv - er, Where
 2. In re - gions of splen - dor where trou - bles are o - ver, God's
 3. Then hap - py for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, At



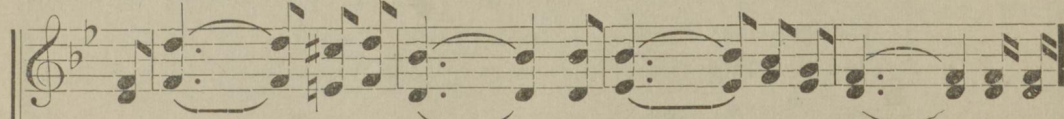
saints of all a - ges will come, To greet one an - oth - er as
 chil - dren will there con - gre - gate; Re - demp - tion in glo - ry will
 home with the Sav - iour so dear, With saints of the a - ges, with



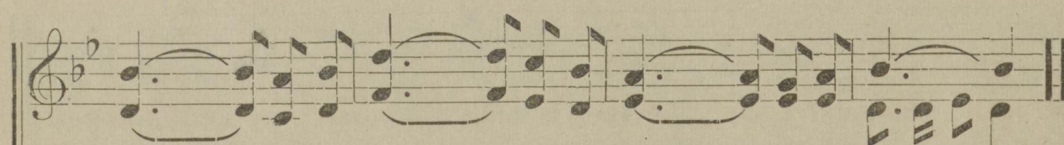
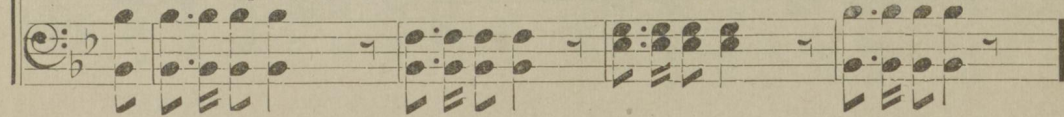
each knew the oth - er, And reign with our loved ones at home.
 be the glad sto - ry, And all His great love cel - e - brate.
 proph - ets and sag - es, And all our dear kin - dred so near.



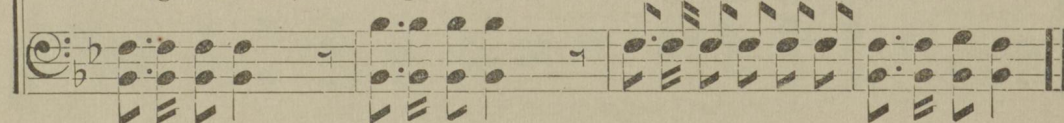
CHORUS.



O meet . me up there, . O meet . me up there, . In that
 O meet me up there, meet me up there, meet me up there, meet me up there,



home, . which our Sav - iour has gone . to prepare, to prepare.
 Home bright and fair, home bright and fair, home which our Saviour has gone to prepare.

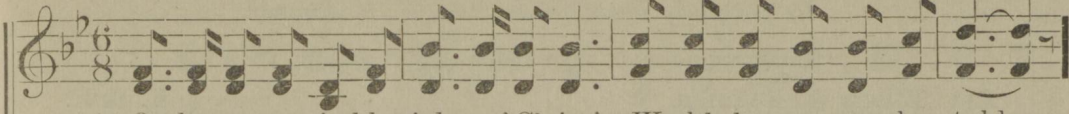


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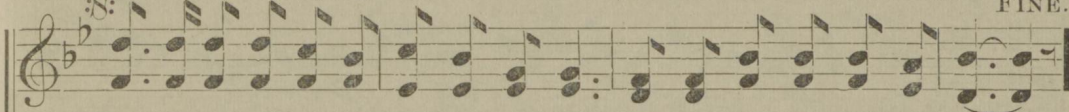
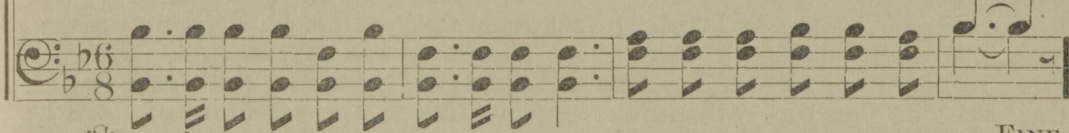
Unsearchable Riches.

Fanny J. Crosby.

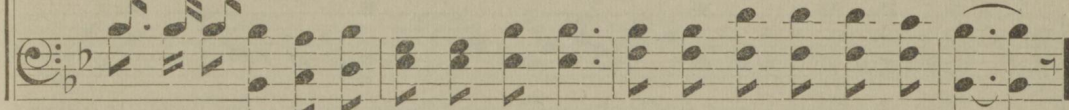
John R. Sweney, by per.



1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness de- clare?
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Free-ly, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly en- dure



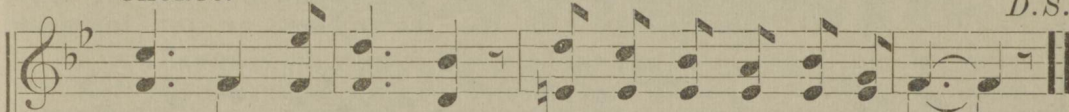
Riches exhaustless of mer- cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
 Jewels whose luster our lives may a- dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherev- er they go.
 Tri- als, affliction, and crosses on earth, Riches like these to se- cure?



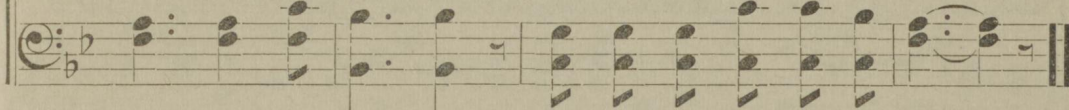
D.S.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS.

D.S.



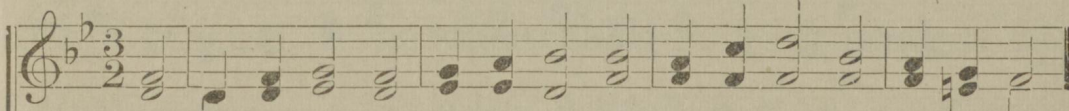
Pre- cious, more pre- cious,—Wealth that can nev- er be told;



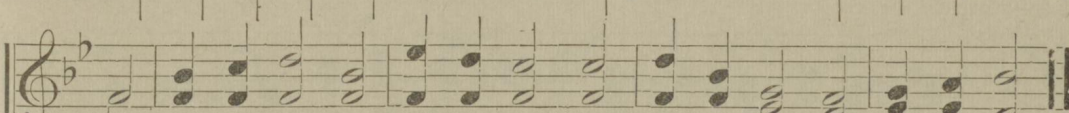
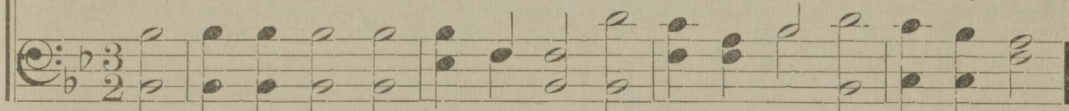
No. 6.

Hebron.

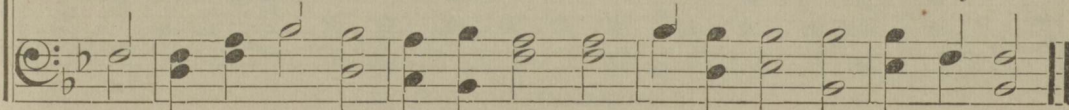
Dr. L. Mason.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod- y down to sleep; Peace is the pil- low for my head;



And ev-ry evening shall make known Some fresh me- mo-rials of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol- lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appoint- ed an- gels keep Their watch- ful stations round my bed.



No. 7.

Jesus Only.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. E. B. Shaver.

“They saw no man, save Jesus only.”—MATT. 17: 8.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Hall.

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. “Je - sus on - ly!” this the watchword, Guiding, like a star, my way;
 2. “Je - sus on - ly!” when the sun-shine Floods with gold the way I go;
 3. “Je - sus on - ly!” when the shad-ows Dark-ly o’er my path-way fall,
 4. “Je - sus on - ly!” when I’m sinking In - to the em-brace of death;

He the friend that walks be-side me, Cheer-ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
 Then He is to me the dear - er, For the joy He doth be-stow.
 He the light that shines in dark-ness, He my Sav-iour and my all.
 He, my Sav - iour, will be with me To my last ex - pir - ing breath.

CHORUS.

“Je - sus on - ly!” “Je - sus on - ly!” He the dearest friend, and best;

Hav - ing Him to walk be-side me, Oh, my soul is tru - ly blest.

No. 8. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare-well, mor-tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Jesus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine.
 Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat-is - fied, Je - sus is mine.
 Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine.

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No. 9.

Sessions.

L. O. Emerson.

1. Sin-ner, oh why so tho'tless grown? Why in such dread-ful haste to die?
 2. Wilt thou despise e - ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?

Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heed-less a - gainst thy God to fly.
 Mad - ly at the in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames.

No. 10.

Shout for Gladness.

A. S. K.

W. H. R.

1. Shout for gladness, sons of Zi - on, Lo ! the morning light appears, Ris - ing
 2. Shout for gladness, Christ is coming From the regions of the blest ; Countless
 3. Glo - rious day, so long ex - pected, Flood your tide of bliss along ; Brooks and

o'er time's dreary moun - tain, Breaking thro' the mist of years. Je - sus
 mil - lions rise to meet Him, From the north, south, east, and west. Lo ! the
 vales and seas and mountains, Join the ev - er - last - ing song. Zi - on

comes with thronging an - gels From the shin - ing courts a - bove, And the
 night of sin is o - ver, Death no more can ter - ror bring ; Shout a -
 from the heav'n's de - scending, O'er the earth her radiance flings ; Saints and

ban - ner streaming o'er us, Is the ban - ner of His love.
 loud and sing for glad - ness, Christ the Lord is King of kings.
 an - gels, join the cho - rus, Shout for Christ is King of kings.

By permission.

No. 11.

Christ Hath Arisen.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. Christ hath a - ris - en! death is no more! Lo! the white rob-ed ones
2. Break forth in sing-ing, O world new born! Chant the great East-er-tide,
3. Chant Him, ye laughing flow'rs Fresh from the sod, Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
4. Come where the Lord hath lain, past is the gloom; See the full eye of day

sit by the door. Dawn, gold-en morn-ing! scat-ter the night!
 Christ's ho - ly morn. Chant Him, young sunbeams, dancing in mirth,
 Prais-ing your God. Break from thy win - ter, sad heart, and sing;
 smile thro' the tomb. Hark! an - gel voic-es fall from the skies;

CHORUS.

Haste, ye dis-ciples glad, first with the light. Glo - - ry to
 Chant, all ye winds of God, coursing the earth.
 Bud with thy blossoms fair, Christ is thy spring.
 Christ hath a - ris - en, glad heart, a - rise. Glo - ry to God,

God, Death is no more;
 Glo - ry to God, Death is no more, Death is no more,

Christ hath a - ris - en, Chant . . the wondrous news.
 Christ hath 'risen, Christ hath 'risen, Chant the won - drous news.

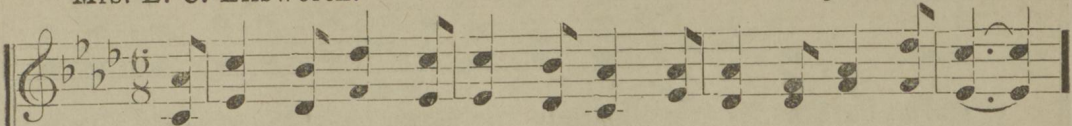
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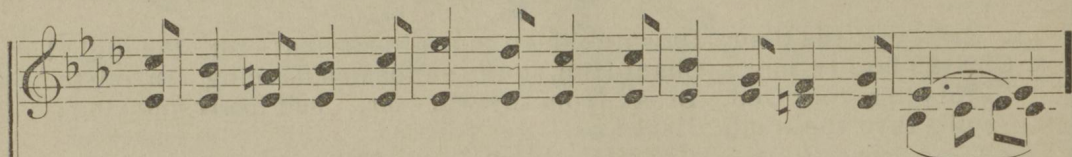
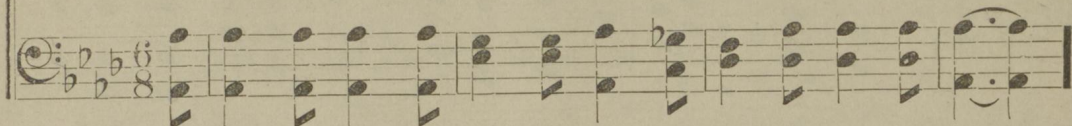
Christ's Sacrifice.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

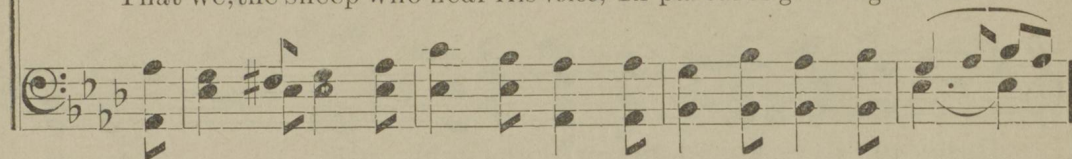
J. H. Tenney.



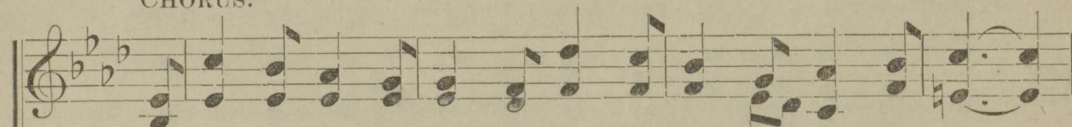
1. Christ laid a gold - en scep - ter down, And left a vast do - main,
2. He laid a - side a roy - al robe, Put on a beg - gar's dress,
3. He own'd the flocks on yon - der hills, Yet knew the sor - est need



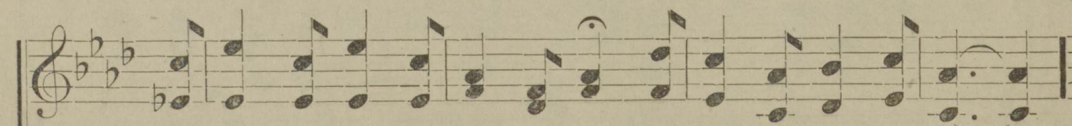
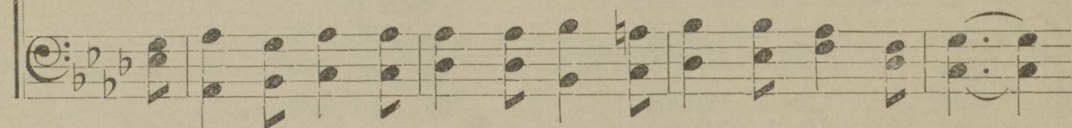
To purchase sinners such as we, And give to us a name.
That we for - ev - er might be cloth'd In His own righteousness.
That we, the sheep who hear His voice, In pastures green might feed.



CHORUS.



Oh, why for sin - ners did He this? Oh, why this sac - ri - fice?



'Twas love, yes, love for you and me, Such love as nev - er dies.



No. 13.

Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I

want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.

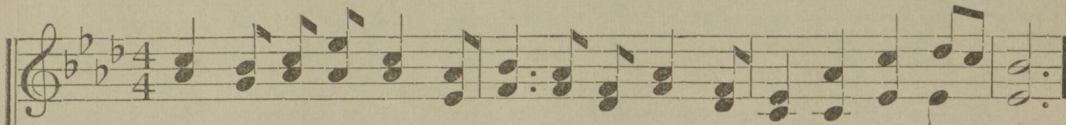
whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than

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

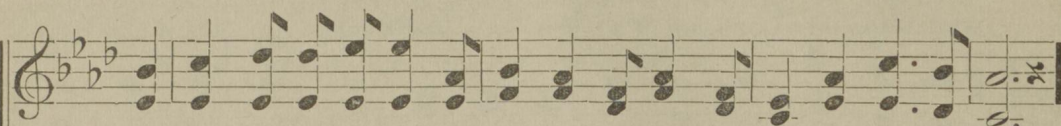
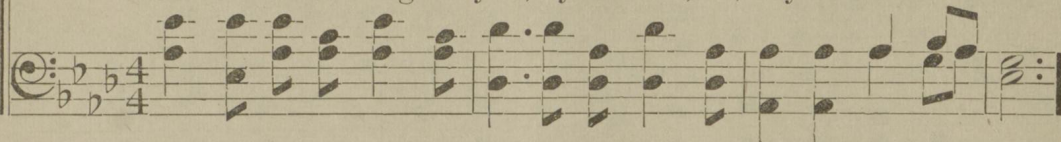
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S. S. T.

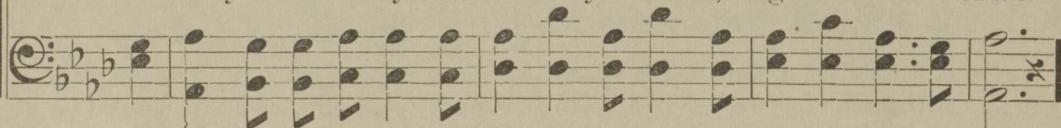
S. S. Turley.



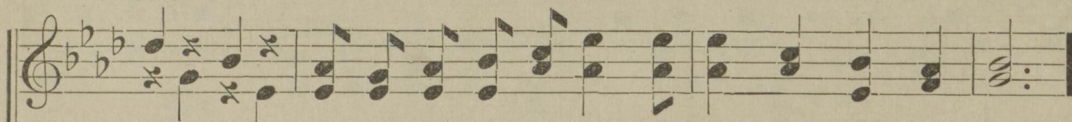
1. Je - sus is wait-ing for you, my brother, Oh, why not come to - day ;
2. Je - sus is wait-ing for you, my brother, Oh, come and seek His love ;
3. Je - sus is wait-ing for you, my brother, Oh, come without de - lay ;
4. Je - sus is wait-ing for you, my brother, Oh, why re-fuse the call ?



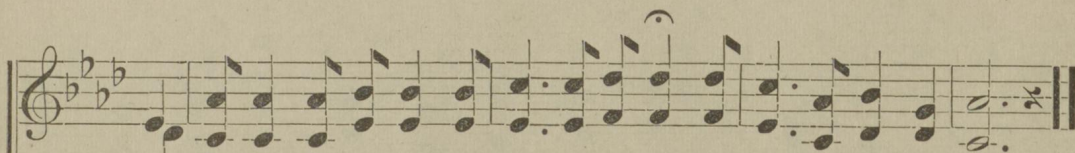
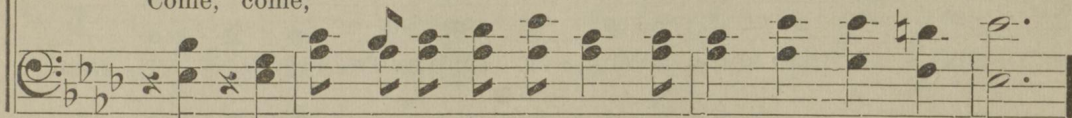
He pleads with you gently, Oh, come, my brother, Oh, do not stay a-way.
 He's watching and waiting for you, my brother, From mansions far above.
 The moments are flying a-way, my brother, But yet there's time to-day.
 He loves you and bids you to come, my brother ; He gave His life for all.



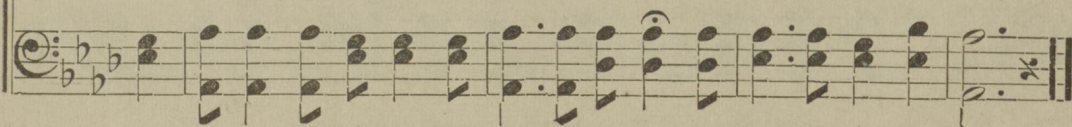
CHORUS.



Come, come, come just now, my brother, Oh, do not stay a - way ;
 Come, come,



He's waiting and watching for you, my brother. Oh, why not come to-day ?



No. 15.

Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows,
 an-swer'd by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows,
 darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows,

o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

CHORUS.

Let a little sunshine in, . . . Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . .
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in,

Clear the darken'd windows, o-pen wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 16. I am Sheltered in Thee.

F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis, by per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high - er than I; This my
 2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv - en for me; From the
 3. I am safe in the Rock, let what - ev - er be - tide; Death and

ref-uge thro' storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the
 pow'r of the tempter I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark, and the
 hell have no ter - ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the

bil - lows' mad foam, Yet I'm shel-tered for - ev - er in Thee.
 storms sweep the sky, Yet se - cure - ly I'm shel-tered in Thee.
 shad - ow - y vale, For se - cure - ly I'm shel-tered in Thee.

CHORUS.

Shel-tered in Thee, Shel - tered in Thee; O Thou
 Shel - tered in Thee, in Thee;

blest Rock of A - ges, I am shel - tered in Thee.

No. 17.

He Knoweth thy Grief.

Ida L. Reed.

J. H. Hall.

1. He know-eth thy grief, He know-eth thy care,
 2. He know-eth thy pain, Thy tears He doth see,
 3. He know-eth it all, The wea - ri - some way,

He giv - eth re - lief, Go find it in prayer.
 And nev - er in vain, Thy suff'ring shall be.
 And when thou dost fall, He'll lift thee each day.

CHORUS.

He know-eth thy grief, Each pang thou dost feel,
 He know-eth thy grief, Each pang thou dost feel,

And all of thy wounds, Thy Sav-iour will heal. . .
 And all of thy wounds, Thy Sav-iour will heal, (will heal.)

No. 18.

Hurry and Tell Him.

"By prayer and supplication . . . let your requests be known unto God."—Phil. 4: 6.

Rev. B. E. Warren.

J. H. Hall.

1. "Ask and it shall be giv-en you," brother, I am the Lord who
 2. Hur-ry and tell Him; why do you tar - ry? O - pen your heart while
 3. Hur-ry and tell what tongue cannot ut - ter; Groaning and sighing,
 4. Hur-ry and tell your trials and af-flic-tions, Tell Him each pain and
 5. Hur-ry and tell Him doubts that are thronging, Ask Him for grace to

car-eth for all; Come with your heart all bro-ken and bleed-ing;
 Je - sus is near; Bring Him the bur-dens you can-not car - ry,
 load-ed with care; Bruis-ed and weak with doubting you fal - ter;
 sor-row of heart; Here is the word: "All pow-er is giv - en,
 joy and en - dure Life's va-ried scenes with all that's surround-ing;

CHORUS.

Come, He will hear and answer your call. Hurry and tell Him,
 Tell Him with courage,—nothing to fear,
 Tell Him—He waits your burdens to bear.
 Lo! I am with you," never to part.
 Stand on His promise—*tested* and sure. Hurry and tell Him, my

broth-er and sis - ter; Je - sus, so ten - der, lov-ing, and
 broth-er and sis - ter; Je - sus, so ten - der, so lov-ing, yes,

Hurry and Tell Him.

kind, . . . Waiteth to com - fort, bless, and de -
 lov - ing and kind; Wait-eth to com-fort, yes, bless, and de -

liv - er; Hur-ry and tell Him, peace you will find.
 liv - er; Hur - ry and tell Him sweet peace you will find.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines.

No. 19.

More Love to Thee.

"*Lovest thou me?*"—John 21: 16.

E. P. Prentiss.

T. E. Perkins.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved—Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea -
 lone I seek: Give what is best, This all my pray'r shall be -
 part-ing cry My heart shall rise— This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines, with the first line being a chorus and the second and third lines being verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

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No. 20.

Christ Calling.

Maj. Jno. B. Ketchum.
U. S. A., New York City.

Aldine S. Kieffer.
Harmonized by B. C. Unseld.

1. Christ is knocking at the por-tal, Christ is tap-ping at the door;
2. "Griev'd again!" the Saviour sorrows, Turning bit-ter-ly to go—
3. Life is go-ing, years are pass-ing, Dark and dark-er grows the hour,
4. But, a-las! the kind-ly knocking Of the gold-en hours gone by,
5. Christ is tap-ping at the por-tal, Christ is knocking at the door;

Christ is call-ing to thee, sin-ner— Thou hast heard His voice be-fore!
"Shall my Spir-it strive for-ev-er With a child of sin and woe?
But the Saviour still is knocking, Still is strong the Spirit's pow'r.
And the sweetly whisper'd call-ing Of the wait-ing stranger nigh.
Je-sus calls thee now, poor sin-ner? Will you spurn Him as be-fore?

Haste, ad-mit Him—why dost tar-ry? He may leave and come no more.
Yet, O Fa-ther, keep the err-ing, Bring them to Thy-self at last—
Late, so late, but hear our pleading, Hear us call-ing from the door;
Come no more, nor move the spir-it— All a-lone the night winds sigh,
Haste to an-swer—do not tar-ry— Wait not on the morrow's sun;

FINE.
"Go Thy way," the sin-ner answers, "Stay not by my cottage door."
While I go the lost sheep seeking, Ere the shades of night be cast.
Come, O Christ, with love en-treating, As Thou didst in days be-fore.
And no voice of an-gel say-eth "Christ of Nazareth passeth by."
Now ad-mit, ac-cept Him free-ly, Ere the day of grace be done.

D.S.—"Go Thy way," the sin-ner answers, "Stay not by my cottage door."

Christ Calling. Concluded.

Refrain.

Christ is knock-ing, knock-ing at the por - tal,
 Knock-ing at the por - tal,

Christ is tap - ping, tap - ping at the door ;
 Tap - ping at the

D.S.

No. 21. Hear Me, Saviour.

A. S. K.

Aldine S. Kieffer.

1. Hear me, Sav-iour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sab-bath day ;
 2. Hold my hand with - in Thine own, That I may not walk a - lone ;
 3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a - lone in Thee ;
 4. Bless my soul with faith and love, Lead-ing to Thy courts a - bove, —

Bless me as Thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Is-rael's fold.
 Guide my foot-steps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des-ert way.
 Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an im - mor - tal kind.
 There to praise Thy name on high, While e - ter - nal years go by.

No. 22. The Glad Good News.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

E. O. Excell.

1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the message from a - bove, —
 2. Tho' un - mindful we have been, and have wander'd on in sin,
 3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,

"I have loved thee," God hath spoken, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
 Still His voice is ev - er speaking, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
 Oh, ac - cept the gracious blessing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)

Heark - en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re - joice
 He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
 "With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the message prove,

That His word can - not be broken, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
 And thy soul in mer - cy seeking, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
 And with joy His name confessing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)

CHORUS.

Tell the news, . . . the glad good news, Tell the
 Oh, tell the news, The glad good news,

The Glad Good News.

news . . . from shore to shore! . . . At the door He waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore!

Love di-vine His on-ly plea, Tell the news, . . . the glad good news
Oh, tell the news,

No. 23.

Communion.

J. H. Hall.

1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine;
2. He that pre-pares this rich re-past, Him-self comes down and dies;
3. Sure there was nev - er love so free, Dear Sav-iour, so di - vine!

Thy bod - y is the bread we eat, Thy pre-cious blood the wine.
And then in - vites us thus to feast Up - on the sac - ri - fice.
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me Which owes so much to Thine.

No. 24. We Shall Rest at the Fountain.

D. E. D.

D. E. Dortch.

1. There's a foun-tain free flow-ing 'neath life's tree, We shall
 2. There's a foun-tain bright in that land of light, We shall
 3. There's a foun-tain sweet where we all shall meet, We shall
 4. There's a foun-tain free, sin-ner, 'tis for thee, We shall

rest at the fountain by and by; There the hap-py soul nev-er
 rest at the fountain by and by; On its banks are flow'rs growing
 rest at the fountain by and by; Songs of joy we'll raise to our
 rest at the fountain by and by; Will you meet me there and its

D.S. There we all shall stand with the
 FINE.

shall grow old. We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by.
 'mid heav'n's bow'rs We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by.
 Sav-our's praise, We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by.
 bless-ings share? We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by.

an-gel band, We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by.

REFRAIN.

We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by, (by and by,)

D.S.

We shall rest at the foun-tain by and by, (by and by,)

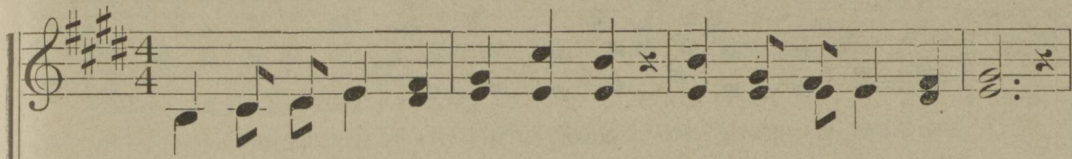
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No. 25.

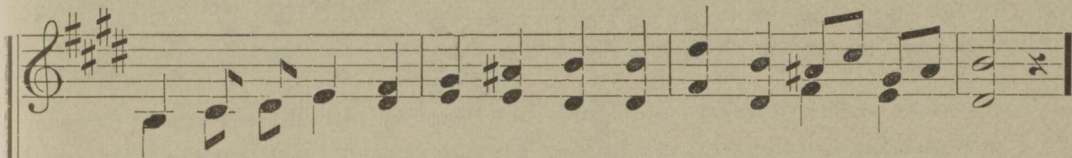
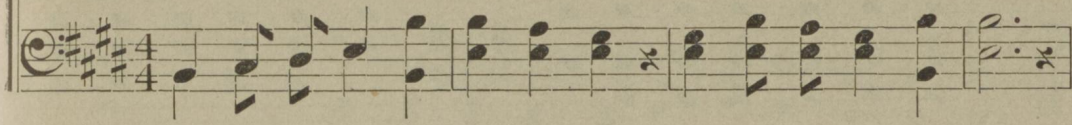
The Rifted Rock.

R. G. Staples.

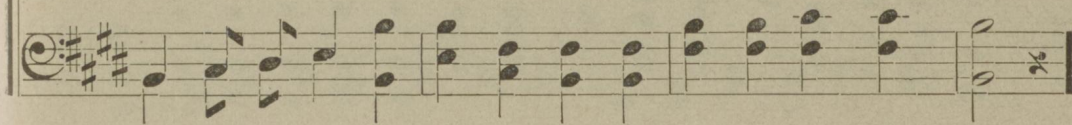
W. F. Heath.



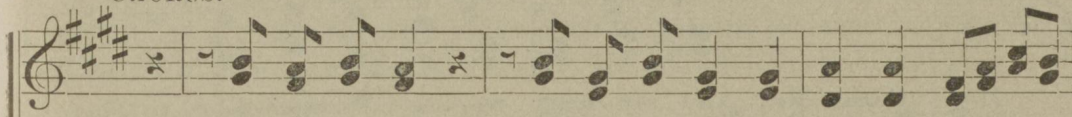
1. No oth - er ref - uge, Lord, have I; Who can I trust but Thee?
2. Tho' clouds ob - scure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage,
3. Come, stormy wind; come, tempest shock; Roll, bil - lows of the sea;



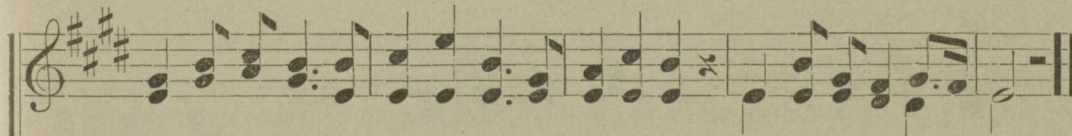
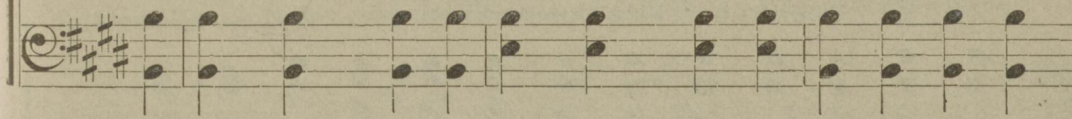
Oh, fix my hope up - on the Rock That has been cleft for me.
 Safe from a - larm, I rest se - cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.
 I am se - cure with - in the Rock That has been cleft for me.



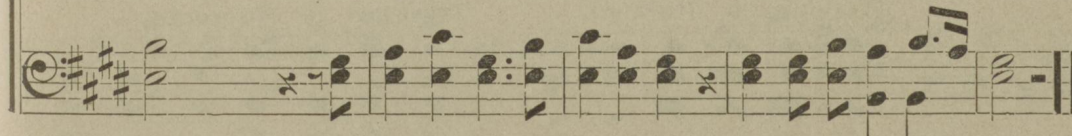
CHORUS.



The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter
 The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter



me (shelter me); My hope is on the rift - ed Rock, That has been cleft for me.



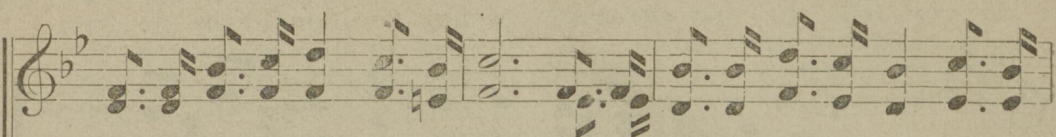
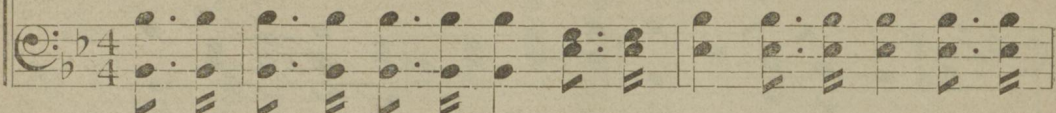
No. 26. I am Trusting in His Word.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell.

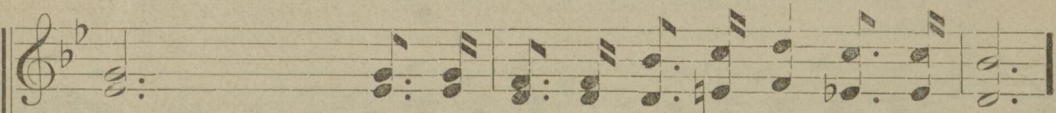
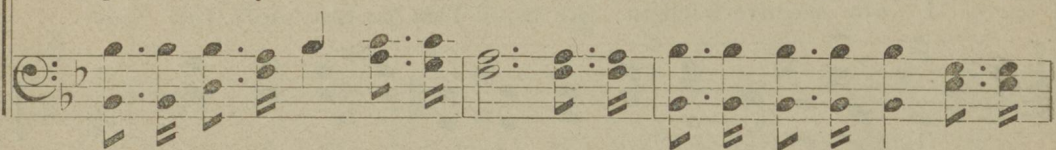
Robert M. Moon. By per.



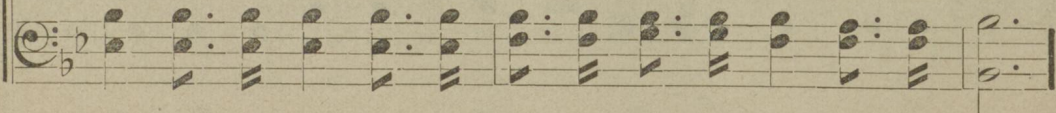
1. I am trust-ing day by day in His word (blessed word); Oh, the
2. I'm re-joic-ing in a hope as I roam (as I roam), For I
3. Christ the fainting soul with love doth re-store (doth restore); I will
4. Christ the an-chor of my soul still shall be (ev-er be), Tho' my



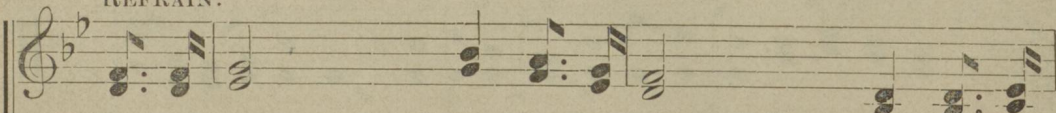
sweetness of His voice I have heard. Lov-ing-ly the Master called "Come to know each day I'm near-er my home." 'Tis the hand di-vine that's lead-ing me mag-ni-fy His name and a-dore. Un-to Him my heart's de-vo-tion I barque is mad-ly toss'd on life's sea. O'er the waves I hear His words of com-



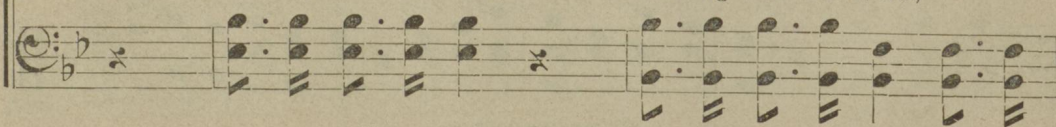
Me" ("Come to Me"). And my heart re-plied, "I'll come, Lord, to Thee." on (safe-ly on), And will guide me till the shad-ows are gone. bring (gladly bring); All se-cured I safe-ly rest 'neath His wing. mand (His command); E'en the tem-pest doth His voice un-der-stand.



REFRAIN.



I am trust - - ing, I am trust - - ing, I am Trust-ing in His word, Trust-ing in His word,



I am Trusting in His Word. Concluded.

trust-ing in my Lord and my King. I am trust - ing, I am
and my King. I am trusting in His word.

trust - - ing; All the rich-ness of His grace I would sing.
Trust - ing in His word;

No. 27. I Will Follow Jesus.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D.C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib. D.C.

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

No. 28.

Marching Home.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. We are march-ing homeward with the blest, (with the blest,) To
 2. Je - sus stands and beck- ons to us now, (to us now,) When
 3. Our dear Sav- iour has pre- pared the way, (the way,) Where

that bright world a-bove, Where our friends are gone and are at rest, (are at rest,)
 falt'ring on the way; He will save us, if to Him we bow, (Him we bow,)
 all who will may come; If we serve Him tru-ly day by day, (day by day,)

Marching home, we're marching
 CHORUS.

In that world of light and love. Marching home, marching home, we're marching
 He who rules both night and day.
 He at last will bring us home.

home,

home, marching home, Happy home . . . of peace and love; Marching
 hap-py home, peace and love,

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Marching Home. Concluded.

home, . . . We're marching home,

Repeat Chorus pp.

home, marching home, we're marching home, marching home, To that bright land of love.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 29. I Love Jesus.

Arr.

1. { When the world my heart is rend- ing, With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad tho'ts to God as- cend - ing, Find a re - fuge from despair.
2. { There's a hand of mer- cy near me, Tho' the waves of trouble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. { O, to rest in peace for- ev - er, Joined with happy souls a- bove,
Where no foe my heart can sev- er From the Saviour whom I love.
4. { This the hope that shall sustain me, Till life's pil- grim- age is past;
Tears may vex and trouble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The notation features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff, both using chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

I love Je- sus, Hal- le- lu- jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love
Je - sus; He's my Sav - iour; Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

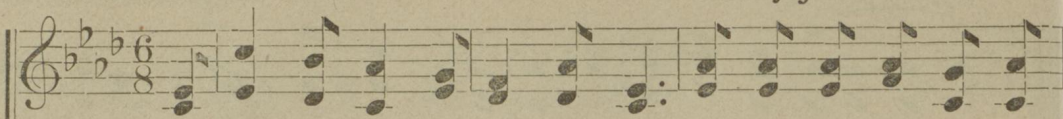
The chorus is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It consists of two lines of lyrics. The musical notation includes a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff, both using chords and single notes.

No. 30.

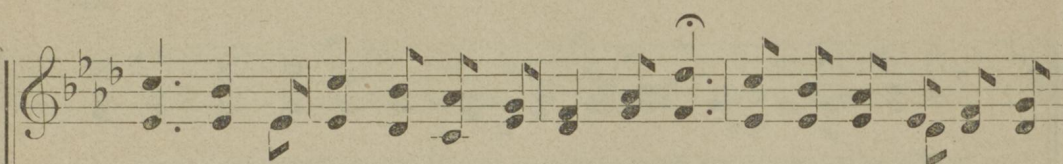
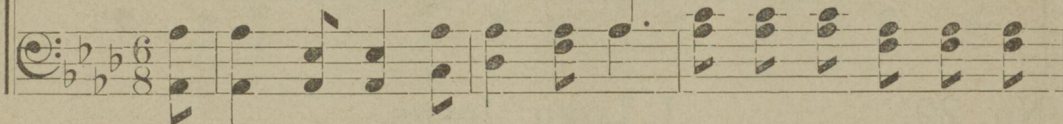
With Him in Glory.

Words by E. E. Hewitt.

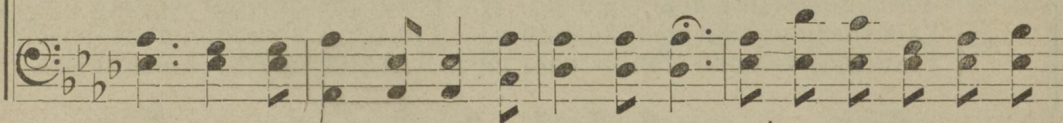
E. E. Hewitt.
Arr. by J. H. Ruebush.



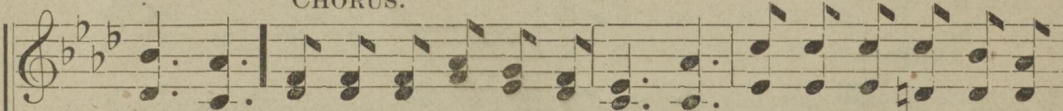
1. Sometimes we sigh as days go by, Looking on life's varied
2. We'll bless the Lord with glad ac-cord, Knowing "all things work to-
3. E'en here we trace His wondrous grace, Mercies a - bun-dant and
4. We'll now be - gin the heav'nly hymn, Singing thro' life's varied



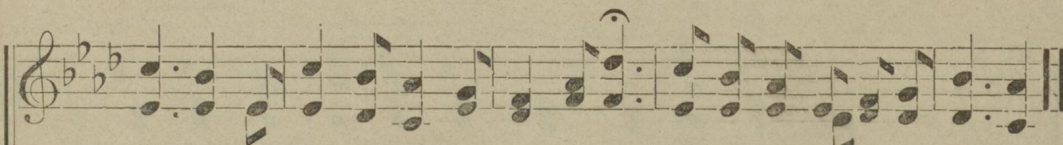
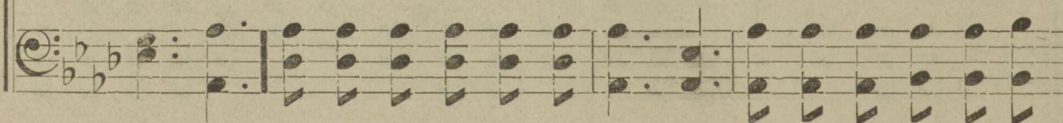
sto - ry; But on - ly love we'll sing a -bove, When we are with Him in
geth - er;"Our ris -en King can blessing bring, Stormy or sun-shin-y
ten - der; But how much more on that bright shore, Jub-i-lant an-thems we'll
sto - ry; Thro' good and ill, we'll trust Him still, Till we are with Him in



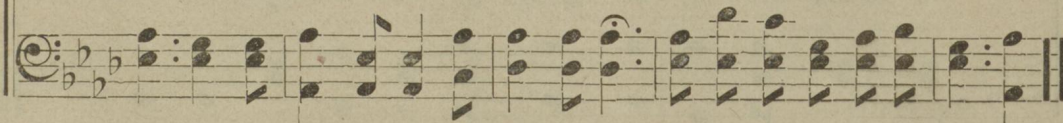
CHORUS.



glo - ry. When we are with Him in glo - ry, When we are with Him in
weather.
ren-der.
glo - ry.



glo - ry. Our hearts shall raise adoring praise, When we are with Him in glo-ry.



No. 31.

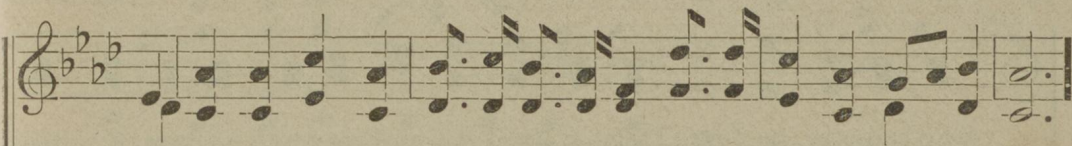
I'm Safe in Jesus.

E. C. Macartney.

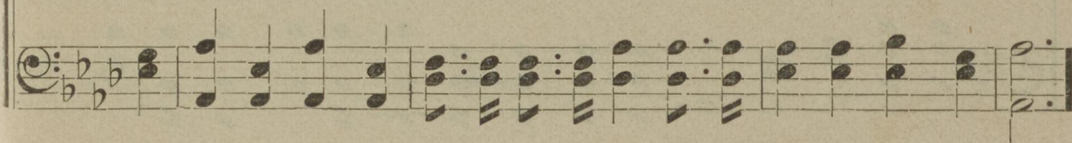
J. Howard Entwisle.



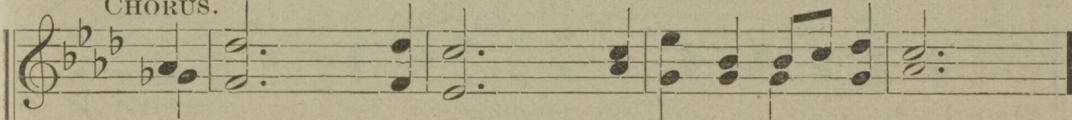
1. Though oft I wander'd from the fold of God, On the des-ert bleak and wild ;
2. I turn'd to Him while yet He was so near, And He wash'd my sins a - way ;
3. I have sweet peace since Je-sus I have found, And I know He'll be my Guide ;



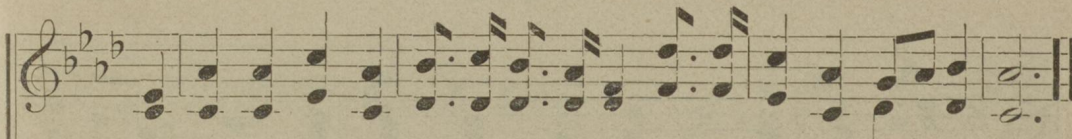
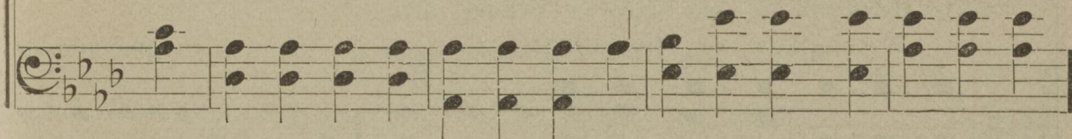
Still Je - sus sweetly follow'd at my side, And He said, "Come back, My child !"
 Oh ! sin-ner, seek for mercy while He pleads. Come in-to the fold to-day.
 He gen-tly leads me, I have naught to fear, While I'm walk-ing by His side.



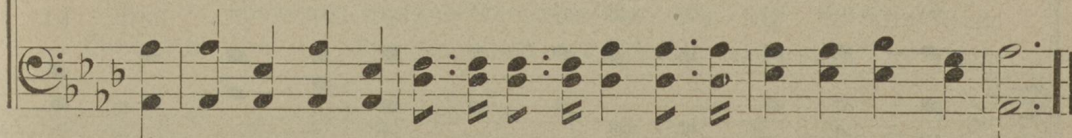
CHORUS.



I'm safe, I'm safe, I'll fear the storms no more,
 I'm safe, I'm safe, no more,



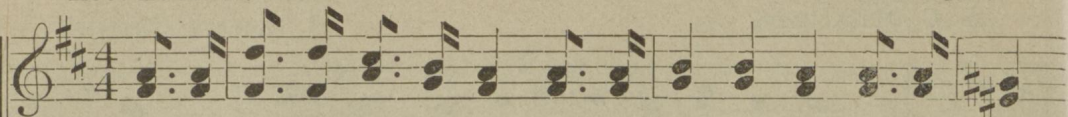
I know my Saviour ten-der-ly is near, And He'll keep till life is o'er.



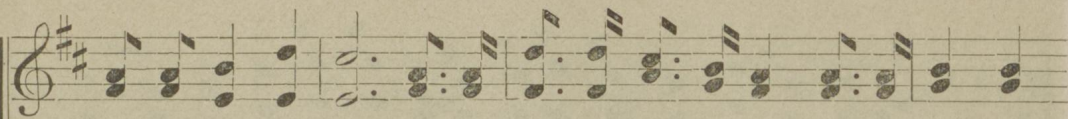
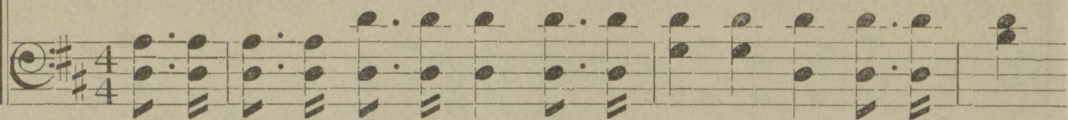
No. 32. In the Golden By and By.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

W. T. Giffe.



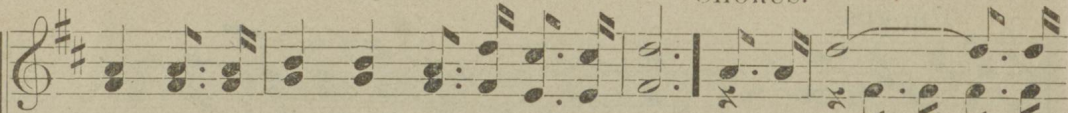
1. In the gold-en by and by we shall meet a - gain, All the friends
 2. In the gold-en by and by we shall know no care, Neither sor -
 3. In the gold-en by and by we shall be at peace, End-ed all
 4. In the gold-en by and by, oh, the pros-pect sweet ! We shall see



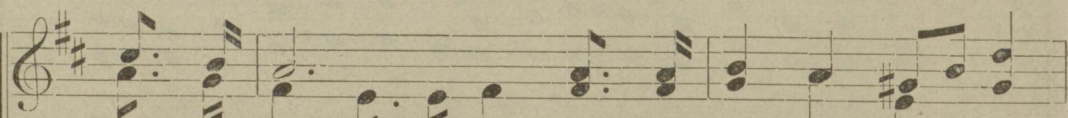
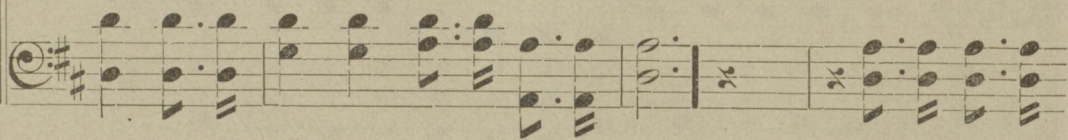
who have gone be-fore ; There our friend-ship we'll renew on yon E - den
 row, nor sin, nor pain ; All our tears are wiped a-way in that home so
 earth-ly toil and strife, We shall en - ter in - to joys, that will nev - er
 the dear Lord we love, And in fel - lowship of joy and in peace com -



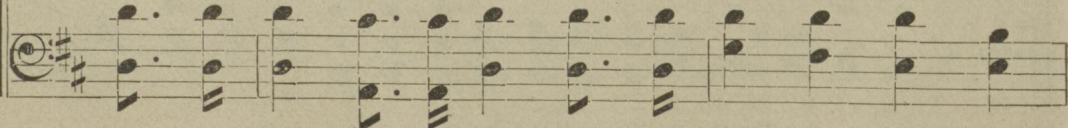
CHORUS.



plain, And be blest and hap-py ev - er-more. In the gold - en
 fair ; There we'll nev - er sigh nor weep a - gain.
 cease, Heirs with Je - sus thro' e - ter-nal life.
 plete, We shall ev - er live with Him a - bove. In the gold-en



by and by, (by and by,) We shall ev - er hap - py



In the Golden By and By. Concluded.

be, In the gold - - - en by and
In the gold - en by and

by, We shall praise God e - ter - nal - ly.
by, by and by,

No. 33.

Evan.

Rev. Wm. H. Havergal.

Slowly, gently.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me Thro' all the hours of night,
2. With cheerful heart I close mine eyes, Since Thou wilt not re - move :
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days,

And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe - guard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise Re - joic - ing in Thy love!
Then take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 34. In the Presence of the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Psalm 16: 11.

Jennie Wilson.

J. H. Hall.

1. We are ex - iles now from home, While in paths of sin we roam, And the
 2. How this tho't our souls should thrill, And with higher long-ing fill Hearts that
 3. Tho' we meet with pain and loss, And oft car - ry sorrow's cross. Yet by
 4. When all conflicts here are o'er Thro' the blessed ev - ermore, We shall

days oft grief and dan - ger to us bring; (to us bring;) But there
 would to crumbling earth - ly i - dols cling; (i - dols cling;) Heaven's
 faith a song of triumph we may sing; (we may sing;) There are
 hear the gol - den harps of vic - t'ry ring; (vic - t'ry ring;) We shall

is a far - off land Where we by and by shall stand, Safe and
 treasures shall be ours, And endued with deathless pow'rs, We shall
 crowns that we shall wear, And palm branches we shall bear, When we
 join the glad new song, Of the ho - ly ransom'd throng As they

CHORUS.

hap - py in the presence of the King. In the presence of the King! In the
 soon be in the presence of the King.
 come in - to the presence of the King.
 worship in the presence of the King.

In the Presence of the King. Concluded.

presence of the King! Oh, the glo-ry nev-er told, Hal-le-lu-jah! We with

rapture shall behold, (behold,) In the presence of the great e-ter-nal King!

No. 35.

Ortonville.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Although with sin de - filed; Sa -

soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
 manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
 tan ac-cus-es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

Rev. G. P. Hott.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. 'Tis hard to bear the heav - y load, To walk a - lone the
 2. The van - i - ties of earth I sought, Its pleas - ures to my
 3. My heart would quit the toil - some way, Nor with the earth - ly

drear - y road, Whil'st oth - ers reap the grain we sowed, But
 heart I brought, But all my spir - it sad - ly taught That
 long - er stay. I long to bask in end - less day; But

D.S. While to His bos - om fond - ly pressed, For

FINE. REFRAIN.

God knows what is best, He knows, He knows just
 God knows what is best.

what is best, I tell Him all my heart's un - rest,

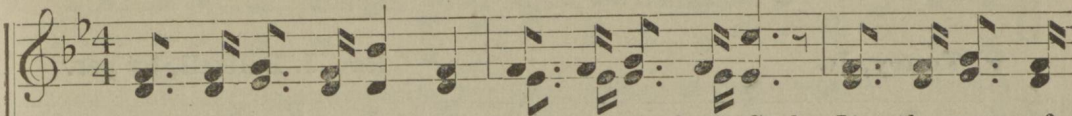
D.S.

No. 37.

Bring the Children In.

Rev. O. E. M.

Rev. O. E. Murray, D.D.

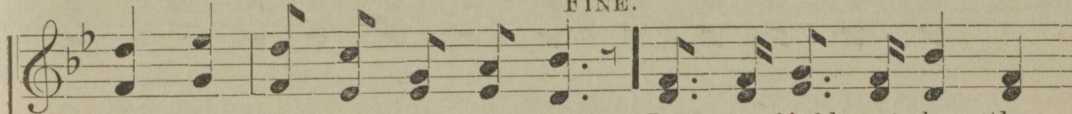


1. Ere the lit - tle chil-dren Stray a-way from God, In the ways of
2. While their hearts are ten - der, Each one may be turn'd; If they look to
3. God who saves the pa-rents, Wants the children too; This has been His
4. When the children greet us In the glo - ry land, With the ho - ly

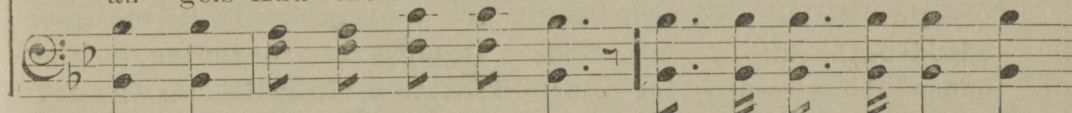


D.C.—Help us save the chil - dren From their ev - ry sin, Help us, bless - ed

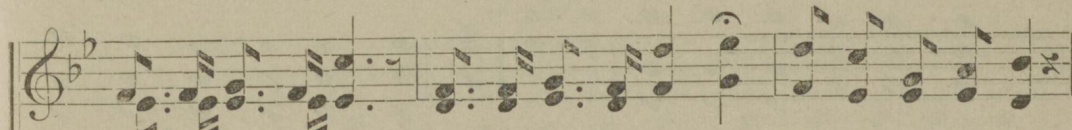
FINE.



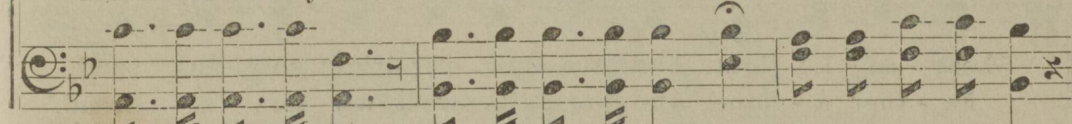
e - vil In the path so broad, Let some kind heart show them
Je - sus They will not be spurned. And if Death shall spare them
prom - ise All the a - ges through. God would have the chil - dren
an - gels And the blood-wash'd band. Then each child will love us



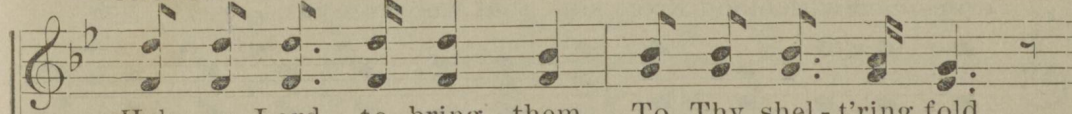
Je - sus, Bring the child-ren in.



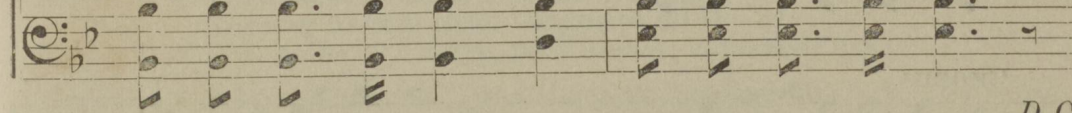
How they may be-gin, Liv - ing all for Je - sus, Bring the children in.
Life's long web to spin, They will shout the watchword, Bring the children in.
Sav'd from ev - ry sin; Let us then work with Him, Bring the children in.
More than earthly kin, As the shin - ing an - gels Bring the children in.



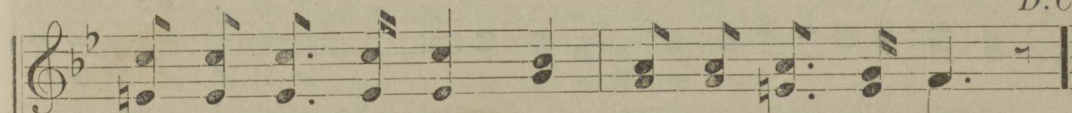
CHORUS



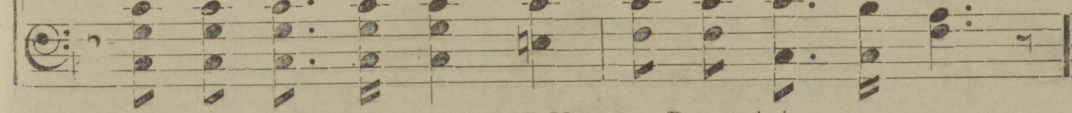
Help us, Lord, to bring them To Thy shel - t'ring fold,



D. C.



Help us, Lord, to keep them From the wolf and cold.



No. 38.

Go, Wash in the Stream.

"A fountain is opened for sin."— ZECH. 16: 1.

R. Torrey, Jr.

Rev. I. Baltzell, by per.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That

flows thro' the sweet Ca-naan Land; Its wa-ters gleam bright in their
 gladdens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
 fount God has o-pen'd for sin; That stream from His side who for
 fount that is flow-ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er bright gold - en sand.
 Fa - ther a - lone, And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
 sin - ners once died; He's healed, who but plung - es there - in.
 crimsoned with blood, From sin, that has cleansed e - ven me.

CHORUS.

Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . . Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . .
 Wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Wash in the beautiful stream,

Go, Wash in the Stream. Concluded.

Its wa-ters so free, and flow-ing for Thee; Go, wash in that beau-tiful stream.

No. 39. Sinner, Come.

Rev. J. C. Mackey, M.A., Ph.D.

Fred. Baker.

1. Sweet - ly to - day the Sav - iour calls to thee,
2. Through-out thy life I watched thy way with care,
3. But in thy heart thou oft neg - lect - ed me,

Sal - va-tion ful - ly pur-chased now by me, Now come, O come! poor
Ev - 'ry dread sor-row read - y then to share; Now come, O come! poor
My hot tears fall-ing, fall-ing all for thee: Now come, O come! poor

sin - ner, come and live, Poor sin - ner, come and live.

4 Thou must be faint o'er this unequal strife;
Nothing to help thee, naught to fill thy life;
Now come, O! come, poor sinner, come and live!

5 Stay not, stay not! thy times are passing on,
Soon the blest offer may be justly drawn;
Now come, O! come, poor sinner, come and live!

6 Today, today, O, take thy gracious Lord,
For the rich promise of His blessed word!
Now come, O! come, poor sinner, come and live!

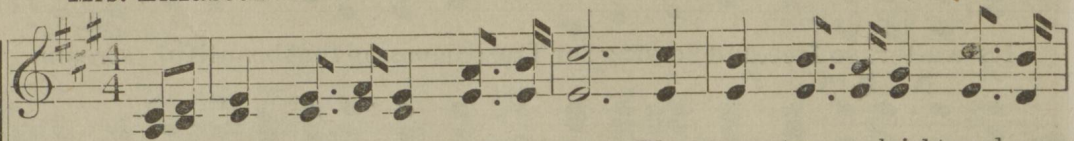
7 Sweetly today the Saviour calls to thee:
Salvation fully purchased now by Me,
Now come, O! come, poor sinner, come and live!

No. 40. What Must it Be to Be There?

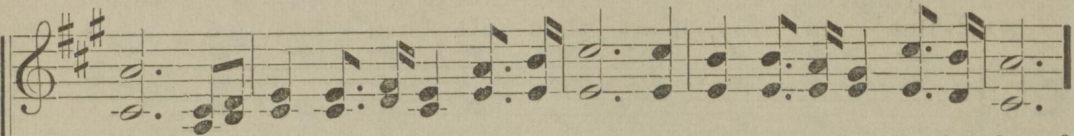
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying." Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

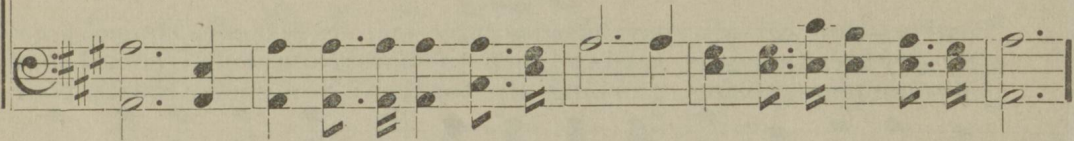
Chas. E. Pollock.



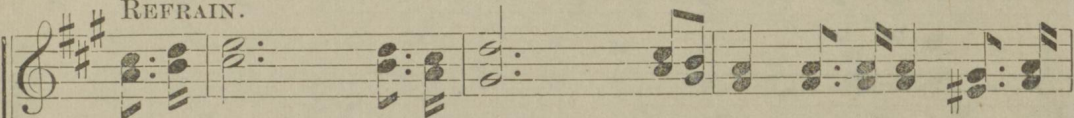
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, tempta-tion, and
3. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied
4. O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for heav-en pre-



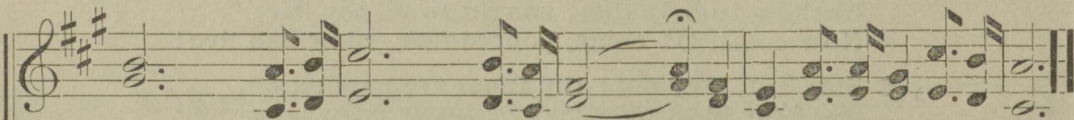
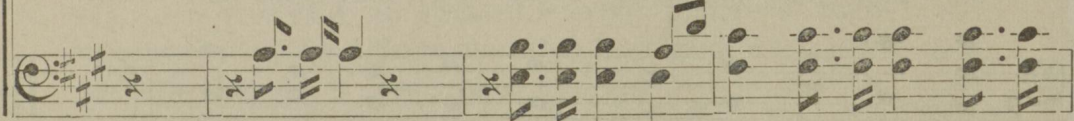
fair, And oft are its glo-ries con-fess'd; But what must it be to be there?
 care, From tri-als without and within; But what must it be to be there?
 wear, The church of the first-born a-bove; But what must it be to be there?
 pare; And, shortly, we al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.



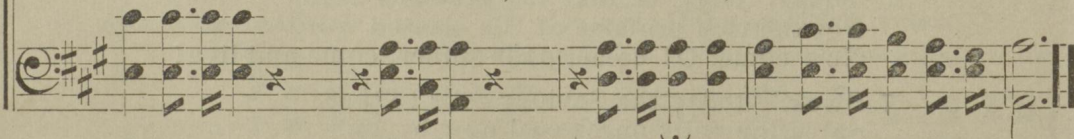
REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be
 To be there, to be there,



there? To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be there?
 to be there? To be there, to be there,



* From "Sun Bright Clime," by per.

No. 41.

Trust in Jesus.

“Let him trust in the name of the Lord.” Isa. 50: 10.

C. L. Moore.

C. L. Moore.

1. O a - nywhere my Saviour leads, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; He
 2. Tho' friends forsake me here be-low, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; His
 3. My way seems clear, I need not fear, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; For
 4. O Je - sus, save me in Thy love, I'll put my trust in Je - sus; At

will sup-ply my ev - 'ry need, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
 lov - ing grace He will be - stow, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
 He's a lov - ing friend so dear, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.
 last I'll rest with Him a - bove, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Trust Him, trust Him,

Trust Him, trust Him, yes, we'll trust Him, Ev - er trust in Je - sus; His

prom - is - es He'll ev - er keep, I'll put my trust in Je - sus.

No. 42.

Golden Light.

G. A. M.

Geo. A. Minor.

1. There's a bright and Gold-en Light, That is shin-ing on our way,
 2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the darkness of my sin,
 3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life,
 4. If we trust the Saviour's voice, And o-bey His blest command,

And it com-eth from a - bove. 'Tis the precious light of truth,
 To the glo-rious light of day; 'Tis the light that fills my soul,
 Up the wea - ry hills of time; Thro' the troubles and the care,
 He will guide us home a - bove; There the Golden Light will shine,

D.S.—And bright-en up the way,

FINE.

That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Saviour's love.
 And makes peace and joy with-in; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
 Thro' the con-flict and the strife, This light shall be ev - er mine.
 Ev - er in that hap - py land; It will be His own precious love.

That will lead to end-less day, With the light of a Sav-iour's love.

CHORUS. *D S.*

Gold-en light, shine on, Shine on us from a-bove,

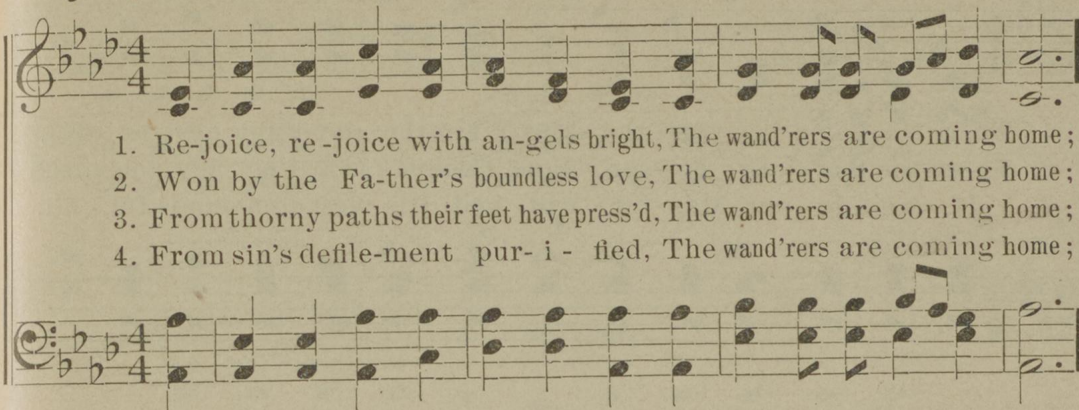
Gold-en light, shine on, shine on, bright light,

By per. G. A. MINOR, owner of copyright,

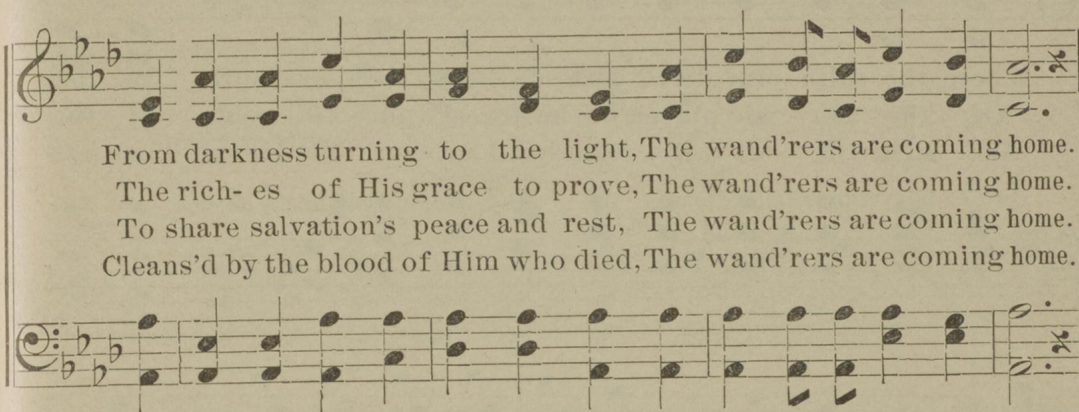
No. 43. The Wanderers Are Coming Home.

Jennie Wilson.

J. Lincoln Hall.

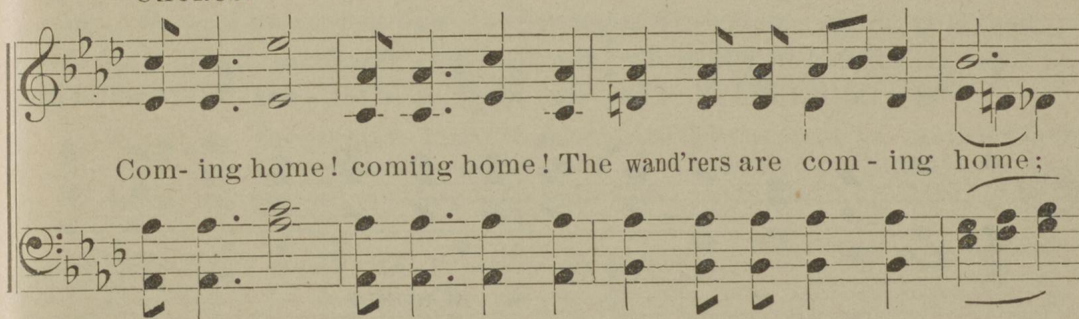


1. Re-joyce, re-joyce with an-gels bright, The wand'ers are coming home ;
2. Won by the Fa-ther's boundless love, The wand'ers are coming home ;
3. From thorny paths their feet have press'd, The wand'ers are coming home ;
4. From sin's defile-ment pur-i-fied, The wand'ers are coming home ;

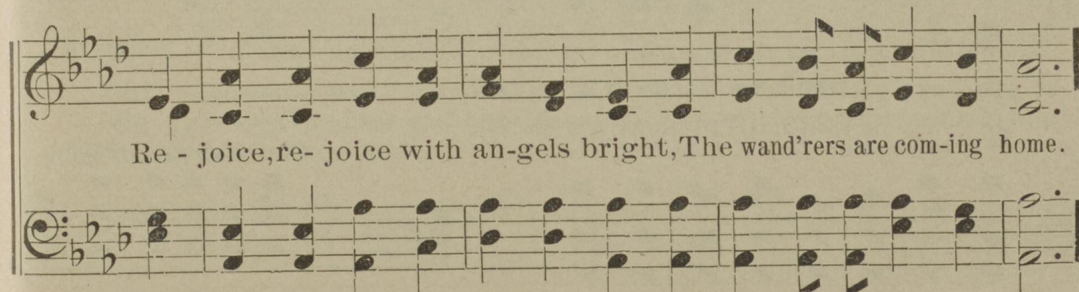


From darkness turning to the light, The wand'ers are coming home.
The rich-es of His grace to prove, The wand'ers are coming home.
To share salvation's peace and rest, The wand'ers are coming home.
Cleans'd by the blood of Him who died, The wand'ers are coming home.

CHORUS.



Com-ing home! coming home! The wand'ers are com-ing home;



Re-joyce, re-joyce with an-gels bright, The wand'ers are com-ing home.

No. 44. That Heavenly Home.

Mattie Carlisle.

Will H. Garey.

1. There's a home be - yond the skies, Where the day-light nev - er dies,
 2. There the Sav - iour ev - er reigns, There we'll hear the joy - ous strains
 3. If we do our Mas - ter's will, And His blest commands ful - fill,

Where the faith - ful dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more. In that
 Of the mu - sic played on harps of pur - est gold, By the
 We shall sit at His right hand up - on the throne. Then let's

heav'n - ly home a - bove, Where there's joy, and peace, and love, We may
 an - gel's robed in white, In the heav'n - ly world of light; Oh, the
 ev - er faith - ful be That we may e - ter - nal - ly Dwell with

CHORUS.

meet our loved ones who have gone be - fore. Oh, that heav'n - ly home a -
 glo - ry of that home can ne'er be told!
 Je - sus in that hap - py heav'nly home.

Oh, that heav'nly home a -

That Heavenly Home. Concluded.

bove, . . . Where there's joy, . . . and peace, and love, We will
 bove, that home a-bove, Where there's joy, and peace, and love, sweet peace and love,

dwell, . . . for - ev - er more, Dwell with
 We will dwell for - ev - er more, for - ev - er more,

loved . . . ones gone be - fore.
 Dwell with loved ones gone be - fore, that's gone be - fore.

No. 45.

Windham.

Daniel Read, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands waik to - geth-er there;
 2. De - ny thy-self, and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command;
 3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new -

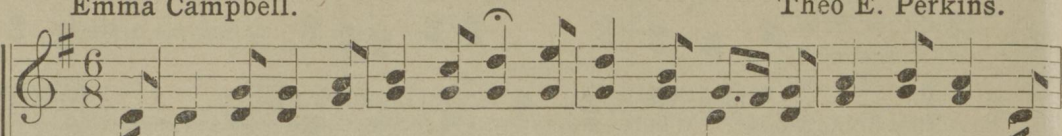
But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
 Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'n - ly land.
 Which hyp - o - crites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev - er knew.

No. 46. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

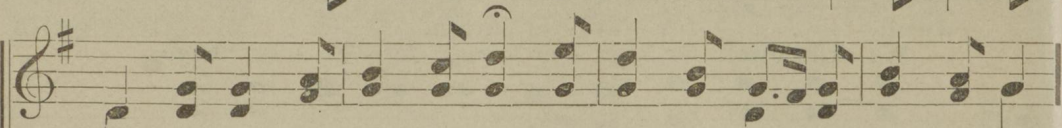
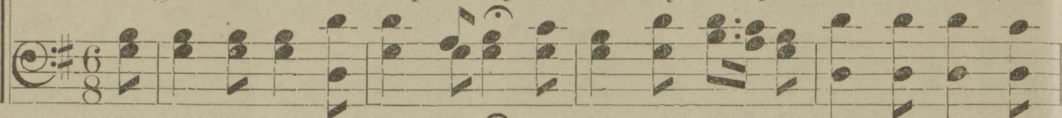
"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

Emma Campbell.

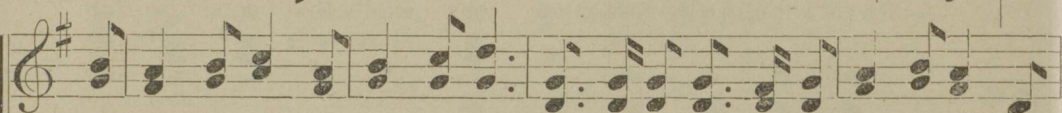
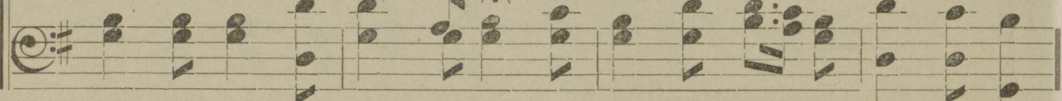
Theo E. Perkins.



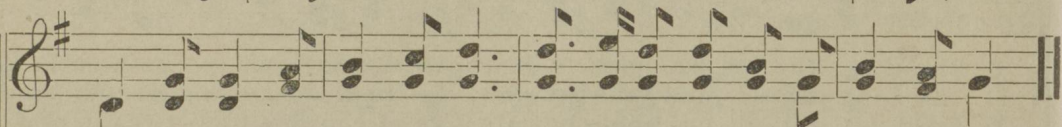
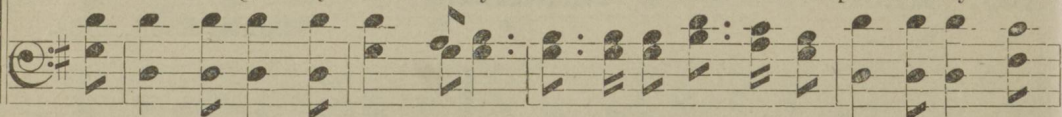
1. What means this eager, an-xious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long? These
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so might-i-ly? A
3. Je - sus ! 'tis He who once be-low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ; And
4. A-gain He comes ! From place to place His ho-ly foot-prints we can trace ; He



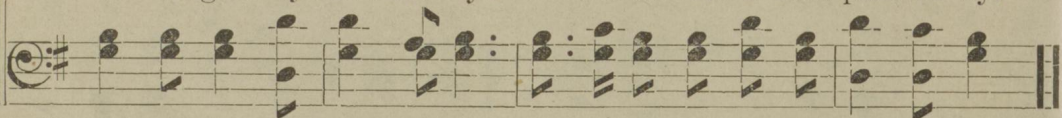
wondrous gath'ring day by day? What means this strange com-mo-tion, pray?
pass-ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul-ti-tude at will?
bur-den-ed ones, where'er He came Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
paus-eth at our threshold—nay, He en-ters—con - de-scends to stay.



In ac-cents hush'd the throng reply : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by." In
A-gain the stir-ring tones reply : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by." A -
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by." The
Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by?" Shall



ac-cents hush'd the throng re-ply : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
gain the stir-ring tones re-ply : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
blind rejoiced to hear the cry : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
we not glad-ly raise the cry : "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."



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

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

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No. 47. Thou Art Coming, Lord.

Jennie Wilson.

J. H. Hall.

1. Thy ten - der voice I hear, O Sav - iour, speak to me, As
 2. Though ma - ny are my sins, Thou com - est in Thy grace, By
 3. Though I am poor and weak, Thou com - est in Thy might, To
 4. Though mer - it I have none, Thou com - est in Thy love, To

Thou art coming near my soul, To win it un - to Thee.
 Thy a - toning, cleansing blood, My guilt-stains to ef-face.
 shield me from the tempter's snares, And guide my steps a-right.
 robe me in Thy righteousness, For realms of life a-bove.

CHORUS.

Thou art coming, Lord, Com - ing now to me, O
 coming, Lord, to me,

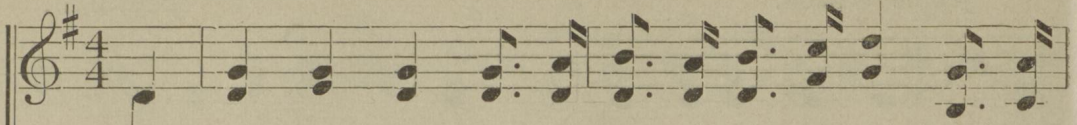
Come and e'er with me a - bide, Thou Christ of Cal - va - ry.

No. 48.

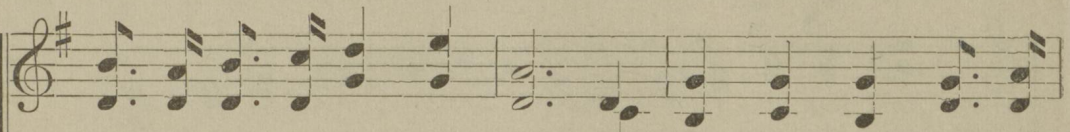
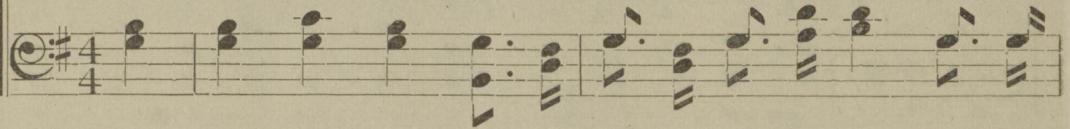
Arise and Shine.

Arr.

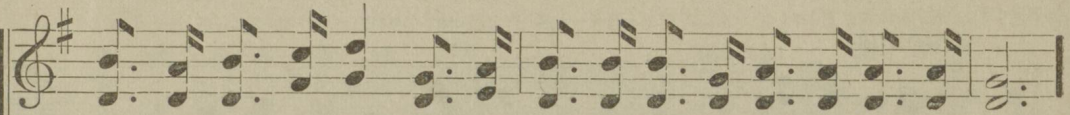
W. H. Reubush.



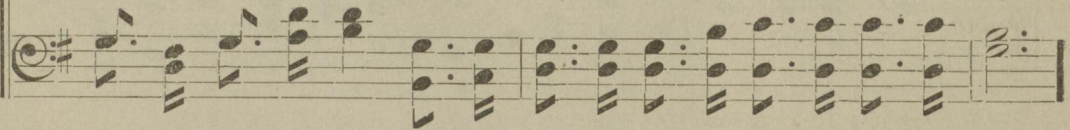
1. A - rise and shine, for the light is come to thee, For the
 2. A - rise and shine, for the day is dawn-ing bright, And the
 3. A - rise and shine, let the world a-round you know That the
 4. A - rise and shine, for the King of Heaven's come, And the



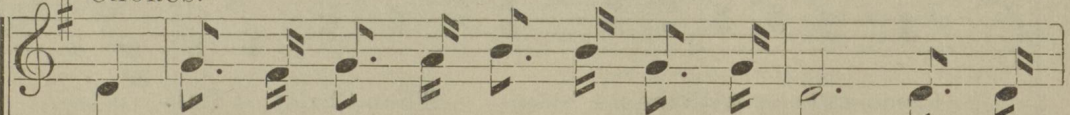
glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Lift up thine eyes round a -
 glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Press on, on, on, in the
 glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; In word and deed may you
 glo - ry of the Lord is nigh; Some day by faith we will



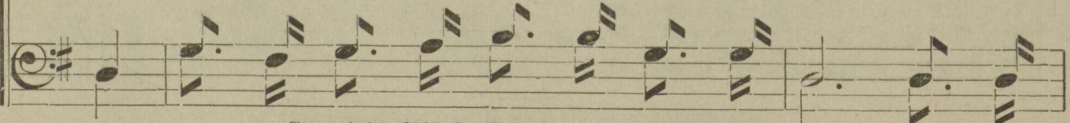
bout, and you will see That the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 bat - tle for the right, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 Christ to others show, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 reach that Heav'nly home, In that crowning day that's coming by and by.



CHORUS.



The crown - ing day is com - ing by and by, When the



Arise and Shine. Concluded.

Lord will come in glo - ry from on high ; Then fight, fight, fight, in the

bat - tle for the right. For the glo - ry of the Lord is drawing nigh.

No. 49.

Devotion.

Isaac Watts.

Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live ;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The pow'rand glo - ry of Thy grace ;
3. Should sud - den ven - geance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
4. Yet save a trem - bling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

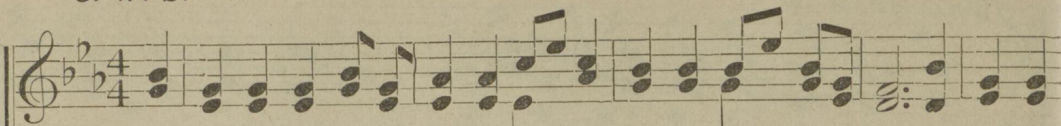
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy right - eous law ap - proves it well.
 Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure support a - gainst despair.

No. 50.

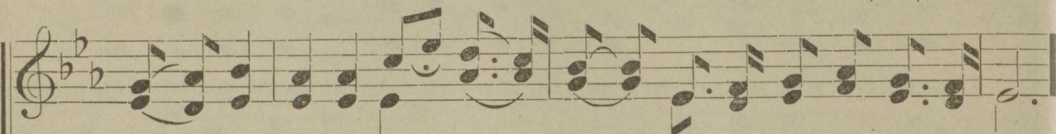
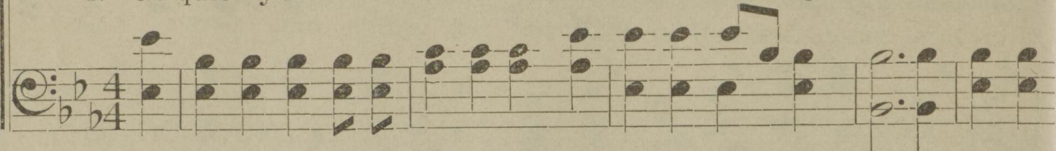
Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S.

G. W. Sederquist.



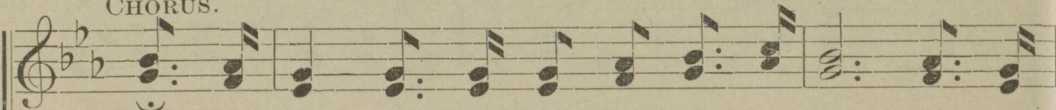
1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say ; The stars of
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A - loud pro -
3. It must be time for the wait - ing Church To cast her pride a - way, With gird - ed
4. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high - way, And call the



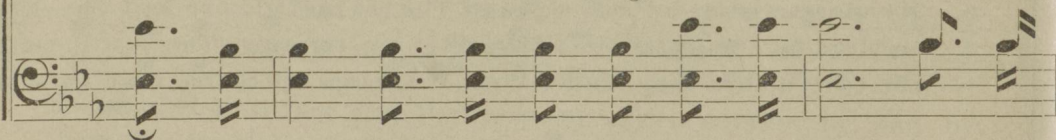
heav'n are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
 claim to all man-kind, The com-ing of the Mas-ter draw-eth nigh.
 loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
 maimed, the halt, and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.



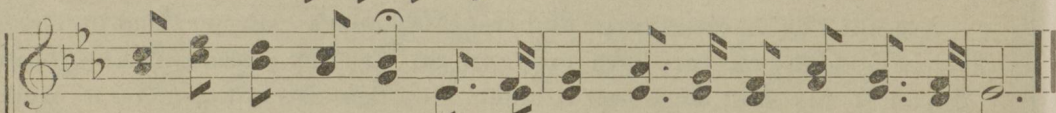
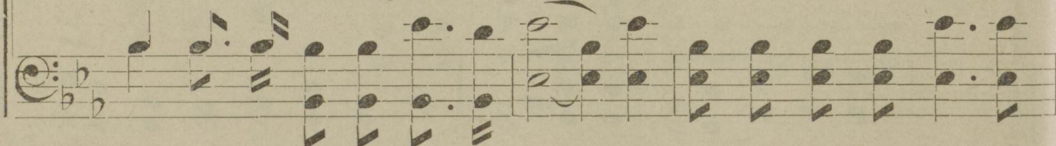
CHORUS.



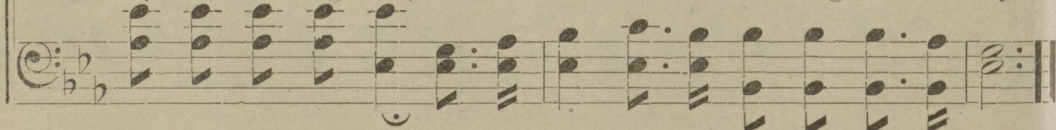
O it must be the break - ing of the day, O it



must be the breaking of the day. The night is al-most gone, The



day is com-ing on; O it must be the breaking of the day.



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No. 51. For Many, Many Years.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D.

R. M. McIntosh, Mus. Doc.

1. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, Je - sus called me
 2. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, Je - sus sought me
 3. Night and day for ma - ny, ma - ny years, I have heard that

in His ten - der love; And His voice seemed burdened with His tears,
 through the des - ert wild; And His voice yet lin - gers in my ears,
 ten - der voice di - vine, Whisp'ring through my haunting doubts and fears,

REFRAIN

As He sought me from His Home above. O His love, 'tis
 Like a moth - er's with her way - ward child.
 "Wea - ry, help - less wan - der - er, be Mine."

wid - er than the sea, Tire - less as the might - y o - cean wave;

O how could He love and follow me, And how care the wan - der - er to save.

No. 52.

Endeavorers for Jesus.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SONG.

Rev. A. M. Evers.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. En - deav - or - ers for Je - sus, In ev - 'ry Christian land, A
 2. En - deav - or - ers for Je - sus, Let her - alds bear the news, To
 3. En - deav - or - ers for Je - sus, How beau - ti - ful the tho't, Tho'

might - y host of work - ers, In sol - id pha - lanx stand. En -
 ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To Gen - tile and to Jews. En -
 ma - ny thou - sand res - cued, All work in Je - sus' name. En -

deav - or - ers for Je - sus, With ban - ners all un - furled, Our
 deav - or - ers for Je - sus, His word we dai - ly read, That
 deav - or - ers for Je - sus, To all His love the same, Our

mot - to stands for "res - cue," Our field is all the world.
 we may have its guid - ance, In ev - 'ry time of need.
 gra - cious, dear Re - deem - er, We'll spread a - broad His fame.

CHORUS.

We're saved to serve for Je - sus, We're
 We're saved to serve, We're saved to serve,

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Endeavorers for Jesus. Concluded.

saved . . . to serve for Je - sus, We serve . . . to save for
 We're saved to serve, yes, saved to serve, We serve to save,

Je - sus, To save . . . in His dear name. . . .
 yes, serve to save, To save in His dear name, to save in His dear name.

No. 53.

Avon.

Joseph Hart.

Hugh Wilson.

1. That dreadful night be - fore His death The Lamb for sin - ners slain;
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee:
3. Thy suff' - rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,

Did al - most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.
 Help each re - deemed one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
 To sing, "Ho - san - na to the Lamb!" The Lamb that died for me!

No. 54.

Glory to Jesus!

A. F. M. Arr.

A. F. Myers.

1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and
2. Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want pu-ri-ty,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree; Je-sus can
 earth all as dross, Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side, Jesus can
 walk in the light; If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free; Je-sus can
 you shall be whole; Wash'd in the blood of the One, cru-ci-fied, Je-sus can

CHORUS.

save you, for He saved me. Glo-ry to Je-sus, He sat-is-fies me!
 save you, for you He died.
 cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
 cleanse you, for you He died.

Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free! Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'll

shout it, I will, Glo-ry to Je-sus! I can-not keep still.

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No. 55.

Building on the Rock.

D. E. D.

D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my home will
 2. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Precious stones, gold,
 3. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing; Wood and hay and
 4. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my work will
 5. O my broth - er, where are you build - ing, Is your house up -

sure - ly stand the storm; Tho' the tem - pest rage fierce and mad - ly,
 sil - ver, may all be That I place each day in the tem - ple,
 stub - ble will not stand For the fires of God will de - stroy them,
 sure - ly there a - bide; Then the Lord will say, Faith - ful ser - vant,
 on the Rock, or sand? When the winds and waves beat up - on it,

D.S.—On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

All is safe, for it can do no harm. On the sol - id Rock is my
 I am building for e - ter - ni - ty.
 His ap - prov - al they can ne'er command.
 A re - ward a - waits you by my side.
 Will it fall in wreck, or will it stand?

And my house will sure - ly stand the storm.

build - ing sure, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is se - cure.

D.S.

No. 56.

Trusting in Jesus.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. Walk - ing, Sav - iour, close to Thee, (close to Thee,) Trust - ing
 2. Light the way our feet should go, (feet should go,) With the
 3. Till shall close life's lat - est day, (lat - est day,) Keep us

1. Walk - ing, Sav - iour, Sav - iour, close to Thee, Trust - ing,
 2. Light the way, the way our feet should go, With the
 3. Till shall close, shall close life's lat - est day, Keep us

in Thy love and grace, (love and grace,) Guide, oh, guide us ten - der -
 sunshine of Thy love, (of Thy love,) Gild life's pathway here be -
 pure, oh, Saviour, Friend, (Saviour, Friend,) Nev - er, nev - er let us

trust - ing in Thy love and grace, Guide, oh, guide us
 bless - ed sun - shine of Thy love, Gild, oh, gild life's
 pure and good, oh, Sav - iour, Friend, Nev - er, nev - er,

ly, (ten - der - ly,) Till we see Thee face to face. (face to face.)
 low, (here below,) Lead us to Thy courts above. (courts above.)
 stray, (nev - er stray,) Own and bless us to the end. (to the end.)

ev - er ten - der - ly, Till we see and know Thee face to face.
 path - way here be - low, Lead us, Sav - iour, to Thy courts a - bove.
 nev - er let us stray, Own and bless us, keep us to the end.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Keep us
 Keep us Thine a - lone, Keep us Thine a - lone, Keep us

Trusting in Jesus. Concluded.

Saviour Thine alone, (Thine a-lone;) Till the shadows all have
 flown, (all have flown,) And we meet beside Thy throne, (great white throne.)

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The second system also ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

No. 57.

Rockingham.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du - ty run;
 2. Wake, and lift up thy -self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear the part,
 3. Glo - ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And has refresh'd me while I slept;
 4. Di - rect, control, suggest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy mor-n-ing sac - ri-fice.
 Who, all night long, un-wearied sing High praise to the e - ter-nal King.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life partake.
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite

The musical score is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The score is divided into two systems, each with a double bar line and repeat signs.

No. 58. Stand Up for Jesus Always.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Thro' good re - port and ill;
 2. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, In ev - 'ry walk of life;
 3. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Nor long the strife will be;
 4. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, And soon at His right hand,

Tho' wick - ed men may scorn thee, Stand up for Je - sus still.
 For He who bids thee con - quer, Is with thee in the strife.
 Laid up in yon - der heav - en, There waits a crown for thee.
 Thou shalt with all His chos - en. Tri - umph - ant take thy stand.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus still, Stand up for Je - sus
 Stand up for Je - sus still, Stand up for

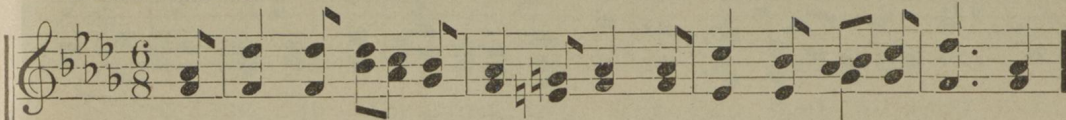
still, Tho' wick - ed men may scorn thee, Stand up for Je - sus still.
 Je - sus still,

No. 59. I Know My Name is There.

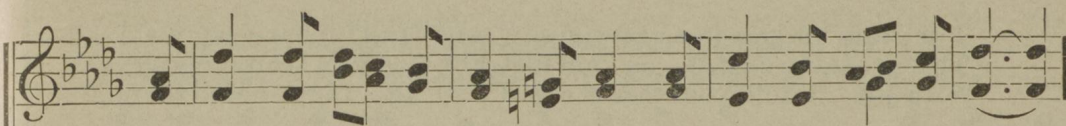
LUKE 10: 20.

D. S. Warner.

B. E. Warren.



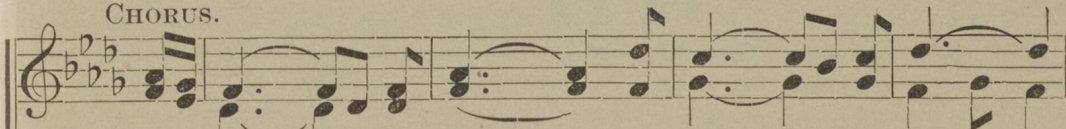
1. My name is in the book of Life, Oh, bless the name of Je - sus!
2. My name once stood with sinners, lost, And bore a painful rec - ord;
3. Yet in - ward trou - ble oft - en cast A shad - ow o'er my ti - tle;
4. While others climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of hon - or,



I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
 But by His blood the Saviour cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
 But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! its ev - er clear.
 High up in heaven's book of Life, My name is writ - ten there.



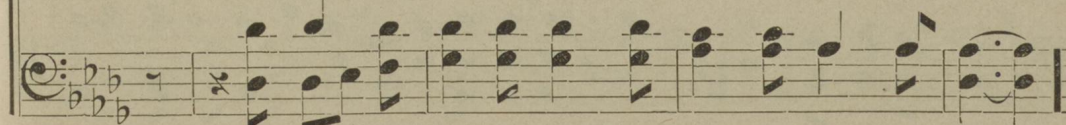
CHORUS.



I know, . . . I know . . . my name . . . is there; . . .
 I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;



I know, . . . I know . . . my name is writ - ten there.
 I know my name is there.



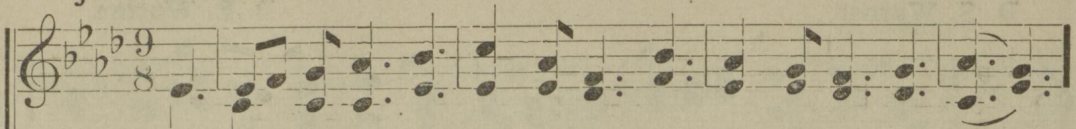
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No. 60.

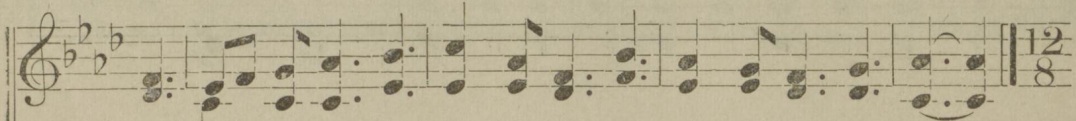
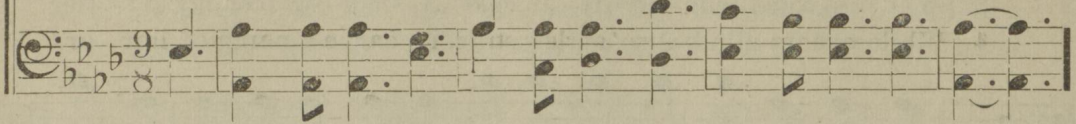
Seeds of Promise.

Jessie H. Brown.

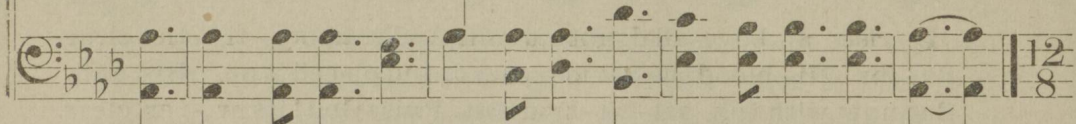
Fred. A. Fillmore.



- 1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds,A - long the fer-tile field,
- 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,The seed will sure-ly live;
- 3. The har-vest-home of God will come,And af - ter toil and care,



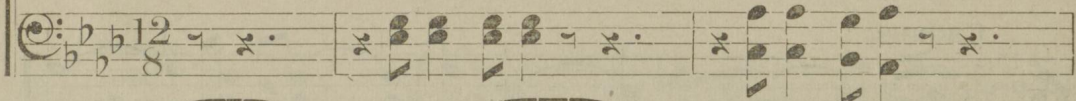
For grain will grow from what you sow,And fruitful har-vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost,it is not lost,For God will fruitage give.
 With joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be gar-nered there.



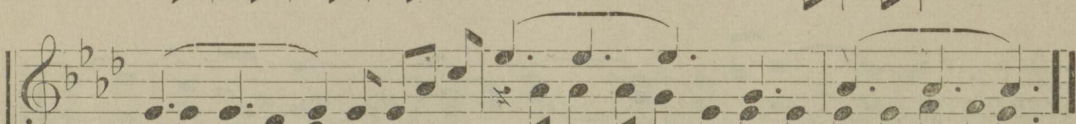
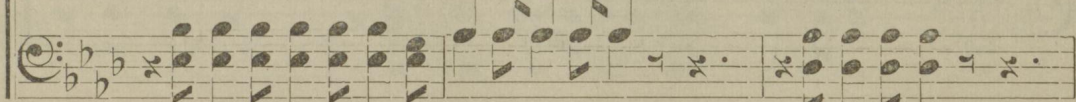
CHORUS.



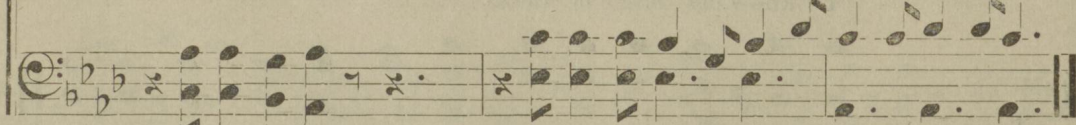
Then day by day, . . . along your way, . . . The seeds of
 Then day by day, along your way,



prom - - ise cast, . . . That ripen'd grain . . . from hill and
 The seeds of promise cast,the seeds of promise cast, That ripen'd grain



plain . . . Be gather'd home . . . at last.
 from hill and plain Be gather'd home at last,be gather'd home at last.



Be gather'd home at last.

By permission of FILLMORE BROS.

No. 61. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

Geo. A. Minor.

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

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the
 Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor winter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the
 Tho' the loss sus - tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's

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

CHORUS.

bring - ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come, re - joic - (Omit. . . .) ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

By per. of GEO. A. MINOR, owner of copyright.

No. 62. Hear the Shout of Triumph.

S. G. Smith, by per.

1. Hear the shout of triumph, Hear the might-y song, Fill-ing earth and
 2. Ma-ny were the bat-tles, Constant was the strife, Fierce the rag-ing
 3. Onward let us ev - er, Tho'our strength be small; Je - sus is our

heav - en, As it rolls a - long, Like the roar of 'o - cean,
 con-flicts, In their earth-ly life; Yet they nev - er fal-tered,
 Lead - er, Ev - 'ry foe must fall, Then we'll join the ran-somed

Breaking on the shore, Vict'ry thro' the Sav - iour, Now and ev - er more.
 For the Lord was strong; He was rock and for-tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
 On the oth - er shore; Vict'ry thro' the Sav - iour, Sing - ing ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Hear
 Hear the cry of vic - to - ry the cry, as we pass a - long,

Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav - iour,

Hear the Shout of Triumph. Concluded.

Pass the word a-long; Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Vic - to - ry and song.

No. 63. Just Where Jesus Wants Me.

E. M. Davis.

J. H. Hall.

1. Just where Je-sus wants me, Be it high or low; Thither will He
 2. Glad - ly in His ser - vice Will I spend my all; In the niche He's

D.C. Just where Je-sus wants me, Be it high or low; Thith-er will He

FINE.

lead me, Trust - ing - ly I'll go. Not a sin - gle foot - step,
 placed me, Stay and kind - ly call All with - in the hear - ing

lead me, Trust - ing - ly I'll go.

D.C. for Chorus.

Would I take a - lone; Not a wish would har - bor, But to be His own.
 Of my voice, O come; Come and trust my Saviour, He will lead you home.

No. 64.

Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—
Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now ;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 65.

Onward, Soldiers.

W. O. C.

W. O. Carroll.

1. On-ward, soldiers, to the con-flict, Send the word a-long the line,
 2. We are fight-ing Satan's forc-es, Ma - ny thousand strong are they,
 3. Faith in Je - sus is our watchword, Grace He'll give in time of need,
 4. Christian soldiers, true and loy - al To the Lord we'll ev - er be,

We will nev - er lose a bat - tle, If we put our trust in Him.
 But we'll sure - ly gain the vic - t'ry, If our Lead - er we o - bey.
 Strength for ev - 'ry day and con - flict, And our souls on manna feed.
 And we'll fol - low where He leadeth, While we sound the ju - bil - lee.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - jah,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, march - ing on, Hal - le - lu - jah, march - ing on,

We are sol - diers of the cross, And our
 of the cross,

cap - tain's name is Je - sus, We will nev - er suf - fer loss.

No. 66. Onward March to Victory.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell.

H. N. Lincoln.

1. Christian soldiers, on life's rugged road, Onward marching to the King's abode,
 2. Onward, soldiers, there are foes to face, Sins to conquer ere we win the race;
 3. Christ our Captain leads us all the way, Onward, soldiers, to the gates of day;
 4. Still advancing, there is nought to fear, Jesus loves us, He is ev - er near;

Nev - er fal - ter tho' the way be long, 'Neath His ban - ner, lift your voice in song.
 Just beyond us lies the promised land, Don your armor, heed the King's command.
 Storms and battles soon will aye be past; We may wear the victor's crown at last.
 Ev - er striving souls to gar - ner in For the Master, we a crown shall win.

REFRAIN.

On - ward march . . . to vic - to - ry! Je - sus
 On - ward march to vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry!

died . . . to set us free; Trust His love . . . whate'er be -
 Jesus died to set us free, to set us free; Trust His love whate'er be -

He our steps will safe - ly guide.
 tide, whate'er be - tide, will safe - ly guide.

No. 67.

Daniel Men.

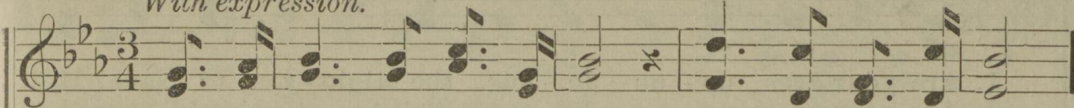
Respectfully inscribed to the "Daniel Men" of the Y. M. C. A.

DANIEL 6: 10.

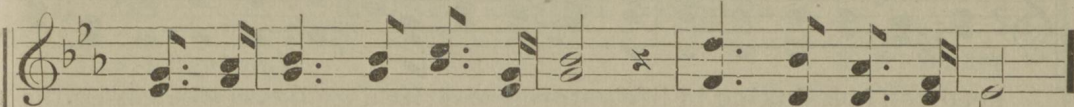
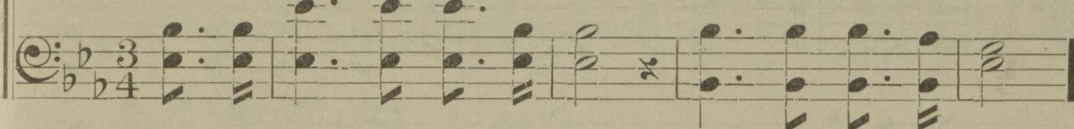
John R. Clements.

J. H. Hall.

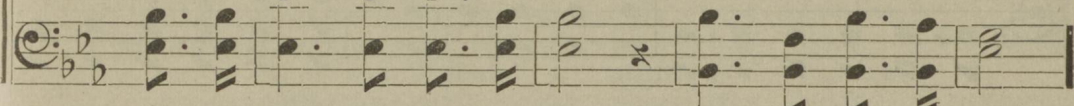
With expression.



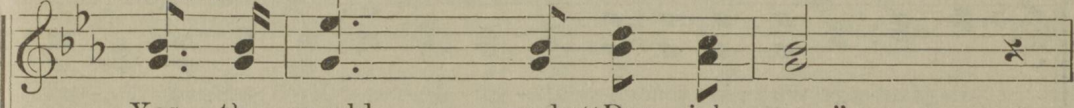
1. There is *need* for "Dan-iel men," In this world to-day;
 2. There is *work* for "Dan-iel men;" Rout the scep-tic band!
 3. There's *suc-cess* for "Dan-iel men." God their cry will heed;



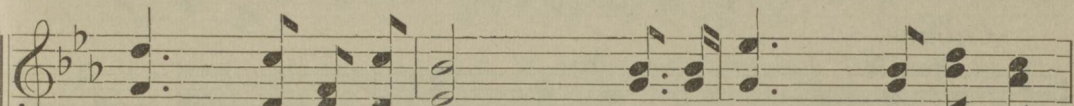
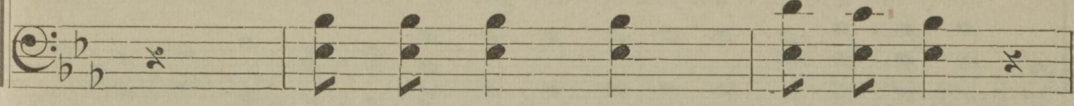
Men who're not a-fraid of men, Not a-sham'd to pray.
 Bring God's aid, thro' ear-nest prayer, With Him bold-ly stand.
 Ev-'ry ef-fort born of prayer He will make suc-ceed.



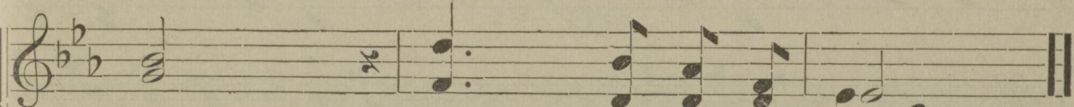
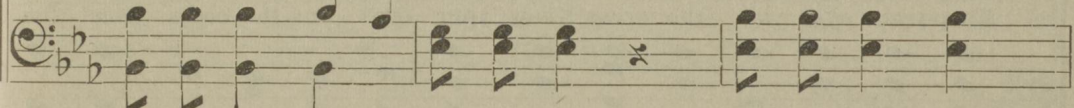
CHORUS.



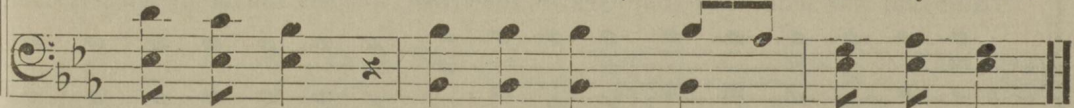
Yes, the world needs "Dan-iel men,"
 Yes, the world needs "Dan-iel men,"



Men of faith and prayer, Men who're not a-fraid to
 Men of faith, of faith and prayer, Men who're not a-



stand afraid to stand, For Christ a-ny-where.
 Stand for Christ, stand a-ny-where.



No. 68. Are your Eyes upon Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. Are your eyes up - on Je - sus, the Might - y to save? He'll
 2. Are your eyes up - on Je - sus? tho' tri - als should throng He'll
 3. Are your eyes up - on Je - sus in faith, hope, and love? Then

keep you from sinking in life's stormy wave; He'll guide you when walk - ing, the
 comfort and cheer you, and give you a song, The Shepherd of Is - rael, the
 ev - 'ry step leads you to mansions a - bove; No e - vil enticements will

Rit.
 pil - grim - age way; Are your eyes up - on Je - sus? He'll save you to - day.
 Lamb on the throne; Are you trust - ing, o - bey - ing, this Sav - iour a - lone?
 lure you a - side, While your eyes are on Je - sus, your Sav - iour and Guide.

CHORUS.

Keep your eyes . . . on the cross, . . . Keep your
 Keep your eyes on the cross, Keep your eyes on the cross, on the

eyes . . . on the cross, . . . On Je - - sus the
 Lamb that was slain, Keep your eyes on the cross, Je - sus the Lamb that was slain,

Are your Eyes upon Jesus? Concluded.

Lamb, . . . Keep your eyes . . . on the cross.
 slain, that was slain, Keep your eyes on the cross, Keep your eyes on the cross.

No. 69. Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham.

H. R. Bishop.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, }
 How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (omit.) } with saints!
 2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, }
 I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) } to trace;
 3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; }
 They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.) } de - cay;

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room. And feel in the
 In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam. Un - mind - ful, a -
 But pleasures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on

D.S. Pre - pare me, dear

FINE. D.S.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 las! that it led me from home.
 earth, and a man - sion in heaven.

Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 70.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

Send the light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spirit ev-'rywhere be found;
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
 Send the light!"

Send the light! Send the light!
 Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

{ Send the light, . . . the bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it
 { Send the light, . . . and let its ra-diant beams Light the

shine . . . from shore to shore!
 world . . . for-ev-er - - - more, (forev-er-more.)

No. 71.

The Gate Ajar for Me.

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

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

Philip Phillips.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleaming,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A radiance from the cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

O depths of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, . . . for me, . . . Was left a - jar for me? . . .
For me, for me,

By permission.

No. 72.

The Best for Jesus.

E. M. J.

J. H. Hall.

1. The brightest and best is for Je - sus, my Lord, The rich - est and
 2. I once walked in darkness, and sorrow, and pain, And tho't I should
 3. It came, yes, it came, the sweet moment at last, It cov - ered for -
 4. Now ev - 'ry new blessing that to me is giv'n, Comes down from my

sweet - est this earth can af - ford; There's nothing too cost - ly, there's
 nev - er know glad - ness a - gain; Scarce dream'd I, that in one sweet
 'ev - er the sor - row - ful past; The heav - ens were o - pened, and
 Lord with the sig - net of heav'n; A - bove and be - yond, all my

noth - ing too gay, For Him who chang'd darkness to sunshine and day.
 mo - ment of bliss, The sunshine of heav - en my cold lips would kiss.
 light from a - bove, Came in - to my heart like an o - cean of love.
 tho't and de - sire, The gift of the Spir - it, the "Baptism of Fire."

CHORUS.

The best I will bring Him, Who
 The best I will bring Him Who reign - eth a - bove, The

The Best for Jesus, Concluded.

reign - eth a - bove; . . . My pur - est af -
best I will bring Him, Who reigneth a - bove; My pur - est af - fec - tion, My

fec - tion, My ho - li - est love. . . .
ho - li - est love, My pur - est af - fec - tion, My ho - li - est love.

No. 73.

Brown.

Charles Wesley.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;
5. He speaks—and, list-'ning to His voice, New life the dead re-ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of Thy Name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for *me*.
The mournful, brok-en hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be - lievè.
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy!

No. 74.

Song of Gladness.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good."—Ps. 147: 1.

W. H. Ruebush.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah, song of gladness, song of ev - er - last-ing joy ;
 2. Hal-le - lu - jah, church victorious, Thou may'st raise this joyful strain ;
 3. Hal-le - lu - jah, let our voi-ces Rise to Heav'n with full ac-cord ;

Hal-le - lu - jah, song the sweetest That the an - gel hosts employ.
 Hal-le - lu - jah, songs of triumph, Well be-fit the ransom'd train.
 Hal-le - lu - jah, ev - 'ry mo-moment, Brings us nearer to the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, sweet peace He gave me ; Praise ye the Lord, He died to save me ;

Praise His name, He'll nev - er leave me ; Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

No. 75.

Stand Up for Jesus.

R. Torrey.

Asa Hull.

1. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
 2. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
 3. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
 4. Stand up for Je-sus, Chris-tian, stand! Soon with the blest im-mor-tal band

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a-round thy soul!
 Spread ye His glorious word a-broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
 Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye, Its ris-ing glo - ry shall de-scry.
 We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

CHORUS. *rit. ad lib.*

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!

a tempo.

Stand up, His righteous cause defend; Stand up for Je-sus, your best Friend.

No. 76.

Jesus Satisfies my Soul.

G. M. Bills.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul, for I am sav'd From the sin that caus'd un -
 2. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul when sorrows press Like a thorn-crown on my
 3. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul when tri als keen Aim their weapons at my
 4. Je-sus sat-is-fies my soul while changing years Steal a - way life's cher-ish'd

rest; He has bro-ken all the chains that once en - slav'd, Bringing
 brow; There are pledges in His word that soothe dis - tress, And His
 heart; I am shielded by a might - y hand un - seen, That can
 bloom; Tho' the val - ley of the shad - ow swift - ly nears, There's no

CHORUS.

heav - en to my breast. Oh! He sat - is - fies, sat - is -
 arm sus - tains me now.
 turn each fie - ry dart.
 ter - ror in its gloom. Oh! He sat - is - fies me now, sat - is -

fies my soul, For He is my con - stant friend; And He
 fies me all the while,

Jesus Satisfies my Soul. Concluded.

promis - es the sunshine of His smile In the life that has no end.

No. 77. Over in the Glory-Land.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are on our way to a home on high, O-ver in the glo-ry -
2. We will join the song that the ransom'd sing, O-ver in the glo-ry -
3. When the cares and tri - als of earth are past, — O-ver in the glo-ry -
4. With the lov'd ones gone to that shining shore, O-ver in the glo-ry -

land ; There we'll meet and rest, in the by and by, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 land ; And for-ev-er praise our e - ter- nal King, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 land ; Jesus waits to crown us His own at last, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
 land ; We shall meet, oh, joy, meet to part no more, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.

CHORUS.

O - ver in the glo - ry - land ! O - ver in the glo - ry - land ! There with

all the blest we shall meet and rest, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.

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No. 78. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting

more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion snare; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
 roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is

called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
 called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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When the Roll is Called, Concluded.

yon - - - der, When the roll is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes a long note in the vocal line that spans across the bar line. The second system concludes with a double bar line.

No. 79. Rock of Ages.

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

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 D.C. *Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.*
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws' demands;
 D.C. *All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.*
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy'cross I cling;
 D.C. *Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.,*
 4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death
 D.C. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.*

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

The musical score for 'Rock of Ages' is in 3/2 time and has a key signature of two flats. It features four numbered verses with their respective D.C. (Da Capo) lyrics. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a 'FINE' marking and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction for the final line of the hymn.

No. 80. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould.

A. S. Sullivan.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to

war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 With the cross of Je - sus

No. 81.

Love of God.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Sing we of the grace of God, Of the wonders of His love;
 2. Love that bro't sal - va - tion near, Thro' God's well-be-lov - ed Son,
 3. Love of God so full and free, Love of God so strong to save,
 4. Love that holds the worlds in space, Love that lighteth all with-in,

Tell His glo-ries all a-broad, And of His won-der-ful love!
 And be-liev-ing we shall wear Yonder a beau-ti - ful crown!
 Blood that cleanseth e - ven me, Wonderful, won-der-ful love!
 Love that keeps us by His grace, Wonderful, won-der-ful love!

CHORUS.

Wonderful love of God! . . . Wonderful love of God! . . .
 oh, won-der-ful love! oh, won-der-ful love!

How it redeemeth, and how it reclaimeth The souls He hath bo't with blood.

No. 82.

The Master's Work.

A. L. Wyman.

S. J. Vail.

1. There is nev - er a way, so narrow or short, But the Mas - ter's
2. There are tri - als to meet with Chris - tian faith, And du - ties with
3. Their work - ing days are nev - er so hard Who find in
4. There are flow - ers down in the val - ley low, And o - ver the

work is there; There is something to do for His dear sake,
 Chris - tian grace; And there's Christian sweet - ness to ev - 'ry one,
 Christ a stay; And days of dark - ness are days of light
 moun - tain side, Which nev - er were prais'd by a hu - man voice,

CHORUS.

Or some - thing to calm - ly bear. There is nev - er a day, There is
 To be giv - en in ev - 'ry place.
 When Je - sus leads the way.
 Nor by hu - man eyes de - scried.

nev - er a way, But the Mas - ter's work is there; There is

something to do for His dear sake, Or something to calm - ly bear.

No. 83.

The Lord Led On.

EXODUS 13: 21.

John R. Clements.

J. H. Hall.

1. The cho - sen hosts from E - gypt went ; The way to them was new ;
 2. We as in dark - ness need not grope, Nor com - ing days e'er dread ;
 3. To walk "by faith" with God to lead, Might well our pleas - ure be ;

Yet jour - ney'd on, at heart con - tent The Lord would bring them through.
 If we but make the Lord our hope, And fol - low where we're led.
 To hear His voice, and then to heed, Were bet - ter than to see.

CHORUS.

By pil - lar and cloud the Lord led on, From E - gypt to Ca - naan's

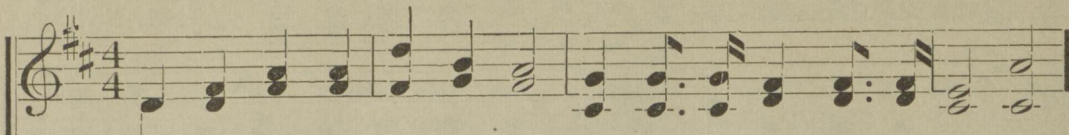
strand ; Thro' the wilderness way, By night and by day, Up to the promised land.

No. 84.

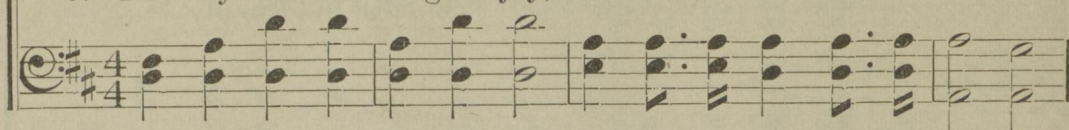
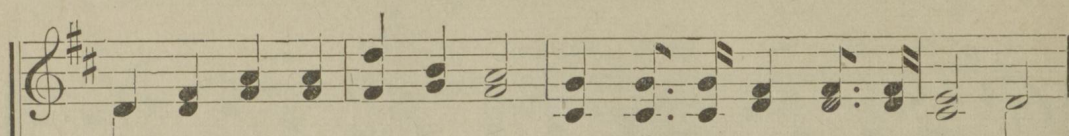
The Wonderful Saviour.

F. M. D.

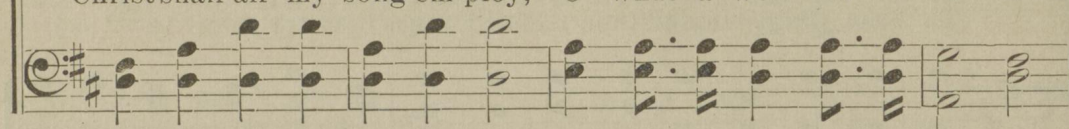
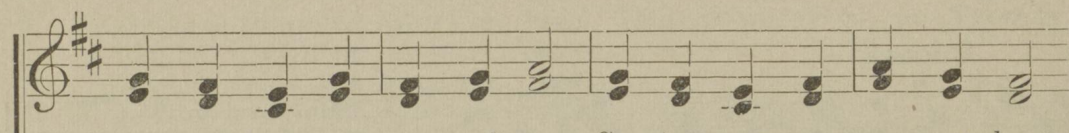
Frank M. Davis, by per.



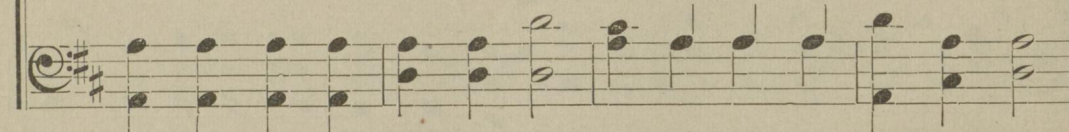
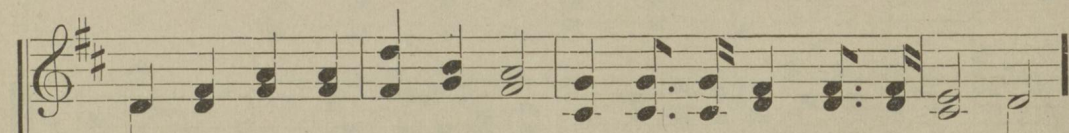
1. Christ has shed His blood for me, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

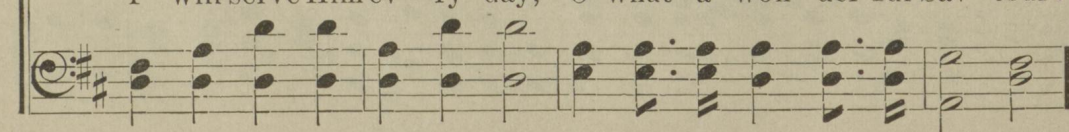
Died my soul from sin to free, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 Now I have sweet peace within, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 Christ shall all my song em - ploy, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

Great - er love was nev - er known, Greater mer - cy nev - er shown,
 He who calm - ly walked the wave, Has the might - y pow'r to save,
 He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a - way;

Free - ly does His blood a - tone, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 Shows a light be - yond the grave, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 I will serve Him ev - 'ry day, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



No. 85. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool."
 He is of great compassion, And of wondrous love.
 "Look un - to Me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God.

Tho' they be red
 He is of great
 "Look un - to Me,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

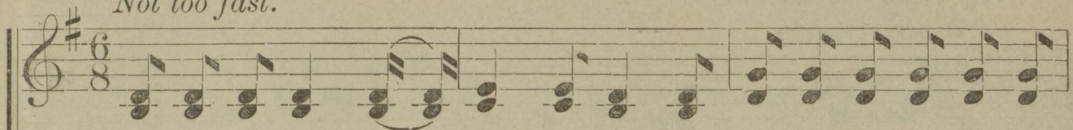
p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

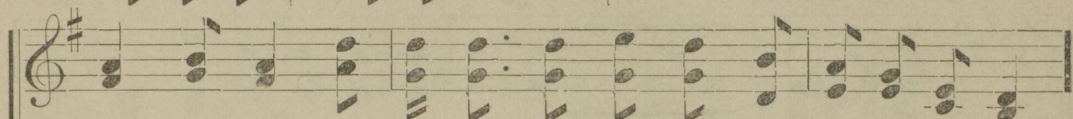
No. 86. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. Dortch.
Not too fast.

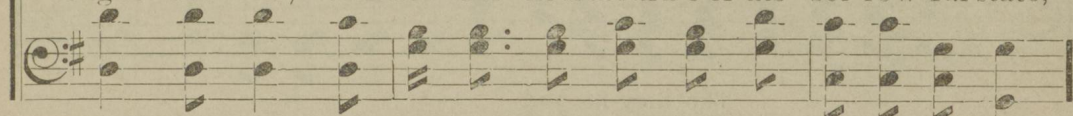
D. E. Dortch, by per.



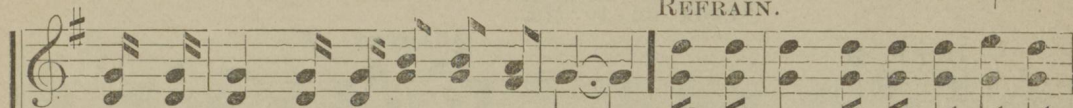
1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pronounces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His people as -
5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the Saviour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no



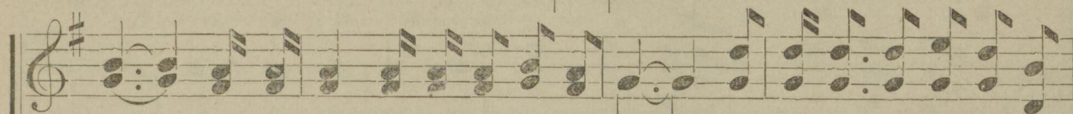
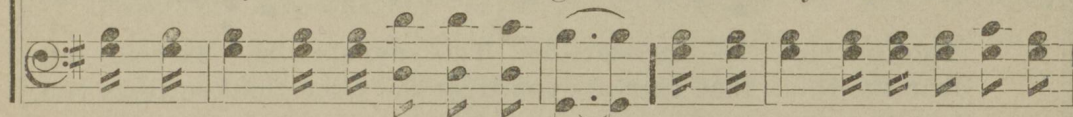
can - not come; With sad - ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
hap - py throng; With sigh - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
cend the skies; With weep - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
all that's dear; With an - guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,



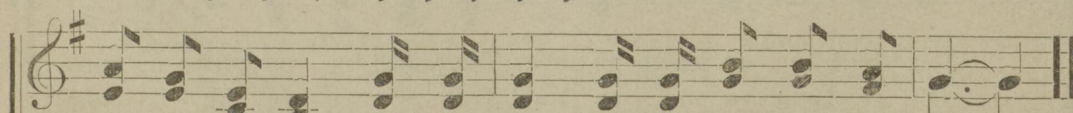
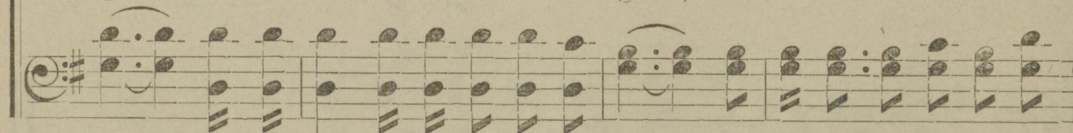
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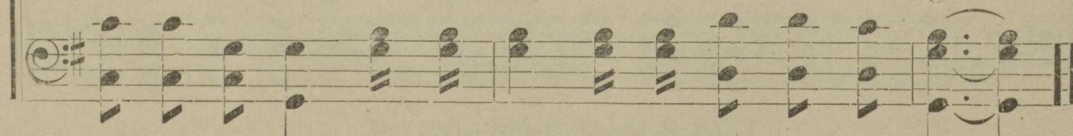
Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful



gate, Turned a - way from the beautiful gate; With sadness he'll mourn o'er his



sor - row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate.



No. 87.

Hear Him Calling.

J. H. Martin.

Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids His fold - ed
 3. Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

peaceful folds? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing! O - pen

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold. On your ear His lov - ing tones are
 fol - lowed far the stranger's voice.
 door, make haste to let me in.

fall - ing, For He seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam. Hear Him

call - ing, sweetly call - ing, As He bids His wand'ring sheep come home.

By per. THE R. M. McINTOSH Co., Atlanta, Ga., owners of the Copyright.

No. 88.

The Beautiful Vale.

(Text: HEB. iv. 9.)

Words arr'd by Asa Hull.

Asa Hull.

SOLI. *mp* TUTTI. *f*

1. My soul with rapture waits for thee, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;
 2. Thy radiant fields and glow-ing skies, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;
 3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;
 4. Oh, who would dwell for-ev-er here, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;

SOLI. *mp* TUTTI. *f*

My home be-yond the roll-ing sea, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 Too pure and bright for mor-tal eyes, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 Like morning dew or eve-ning shade, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 With joy, un-fad-ing joy, so near? Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

mp A little slower.

I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beauties of thy tranquil shore,
 Be-side the liv-ing stream that flows, The weary heart shall find re-pose;
 Yet when we reach thy golden strand, Our gentle Saviour's promis'd land,
 Oh, may I live, that I may wear A star-ry crown for e-ver there,

a tempo.

Where pain and sorrow come no more, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 Thy pearl-y gates shall nev-er close, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 We'll sing with all the ransom'd band, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 And breathe thy sweet and balmy air, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beautiful vale . . . of rest, Beau-ti-ful vale . . . of rest,
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

The Beautiful Vale. Concluded.

My soul with rap-ture longs for thee, O beautiful vale of rest.

No. 89. Good News Gone to Canaan.

Rev. G. P. Hott.

Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1. I've left the land of sor-row, I've left the land of sor-row, I've
 2. I'm bound to go to Canaan, I'm bound to go to Canaan, I'm
 3. I seek the heav'nly cit - y, I seek the heav'nly cit - y, I
 4. I'm glad I've got re - li - gion, I'm glad I've got re - li - gion, I'm
 5. I'm going to join my lov'd ones, I'm going to join my lov'd ones, I'm

CHORUS.

left the land of sor-row, I'm on my way. Good news gone to
 bound to go to Canaan, I'm on my way.
 seek the heav'nly cit - y, I'm on my way.
 glad I've got re - li - gion, I'm on my way.
 going to join my lov'd ones, I'm on my way.

Canaan, Good news gone to Canaan, Good news gone to Canaan, I'm on my way.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 6 : When we get home to glory, :
I'm on my way. | 10 : The lov'd ones there are waiting, :
I'm on my way. |
| 7 : We'll praise the name of Jesus, :
I'm on my way. | 11 : The gates of heaven are open, :
I'm on my way. |
| 8 : I'm near the land of Beulah, :
I'm on my way. | 12 : Oh, sinner, come to Jesus, :
I'm on my way. |
| 9 : The angels are rejoicing, :
I'm on my way. | 13 : Oh, glory hallelujah, :
I'm on my way. |

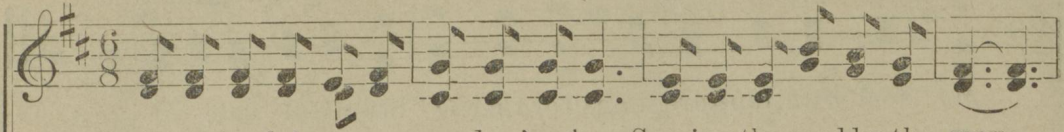
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No. 90.

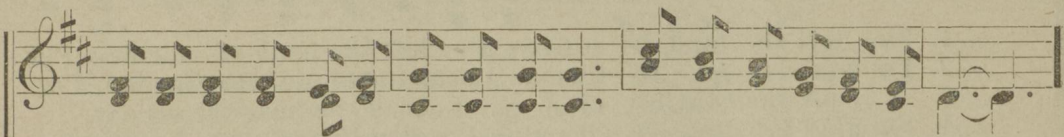
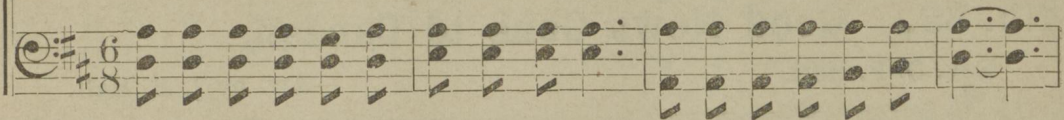
Working for Jesus.

Irvin H. Mack.

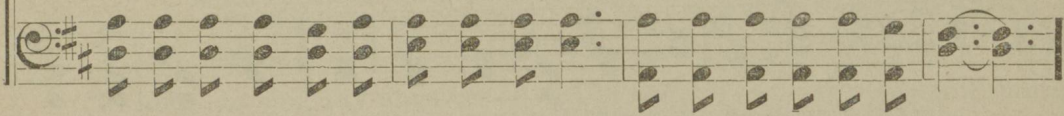
J. Lincoln Hall.



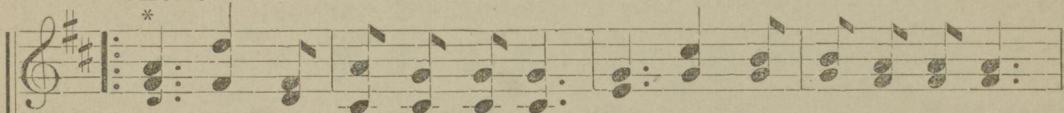
1. Strive to be doing some good ev'ry day, Sowing the seed by the way ;
2. Strive to be doing the work of the Lord, Learning His will from the word ;
3. Strive to be leading a life fill'd with love, Looking to Je-sus a - bove ;
4. Strive to be cheerful in all that you do ; Christ will your passions sub - due.



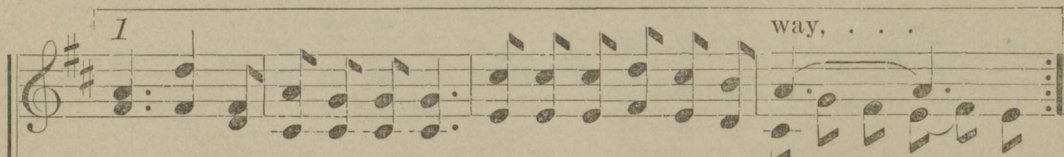
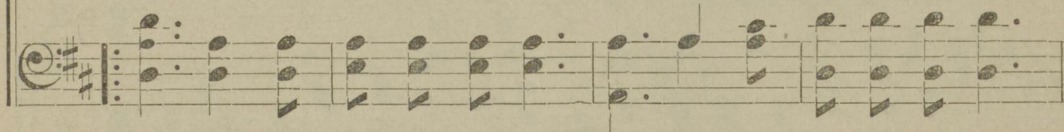
Life will be fleeting and soon will be past, Work while the day-time shall last.
 Oft, but a smile that in kindness is giv'n, Helps some poor soul on to heav'n.
 Lift up the fall-en, the wea-ry and sore, Point to the wide o-pen door.
 Je-sus will help you, will point out the way, Watch, and for-get not to pray.



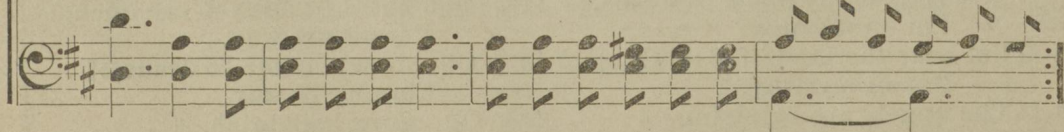
CHORUS.



Work-ing for Je - sus each day, Striv - ing His word to o - bey,



Seek-ing for strength when we pray, Sowing the seed by the way, by the way. Be



* Small notes for repeat.

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Working for Jesus. Concluded.

Seek - ing for strength as we pray, Sow - ing the seed, precious seed by the way.

No. 91. Coming now, O Lord, to Thee!

Rev. Geo. P. Hott.

Aldine S. Kieffer.

1. Sav - iour to Thee I come, Bur - dened with sin; O - pen the
 2. Plead - ing Thy grace a - lone, Hum - bly I bow; No oth - er
 3. Trust - ing Thy mer - cy, Lord, Night turns to day; Rest - ing up -

cres.

door I pray, O . let me in! . How can I long - er stay,
 help I know, Save me just now. Heal Thou my bro - ken heart,
 on Thy word, Doubts flee a - way. Ev - er my path shall be

p

My God, from Thee; Thou art the Life, the Way, All in all to me.
 Sav - iour di - vine; On me Thy love bestow, Make me whol - ly Thine.
 Where Thou hast trod; I come, O Christ, to Thee. Blessed Lamb of God.

No. 92.

Children May Come.

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle children, He is their Friend; His aid He will lend;
 2. Je - sus now doth en - treat you, List to His voice, Oh, hear and re - joice;
 3. Je - sus now doth com - mand you; Do not de - lay; Oh, haste and o - bey;

Like a shepherd He'll lead them; Come to Him, children, to - day.
 He is read - y to meet you; Lit - tle ones, turn not a - way.
 Dangers dark will surround you If from your Saviour you stray.

CHORUS.

Children may come, Children may come, Children may come to the Sav - iour,

Children may come, Children may come, Children may come and be saved.

From "Palmer's Sabbath School Songs," by per.

No. 93. Where the Shepherd Leads I'll Go.

A. P. Cobb.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Thro' the meadows green, in- vit- ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
2. See! the gen- tle Shepherd lead- ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wear- y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

Thro' the shad- ows dark, ex - cit- ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Hark! His voice in mer- cy plead- ing; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Tho' the mount- ain- side be drear- y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

CHORUS.

Hark! His voice is gen - tly call - ing, On my ear its

strains are fall - ing; Tho' the gloom may be ap - pall - ing,

Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

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No. 94. Tell Me, Jesus, Tell Me.

W. H. G.

Will H. Garey.

1. Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, can I safe - ly go, Where the storms are
 2. Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, of that world a - bove, Where no storm clouds
 3. Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, if I fol - low on, Wilt Thou keep me

sweeping and the dark waves flow? Wilt Thou ev - er lead me thro' this
 gath - er, and 'tis peace and love. Have I grace to meet those, who sweet
 faithful till the crown be won? If I fol - low dai - ly, nev - er -

world of woe? Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, can I safe - ly go?
 peace have made? Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, could sweet hopes e'er fade?
 more to roam, Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, wilt Thou lead me home?

CHORUS.

Tell me, have I grace to go, Thro' this
 Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, have I grace, grace to go, Thro' this sin - ful,

sin - ful world of woe? Tell me, have I grace to
 sin - ful world of woe, world of woe? Tell me, Je - sus, tell me, have I

Tell Me, Jesus, Tell Me. Concluded.

go, To go and live for-ev - er, where sweet wa-ters flow.
 grace, grace to go,

No. 95. Help Me, O My Blessed Saviour.

R. F. Payne.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. Help me, O my bless - ed Sav - iour, In Thy
 2. Help me, O my bless - ed Sav - iour, With Thy
 3. Help me, O my bless - ed Sav - iour, Feed Thy

CHO. Help me, O my bless - ed Sav - iour, To be

vine - yard ev - 'ry day; Help me from the
 sheep to fold the lambs; Help me lead them
 flock with food di - vine; Help me lead them

like Thee all my day— When I sow, or

D.C.

fields to gath - er Gold - en har - vest by the way.
 to the Fa - ther's Kind, pro - tect - ing, gen - tle hands.
 to the wa - ters And the pas - tures ev - er Thine.

reap, or gath - er, When I speak, or sing, or pray.

THE RUEBUSH KIEFFER Co., owners.

No. 96. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
 2. O Rock of A - ges, al-ways sure, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
 3. With-in the cleft we safe-ly hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;
 4. O Rock of A - ges,hide Thou me, A shel-ter in the time of storm ;

A sure foun-da-tion for our feet, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 Where wea-ry pilgrims rest se-secure, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 And there would ev - er-more a - bide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 And ev - er keep me close to Thee, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Our Je - sus is the Rock where we safe - ly rest, We

safe - ly rest, we safe - ly rest; Our Je - sus is the Rock where we

safe - ly rest, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

No. 97.

O Star Divine.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

DUETT. SOPRANO & TENOR.

1. Hail, Star divine, oh: wondrous light, Shed o'er our hearts Thy radiance bright,
 2. Oh! Star di-vine, so bright, so blest, Di-rect-ing souls to vales of rest,
 3. Shine on, 'till heav'n and earth combine, To worship at Thy sa-cred shine,

Il-lu-mine all our lives, and be, Our guiding Star, e - ter - nal - ly.
 Shine on in love 'till all u - nite, To thank Thee for Thy peerless light.
 Lead Thou us on, be Thou our guide, To yon-der home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

Oh! Star di - vine, Thy heav'nly beams, Dis - pel all
 Oh! Star di-vine, Thy heav'nly beams, Dis - pel all

gloom, Thy glo - ry gleams, O'er heav'n and earth,
 gloom, and fear, Thy glo-ry gleams, O'er heav'n and earth,

and all may know, With-in their hearts, Thy peace-ful glow.
 and all may know, may know, With-in their hearts, Thy peaceful glow.

No. 98.

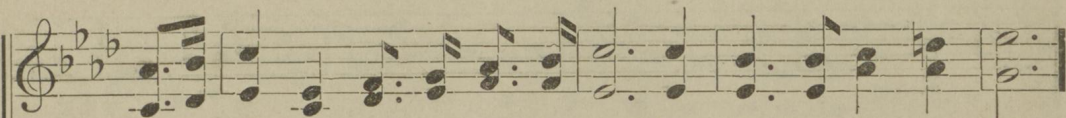
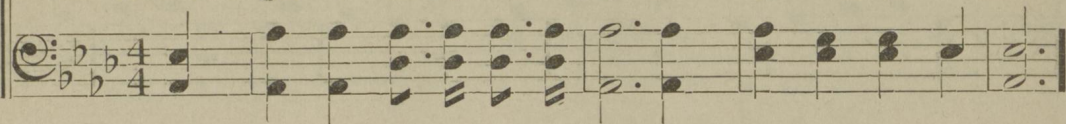
Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.



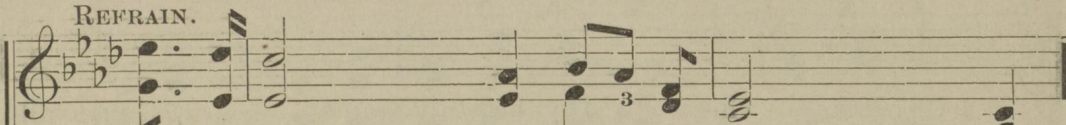
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



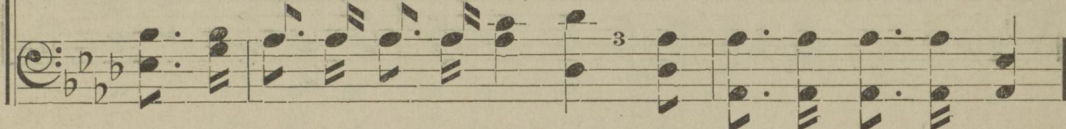
Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, an hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



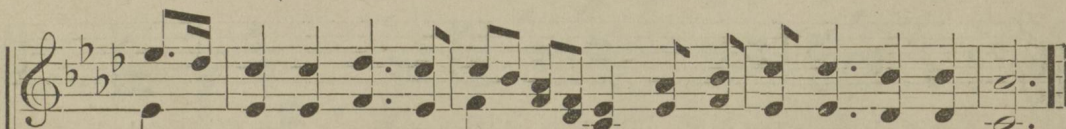
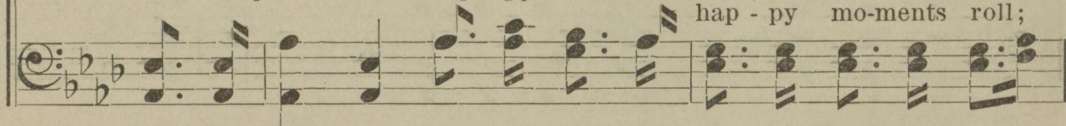
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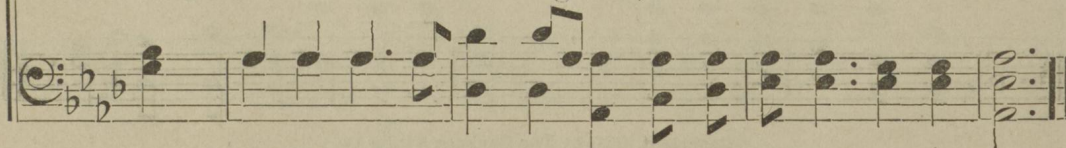
Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
 sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



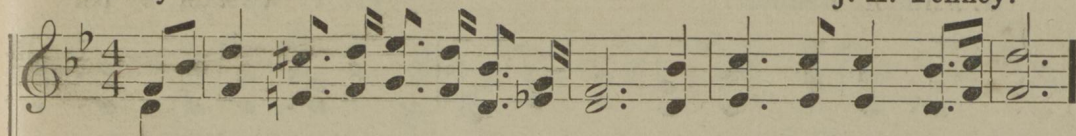
When Je - sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.



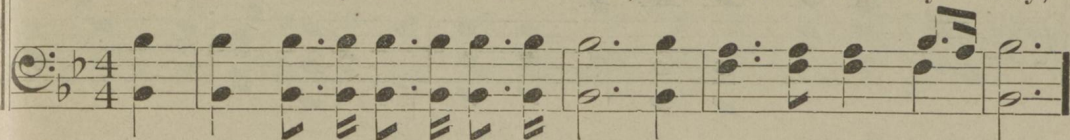
No. 99. Take Hold of my Hand.

Arr. by A. P. T.

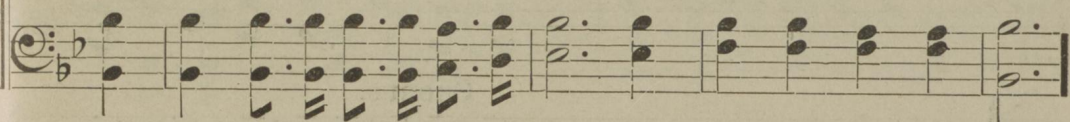
J. H. Tenney.



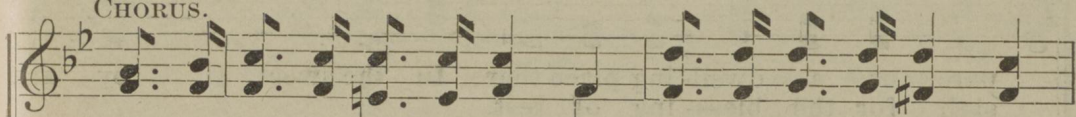
1. Take hold of my hand, O blessed Christ, And draw me close to Thee,
2. Take hold of my hand; Thou art my guide, My Saviour, King Di - vine;
3. Keep hold of my hand for death is near; Tho' dark the lone - ly way,



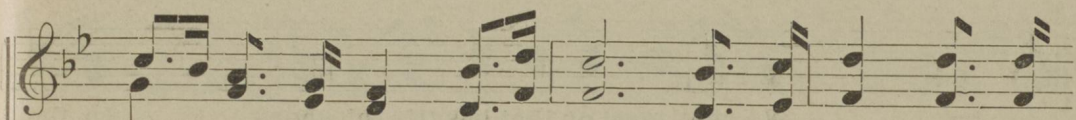
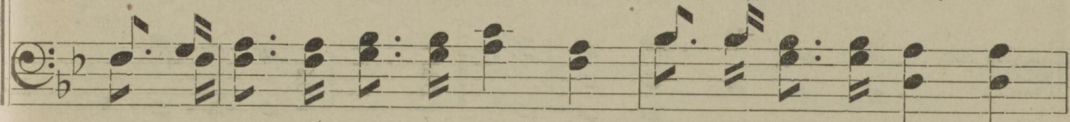
And thus gently lead me safely thro' The path I can - not see.
The way is so dark for me a - lone, Oh, take my hand in Thine.
Oh, guide Thou my weary wand'ring feet To realms of end - less day.



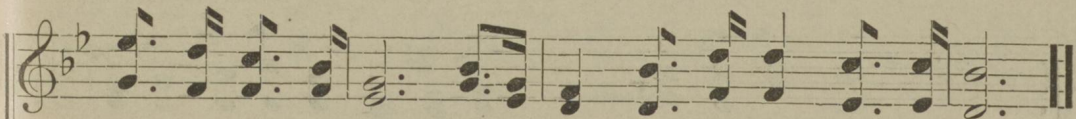
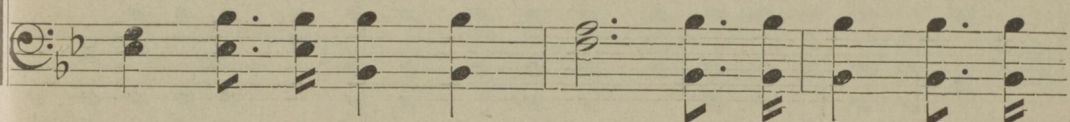
CHORUS.



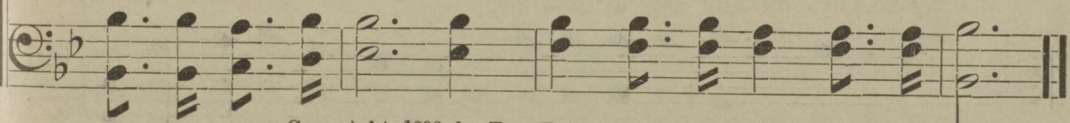
When I reach the shin - ing shore, the shin - ing shore of life, And



walk on the gold - en strand, When I dwell in the



full - ness of Thy love, Dear Sav - iour, keep hold of my hand.



No. 100.

Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits, o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - lowed our days. In the sweet

by,
 by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the
 by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 101. There Shall Come a Brighter Day.

Harriet E. Jones.

Chas. K. Langley.

1. Do the clouds oft veil your sky, As the toil-some days go by?
 2. Do the waves of sor-row toss? Do you meet with pain and loss?
 3. Do the chast'nings seem se-vere? Does your pathway seem most drear?
 4. Trust in God, who knoweth best Why the sor-row and un-rest;

La-bor on—wait, watch, and pray, There shall come a brighter day!
 Cling to Christ, trust and o-bey—There shall come a brighter day!
 Bear your cross without dis-may—There shall come a brighter day!
 Love and trust Him, tho' He slay—There shall come a brighter day!

REFRAIN.

Yes, there shall come a brighter day, . . . All the
 Yes, there shall come a bright-er day,

tear - drops wiped a-way, . . . Harp and crown . . . and white ar -
 All the tear - drops wiped a-way, Harp and crown and

ray, . . . There shall come a brighter day.
 white ar - ray, a bright - er, bright - er day!

No. 102.

Jesus is your Friend.

“There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”—PROV 18: 24.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Hall.

1. What a precious friend we have in Je - sus! With His love He
 2. What a ten - der friend we have in Je - sus! In com - pas - sion,
 3. What a lov - ing friend we have in Je - sus! On the cru - el

bles - es us each day! With His grace He wondrously sustains us,
 Oh, how rich is He! Who so kind, so gen - tle and for - giv - ing?
 cross of Cal - va - ry He a - toned that none should ever per - ish,

CHORUS.

As we walk with Him the narrow way. Je - - - sus is your
 Who so faith - ful to His own could be?
 But be sav'd thro' Him e - ter - nal - ly. Je - sus is your friend,

friend, His love will nev - er
 Je - sus is your friend, His love will nev - er end,

end, He will leave you never, Walk with you for -
 love will nev - er end,

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. HALL.

Jesus is your Friend. Concluded.

ev - er, Je - - - sus is your friend.
 Je - sus is your friend, Yes, Je - sus is your friend.

No. 103. Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,
 4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come,

Ear - nest - ly for you He's call - ing, Gen - tly at thy
 Wea - ry trav - 'ler, do not tar - ry, Je - sus will thy
 Voic - es may not al - ways call you, "Late, too late," may
 Where 'tis love and joy for - ev - er, Where we'll meet to

heart He's plead - ing, "Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me."
 bur - dens car - ry; Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
 yet be - fall you; "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
 part, no, nev - er; Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

By permission of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O., and THE THOMPSON MUSIC Co.,
 Chicago, Ill.

No. 104.

Have Faith in God.

E. E. Hewitt.
DUET.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. "Have faith in God," the Saviour said; He saw the path that we must
 2. Have faith in God, tho' clouds a - rise, And o - ver-spread the glowing
 3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good im -
 4. Have faith in God: His word di - vine By day and night shall brightly

tread, The frequent thorn, the fading flow'r, The joy or pain of ev'ry hour.
 skies; Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall nev - er fail.
 part; Much more will He regard the pray'r Of those who cast on Him their care.
 shine, Un - til we pass the gates of light, And faith shall yield to blissful sight.

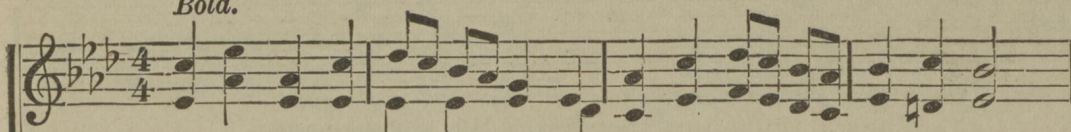
CHORUS.

O bless - ed faith! Its song of cheer Re - vives our
 O faith! of cheer,
 The Shepherd's staff, The Shepherd's rod, (Omit. . . .
 the staff, the rod,

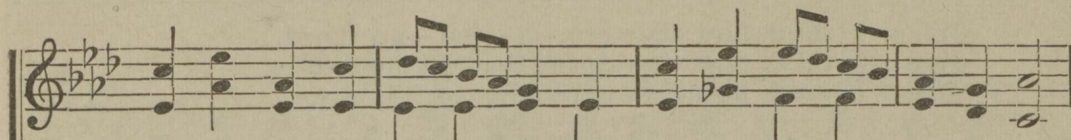
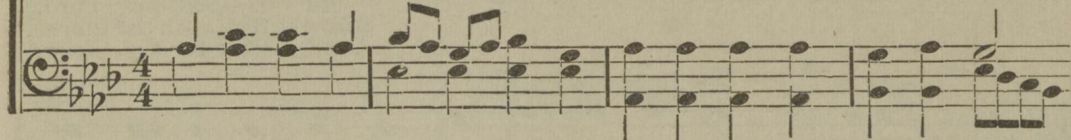
f

hope, dis - pels our fear; Still leads us on; have faith in God.
 our hope, our fear; in God.

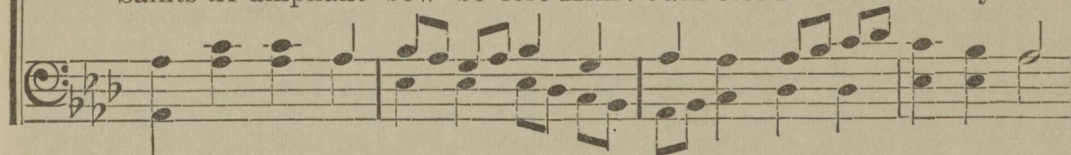
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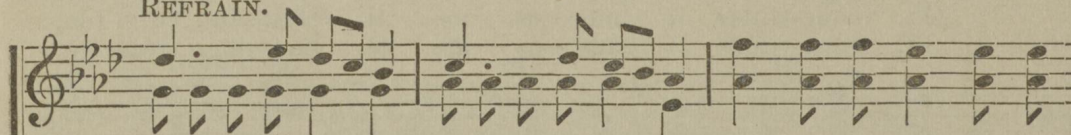
1. Praise my soul the King of heav-en, To His feet thy tribute bring
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa - ther-like He tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame He knows;
4. An - gels in the heights above Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face:



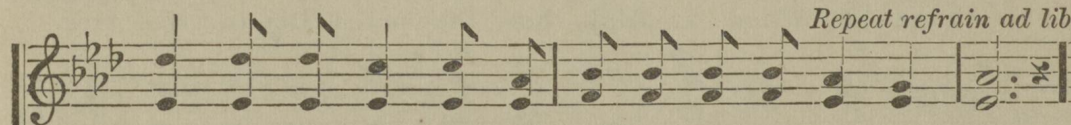
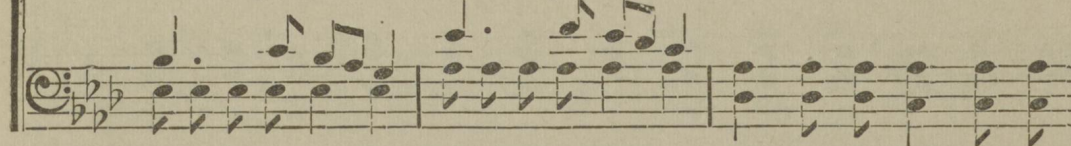
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Ev - er - more His prais-es sing.
 Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
 In His hands He gent-ly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
 Saints triumphant bow be-fore Him: Gath-ered in from ev-'ry race.



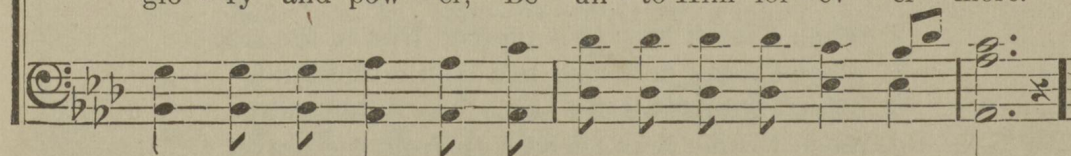
REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Blessing and hon - or and
 Hal-le-lujah a - men, hal-le-lu-jah a - men,



glo - ry and pow - er, Be un - to Him for - ev - er - more.



No. 106. They Crucified My Lord.

J. H. Hall.

1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
2. When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
3. When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree,

cru - ci - fied my Lord,
crown'd Him with the thorns,
nail'd Him to the tree,

When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree,

cru - ci - fied my Lord,
crown'd Him with the thorns,
nail'd Him to the tree,

Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,

trem - ble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
trem - ble, When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns.
trem - ble, When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree.

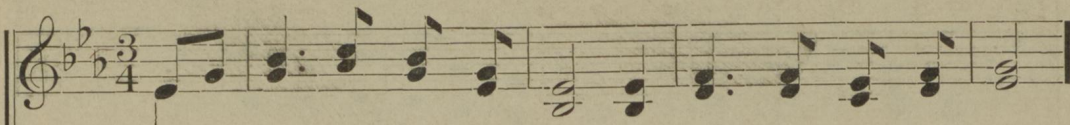
- 4 When I think how they pierced Him in the side.
- 5 When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
- 6 When I think how the stone was rolled away.
- 7 When I think how He rose up from the grave.

No. 107.

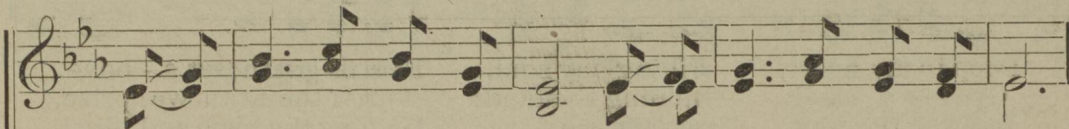
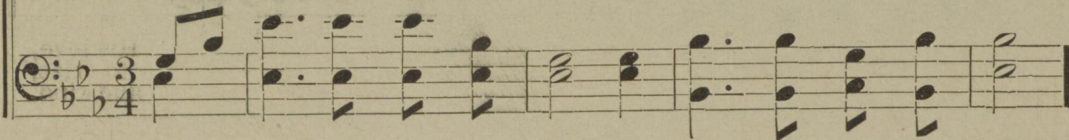
All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

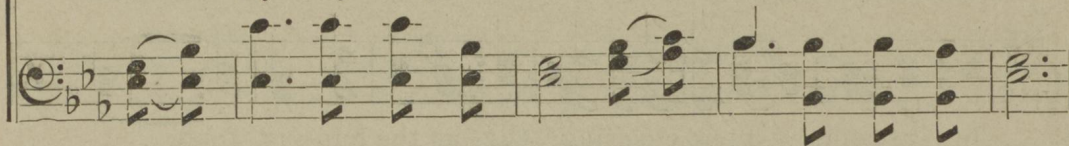
John T. Grape, by per.



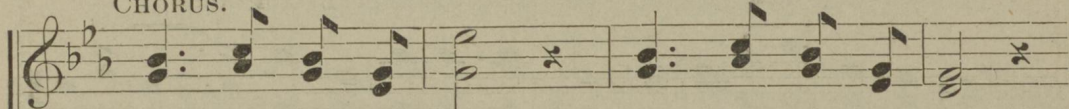
1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone,
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,



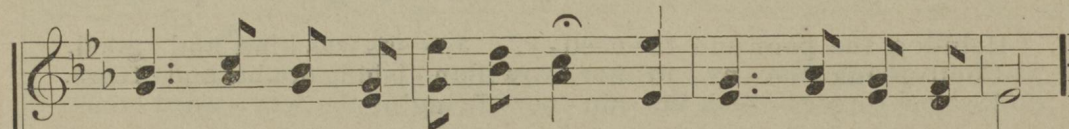
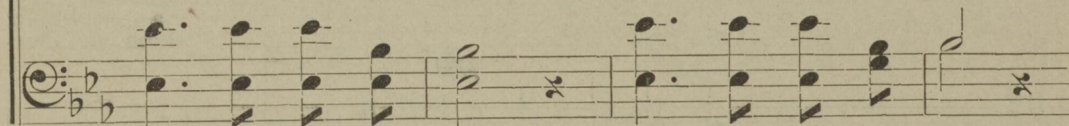
Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me Thine all in all.
 Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar-ment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 Then "Je-sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.



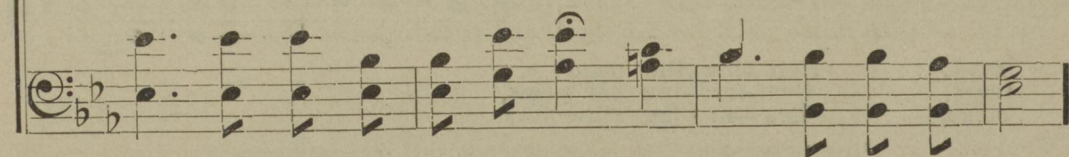
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 108. Oh, to be More Like Jesus.

Words and Music by Will L. Thompson.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love, . .
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Helping the fall-en to rise, . .
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer-ci - ful, lov-ing, and kind, . .

His love,
to rise,
and kind,

Deep in my heart, Filling my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv-ing a hand, Bidding to stand Firm in the faith we prize,
 Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind.

Je - sus came lov-ing and cheering, Giv-ing the hun-gry food, . .
 Cheering the bro - ken hearted, Wip-ing a - way their tears, . .
 Je - sus came sav-ing the fall - en, Helping them sin o'er-come, . .

the hun - gry
a - way their
them sin o'er-

pp

Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ishing doubts and fears.
 Res - cu - ing per - ish-ing sin - ners, Bringing the way - ward home.

food,
tears,
come,

Help - ing the need - y,
Com - fort - ing sor - row,
Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

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Oh, to be More Like Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Nev - er cease try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Working for God and love.

No. 109.

Manoah.

S. Stennett.

From Rossini, by Greatorex.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow;

2. No mor - tal can with Him compare A - mong the sons of men;

3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief;

4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet,

6. Since from Thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,

His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.

For me He bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief.

He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys complete.

Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

Catherine Winkworth.

J. S. Fearis.

1. O - pen now thy gates of beauty, Zi - on, let me en - ter
 2. Yes, my God, I come be-fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to
 3. Thou my faith in - crease and quicken, Let me keep Thy gift di -

there, Where my soul in joy-ful du-ty Waits for Him who answers pray'r.
 me; Where we find Thee and adore Thee, There a heav'n on earth may be.
 vine; Howsoe'er temptations thicken, May Thy word still o'er me shine.

REFRAIN.

Gates of Zi - on, Gates of Zi - on, Here the liv - ing wa - ter

flows; Gates of Zion, Gates of Zi-on, Here is balm for all our woes.

No. 111. In My Father's Dwelling.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, There's a robe and a crown for
 2. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, O the bliss that remains for
 3. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, When the cares of the world shall
 4. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, With the friends that have gone be-

me; I shall en - ter thro' the gates of glo - ry there, And the
 me! I shall tell of my Re-deem-er and His love, I shall
 cease, I shall join the hap - py cho - rus of the blest, In a
 fore, We shall meet be - yond the riv - er by and by, There to

CHORUS.

King in His beau - ty see. O the rap - ture, O the rap - ture,
 sing of His grace so free.
 land of de - light and peace.
 praise Him for - ev - er - more. O the rapture then, O the rap - ture then,

When I reach my Father's dwelling bright and fair! O the rap - ture,
 O the rapture then,

O the rap - ture, When the King shall re - ceive me there.
 O the rap - ture then,

No. 112. Boys' Gospel Army Song.

Respectfully dedicated to the Army, by the Author, A. W. Hawks.

A. W. Hawks.

J. H. Hall.

1. On - ward Gos - pel Ar - my, Boys so brave and strong,
2. Je - sus Christ our Cap - tain Once a lit - tle boy,
3. To our Christ all - glo - rious, Each of us be - long;

Lift on high your voi - ces In our Ar - my song. Pressing ev - er onward,
Knows our ev - 'ry sorrow, Knows our ev - 'ry joy. Ver - y close we fol - low
We shall be vic - torious, Tho' the fight be long. Lift on high our stan - dard,

Singing all the way, Singing in the night time, Singing in the day.
In His footsteps brave, In - to homes of sorrow, Try - ing souls to save.
Hear our motto true, See our roy - al col - ors, Red and White and Blue.

CHORUS.

On - ward Gos - pel Ar - my, Boys so brave and strong,

Lift on high your voi - ces In our Ar - my song.

No. 113.

Christmas Song.

D. E. Hammer.

J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Come, let us cel- e-brate the birth Of our Re-deem-er, King;
2. Be - hold the Child in manger born; Be-hold Him as He lay;

1. Come, let us celebrate the birth Of our Re-deem-er, King;
2. Be - hold the Child in manger born; Behold Him as He lay;

Then lay a-side all car-nal mirth, And joy-ful an-thems sing.
Be-hold the Saviour all forlorn But sanc-ti-fied to - day.

Then lay a - side all carnal mirth, And joyful anthems sing.
Be-hold the Saviour all forlorn But sanc-ti-fied to - day.

CHORUS.

Then let our voic-es all u-nite In sing-ing of his birth,

And show to men the joy-ful sight—Sal - va - tion to the earth.

3 Look on the Saviour of the world,
Behold the Christ that died;
See Him whose death our robes un-
And brought us to his side. [furled

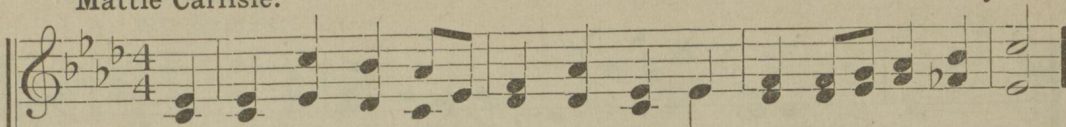
4 Let's keep this holy feast to Him,
In mem'ry of his Son,
Who died as sacrifice for sin,
And bought us as his own.

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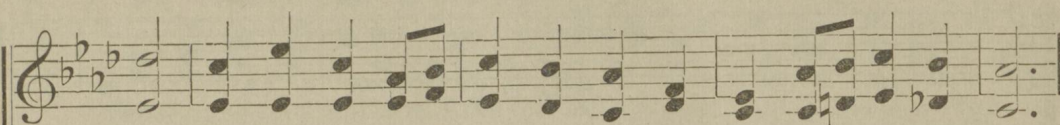
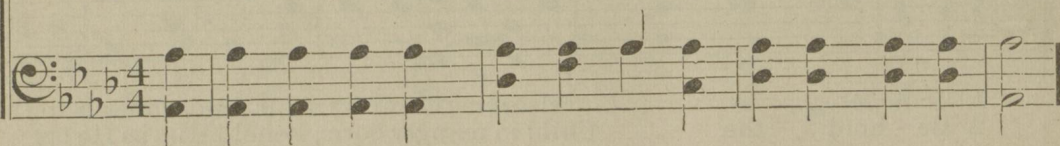
No. 114. My Saviour Leadeth Me.

Mattie Carlisle.

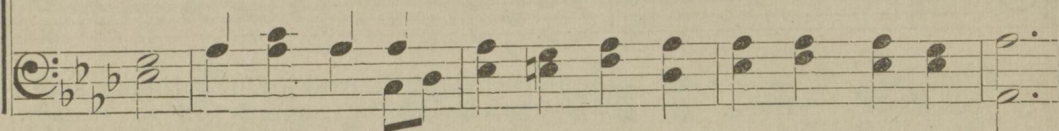
Will H. Garey.



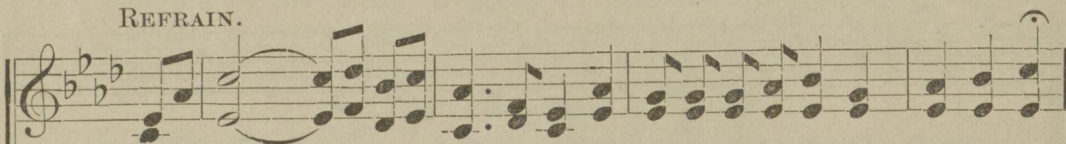
1. My Saviour's gen-tly lead-ing me, A-long life's thorny way;
2. With-out Him, all would be as naught! With peace He fills my soul,
3. Oh, may His grace sur-round me still, My sure pro-tection be;



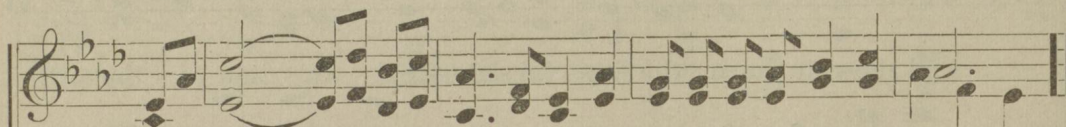
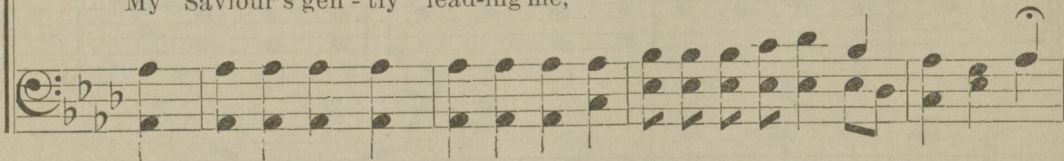
Long since from sin, He set me free, And leads me now each day.
 With pre-cious blood my soul was bought, His grace has made me whole.
 Still keep me, Lord, from ev-'ry ill, Un-to e-ter-ni-ty.



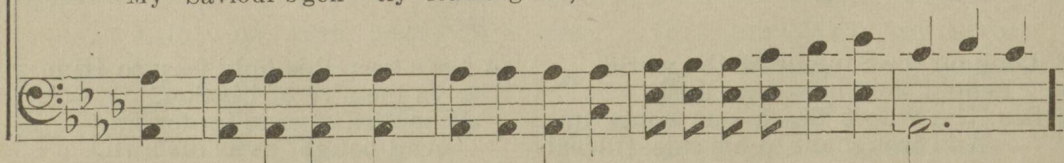
REFRAIN.



My Sav - iour leadeth me, How firmly to His hand I hold, I hold;
 My Saviour's gen - tly lead-ing me,



My Sav - iour leadeth me, Where sweetest pleasures lie untold.
 My Saviour's gen - tly lead-ing me, un-told.



No. 115.

Wonderful Love.

A. M. E.

Rev. A. M. Evers.

1. In a - ges a - gone God gave His dear Son, In won - der - ful,
 2. My Sav - iour hath died my friends to re - deem, In won - der - ful,
 3. To ban - ish the gloom He en - tered the tomb, In won - der - ful,
 4. Then up to His throne the Sav - iour was borne, In won - der - ful,
 5. His pleading soon done then Je - sus will come, In won - der - ful,

won - der - ful love; In a - ges to come the ransomed will sing
 won - der - ful love; My Sav - iour is mine, and I know I am His,
 won - der - ful love; Then rose from the grave His peo - ple to save,
 won - der - ful love; He's pleading for thee, for you and for me,
 won - der - ful love; E - ter - nal life give where saints ev - er live

CHORUS.

1. Of won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. 'Twas won - der - ful
 2-5. In won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. 'Twas won - der - ful

love, . . . 'Twas won - der - ful love,
 won - der - ful love, 'Twas won - der - ful, won - der - ful love,

God gave His dear Son, . . . For you . . . and for me. . . .

God gave His dear Son, dear Son, For you and for me, for me.

No. 116.

The Open Gate.

"An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly."—PET. 1: 11.
Mrs. Lizzie Underwood. S. C. Hanson, by per.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a - gain, Of a gate that stands a -
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a land of an - gels
3. The sin - ner's friend, as He reach - es down, With a Saviour's won - drous

jar, Of a sun - ny clime, and gold - en plain, And a
bright; Do these for the ran - som'd spir - its wait, As it
love, Who pre - pares a man - sion, robe, and crown, In His

sin - less land a - far; But when I have past the
gains the land of light? We may not know of the
shin - ing courts a - bove, Will gath - er His flock in -

chil - ly tide, And en - ter my home a - bove, I be -
joy un - told, The bliss of the oth - er side, But
to the fold, To the fold be - yond the tide; As they

lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
near the gate, the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.

The Open Gate. Concluded.

CHORUS.

It will o - pen wide, yes, o - pen wide; I'll pass thro' its por - tals free, And
rest in peace on the oth - er side; It will o - pen wide for me.

No. 117. I'm Happy on the Way.

John Cennick.

Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
He whom I fix my hopes up-on, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
2. { His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The narrow way, till Him I view, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
3. { The way the ho - ly prophets went, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

CHORUS.

Happy on the way, happy on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

- 4 The King's highway of holiness, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.—CHO.
- 5 This is the way I long have sought, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourn'd because I found it not, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.—CHO.

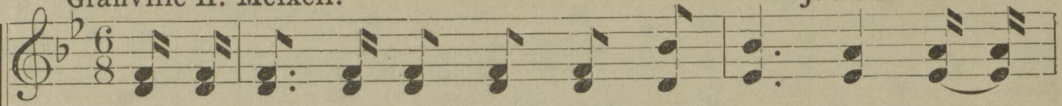
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No. 118.

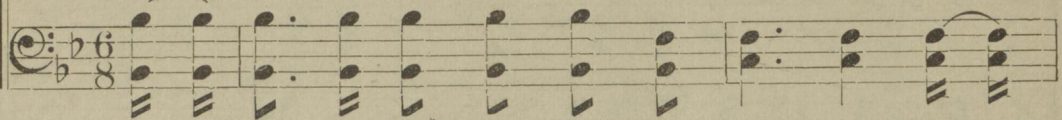
Hope On.

Granville H. Meixell.

J. H. Ruebush.



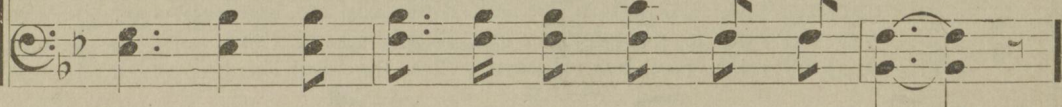
1. De - spair not when dark, gloom - y shad - ows A -
2. Hope on, with full trust in God's good - ness; Hope
3. Hope on, tho' life's dark shad - ows low - er! Hope
4. And thus hop - ing, thy life will grow bright - er, Till re -



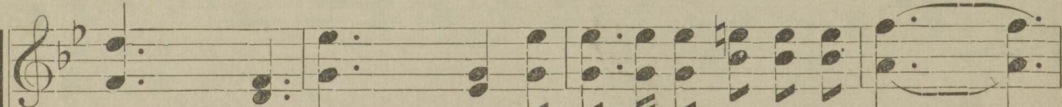
thwart thy life's pathway seem drawn; Be - hind them God's sunlight is
on, till life's bat-tle is won; And tho' friends disap-point and for -
on, e'en tho' hid seem life's sun; Its warm rays in ef - ful-gence are
flec-ting the light of life's sun, 'Twill il-lumine some pilgrim's dark



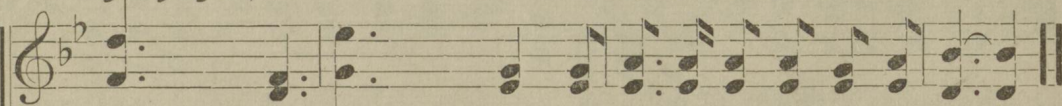
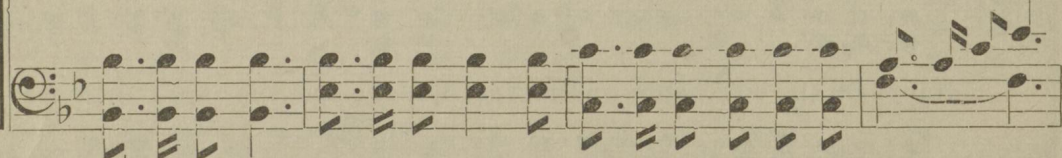
gleam - ing In bright - ness to cheer thee—hope on. .
sake thee, One Friend is still faith - ful—hope on. .
stream - ing Be - hind ev - 'ry cloud—still hope on. .
path - way, Caus - ing him to cheer and hope on. .



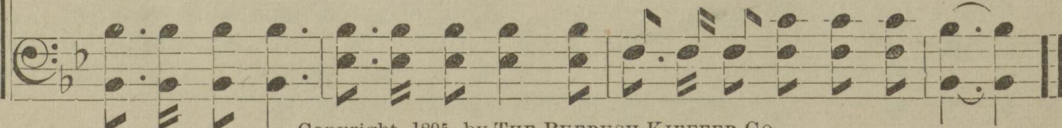
CHORUS.



Hope on, hope on, De-spair not, but ever hope on, . .
Ev-er hope on, ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,



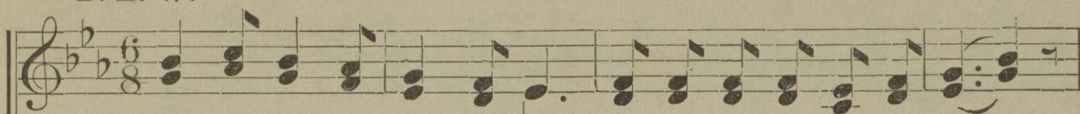
Sun - shine, bright - ness, will break thro' the clouds by and by.
ev - er hope on, ev - er hope on,



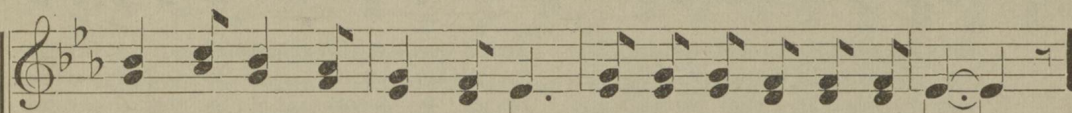
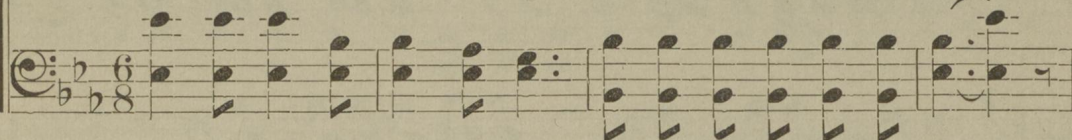
No. 119. Jesus is Pleading for Thee.

B. E. W.

B. E. Warren.



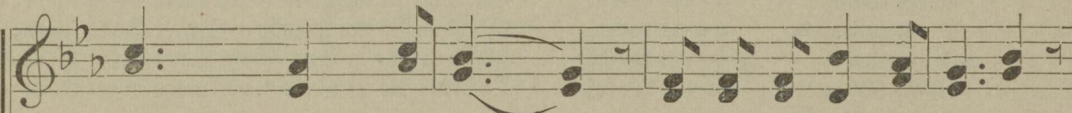
1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je - sus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt a - way, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Je - sus is pleading for thee;



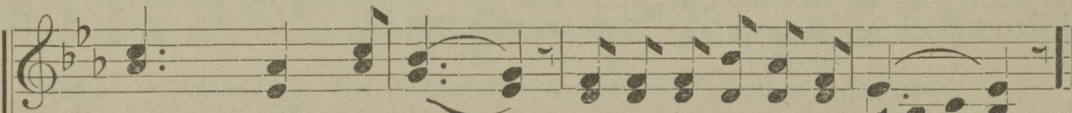
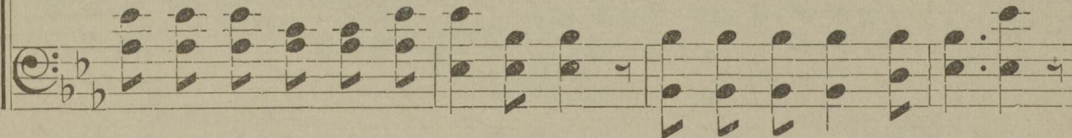
There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is pleading for thee.
 Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je - sus is pleading for thee.
 And this world you must give up, Je - sus is pleading for thee.
 Turn your darkness in - to light, Je - sus is pleading for thee.
 Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is pleading for thee.
 Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is pleading for thee.



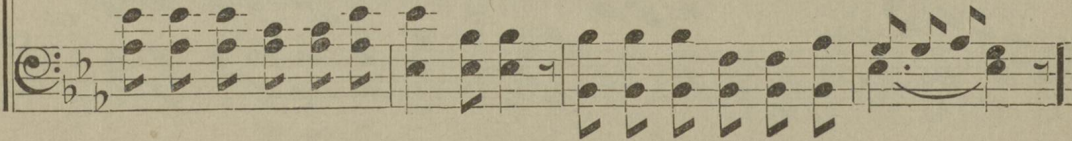
CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.



By per. B. E. WARREN, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 120.

Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod;
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see;

o - ver there;

Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, o - ver there.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God, o - ver there.
 Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, o - ver there.
 Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are watch - ing and waiting for me, o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there;
 O - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there;
 O - ver there, o - ver there, My Saviour is now o - ver there, o - ver there;
 O - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o - ver there;

Over there, over there,

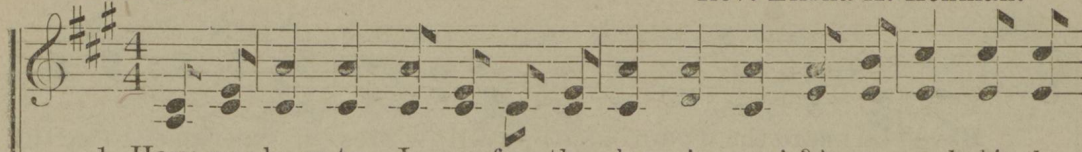
O - ver there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
 O - ver there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 O - ver there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
 O - ver there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

Over there,

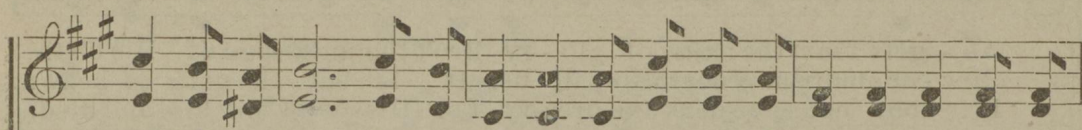
No. 121. Are you Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H.

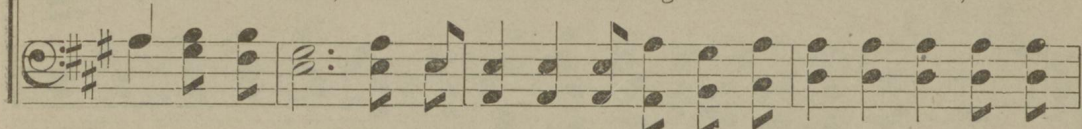
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



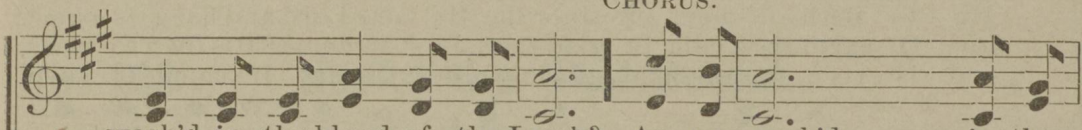
1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom com-eth will your robes be white; Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



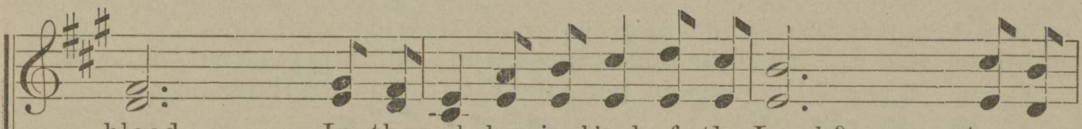
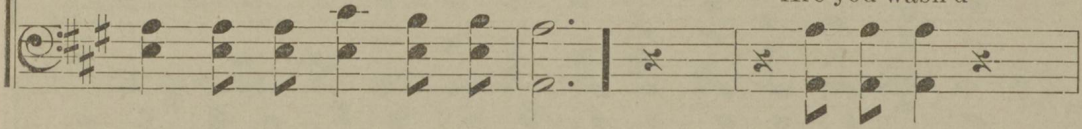
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul unclean, O be



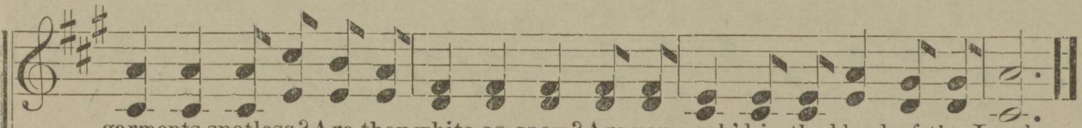
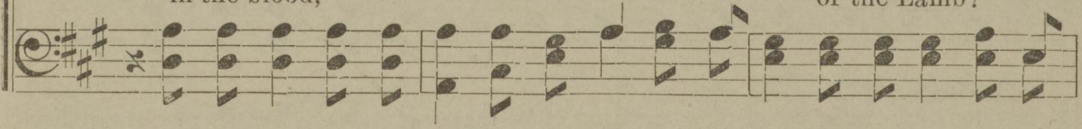
CHORUS.



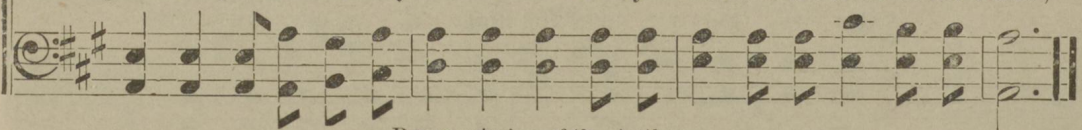
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd



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



garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;



By permission of the Author.

No. 122.

The Sweet Old Story.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. Have you heard the wondrous sto - ry, How Mes - si - ah came to earth?
 2. Nev - er - more may sin en - thrall us, For a Saviour God hath giv'n;
 3. Je - sus comes to hearts a - wea - ry, Comes to com - fort, and a - bid;

An - gels from the realms of glo - ry Bro't the mes - sage of His birth.
 Nev - er - more may death ap - pall us, It - is but the gate of heav'n.
 Life may not seem dark and drea - ry, For His own Christ lived and died,

Un - to Beth - le - hem of Ju - da, He our Lord and King is come;
 Joy, O earth, shout forth in glad - ness, Je - sus comes His own to bless;
 And is ris'n, triumphant, glorious; Blest the day He came in love,

Heav'n and earth re - joice to - geth - er, Christ will lead His peo - ple home.
 Ban - ish'd ev - 'ry doubt and sadness, Gild - ed is earth's wil - der - ness.
 To re - deem His chos - en peo - ple, Fit them for His home a - bove.

CHORUS.

"Glo - ry, glo - - - ry in the high - - - est," Hear the

"Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest," Hear the
 "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - - - est,"

The Sweet Old Story. Concluded.

bless - ed an - gels sing, " Peace on earth, . . . good will, ho-
 blessed, blessed an-gels sing, the angels sing, Peace on earth, good
 Hear the bless-ed an - gels sing, the an-gels sing, Peace on earth, good will, ho-

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

san - - na, How their sil - - v'ry voic-es ring.
 will to men, hosan-na, How their silv'ry voices ring, sweet voices ring.
 san - - na,

The second system of music continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melody with a prominent dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final cadence. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

No. 123. Hark! the Glad Sound.

Arr.

J. H. Hall.

The first system of music for 'Hark! the Glad Sound' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a series of chords. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also starting with chords.

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour prom-is'd long;
 2. He comes, the brok-er heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure,
 3. Our glad Ho - san-nas, Prince of Peace, Thy wel-come shall proclaim;

The second system of music continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

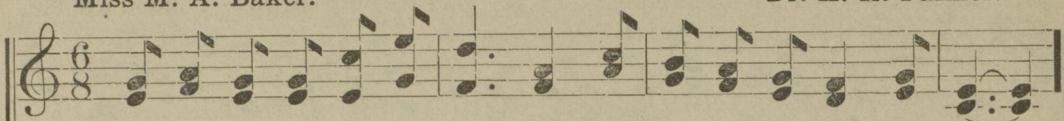
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.
 And with the treasures of His grace, To bless the humble soul.
 And heav'n's e-ter - nal arch-es ring With Thy be - lov - ed Name.

No. 124. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

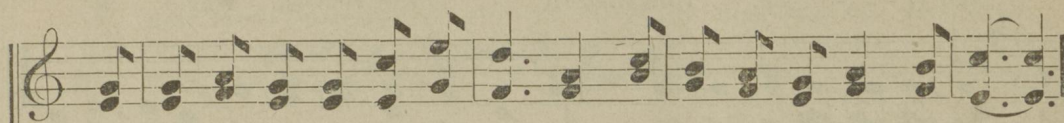
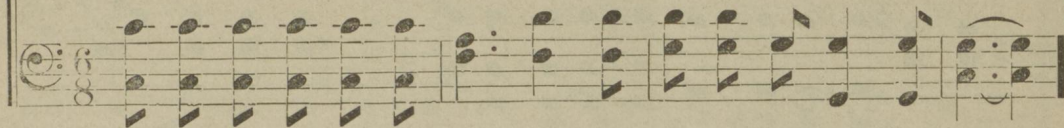
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4: 39.

Miss M. A. Baker.

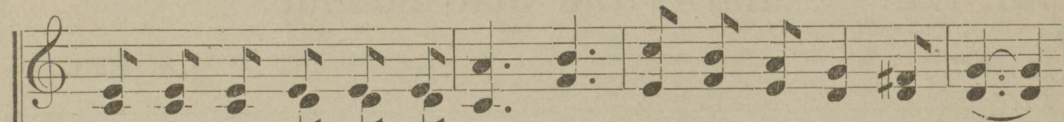
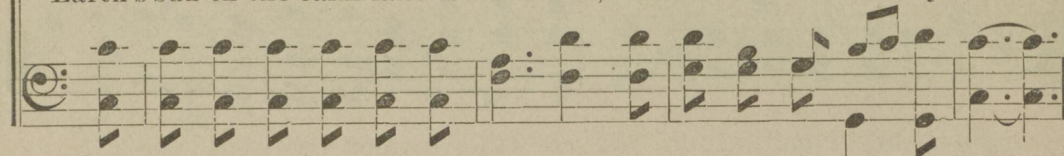
Dr. H. R. Palmer.



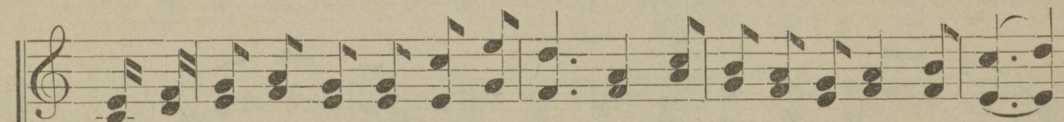
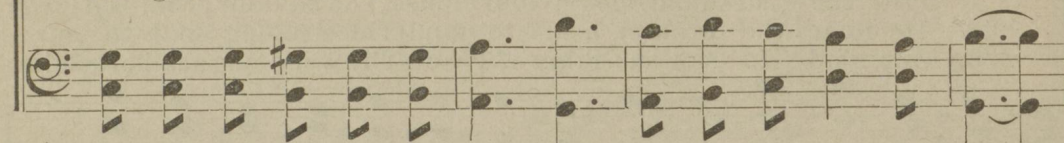
1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high!
2. Master, with anguish of Spir - it, I bow to my grief to - day;
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



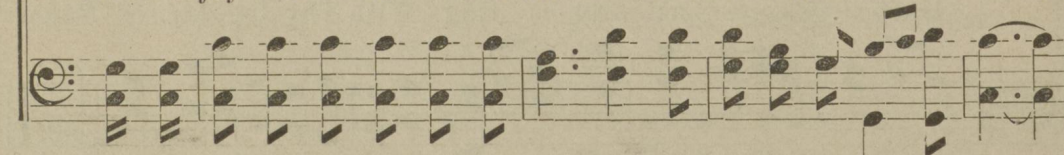
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh.
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with - in my breast.



Car - est thou not that we per - ish?—How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er; Leave me a - lone no more;



When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; Oh, hasten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on that blissful shore.



By per. Dr. H. R. PALMER, owner of copyright.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.— Concluded.

CHORUS.

pp

“ The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace, be still! . .

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - - *cen*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

do. *ff*

Mas-ter of o - cean and earth and skies ; They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will ;

p *p* *pp*

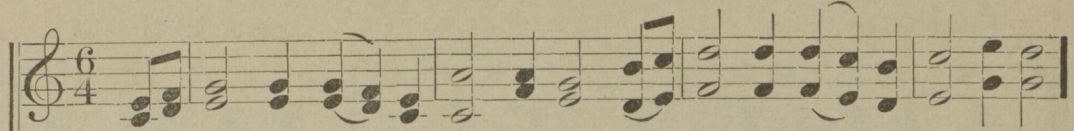
Peace, be still ! peace, be still ! They all shall sweetly obey My will ! Peace, peace, be still ! ”

No. 125.

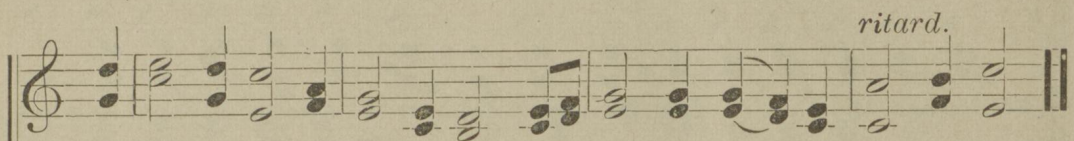
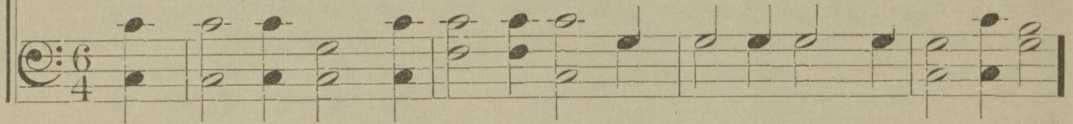
Retreat.

H. Stowell.

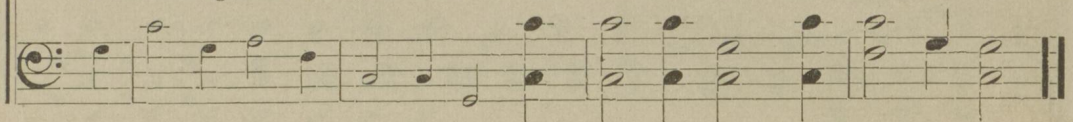
Thos. Hastings.



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin molest no more ;
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat ; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 A place than all be-sides more sweet ; It is the blood-bo't mer - cy-seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat.
 This bounding heart for - get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer - cy-seat.

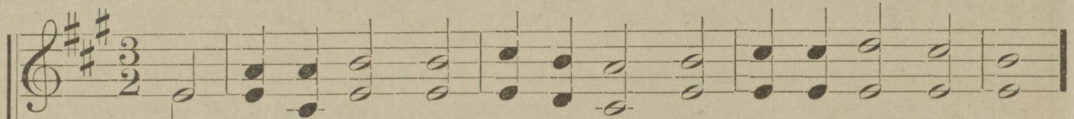


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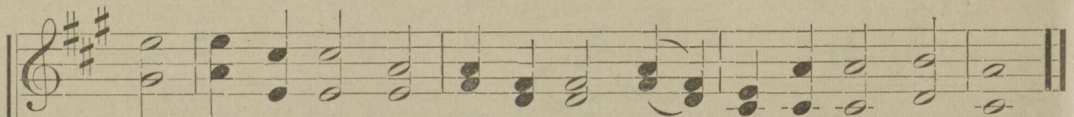
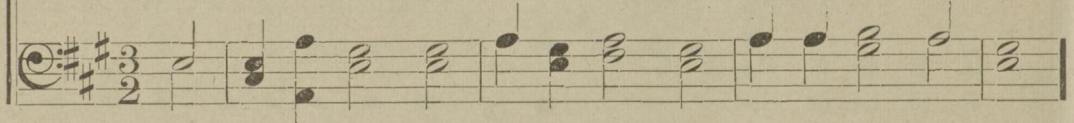
Azmon.

Isaac Watts.

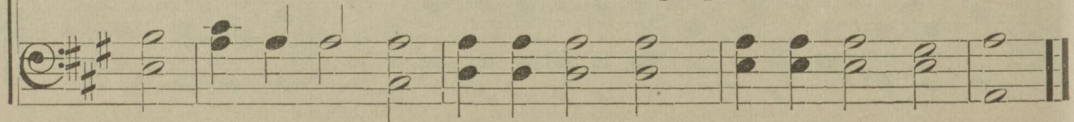
Arr. by L. Mason.



1. I'm not asham'd to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause ;
2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust ;
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worthless name Be - fore His Fa-ther's face,



Main-tain the hon - ors of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've commit - ted to His hands, Till the de-ci - sive hour.
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.



No. 127.

Laban.

George Heath.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won; Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 128.

Old Time Religion.

Arr. by J. H. H.

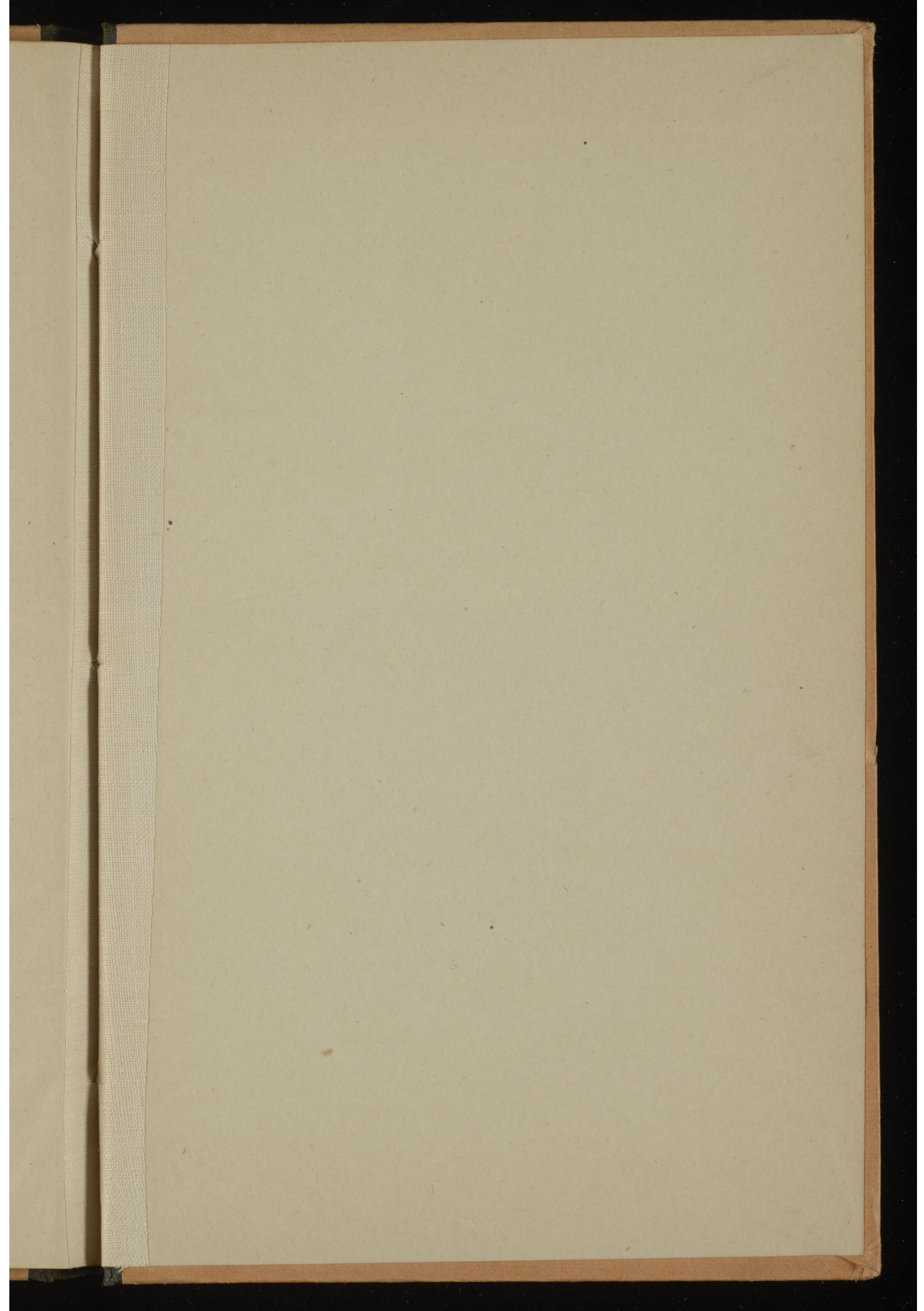
CHO. 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,
 2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
 3. It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It has sav - ed our fa - thers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It's good e - nough for me.
 It was good for our moth - ers, It's good e - nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e - nough for me.
 It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It's good e - nough for me.

- 4 ||: It was good for Prophet Daniel :|| It's good enough for me.
 5 ||: It was good for the Hebrew children, :|| It's good enough for me.
 6 ||: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :|| It's good enough for me.
 7 ||: It was good for Paul and Silas, :|| It's good enough for me.
 8 ||: It will do when I am dying, :|| It's good enough for me.
 9 ||: It will take us all to heaven, :|| It's good enough for me.

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