

**Enlarged and Improved Edition**

— OF —

**GOSPEL TENT  
HYMNS.**

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EDITED BY

**REV. R. C. HORNER, B. O.**

Author of "From the Altar to the Upper Room," "Notes on Boland," "Original and Inbred Sin," Etc. Editor and Publisher of THE HOLINESS ERA, Religious Tracts, etc.

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## PREFACE.

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This collection of hymns and music was specially prepared for Revival Services and Camp-Meetings.

In selecting, I did not in any case choose a hymn or a piece of music because it was good, or because it was a popular piece with the public.

I have been careful to choose only such pieces as were adapted for Revival Services, on evangelical lines.

R. C. HORNER.

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Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety, by RALPH C. HORNER, Ottawa, at the Department of Agriculture.

# GOSPEL TENT HYMNS

REVISED AND IMPROVED.

101

## I THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

MRS. E. H. GATES. "I will arise, and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home, come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been  
2. Come home, come home! For we watch and we wait; And we stand at the

dark, And so lone-ly and wild: O pro-di-gal child! Come  
gate While the sha-dows are piled: O pro-di-gal child! Come

REFRAIN. Come, oh, come home!  
rit.  
home; oh, come home Come home! Come, oh, come home, come home!  
home; oh, come home!

Come home, come home! Come, oh, come home.

3 Come home, come home!  
From the sorrow and blame,  
From the sin and the shame,  
And the tempter that smiled;  
O prodigal child!  
Come home; oh, come home!

4 Come home, come home!  
There is bread and to spare,  
And a warm welcome there:  
Then, to friends reconciled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home; oh, come home!

## UNTO THE UTTERMOST.

Rev. F. J. SWANEY.

T. C. O'KANE

1. Come, weary wan-der-er, burdened with sin, God is now waiting to  
 2. Look un-to Je-sus, your burden lay down, Cal-yary's cross is the  
 3. He who is all and in all un-to men Fashions your soul in his

welcome you in; Free-ly receive the sal-vation you crave, Un-to the  
 key to the crown; He will forgive you who others forgave, Un-to the  
 image a-gain, Fully redeems you from death and the grave, Un-to the

REFRAIN.

uttermost Je-sus can save. Un - to the uttermost, un - to the uttermost,

Un - to the ut-termost Jesus can save: Un - to the ut-termost,  
 yes, ev-en

un - to the ut-termost, Un - to the ut-termost Je-sus can save.

# THE OPEN ARMS.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why are you slighting the Saviour, So patient, forgiv- ing, and true?  
 2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffered, and languished, and died;  
 3. A - gain the dear Saviour is call - ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
 4. A - gain the dear Saviour is pleading; Oh, look to his mer - cy and live;

The arms of his mer - cy are o - pen; He of - fers a welcome to you.  
 And now, in his ten - der compas - sion, He shows you his hands and his side.  
 Your sun may go down in a moment, The ar - row of death may be nigh.  
 The pleasures of time are but fleeting, Then trust not the promise they give.

CHORUS

O come to the arms that are wait - ing, They long have been  
 Come, come, come to the arms that are wait - ing, wait - ing, Come, they long have been

wait - ing for you; Oh, come to your loving Re -  
 wait - ing for you, wait - ing for you; Come, come, come to your lov - ing Re -

*poco rit.*

deem - - - er, So gen - tle, forgiv - ing, and true.  
 deemer, your loving Redeem - er, Gen - tle, gen - tie, for - giv - ing, and true, forgiv - ing and true.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

J. M. W.

J. M. W. WHITE.

DUET. QUARTET.

1. Why do you wait a conven- i-ent day? Je- sus is calling you now ;  
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Jesus is calling you now ;  
 3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je- sus is calling you now ;

DUET. QUARTET.

Why do you turn from his pleadings away? Je- sus is calling you now.  
 Joys have depart- ed and sorrow appears, Je- sus is calling you now.  
 What if the Spirit left you to your fate? Je- sus is calling you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now. The dews of the morning are on his brow;  
 The promise you made him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd  
 [and wept ;  
 Escape for thy life, tarry not, O soul, Escape for thy life, you may miss the goal,

QUARTET.

He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to him now?  
 Turn to him now and his free grace accept; O will you not come to him now?  
 And if you miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?

# JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW, —CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to him now? Will you not trust in him now?  
Come to him now, come, just now, right

Just now, right now, O hear him, he's calling you now.  
now? Come to him now, trust in him now,

5

## I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!  
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!  
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

## COME AWAY TO JESUS NOW.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Oh why thus stand with re - luctant feet, Just on the verge of this rest so sweet?  
 2. The Spi - rit strives and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the glory - land,  
 3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With unseen hands seem to beckon o'er,  
 4. The touch of death is upon your frame, The marble slab soon will bear your name,

While God invites and your steps will greet, Come a - way to Je - sus now.  
 Re - treat is death in the sink - ing sand, Come a - way to Je - sus now.  
 Their voi - ces hushed, yet they still implore, Come a - way to Je - sus now.  
 Lest you should suf - fer e - ter - nal shame, Come a - way to Je - sus now.

## CHORUS.

Come a - way Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a -  
 way to Je - sus, come a - way,

way Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a - way to  
 Come a - way to Je - sus, come away, Come a - way to

Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.  
 Je - sus, come a - way,



# JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Matt. 11 : 28.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-  
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach-ing

pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,  
 breast; On - ly come as you are, and believe on his name,

## CHORUS

Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!

Je - sus will give you rest. happy rest, Oh! why won't you come in

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come, you have  
 nothing to pay;  
 Jesus, who loves you best.  
 By his death on the cross purchased life for  
 your soul,  
 Jesus will give you rest,

4 Will you come, will you come? how he  
 pleads with you now!  
 Fly to his loving breast;  
 And whatever your sin or your sorrow  
 may be,  
 Jesus will give you rest,

By permission.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. pp*

1. Softly and ten-derly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,  
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me  
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS. *cres.*  
 Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, come home,  
 Come home, Come home,

*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*  
 Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner come home!

By permission.

## COMING TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



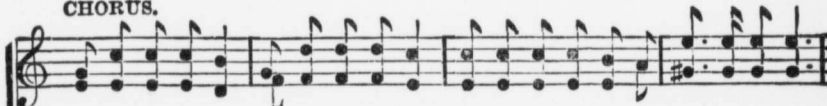
1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho'slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;



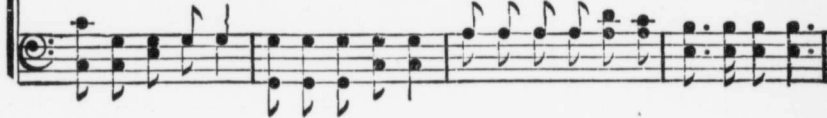
Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.  
 Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.  
 Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.  
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



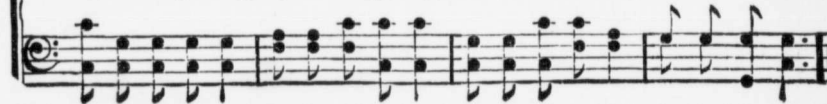
## CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

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

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!"  
 Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?  
 Com - ing from sin to - re - deem you, Ready to save you now;

Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,  
 He is so ten - der and precious, He is so near you to - day;  
 Can you re - fuse the salva - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?

Coming to save the poor sinner From his heart anguish and woe.  
 O - pen your heart to receive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.  
 O - pen your heart to admit Him, While He is com - ing so near.

## CHORUS.

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

## JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY—Continued.

While He is near, O be - lieve Him, Open your heart to receive Him, For

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

11

## WHY DO YOU WAIT ?

G. F. R.

"Be of good comfort; rise; He calleth thee!"—Mark 10:49.

Gro. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear bro-ther? Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your  
2. What do you hope, dear bro-ther, To gain by a further de - lay? There's

Saviour is wait - ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throug.  
no one to save you but Je - sus; There's no o - ther way but his way.

CHORUS.

Why not?— why not?— Why not come to him now? Why not?—

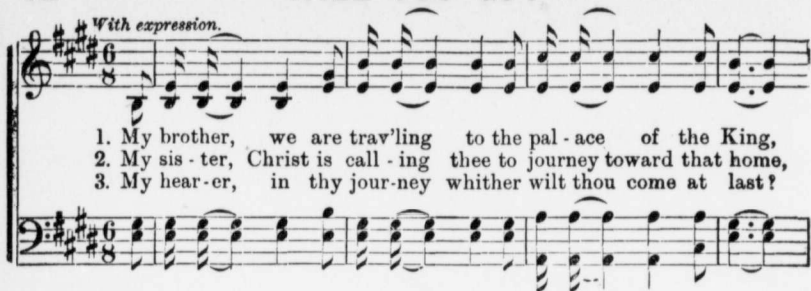
why not?—Why not come to him now?

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
His Spirit now striving within?  
Oh, why not accept his salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?

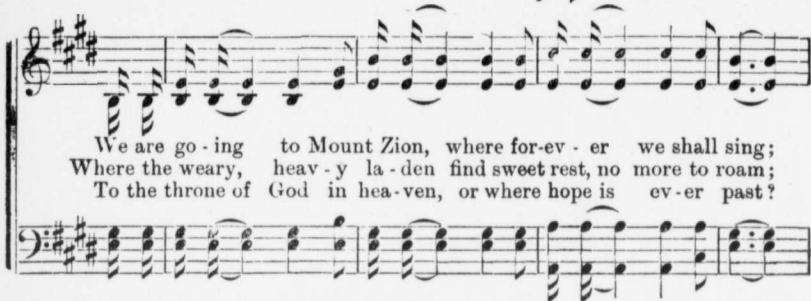
4 Why do you wait, dear brother!  
The har - est is passing away;  
Your Saviour is longing to bless you:  
There's danger and death in delay.

## WILL YOU GO?

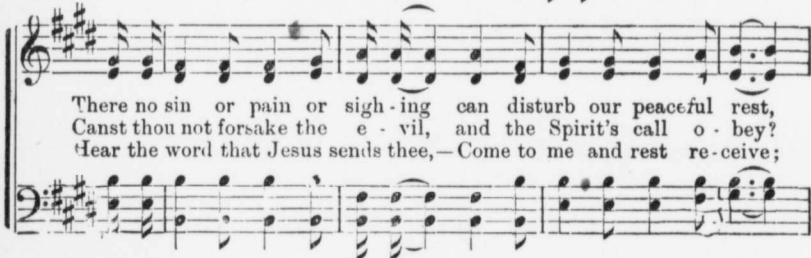
*With expression.*



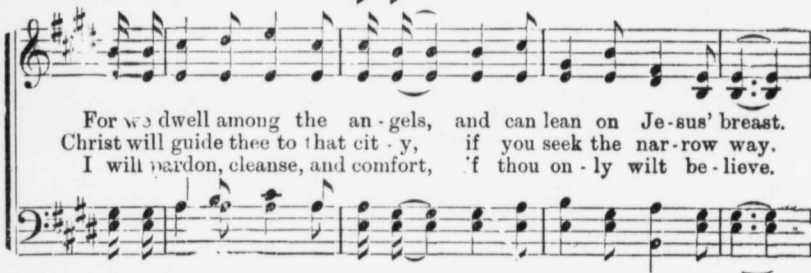
1. My brother, we are trav'ling to the pal - ace of the King,  
 2. My sis - ter, Christ is call - ing thee to journey toward that home,  
 3. My hear - er, in thy jour - ney whither wilt thou come at last?



We are go - ing to Mount Zion, where for - ev - er we shall sing;  
 Where the weary, heav - y la - den find sweet rest, no more to roam;  
 To the throne of God in hea - ven, or where hope is ev - er past?

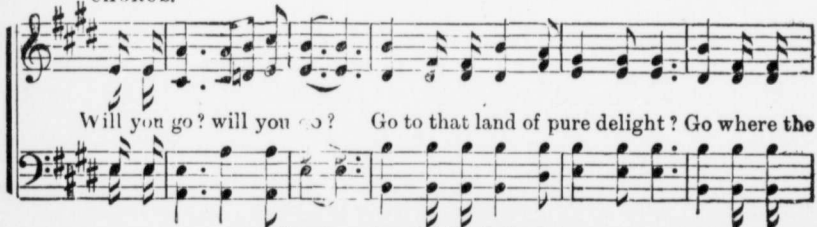


There no sin or pain or sigh - ing can disturb our peaceful rest,  
 Canst thou not forsake the e - vil, and the Spirit's call o - bey?  
 Hear the word that Jesus sends thee, - Come to me and rest re - ceive;



For we dwell among the an - gels, and can lean on Je - sus' breast.  
 Christ will guide thee to that cit - y, if you seek the nar - row way.  
 I will pardon, cleanse, and comfort, if thou on - ly wilt be - lieve.

## CHORUS.



Will you go? will you go? Go to that land of pure delight? Go where the

By permission of John J. Hood.

## WILL YOU GO?—Continued.

saints are clothed in white? Go where the saved shall find no night, But endless day?

13

## WILL YOU COME?

1. Hear the earnest in - vi - ta - tion, Wand'rer from the path of right,
2. Christian souls are fervent praying, Ho - ly Spir - it, send thy light,
3. An - gels near us, eag - er bending, Friends beloved from homes of light,
4. Hear the Saviour in - ter - ced - ing, Nor his gracious message slight;

Je - sus of - fers his sal - va - tion; Will you come to Christ to night?  
 Why a - far in darkness straying? Why not come to Christ to-night?  
 With our hearts their question blending, Will you come to Christ to-night?  
 Will you pass his cross un - heed - ing? Oh, re - turn to Christ to-night.

*CHORUS*

Will you come? will you come? Come and at his al - tar bow;  
 Will you come? will you come?

Will you come? will you come? Je - sus waits to save you now.  
 Will you come? will you come?

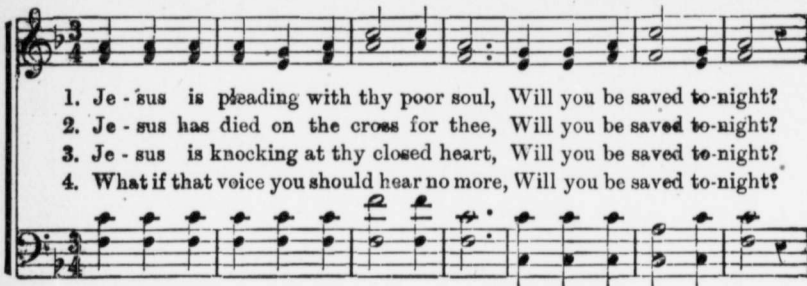
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## WILL YOU BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

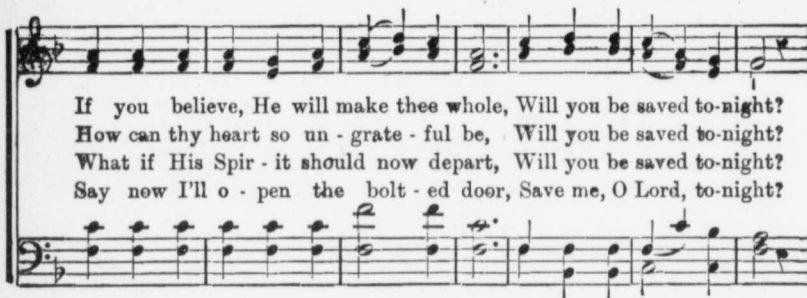
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—*Isa. 45:22.*

FANNY J. CROSBY. Changed by H. T. C.

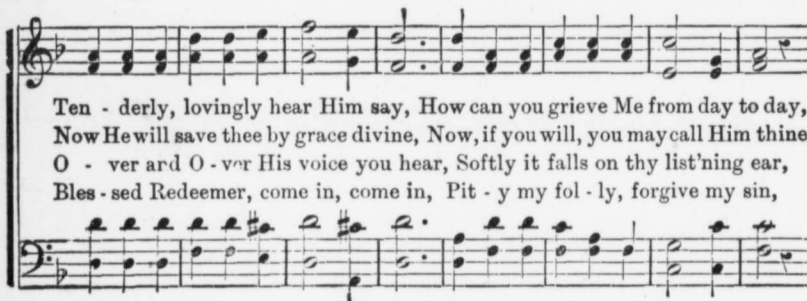
MRS. M. E. WILLSON.



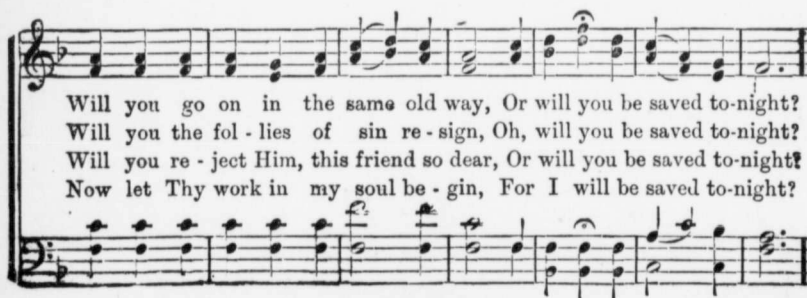
1. Je - sus is pleading with thy poor soul, Will you be saved to-night?  
 2. Je - sus has died on the cross for thee, Will you be saved to-night?  
 3. Je - sus is knocking at thy closed heart, Will you be saved to-night?  
 4. What if that voice you should hear no more, Will you be saved to-night?



If you believe, He will make thee whole, Will you be saved to-night?  
 How can thy heart so un - grate - ful be, Will you be saved to-night?  
 What if His Spir - it should now depart, Will you be saved to-night?  
 Say now I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night?



Ten - derly, lovingly hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day,  
 Now He will save thee by grace divine, Now, if you will, you may call Him thine,  
 O - ver and O - ver His voice you hear, Softly it falls on thy list'ning ear,  
 Bles - sed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my fol - ly, forgive my sin,



Will you go on in the same old way, Or will you be saved to-night?  
 Will you the fol - lies of sin re - sign, Oh, will you be saved to-night?  
 Will you re - ject Him, this friend so dear, Or will you be saved to-night?  
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night?

By permission.



## O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

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

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is waiting to-day; There's  
 2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're  
 3. O prod-i-gal what will you do? Love's table is waiting for you; Fer-  
 4. O prod-i-gal brother, a-rise! For pardon look up to the skies; No

room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prodigal, don't stay a-way.  
 lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd. O prodigal brother, come home,  
 giveness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?  
 longer then stray From thy Fath-er away, O prodigal brother, a-rise.

## CHORUS.

Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home, to-day? There is  
 Will you come? Will you come? Will you come?

welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.

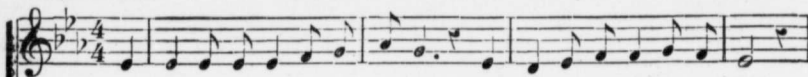
By permission.

Duet.

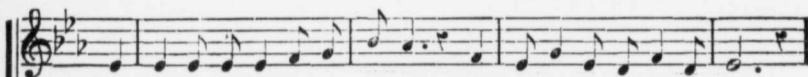
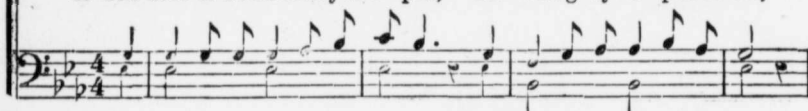
"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

ELLEN OLIVER.

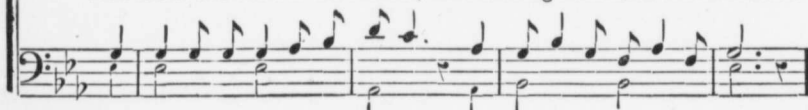
E. B. SMITH.



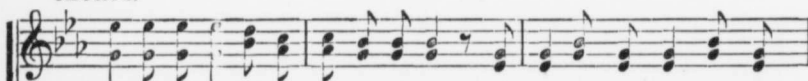
1. The door of God's mercy is o - pen To all who are weary of sin,
2. The world is e'er wantonly wooing Your soul from the ways of the blest,
3. So many who hear the glad message, Will never its mandates obey,
4. Sad hearts there will surely be moaning Outside of the gateway of life,
5. The door of God's mercy is o - pen, In - viting - ly o - pen to all,



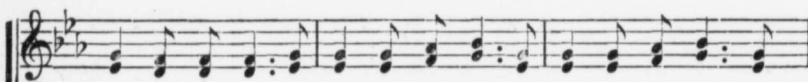
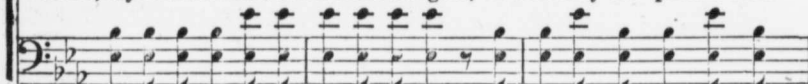
And Jesus is patiently waiting, Still waiting, to welcome you in.  
 But Jesus is tender - ly bidding You turn to His heavenly rest.  
 But turn from the precious, dear pleadings, And wilfully wander away.  
 And praying to Him they rejected When earth with gay pleasure was rife.  
 Who list to the voice of the Master, And hearing shall heed His sweet call.



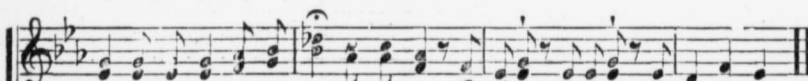
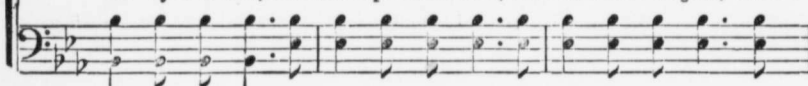
## CHORUS.



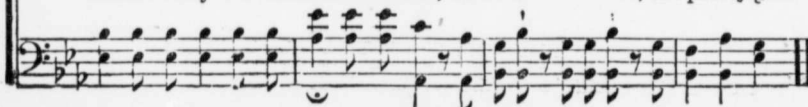
Come, says the Saviour, Come enter the gate, I watch by the portals both



ear - ly and late, Lest some precious soul, Not far from the goal, Should



wander away into darkness and hate, And miss it forever, the pearly gate



By permission.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1st. 2nd.

1 { Let me sing to you in a glad refrain, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 { Let me tell it o-ver to you a-gain, That Jesus waits to pardon . . . you.  
 2 { In the years gone by it was told to thee, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 { You have heard it sung at your mother's knee, That Jesus waits to pa-don . . . you.  
 3 { What a sad, sad day, when you hear no more, That Jesus waits to pardon you;  
 { When the time is past and the season o'er, That Jesus waits to pardon . . . you.

You've tried and al-ways tried in vain, To free your soul from Satan's reign;  
 She's gone from mor-tal sight a-way, Yet strangely near she seems to-day;  
 Ere voice shall fail and song shall die, Be-fore the days of grace go by,

Oh, turn to Je-sus, he will break the chain, For Je-sus waits to par-don you.  
 You feel her gentle touch and hear her say, My Je-sus waits to par-don you.  
 Turn ye, or you will hear the bit-ter cry, No Je-sus waits to par-don you.

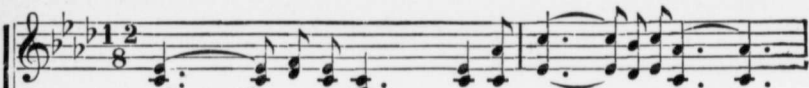
## CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you, He waits, he waits, he waits, he waits,  
 Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you, He waits, he waits, he waits, he waits,

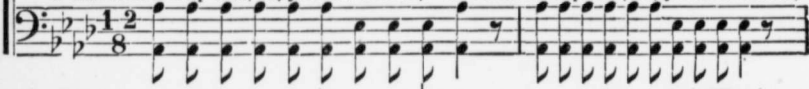
Yes, Je-sus waits to par-don you, he waits, He waits te pardon you.  
 he waits, he waits,

JAMES L. BLACK.

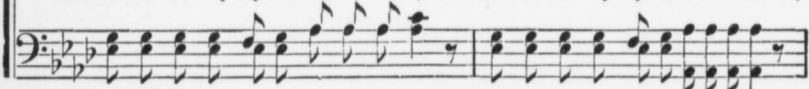
JOHN R. SWENNY.



1. Wea - - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the way - side He stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight Him, so faith - ful and true?  
 4. Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now be - lieve;  
 Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam? Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?  
 2. All the day long by the wayside He stands, All the day long by the wayside He stands,  
 3. Why wilt thou slight Him, so faithful and true? Why wilt thou slight Him, so faithful and true?  
 4. Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now believe, Ask Him to help thee, oh, just now believe,



Why wilt thou wan - der, an ex - - ile from home?  
 Show - ing the print of the nails in His hands;  
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;  
 Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home?  
 Showing the print of the nails in His hands, Showing the print of the nails in His hands;  
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?  
 Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive, Ask Him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;



Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it may be,  
 Deep - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,  
 Come, and this mo - ment His child thou wilt be,  
 Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free, Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free,  
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it will be, Come, or for - ev - er too late it will be,  
 Deep - er and deep - er the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,  
 Come, and this moment His child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment His child thou wilt be,



Je - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Redeem - er is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Haste while the Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - - ing with thee.  
 Je - sus thy Saviour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead - ing with thee.  
 Now thy Re - deemer is pleading with thee, Redeem - er is plead - ing with thee.  
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is pleading with thee.  
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.

# PLEADING WITH THEE—Continued.

## CHORUS.

Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,  
Plead - ing with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Wait - - ing so pa - tiently, plead - - ing with thee;  
Waiting so patiently, pleading with thee; Waiting so patiently, pleading with thee;

Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,  
Come to the waters that sparkle so free, Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free,

Je - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.  
Jesus thy Saviour is pleading with thee, thy Sav - iour is pleading with thee.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Whoever be -  
 2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the  
 3. Who - ev - er re - pents and forsakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -  
 power of the soul - cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -  
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pre - sent and per - fect sal -

va - tion shall have, For He is a - bun - dantly able to save.  
 demption shall have, For He is both able and willing to save.  
 va - tion shall have, For Je - sus is rea - dy this moment to save.

## CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - - ter is calling for thee; . . . His grace and His  
 Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee.

mer - - - cy are wondrously free; . . . His blood as a ran - som for  
 Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free, Brother, His blood as a

By permission.

20

3 The  
It  
Oh,

## ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE—Continued.

sinners He gave. And He is a - bun - - dantly able to save.  
ransom for sinners He gave, And He is abundantly able to save.

20

## WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18:21.

MRS. E. RRED

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, do not let the Word de-part, Nor close thine eyes against the light;  
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise, To blest thy long-de - luded sight;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?  
This is the time! oh, then, be wise! Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?

CHORUS.

Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to - night?

Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to - night?

3 The world has nothing left to give—  
It has no new, no pure delight:  
Oh, try the life which Christians live!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

By permission.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. To the fountain flowing free, Come a-way, come a-way; O there's  
 2. He has call'd thee o'er and o'er, Come a-way, come a-way; But he  
 3. Hast thou faith in Christ, the Lord, Come away, come a-way; Wilt thou

mer-cy there for thee, Why de-lay? why de-lay? From the  
 soon may call no more, Why de-lay? why de-lay? Tho' thy  
 take him at his word, Why de-lay? why de-lay? If re-

Saviour's bleed-ing side, At the cross, where once he died, See the  
 sins like bil-lows roll, Tho' their weight oppress thy soul, If thou  
 pent-ing, thou be-lieve, And no more be Spirit grieve, Then his

*D.S.*—fountain, flow-ing free, To the blood that cleanseth me, Where the

*Fine. CHORUS.*  
 bless-ed healing tide, Flowing free, flowing free.  
 wilt, he'll make thee whole, Come away, come away. Come, sinner, come, the  
 love thou shalt receive, Come away, come away.

*Saviour waits for thee, Come away, come away*

By permission.



## WHY DELAY?—Continued.

moments fly apace, Soon, ah, too soon may end thy day of grace; To the

*rit.* *D.S.*

22

## ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, every soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord;  
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;

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.

### 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!

3 Yes. Jesus is the Truth, the Way  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.

By permission.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Wan - der - er from Je - sus, wea - ry, sad and lone, Hear him gent - ly  
 2. He will love you free - ly, your back - slid - ings heal; He will turn your  
 3. Wan - der - er from Je - sus, why not now re - turn? Why in sin and

call - ing now for thee; Hear his precious pro - mise to the err - ing one,  
 darkness in - to day; Plea - sant paths of pe - ce the Spir - it will re - veal,  
 darkness long - er stay? Hast - en to the feet of Je - sus, there to learn

## CHORUS.

"I will love you free - ly; come to me." We are com - ing, lov - ing  
 He will lead you in the King's highway.  
 All a - bout the Life, the Truth, the Way. We are coming,

Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, We are com - ing in our wretched - ness and

woe; in our woe; Oh, re - ceive us! Oh, re - ceive us! Oh, re -

By permission.

## WANDERER FROM JESUS—Continued.

lieve us! Oh, relieve us! Do the ful-ness of thy grace on us be-stow.

24

## "WHOSOEVER WILL!"

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

*Joyfully.*

1. "Whosoever heareth!" shout, shout the-sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around;

Spread the joyful news wher-e-ver man is found, "Whoso-ev-er will may come."

CHORUS.

"Who-so - e - ver will, who-so - e - ver will," Send the procla-ma - tion o - ver vale and hill;

'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home: "Whosoev-er will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;  
Now the door is open, enter while you may:  
Jesus is the True, the only Living Way,  
"Whosoever will may come."

3 "Whosoever will," the promise is secure;  
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;  
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore,  
"Whosoever will may come."

By permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11 : 28.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 2. Je-sus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
 4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

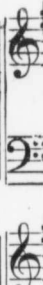
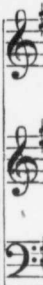
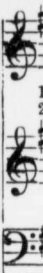
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.  
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and a - way.

## REFRAIN.

Call - ing to-day . . . call - ing to-day . . .  
 Calling, calling to-day, to-day; Call-ing, calling to-day, to-day;

Je - sus is call - ing, is tender-ly calling to-day.  
 Je-sus is tenderly calling to-day,

By permission.



WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

R. L.

*With tenderness.*

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The  
 2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?  
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Oh, where is my boy to-night? Oh, where is my boy to-night? My heart o'erflows, for I

3 Oh, could I see you now, my boy,  
 As fair as in olden time,  
 When prattle and smile made home a  
 joy,  
 And life was a merry chime!  
 love him, he knows! Oh, where is my boy to-night?

4 Go for my wandering boy to-night;  
 Go, search for him where you will:  
 But bring him to me with all his blight,  
 And tell him I love him still!

By permission.

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,

- Just now come to Je sus, come to Je - sus just now.
- |                     |                        |                      |                         |
|---------------------|------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 5 He is willing.       | 8 Call unto him.     | 11 He'll forgive you.   |
| 3 Oh, believe him.  | 6 He'll receive you.   | 9 He will hear you   | 12 He will cleanse you. |
| 4 He is able.       | 7 Flee to Jesus.       | 10 He'll have mercy. | 13 He'll renew you.     |
|                     | 14 He will clothe you. | 15 Jesus loves you.  |                         |

# 28 ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

A. N.

J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'ers Whom Je - sus died to win, All foot-sore, lame, and  
 2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Behold, your Lord doth wait; Come then! no longer  
 3. Are you coming Home, ye guilty, Who bear the load of sin? Outside you've long been

wearv, Your garments stain'd with sin? Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To  
 lin - ger; Come, ere it be too late! Will you come, and let him save you? Oh,  
 standing, Come now and venture in! Will you heed the Saviour's promise, And

wash your garments white? Will you trust his precious promise? Are you coming Home to-night?  
 trust his love and might! Will you come while he is calling? Are you coming Home to-night?  
 dare to trust him quite? - "Come unto me!" saith Je - sus: Are you coming Home to-night?

*CHORUS*

Are you coming Home to-night? Are you coming Home to-night? Are you coming Home to

Je-sus, Out of darkness in - to light? Are you coming Home to - night? Are you

coming Home to-night? To your loving heavenly Father. Are you coming Home to-night?

By permission.

MRS. E. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark! the Saviour's voice from heaven Speaks a par-don full and free;  
Come, and thou shalt be for-giv-en; boundless mer-cy flows for thee—

E - ven thee! E - ven thee! Boundless mer - cy flows for thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing,  
From the Saviour on the tree;  
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,  
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—  
Even thee!

3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,  
"Come, and lay thy soul on me;  
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  
I have rest and peace for thee—  
Even thee!"

4 Sinner, come, to Jesus flying,  
From thy sin and woe be free;  
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,  
Gladly will he welcome thee—  
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,  
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;  
Child of God and heir of heaven,  
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—  
Even thee!

By permission.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

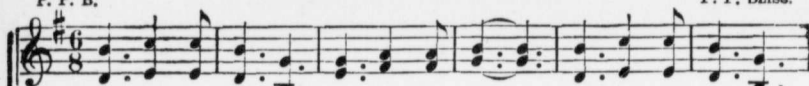
1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Now for you he is interceding,  
2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Wea - ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,  
3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Voi - ces may not always call you,  
4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy for - e - ver,

*pp*  
Gen-tly at thy heart he's pleading, "Come un - to me, Come un - to me."  
Je - sus will thy burdens car - ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?  
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die!"  
Where we'll meet to part, no, nev-er, Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

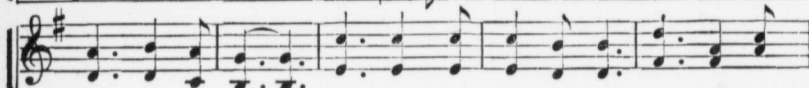
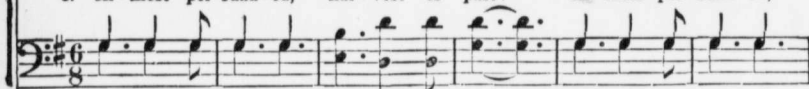
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P. P. B.

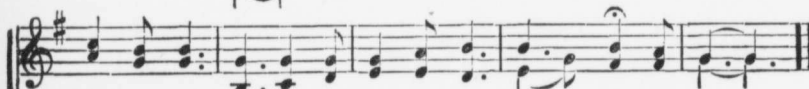
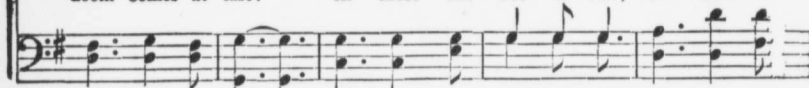
P. P. BLISS.



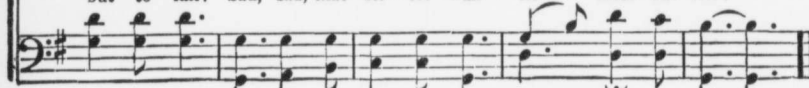
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve, "Al-most per-suad-ed,"  
 2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"  
 3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,  
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vides you here, An-gels are  
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is



go thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On thee I'll call."  
 ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wand'r'er, come!  
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

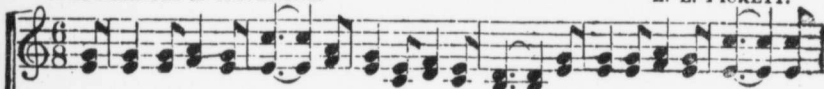


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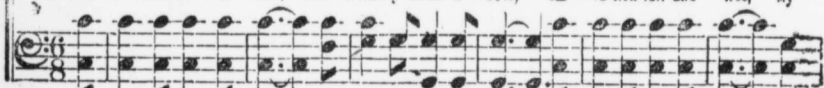
## I Gave My Life for Thee.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

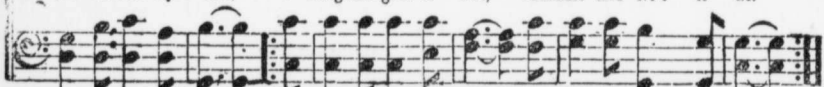
L. L. PICKETT.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be, And  
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, — My glo-ry-cir-cled throne I left, for earth-ly night, For  
 3. I suf-fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-t' rest ag-o-ny, To  
 4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free, My



quicken'd from the dead; I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me!  
 wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me!  
 res-cue thee from hell; I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 par-don and My love; I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me!



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## RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to receive.

Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the Mighty to save.  
Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; He will forgive if they on-ly believe.

## CHORUS.

Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus wil' save.

3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them;

Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

## MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

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

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

# 35 THERE'S A GENTLE VOICE WITHIN.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1st. 2nd.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls away, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
But my heart is melted now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wander no [omit] more.  
2. { He has promised all my sins to for-give, If I ask in simple faith for his love;  
In his ho - ly word I learn how to live, And to la-bor for his kingdom a - [omit]bove.

## CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,  
And be faithful to its cause till I die;  
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,  
I shall wear a starry crown by-and-by.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,  
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
But my heart is melted now, I obey;  
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

By permission.

# 36

# PRAYER.

1. Brother, hast thou wander'd far From thy Father's hap - py home, With thy - self and  
2. Hast thou wasted all the pow'rs God for no - ble u - ses gave? Squander'd life's most

3 Is a mighty famine now  
In thy heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.  
God at war? Turn thee, brother; homeward come.  
golden hours? Turn thee, brother; God can save!  
4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
Seek him, for he may be found;  
Call upon him; he is near.

## COME, YE SINNERS.

1 { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed,  
Je - sus read - y stands to save you,  
Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va tion,

Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }  
Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r. }

*Fine.*

Christ the Lord is come to reign.

*CHORUS.*

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal

va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

*D.C.*

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance.  
Every grace that brings us nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re- }  
 { Can my God his wrath for bear, Me, the chief of

## CHORUS.

{ served for me? } { God is love, I do be-lieve; }  
 { sin-ners, spare? } { He is wait-ing to for-give, }

*Smoothly.**Repeat p.*

He is wait-ing, wait-ing to for-give.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are;  
 Me he now delights to spare;  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,  
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;  
 God is love. I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

## 39

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring;  
 For his grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
 Lord, remove this load of sin!  
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
 Take possession of my breast;

There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

## 40

- 1 Holy Spirit, pity me,  
 Pierced with grief for grieving thee;  
 Present though I mourn apart,  
 Listen to a wailing heart.
- 2 Sins unnumbered I confess,  
 Of exceeding sinfulness,  
 Sins against thyself alone,  
 Only to Omniscience known:
- 3 Deafness to thy whispered calls,  
 Rashness midst remembered fall,  
 Transient fears beneath the rod,  
 Treacherous trifling with my God.
- 4 Tasting that the Lord is good,  
 Pining then for poisoned food;  
 At the fountains of the skies  
 Craving creaturely supplies.
- 5 Worldly cares at worship-time,  
 Grovelling aims in works sublime  
 Pride, when God is passing by,  
 Sloth, when souls in darkness die.
- 6 Oh, be merciful to me,  
 Now in bitterness for thee!  
 Father, pardon through thy Son  
 Sins against thy Spirit done!

## TAKE ME AS I AM.

ANON.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;  
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,  
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salva - tion I would prove;  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,  
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 But since to thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am!

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

REFRAIN. D.S.

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

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## 42

Tune and Chorus above.

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

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

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

F. J. CROSBY.

H. P. MAIN.

1. { Lov-ing Saviour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry, Trembling to thine  
I have sinned, but thou hast died; thou hast died, thou hast died; In thy mer-cy

CHORUS.

arms I fly, Oh, save me at the cross. } Lord Je-sus, re-ceive me,  
let me hide, Oh, save me at the cross. }

No more would I grieve thee, Now, blessed Redeemer, Oh, save me at the cross.

2 Though I perish, I will pray,  
I wil- pray, I will pray;  
Thou of life the Living Way,  
Oh, save me at the cross.  
Thou hast said thy grace is free,  
Grace is free, grace is free;  
Have compassion, Lord, on me,  
Oh, save me at the cross,

3 Wash me in thy cleansing blood,  
Cleansing blood, cleansing blood;  
Plunge me now beneath the flood,  
Oh, save me at the cross.  
Only faith will pardon bring,  
Pardon bring, pardon bring;  
In that faith to thee I cling,  
Oh, save me at the cross.

C. WESLEY, 1749.

W. H. OAKLEY

1. Je-sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep, False to thee, like Peter, I

D.S.—Turn and look up-on me, Lord,

*Fine.* *D.S.*

Would fain, like Peter, weep? Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suff'ring's own

And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart;  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show:  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow;  
If thy bowels now are stirred,  
If now I do myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

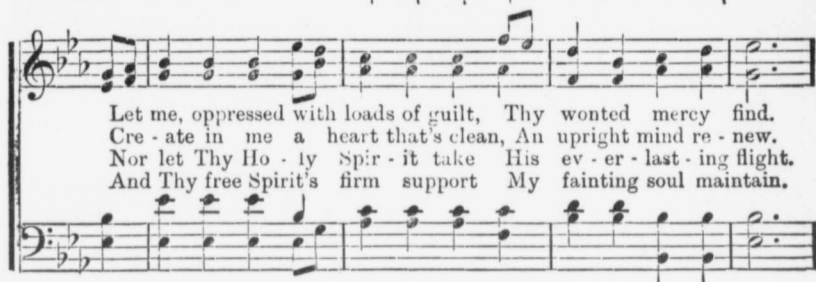
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TATE &amp; BRADY. Arranged.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

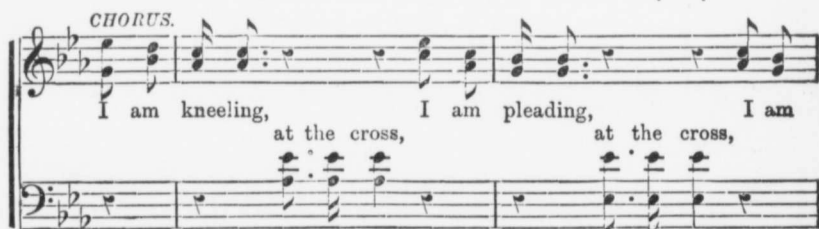


1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ever kind;  
 2. Blot out, O Lord, my sins, And me in pit - y view;  
 3. Withdraw not then Thy help, Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
 4. The joy Thy fa - vor gives, Let me just now ob - tain,

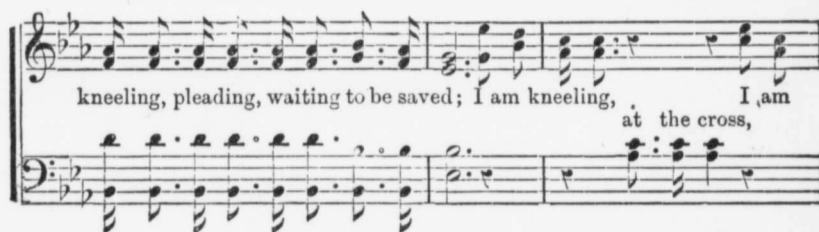


Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mercy find.  
 Cre - ate in me a heart that's clean, An upright mind re - new.  
 Nor let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it take His ev - er - last - ing flight.  
 And Thy free Spirit's firm support My fainting soul maintain.

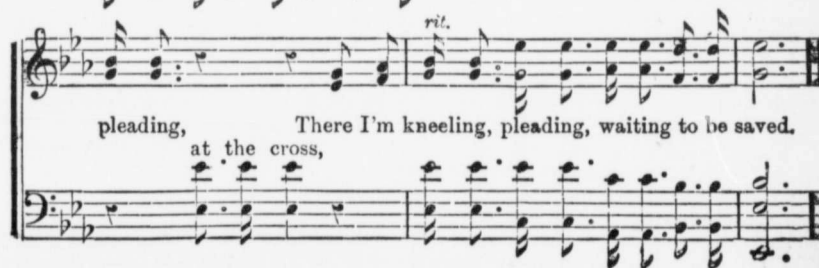
*CHORUS.*



I am kneeling, at the cross, I am pleading, at the cross, I am



kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved; I am kneeling, I am  
 at the cross,



pleading, *rit.* There I'm kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved.  
 at the cross,

By permission.

REV. JOHN G. CHAPPEE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN,

1. Can my soul find rest from sorrow, Can my sins for - giv - en be,

Must I wait un - til to - morrow Ere my Saviour speaks to me?

Will he speak in words of kindness? Will he wash a - way my sin?

Will he lift this vale of blindness, And re - move this deadly pain?

2 Oh, the darkness, how it thickens,  
Like the brooding of despair!  
And my soul within me sickens—  
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!  
Give me but a hope to cherish,  
Give me just one ray of light—  
Help me, save me, or I perish,  
Take away this awful night!

3 Now he hears me, he will save me,  
I behold his shining face,  
Hear him whisper he will have me—  
Oh, the miracle of grace!  
I will joy to tell the story  
How he cometh from above—  
Fills my soul, oh, glory, glory!  
With the blessings of his love.

By permission.

T. C.



"FOLLOW ME."

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

- 1. Hear you not the Saviour calling,      Calling you so ear-nest-ly?
- 2. Lay not up on earth your treasure,      Transient, per-ish-ing 'twill be;
- 3. In my Father's house in heaven      Let your hearts untroubled be;
- 4. Be thy pathway bright or dreary,      Whither du - ty leadeth thee,
- 5. When thy days on earth are ending,      And the close of life you see,

Gen - tly, too, the tones are falling, "Come, oh, come, and fol - low me."  
 Rath-er seek e - ter - nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol - low me.  
 Glorious mansions will be giv - en,      On - ly come and fol - low me.  
 Strong thy steps, or faint and wea - ry,      I will guide thee—follow me.  
 E - ven to the grave descending,      Nev - er fear, but fol - low me.

CHORUS

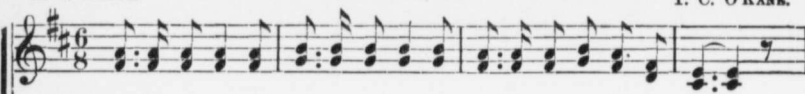
Let us round our Leader ral - ly,      Je - sus bids us each to come;

He will lead us thro' life's valley,      O'er the riv - er safe - ly home.

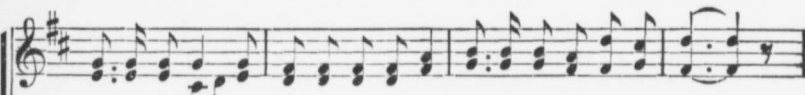
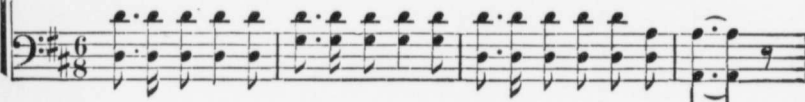
## SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIRKPATRICK

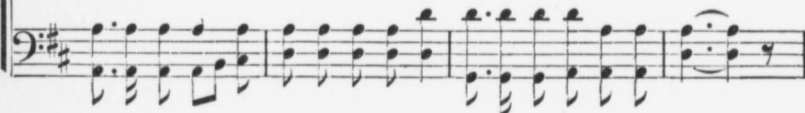
T. C. O'KANE.



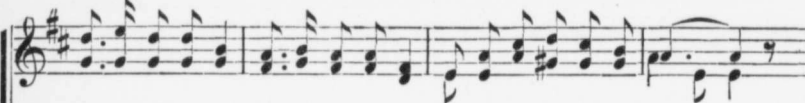
1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Man - y sad spirits now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Man - y re - deem'd ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the mansions of light;



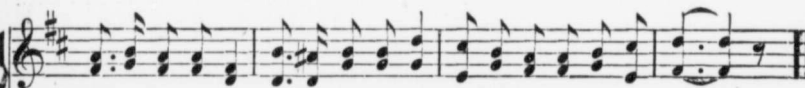
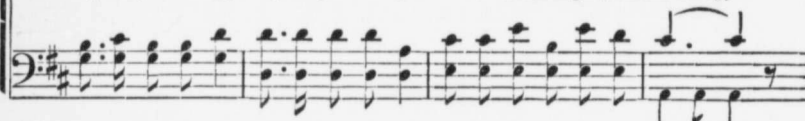
Say will your spir - it pass in - to darkness, Or to the land of de - light?  
 Ev' - ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, oh, sin - ner, be - ware?  
 Je - sus is pleading high up in glo - ry, Seeking to save you to - night.



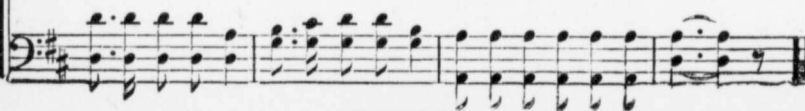
## CHORUS.



Say, are you read - y, Oh, are you read - y? If the Death angel should call;



Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.



By permission.

## THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

*With feeling.*

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knocked before; Has

wait - ed long, is wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

## CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,  
come in, from sin;

keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.  
come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very friend you need.  
The friend of sinners? yes, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—  
His feet, departed, ne'er return;  
Admit him or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

By permission

# 50 YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

J. E. LANCELEY.

J. E. LANCELEY.

1. Yesterday I wander'd in the paths of sin, Danger all around me,  
 2. To-day I'm standing asking, Oh, what shall I do? Sorrow overwhelms me,  
 3. To-morrow I'm dreading, for my foes will assail, Evil passions in me,

Death straight before me; Yesterday the world crazed my soul with its din,—  
 Calvary constrains me; To-day I'm halting here with forgiveness in view,  
 Tempters all about me; To-morrow I'm sure all my own strength will fail,

CHORUS.

Mercy sang her sweet notes in vain.  
 Mercy sings her sweet notes again. Oh! hear her calling, Over and over,  
 Mercy thou shalt not sing in vain

Oh! hear her calling, Listen! be still! I cannot bear to re-

sist any longer, Speak once a - gain and I'll hearken,— I will.

By permission.

## LET THE MASTER IN.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D.D.

R. LOWRY.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slum-  
 2. Then he spread a feast of re-deem-ing love, And he made me his own  
 3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my Shield, he my ta-  
 4. He will feast me still with his presence dear, And the love he so free-

ber of sin; It was Je - sus knocked, he had knocked before; Now I  
 hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints a - bove Could be  
 ble prepares, He restores my soul, he renews my youth, And gives  
 ly hath given, While his promise tells, as I serve him here, Of the

## CHORUS.

said, Blessed Master, come in. Then o - pen, o - pen,  
 hard - ly more favored or blest.  
 tri - umph in answer to pray'rs.  
 ban - quet of glo - ry in heav'n. Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him,

O - pen, let the Mas - ter in, let him in; For the

heart will be bright with a heav'nly light, When you let the Master in.

By permission.

## LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELS.

Let him in.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;  
 2. O - pen now to him your heart,  
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice?  
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly guest,

Let him in;

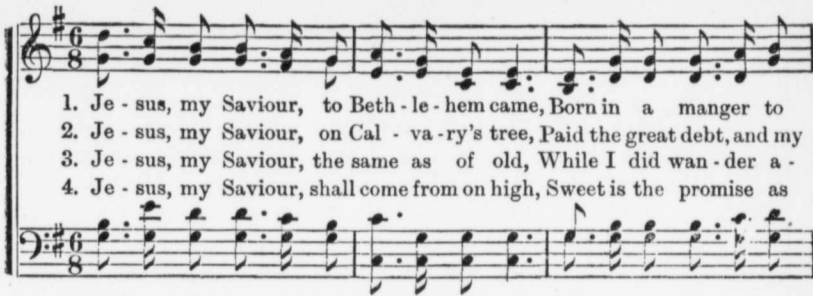
He has been there oft be - fore, Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in  
 If you wait he will de - part,  
 Now, oh, now make him your choice,  
 He will make for you a feast,

Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus  
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will  
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store, And his  
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

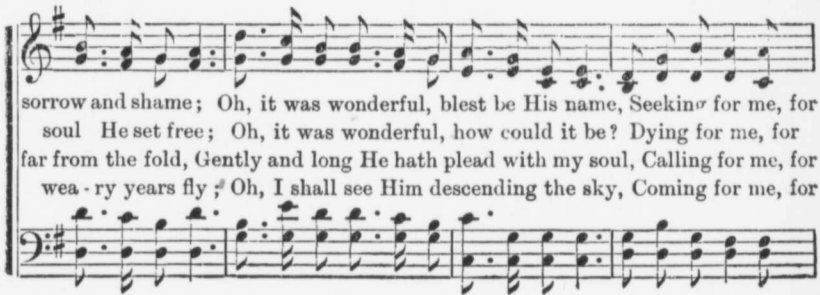
Let him in.

Christ, the Father's Son, Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.  
 keep you to the end,  
 name you will a - dore.  
 take you home to heav'n.

By permission



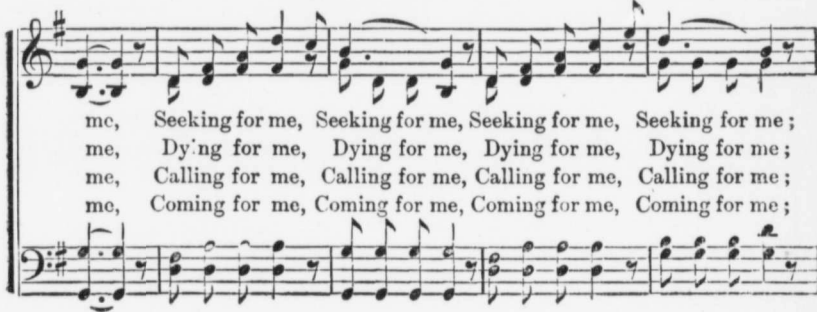
1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a manger to  
 2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my  
 3. Je - sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -  
 4. Je - sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as



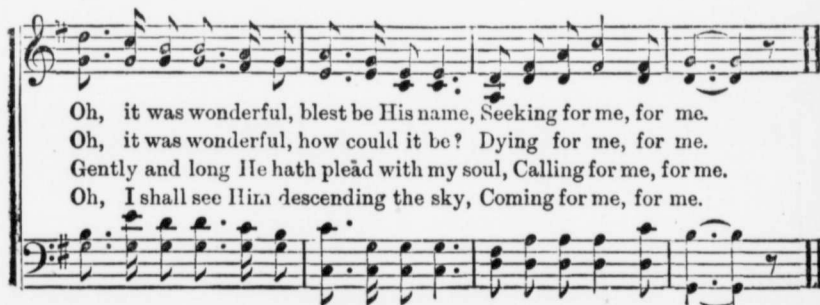
sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seekin<sup>g</sup> for me, for  
 soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for  
 far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for  
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

for me . . . . .

for me . . . . .



me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;  
 me, Dy'ng for me, Dy'ng for me, Dy'ng for me, Dy'ng for me;  
 me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;  
 me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;



Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.  
 Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for me.  
 Gently and long He hath pleād with my soul, Calling for me, for me.  
 Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

By permission.

## I'LL TRY TO BE READY TO GO.

J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. I know not how soon God will bid me to come, I'll  
 2. Tho' tri - als may come, tho' my rich - es for - sake, I'll  
 3. How precious the prom - ise re - veal'd in his word, I'll  
 4. The Spir - it in - vites you to join in the fray, I'll

try to be read - y to go, To share in the glo - ry that  
 try to be read - y to go, When death o - ver-takes me, in  
 try to be read - y to go, That we shall at last dwell to -  
 try to be read - y to go, And help to bring in the mil -

waits me at home, I'll try to be read - y to go.  
 glo - ry I'll wake, I'll try to be read - y to go.  
 geth - er with God, I'll try to be read - y to go.  
 len - ni - al day, I'll try to be read - y to go.

## CHORUS.

I'll try to be read - y to go, I'll  
 Be read - y to go.

By permission.



I'LL TRY TO BE READY TO GO—Continued.

try to be read - y to go; . . . His blood makes me whiter than  
 be ready to go, yes,

snow, . . . I'll try to be read - y to go.  
 whit - er than snow,

55 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

W. McDONALD.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has evil reigned with-in; Je - sus  
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store, Soul and

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly  
 LAST V.—Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly

counting all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 sweet-ly speaks to me—"I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 bod - y, thine to be—Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

at thy cross I bow: Save me, Je - sus, save me now.  
 at thy cross I bow: Je - sus saves me—saves me now!

4 In the promises I trust,  
 Now I know the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am cruc'ed.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in him I am:  
 I am every whit made whole.  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

By permission.

## "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, won - der - ful words by the Mas - ter spo - ken,  
 2. Those won - der - ful words on the soul are burn - ing,  
 3. Oh, come to the Saviour, this truth be - liev - ing,

"Ye must be born a - gain;" . . . Of  
 "Ye must be born, Oh,  
 "Ye must be born, (be born a - gain;") In

life ev - er - last - ing the sign and to - ken,  
 come like the rul - er in spir - it yearning,  
 pen - i - tence, par - don for sin re - ceiv - ing,

"Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a -  
 "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a -  
 "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be born a -

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN"—*Continued.*

gain," he said, Un - to the rul - er who came for aid;  
gain," for lo! Je - sus, the Mas - ter, hath told you so;  
gain," in love, And like the rul - er, your faith must prove;

Born of the Spir - it of God in - deed, Oh, "Ye must be  
Born of the Spir - it while here be - low, Oh, "Ye must be  
Born of the Spir - it of God a - bove, Oh, "Ye must be

REFRAIN.

born a - gain." "Ye . . . . must be born a - gain,"  
born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"  
born a - gain." "Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

"Ye . . . . must be born a - gain," Born of the  
"Ye must be born, be born a - gain,"

Spir - it, an heir of God, Oh, "Ye must be born a - gain."

By permission.

## GOD IS COMING.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. God is com - ing! God is com - ing! shout a - loud the glad re - frain;  
2. God is com - ing! God is com - ing! roll the notes of joy on high;

Send the cry from town and ci - ty to the vil - lage, ham - let, plain;  
Ev' - ry blood - bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead - ers cry!

*Fine.*

*D.S.—Ev - ry man be up on du - ty, For Je - hov - ah comes this way.*

*p* God is com - ing! hear the an - gels shout the tid - ings from a - bove;  
God is com - ing! God is com - ing! rub your rus - ty ar - mor bright,

*f*

*p* He will de - luge our whole country with his ti - dal wave of love.  
Gird your sword and shield a - bout you, and be read - y for the fight.

*f*

*CHORUS.*

*ff* God is com - ing! pass the watchword all a - long the line to - day!

*D.S.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 God is coming! God is coming! and the hosts of sin are strong;<br/>We will meet them bravely, boldly, and the fight will not be long.<br/>God is coming! and before him powers of darkness must give way;<br/>God is coming! by his strong arm we shall gain the victory.</p> | <p>4 God is coming! God is coming! oh, lift up your hearts and pray!<br/>In the fight 'twixt light and darkness he will need strong arms to-day.<br/>God is coming! falter never—when the conflict here is done<br/>You shall wear a crown of glory in the kingdom of his Son.</p> |
|--|--|

By permission.

# 58 THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing:" This is the pro - mise of love ;  
 2. "There shall be showers of blessing" — Precious re - viv - ing a - gain ;  
 3. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Send them upon us, O Lord !  
 4. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.  
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.  
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come and now honor thy Word.  
 Now as to God we're confes - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call !

*CHORUS.*

Show - - - ers of bless - ing,  
 Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing, Showers of blessing we need :

Mercy drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead .

By permission.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gypsy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the  
 2. "Did he so love me, - a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good  
 3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the  
 4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, Said he,  
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not perish? My hand will he hold?  
 val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!" - whose - ev - er?" said he;  
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

## REFRAIN.

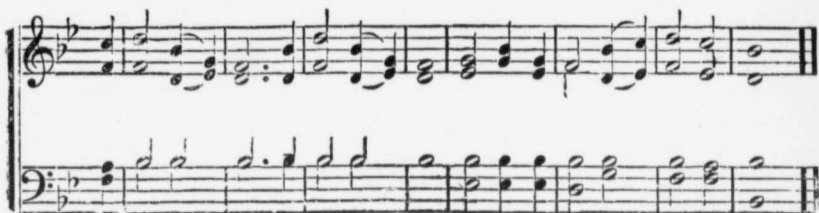
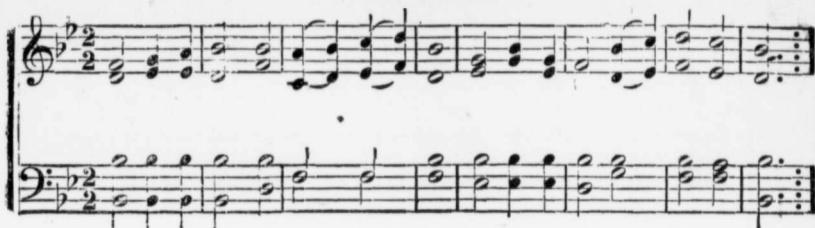
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 "No - bod - y ev - er the story has told!" Tell it a - gain!  
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"  
 "Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a - gain Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

Till none can say of the children of men, "No - body ev - er has told me before."

By permission.

## SAUNDERS.



60

- 1 Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold.  
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of Thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 5 What, tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long ;  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong ;  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

61

- 1 Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt  
move,  
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.
- 2 My prayer hath power with God ; the  
grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;  
Through faith I see Thee face to  
face ;  
I see Thee face to face, and live !  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 3 Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt till life's short journey end ;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength de-  
pend ;  
Nor have I power from Thee to move ;  
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 4 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'er-  
come,  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And, as a bounding hart fly home ;  
Through all eternity I prove  
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

# 62 MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

H. E. BLAIR. Arranged.

WM. J. KUPAT'ICK.

1. Thanks be to Je sus, his mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free  
 2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,  
 3. Think of his goodness, his patience and love; Mer - cy is free,  
 4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe; Mer - cy is free,

*REFRAIN.*—Jesus, the Saviour, is looking for thee, looking for thee,

mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,  
 mer - cy is free; Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing "Come home,"  
 mer - cy is free; Why will you long - er a - way from him rove!  
 mer - cy is free: Come and this moment a blessing receive;

looking for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly calling for thee,

*Fine.*

Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art willing on  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, oh,  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come, and re - pent - ing, oh,  
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is waiting, oh,

Calling and looking for thee.

him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.  
 hear him proclaim. Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.

By per - mis - sion.



# MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE—Continued.

*D.C. Refrain.*

Life ev-er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Je-sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.  
 Cling to his mercy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

## DUNDEE. C.M.

G. FRANC.

### 63

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a wretch as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree?
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, His creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While His dear cross appears;  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But, drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 O Lord, I give myself away!  
 'Tis all that I can do.

### 64 The Barren Fig Tree.

- 1 Let me alone another year,  
 In honor of Thy Son,  
 Who doth my Advocate appear;  
 Before Thy gracious throne.
- 2 Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,  
 And spared the barren tree,  
 Because for me my Saviour prays,  
 And pleads His death for me.
- 3 Time to repent Thou dost bestow;  
 But O the power impart,  
 And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
 And break my stubborn heart!
- 4 To-day, while it is called to-day,  
 The hindering thing remove;  
 And, lo, I now begin to pray,  
 And wrestle for Thy love.

### 65

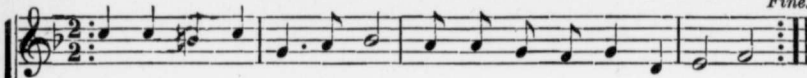
#### The Prodigal's Return.

- 1 The prodigal with streaming eyes,  
 From folly just awake,  
 Reviews his wanderings with surprise;  
 His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear  
 The famine in this land,  
 While servants of my Father's, share  
 The bounty of His hand."
- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return,  
 And seek my Father's face;  
 Unworthy to be called a son,  
 I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off the Father saw him move,  
 In pensive silence mourn,  
 And quickly ran with arms of love,  
 To welcome his return.

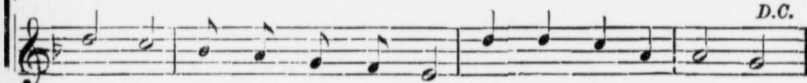
### 66

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,  
 No other help I know;  
 If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,  
 Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did Thy only Son endure  
 Before I drew my breath;  
 What pain, what labor, to secure  
 My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
 I now would feel Thy power;  
 Now all my wants Thou would'st relieve,  
 In this the accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith to Thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes;  
 Oh let me now receive that gift!  
 My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely Thou can'st not let me die!  
 Oh! speak, and I shall live!  
 For here I will unwearied lie,  
 Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

J. WADDELL.

*Fine.*

{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, }  
 { Let me to thy bos - om fly, }  
 To thy cross, O Lamb of God, nothing but thy blood can save me.

*D.C.*

Chor.—Oh, no, noth - ing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high,  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

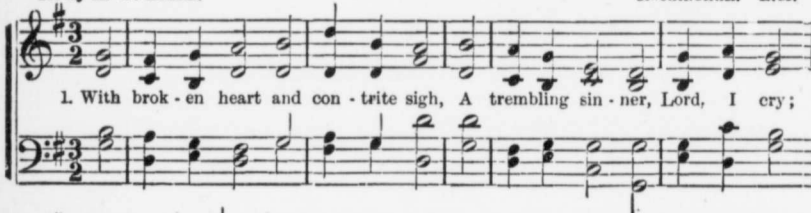
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## 68

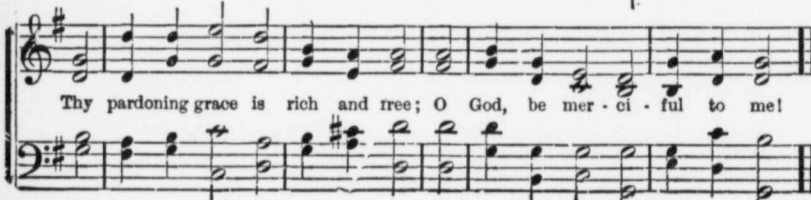
## WITH BROKEN HEART.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.



1. With brok - en heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;



Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

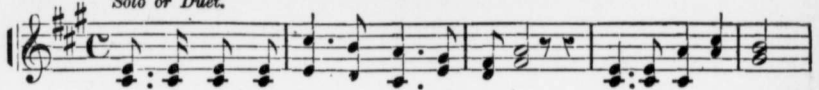
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
 With deep and conscious guilt oppressed  
 Christ and his cross my only plea:  
 O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
 But thou dost all my anguish see—  
 O God, be merciful to me!
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
 Can for a single sin atone;  
 To Calvary alone I flee:  
 O God, be merciful to me!
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
 With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
 My raptured song shall ever be,  
 That God was merciful to me!

## 69

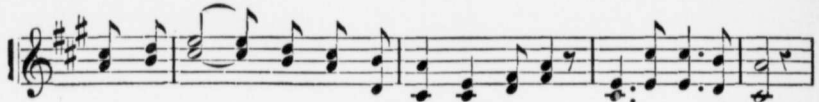
## The Crucifixion.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most:  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love, so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life my all.—WATTS.

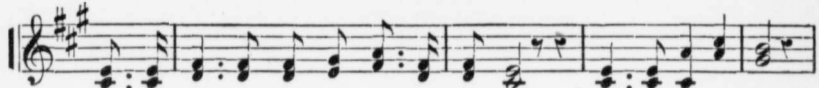
## ONCE I WANDERED.

*Solo or Duet.*

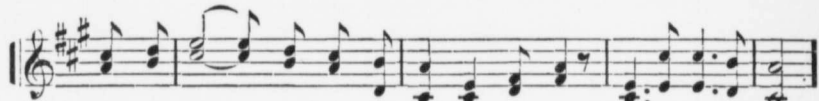
1. Once I wander'd in the maze of error, In the downward road;



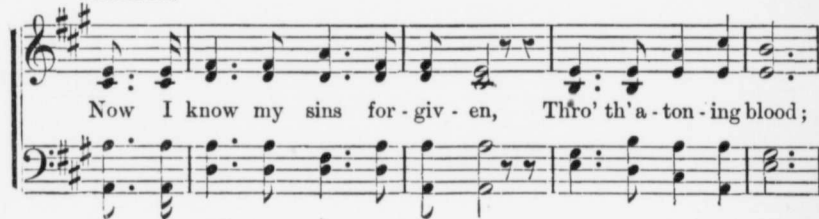
Oft my soul was fill'd with fear and terror, When I thought of God.



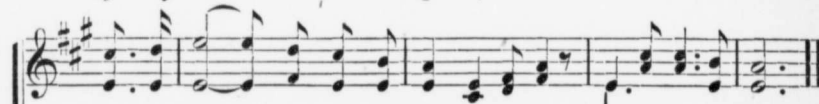
Je - sus saw me rushing on to ru - in, Offer'd pard'ning grace,



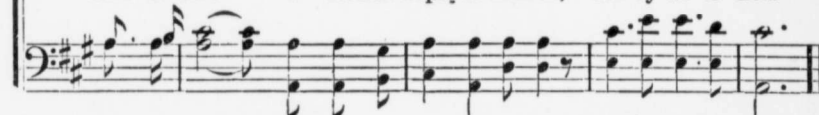
And I left the way I was pur - su - ing, Turn'd and saw his face.

*CHORUS.*

Now I know my sins for - giv - en, Thro' th'a - ton - ing blood;



And I have a blessed hope of heaven, Glo - ry be to God.



2 I am glad I ever found the Saviour,  
Now I'm fully blest;  
There are pleasures in his pard'ning favor,  
Joy, and peace, and rest.  
I am standing on the holy mountain,  
Near salvation's pool;  
And the waters from the bursting fountain  
Cheer my thirsty soul.

3 I've left earth's vain and fleeting pleasures,  
Bade them all adieu;  
But I'm seeking now for heavenly treasures,  
Lasting, pure and true.  
Glittering toys of life farewell forever,  
To you I'll not bow;  
I will leave my blessed Saviour never,  
He's my portion now.

4 Though by earthly friends I am forsaken,  
Though they oft may sneer;  
Yet through grace I will remain unshaken  
God is always near.  
I can calmly bear this world's reviling,  
While near God I dwell;  
If my Saviour looks upon me smiling,  
All is going well.

5 I will tell salvation's pleasing story,  
While I live below;  
And I'll try to spread my Saviour's glory,  
Ev'rywhere I go.  
When the word is from the Master given,  
"Child, from toiling cease,"  
I expect to find a home in heaven,  
Home of endless peace.

By permission.

## THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus has done,  
 2. From heav - en he came—he loved you—he died:  
 3. No pi - ty - ing eye— & sav - ing arm, none,  
 4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,  
 5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how he suffered for thee: They cru - ci - fied him,—  
 Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold on the cross  
 He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone in the fight,  
 "My Father, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,  
 Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no - cent Son,—For - sak - en, he died on the tree!  
 your King cru - ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!  
 the vict - ry he won; Oh, praise him, ye children of men,  
 the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!  
 of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

## CHORUS.

They cru - ci - fied him, yes, they

## THEY CRUCIFIED HIM—Continued.

cru - ci - fied him, They nail'd him to the tree, And so there he

died, A King cru - ci - fied, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

By permission.

72

## BLESS ME NOW.

ALEXANDER CLARK.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;  
2. Now, O Lord, this ver - y hour, Send thy grace and show thy pow'r;

Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.  
While I rest up - on thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!

REFRAIN.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Father, bless me now.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break  
While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;  
Now the time! and this the place!  
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

By permission.

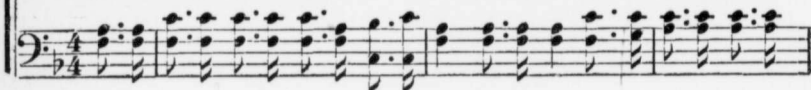
## A SONG OF TRUST.

"BEULAH."

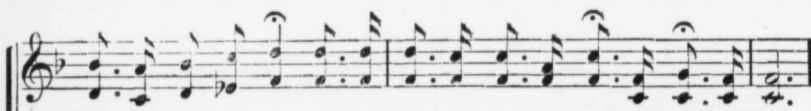
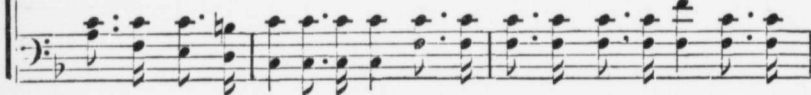
GRACE WEISER.



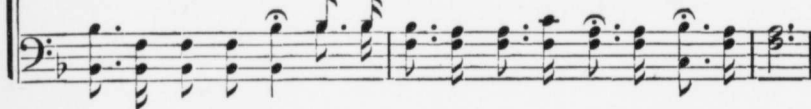
1. God has giv-en me a song, a song of trust (song of trust), And I sing it all day
2. Oh, I sing it on the mountain, in the light (in the light), Where the radiance of God's
3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low (dark and low), When my heart is crush'd with
4. When I sing it in the desert parched and dry (parched and dry), Living streams begin to
5. For I've crossed the river Jordan, and I stand (and I stand) In the blessed land of



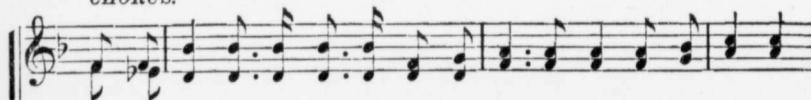
long, for sing I must (sing I must); Ev - 'ry hour it sweet-er grows, Fills my  
sunshine makes all bright (makes all bright); All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly  
sor - row, pain, and woe (pain and woe); Then the shadows flee a-way, Like the  
flow, a rich sup - ply (rich supply); Ver - dure in a - bund-ance grows, Deserts  
promise—Beu - lah land (Beulah land): Trusting is like breathing here, Just as



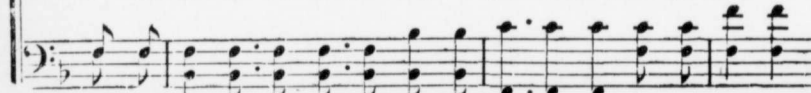
soul with blest re - pose, Just how rest - ful no one knows but those who trust.  
land seems ver - y near: Why, I al - most then ap - pear to walk by sight.  
night when dawns the day: Trust in God brings light al - way, I find it so.  
blos - som like a rose And my heart with joy o'erflows at God's re - ply.  
eas - y—doubt and fear Van - ish in this at - mos-phere, in Beu - lah land.



## CHORUS.



Ye who trust in the Lord, Oh, sing a glad re-train; Raise your songs on



## A SONG OF TRUST—Continued.

high, his might-y love proclaim; For his promise is sure, Ye shall

not be put to shame, Ye shall nev-er be confounded a-gain: Praise his name!

74

### TRUSTING JESUS.

E. PAGE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev'-ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; E-ven when my  
2. Rightly doth his Spirit shine In-to this poor heart of mine; While he leads I

#### CHORUS.

faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all. } Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the  
can-not fall, Trusting Je-us, that is all. }

days go by: Trusting him what'er be-fall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.

By permission.

## TRUSTING IN JESUS.

FRANK GOULD.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

1. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour divine, I have the witness that still he is mine;  
 2. Once I was far from my Saviour and King, Now he has taught me his mercy to sing;  
 3. Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear? Nothing can harm me when he is so near!  
 4. If while a stranger I journey below Fill'd with his fulness such rapture I know,

Great are the blessings he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 Peace in be-liev-ing he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 Sweet is the promise he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.  
 What will the bliss of e - ter - ni - ty be, When in his beauty the King i shall see?

## CHORUS.

I am redeemed, and I know it full well (full well), Saved by his

grace, I with him shall dwell; I am redeemed, and the  
 Saved by his grace shall dwell;

child of his love (his love), Heir to a glo - - rious crown above (above).



# THE HEALING TOUCH.

76

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Mark v. 27.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An ea - ger, restless crowd drew near, And round the Saviour pressed;  
 2. The mul - ti - tude, with curious eyes, Just gazed up - on his face;  
 3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came, In that most fa - vored hour!  
 4. Of all who throng his courts to-day Who shall re - ceive his word?

But one, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal - ing power confessed.  
 But she glanced up with hope and love, To feel his sav - ing grace.  
 But one stretched out the hand of faith, And touched his healing power.  
 Who shall reach forth with faith sincere To touch the heal - ing Lord?

## CHORUS.


She had touched the hem of his garment, Trusting with all her soul;  
*last v.* Come and touch the hem of his garment, Trusting with all your soul;

For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Je - sus Can make the wounded whole.

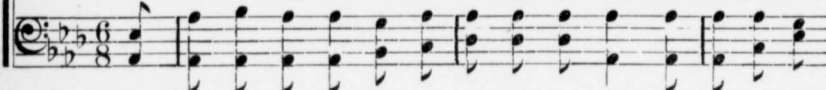
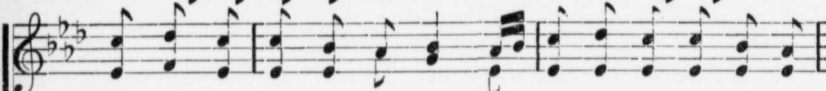
## ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

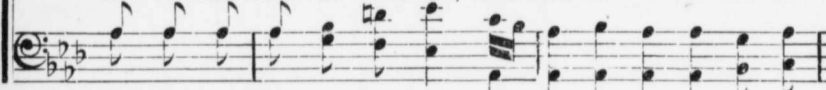
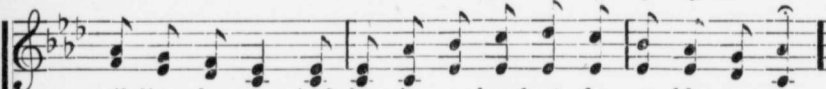
T. C. O'KANE.



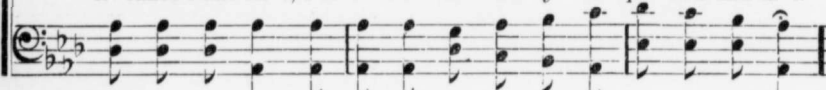
1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who  
 2. The moment a sin-ner on Je-sus believes, That moment a  
 3. O, wondrous redemption, the purchase of blood, Secured thro' the  
 4. Re-ceive then, my brother, the mes-sage of God, And plunge thyself

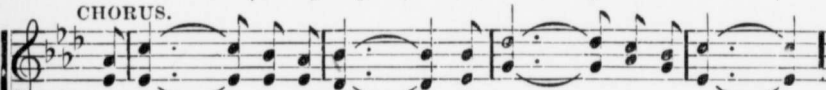
died and is now gone a-b-ove, Him-self for our ran-som he  
 par-don for sin he re-ceive; And no one in vain his for-  
 death of the dear Son of God! His life as a ran-som for  
 in - to the fount-ain of blood; And thou an e - ter - nal de-

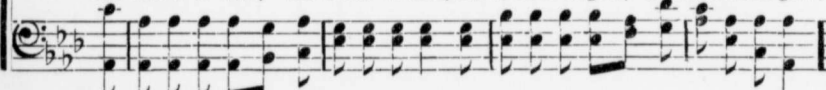
wil-ling - ly gave, And he is a-b-undant - ly a - ble to save.  
 giveness shall crave, Since he is so read - y and wil-ling to save.  
 sin-ners he gave, And now he stands read - y to par-don and save.  
 liv'rance shalt have, For Je-sus is read - y to par-don and save.



## CHORUS.



The sin - - ner to save . . . his life - blood he gave; . . .  
 The sinner to save, the sinner to save, his life-blood he gave, his life-blood he gave;




He's a - - ble and wil - - ling to par - don and save.  
 He's a - ble and willing, he's a - ble and willing to pardon, yes, pardon and save



# CALVARY.

78

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."  
 Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD. Luke xxiii. 33.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my  
 2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour  
 3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cruci - fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for  
 bows his head and dies; The opening veil reveals tho  
 give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.  
 way To heaven's joys and endless day.  
 ny,— In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!—

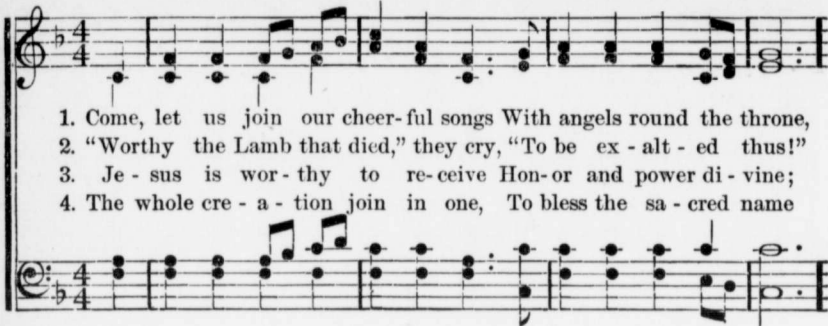
*mf* CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*  
 O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;

*mf* *ff* *mf* *rit.* *p*  
 O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

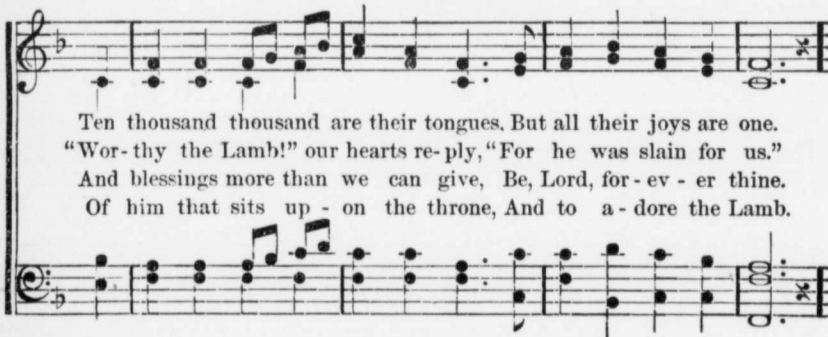
## GLORY TO THE LAMB.

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

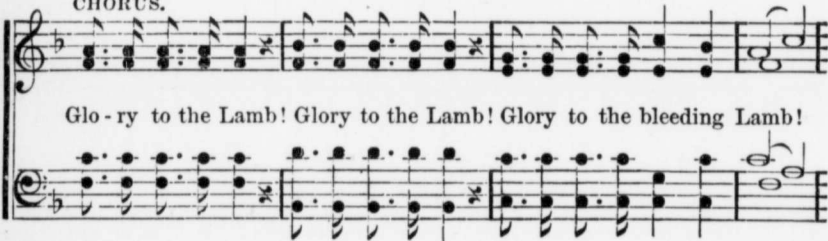


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the throne,  
 2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"  
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and power di - vine;  
 4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name

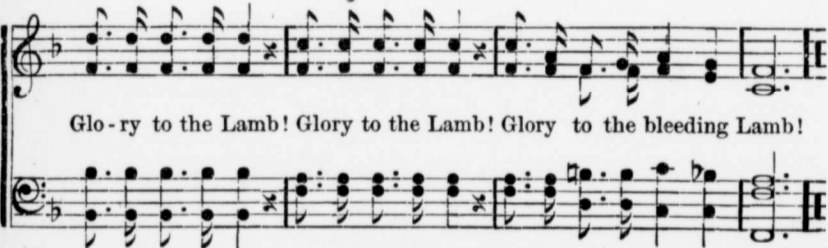


Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.  
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our hearts re - ply, "For he was slain for us."  
 And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.  
 Of him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.

## CHORUS.



Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BUTLER.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. I was once far a - way from the Saviour, And as vile as a  
 2. But there in that lone-ly hour A voice sweetly  
 3. Ful-ly then trusted I in Je - sus, And oh, what a

sin - ner could be; I wonder'd if Christ, the Re-deem-er,  
 whisper'd to me; Say-ing, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath pow-er  
 joy came to me; My heart was filled with praises,

Would save a poor sinner like me. I wandered on in the  
 To save a poor sinner like thee." I listen'd, and lo! 'twas he  
 For he sav'd a poor sinner like me. No long-er in darkness I'm

dark-ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the  
 Sav - iour That was speaking so kind to me: I  
 walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on - me; And

thought fill'd my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.  
 cried, "I'm the chief of sinners, Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me."  
 now un - to others I'm tell - ing How he sav'd a poor sinner like me.

# 81 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

MRS LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;  
 2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest upon his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply taking Life, and rest, and joy and peace.  
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

## REFRAIN.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

*p*  
 Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

By permission.

# ARLINGTON. C.M.

DR. ARNE.

82

- 1 O! for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe!  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt:
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread  
frown  
Nor heeds its scornful smile.  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Or Satan's arts beguile:
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.

83

- 1 Increase our faith, almighty Lord,  
For thou alone canst give  
The faith that takes thee at thy word,  
The faith by which we live.
- 2 Increase our faith, that we may claim  
Each starry promise sure;  
And always triumph in thy name,  
And to the end endure.
- 3 Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,  
That we may not depart  
From thy commands, but all obey  
With free and faithful heart.
- 4 Increase our faith, that never dim  
Or faltering it may be;  
Crowned with the perfect peace of him  
Whose mind is stayed on thee.
- 5 Increase our faith, that unto thee  
More fruit may still abound;  
That in the harvest time may be  
To thy great glory found.
- 6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,  
By thy rich sovereign grace,  
Till, changing faith for vision clear  
We see thee face to face.

84

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus, as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live;"  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright!"  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.—BONAR.

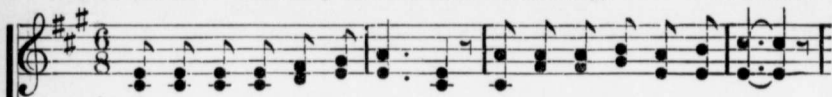
85

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word:  
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord!"
- 3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh, help my unbelief;
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From sins of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into thy hands I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Saviour, and my all.

## MAKE ME A WORKER FOR JESUS

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And every man to his work."—Mark xiii. 34.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earnest and true ;
2. Let me be brave in the con - flict, Read-y to go where he needs,
3. Let me go out to the har - vest, Faithful-ly doing my part,
4. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Trusting him nev-er in vain,



Willing to work for the Mas - ter, What he would have me to do.  
Sowing good seed for the har - vest, Plucking up bri-ars and weeds.  
Gathering sheaves for the glean-ing, Steadfast of purpose and heart.  
Glad if I bind for the Mas - ter Sheaves of God's beautiful grain.



## CHORUS.



Make me a worker for Je - sus, Humble my la-bor may be, But



cheer-ful-ly done for the Mas-ter, Who hath done great things for me.





# NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE. Arr. 87.

Fine.

1 { Now I feel the sa - cred fire. Kindl - ing, flam - ing, glow - ing }  
 2 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing: }  
 2 { Now I am from bondage freed, Ev - ry bond is - riv - en: }  
 Je - sus makes me free in - deed. Just as free as heav - en: }

*D. C.* 1 I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!  
 2 I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

*D. C.*

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive.— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!  
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty— Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

- 3 Let the testimony roll,  
 Roll through every nation;  
 Witnessing from soul to soul,  
 This immense salvation;  
 Now I know it's full and free,  
 Oh! the wondrous story!  
 For I feel it saving me,  
 Glory! glory! glory!
- 4 Glory be to God on high,  
 Glory be to Jesus!  
 He hath brought salvation nigh,  
 From all sin He frees us;

- Let the golden harps of God  
 Ring the wondrous story;  
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,  
 Glory! glory! glory!
- 5 Let the trump of jubilee.  
 The glad tidings thunder;  
 Jesus sets the captives free,  
 Bursts their bonds asunder;  
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,  
 Oh! the wondrous story;  
 This salvation's free to all,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

## 88. *Is my Name Written There?*

- 1 Lord, I care not for riches  
 Neither silver nor gold;  
 I would make sure of heaven,  
 I would enter the fold.  
 In the book of Thy kingdom,  
 With its pages so fair,  
 Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,  
 Is my name written there?
- CHO.—Is my name written there,  
 On the page white and fair?  
 In the book of Thy kingdom,  
 Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
 Like the sands of the sea,  
 But thy blood, O my Saviour,  
 Is sufficient for me;  
 For thy promise is written,  
 In bright letters that glow,  
 "Though your sins be as scarlet,  
 I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
 With its mansion of light,  
 With its glorified beings,  
 In pure garments of white;  
 Where no evil thing cometh  
 To dispoil what is fair;  
 Where the angels are watching—  
 Is my name written there?

## ALL FOR JESUS!

MARY D. JAMES.

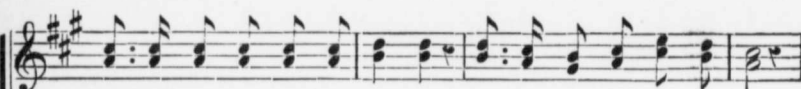
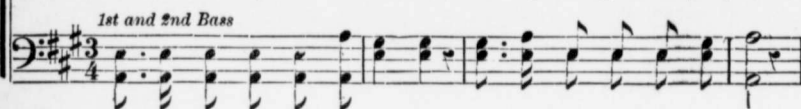
FOR MALE VOICES.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

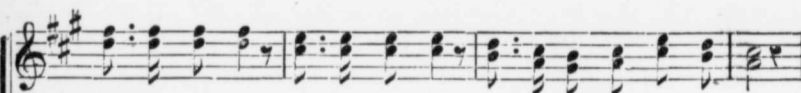
ARA HULL.



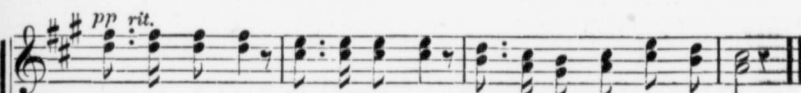
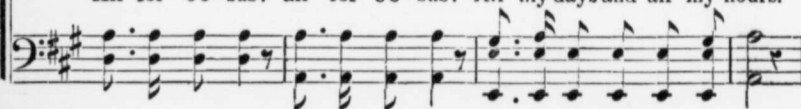
1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;



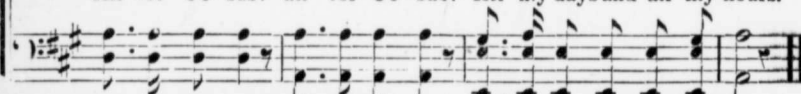
All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours,



All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.



All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Let my hands perform his bidding;<br/>Let my feet run in his ways;<br/>Let my eyes see Jesus only;<br/>Let my lips speak forth his praise.<br/>All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>Let my lips speak forth his praise.</p> | <p>4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,<br/>I've lost sight of all beside,—<br/>So enchained my spirit's vision,<br/>Looking at the crucified.<br/>All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>All for Jesus crucified!</p>     |
| <p>3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,<br/>Cling to gilded toys of dust,<br/>Boast of wealth, and fame, and plea—<br/>Only Jesus will I trust. [sure:<br/>Only Jesus! only Jesus!<br/>Only Jesus will I trust.</p>       | <p>5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!<br/>Jesus, glorious King of kings,<br/>Deigns to call me his beloved,<br/>Lets me rest beneath his wings.<br/>All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>Resting now beneath his wings.</p> |

By permission.

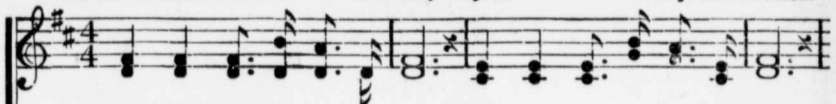
# ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

90

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Chorus by W. J. K.

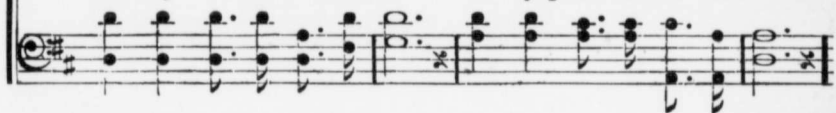
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise,



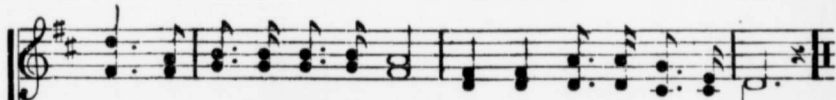
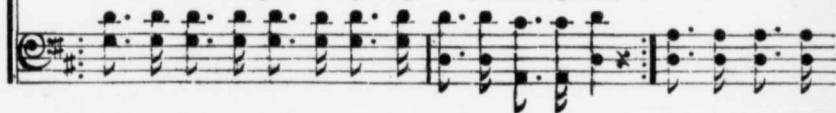
Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.



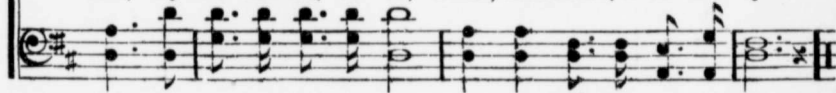
## CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood,  
 Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood, } Lord, I give to



thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Take my will, and make it thine;<br/>                 It shall be no longer mine;<br/>                 Take my heart.—it is thine own,—<br/>                 It shall be thy royal throne.</p> | <p>6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour<br/>                 At thy feet its treasure-store!<br/>                 Take myself, and I will be<br/>                 Ever, only, all for thee!</p> |
|---|--|

## AT THE CROSS.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;  
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;  
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed - ing side;  
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.  
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.  
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.  
 For - ev - er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by

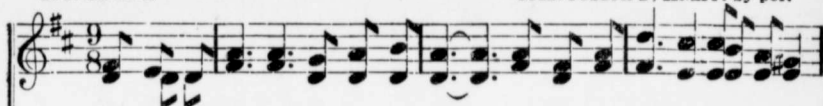
faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day!

# Blessed Assurance.

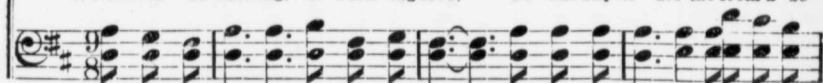
92

F. J. CROSBY.

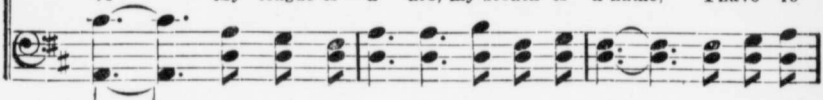
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.



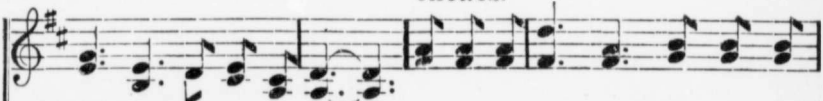
1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glory di-  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ion of ra-ture now burst on my  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at-rest, I in my Sav-ior am happy and  
 4. Per-fect sal-va-tion, I am made clean, Je-sus my Sav-ior has washed me from  
 5. Per-fect an-oint-ing, O burn-ing love, Je-sus bap-ti-zes me from a-bo-



vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of his  
 sight. An-gels de-scend-ing, bright from a-bove, Ech-oes of  
 blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove. Filled with his  
 sin, Pur-ged all my idols, with His own blood. Sealed by the  
 ve My tongue is a fire, my breath is a flame, I have re-



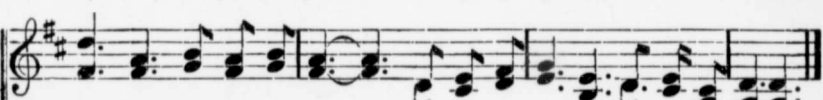
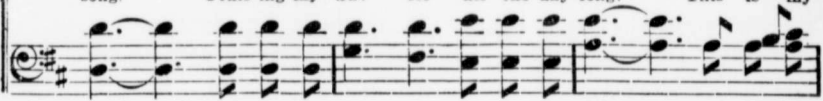
## CHORUS.



Spir-it, washed in his blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
 good-ness, lost in his love.  
 Spir-it. Glo-ry to God.  
 ceived it, Bless His dear name.



song. Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long: This is my



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



## O 'TIS COMING.

R. C. H. and B. B.

Music by BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. Have you heard of the Ho-ly fire? That Je-sus said would come;

Which was re-ceived by those who prayed While in the upp-er room.

## CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis com-ing, Oh, 'tis com-ing, The Pow'r of the Ho-ly Ghost,

Oh, 'tis com-ing, my soul re-fin-ing, The fire of the Ho-ly Ghost.

2 The Holy Ghost like rushing wind,  
Came on the Holy few;  
With breath of flame and tongue of fire,  
Who waited for their due.

3 Have you received the Holy Power?  
'Twill fall from Heaven on you;  
From Jesus' Throne, this very hour  
'Twill make you brave and true.

4 Are you baptized with Holy fire,  
To work and fight and win;

Your soul enflam'd, your mind inspir'd,  
To go and conquer sin.

5 Come now receive the Holy pow'r,  
'Twill fit you for the fight;  
And make of you a mighty pow'r,  
To put your foes to flight.

6 Oh, now receive the Holy Ghost,  
He'll fill you with the fire;  
To burn and shine and move the host,  
Your soul for more aspire.

MARY D. JAMES.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus I give to thee, A  
2. O Je - sus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I

con - se - cra - ted off - ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.  
look for thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.

## CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm now baptized with fire,

*rit.*  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, I'm now baptized with fire.

3 Oh, let the fire within me,  
Just now go through my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And burn and make me whole.

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by the precious blood;  
I'm now sealed by thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

By permission.

R. C. H.

J. WADELLE.

1. My body I give to Je - sus, My soul, with all its pow'rs, My  
2. My talents, time and serv - ice, Saviour, I bring to thee; A

spir - it to be hum - bled, My mind, mo - ments and hours.  
free and will - ing offer - ing, Thine, on - ly thine to be.

## CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm bur - ning in the fire,

Melt - ing, moulding, flam - ing, I'm burning in the fire.  
Melt - ing, moulding, flaming, in the fire.

3 Oh, let me suffer with thee,  
My heavenly Father's will;  
Dear Jesus, now baptize me  
With fire, the word fulfil.

4 The altar now is flaming,  
My foes are suffering loss;  
I'm purified as silver,  
As gold is from the dross.

5 Pure is my every fibre,  
Whiter than driven snow;  
The fire is burning brighter,  
My visions clearer grow.

6 I'm living on the altar,  
My love is never cold;  
When fighting is required,  
I've pow'r which is untold.



JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for  
2. Dear Je - sus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev' - ry  
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and whatev - er I

*Soli.* *CHORUS.*  
foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,  
know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly<br/>entreat;<br/>I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified<br/>feet,<br/>By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy<br/>blood flow—<br/>Now wash me, and I shall be whiter<br/>than snow.</p> | <p>4 The blessing by faith, I receive from<br/>above;<br/>Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect<br/>in love;<br/>My prayer has prevailed, and this<br/>moment I know,<br/>The blood is applied, I am whiter<br/>than snow.</p> |
|---|---|

By permission.

## CONSECRATE ME NOW.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Con - se - crate me now, Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, thine a - lone, and

thine for - ev - er, Lord, I would be; Pur - i - fy my heart, all its dross

*D.S.*—Con - se - crate me now, Je - sus, my

re - moving, Let thine own E - ter - nal spir - it dwell with me.

Re - deem - er, All I have is on the al - tar, all is thine.

*CHORUS.* O, my Saviour, come and bless me, Come in the fulness of love di - vine;

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Nearer would I live; nearer, every moment,<br>Let my faith with cloudless vision mount up to thee;<br>Passive in thy hand, by thy will directed,<br>Still in perfect calm submission hold thou me. | 3 When my work is done, when its cares are over,<br>When the gates of yonder city joyful I see,<br>Then before the throne, shouting hallelujah.<br>I will give the praise and glory, Lord, to thee. |
|--|---|

By permission.

## DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. A. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me  
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By thy pow'r of grace divine ;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.

## CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died ;  
nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour<br/>That before thy throne I spend,<br/>When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,<br/>I commune as friend with friend.</p> | <p>4 There are depths of love that I can not know<br/>Till I cross the narrow sea,<br/>There are heights of joy that I may not reach<br/>Till I rest in peace with thee.</p> |
|--|--|

By permission.

## I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his ho-ly  
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to  
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day In the  
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the  
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a happy home In the  
 word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die, In the

## CHORUS.

vineyard of the Lord.  
 kingdom of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the  
 kingdom of the Lord.  
 kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

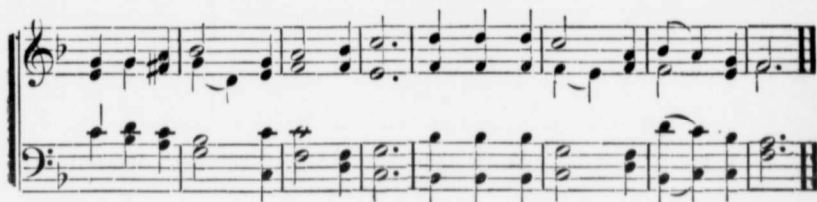
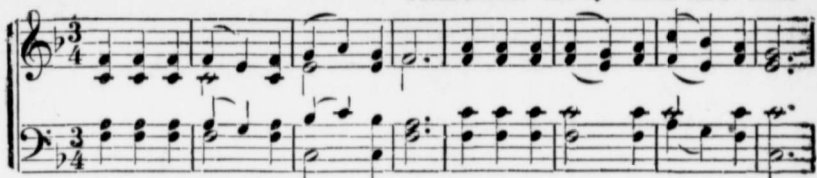
vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

By permission.

# HURSLEY. L.M.

FRYER RITTER. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY HOWE.



## 100

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine would I be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God:  
Thee, Lord and Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

## 101

*For lowliness and purity.*

- 1 Jesus, in whom, the Godhead's rays  
Beam forth with mildest majesty;  
I see Thee full of truth and grace,  
And come for all I want to Thee.
- 2 Save me from pride—the plague expel  
Jesus, thine humble self impart:  
O let thy mind within me dwell;  
O give me lowliness of heart.
- 3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;  
Thy spotless purity bestow:  
Touch me, and make the leper clean;  
Wash me, and I am white as snow.
- 4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood  
And all thy gentleness is mine;  
And plunge me in the purple flood,  
Till all I am is lost in thine.

## 102

- 1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above!  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace,  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on thee!
- 3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares, adieu!
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,  
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,  
To Christ alone resolved to live.

## 103

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy counsels and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 To Christ my Saviour I would live,  
To him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, his saving power.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Tune, PARK STREET. L. M.

1., Lo! round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less  
myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in  
garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
But now from all their labors rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;  
They sing the triumph of his grace;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life!

## 105

## Now to the Lord.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:  
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

—ISAAC WATTS.

## 106 Soon may the last glad song.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,  
Through all the millions of the skies;  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee; [be  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
Till not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

# O GLORIOUS HOPE

107

C. WESLEY

Tune,  
• WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

1. O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things above. It bears on eagles wings;

It gives my ravished soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast With Jesus' [priests and kings].

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below:  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest; [ness,  
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness!

## 108 Come on, my Partners.

- 1 Come on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear  
And by his side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

- 5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see;  
The beatific sight [praise,  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light. —C. WESLEY.

## 109

### Welcome, Delightful Morn.

- 1 Welcome, delightful morn,  
Thou day of sacred rest,  
We hail thy kind return,  
Lord, make these moments blest;  
From the low train of mortal toys  
We soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace,

- Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face:  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove!  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours;  
Then shall our souls new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

## Oh, For A Perfect Heart.

Avon. C.M.

1. Oh, for a per - fect heart my God, From in - bred sin set free. A  
heart made pure in Je - sus blood So ful - ly shed for me.

2 A heart in thought desire and word,  
All pure and free from sin ;  
A perfect copy of my Lord,  
Who dwells and reigns within.

3 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,  
That will not faithless prove ;  
Perfect and right in love and zeal  
The image of thy love.

4 Oh, melt my heart refine its dross,  
The depth of sin remove ;  
Slay my affections on the cross  
And perfect me in love.

5 Oh, stamp thine image on my heart  
The perfect likeness seal ;  
Thy meek and lovely mind impart  
The Holy Ghost reveal.

## 111 C. M.

1 Into a world of ruffians sent,  
I walk on hostile ground ;  
While human hearts on slaughter bent,  
And ravening wolves, surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,  
In some unguarded hour ;  
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,  
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find  
The enemy within  
The evil heart the carnal mind,  
Mine own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits  
To render me secure,  
And all my paths with ease besets,  
To make my ruin sure.

5 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that grace unknown,  
The hidden manna and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.

## 112 C. M.

1 Jesus my Lord I cry to thee  
Against the spirit unclean ;  
I want a constant liberty,  
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,  
By love's almighty power ;  
Now, now command him to depart,  
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,  
Jesus, in me display ;  
The life of nature from this hour,  
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise  
My soul with saints above,  
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,  
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess ;  
This moment I receive  
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,  
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,  
On me thy Spirit pour ;  
And bless me, who believe thy word,  
With that last glorious shower.

## 113 C. M.

1 Jesus my life, appear within,  
And bruise the Serpent's head ;  
Enter my soul, exterminate sin,  
Cast out the cursed seed.

2 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord ?  
Would I not die this hour ?  
Then speak the killing quick'ning words ;  
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

3 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,  
With thy dead men arise ;  
Awake, and sing out of the dust,  
Soon as this nature dies.

4 O let it now make haste to die,  
The mortal wound receive !  
So shall I live ; and yet not I,  
But Christ in me shall live.

5 Be it according to thy word !  
This moment let it be !  
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,  
I find again in thee.



Rev. F. C. BAKER.

E. F. MILLER.

1. I knew that God in his word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can  
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sunshine,  
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lor., Is there not pow'r in

all be broken, The heart held cap-tive yet be free,  
clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sin-ning, then re-pent-ing,  
Je-sus' blood To make in me a per-fect cure?

## CHORUS.

Lord, is this blessing not for me? The blood, the blood is  
Now, I'm stubborn, then re-lenting,  
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?

all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me; The

blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me.

4 Oh, yes, my love will take you in,  
The blood will cleanse you from all sin,  
Will wash away your guilty stains,  
And cleanse, till not one spot remains.

5 And there I stand this very hour,  
Kept by Almighty keeping power,  
Temptations come, the blood's my plea  
The precious blood now cleanses me.

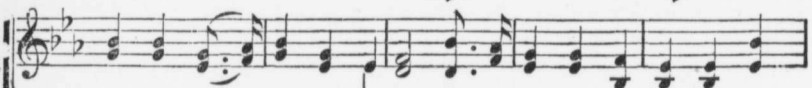
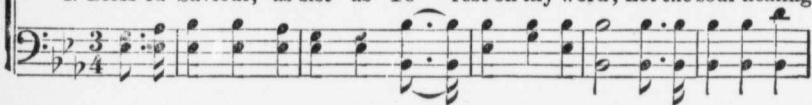
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W. J. K.

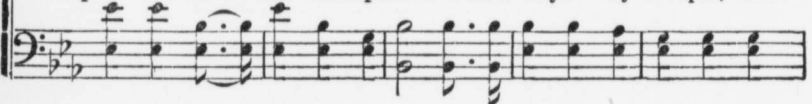
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



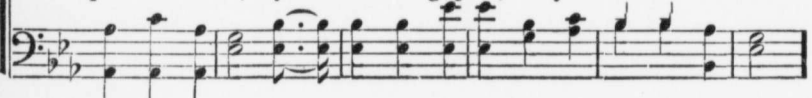
1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour Whose mer - ci - ful call Free-ly of-fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'rd by your sin, While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing



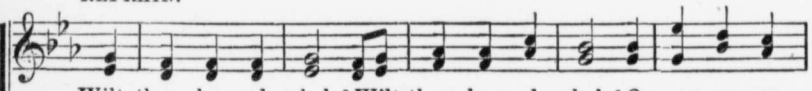
wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the sufferer Who  
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each  
troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To  
pow - er On us now be outpour'd: Wash a-way ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take



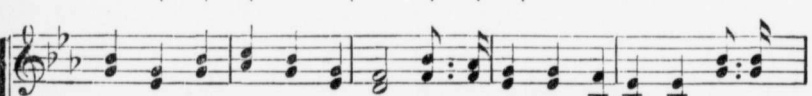
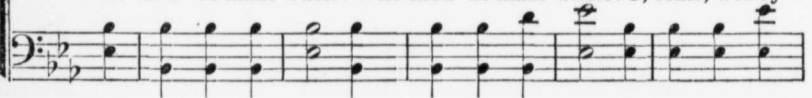
lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
sin-taint - ed soul, And lov-ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
strengthen your soul, He is earnestly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
per-fect control, Say to each trust-ing spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."



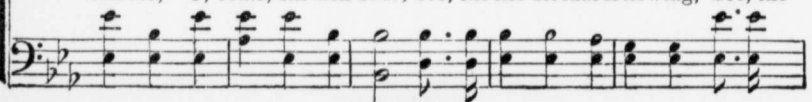
## REFRAIN.



Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O, come, wea-ry



suffrer, O, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See, the



By permission.

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?—Continued.

cleansing waves roll: Step in - to the current and thou shalt be whole.

116 GLORY TO HIS NAME!

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Ps. 63:4.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from  
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je - sus so sweetly a-

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to his name.  
bides within, Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean; Glory to his name.

*D.S.*—Now to my heart is the blood applied, Glo - ry to his name.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from<br/>sin,<br/>I am so glad I have entered in,<br/>There Jesus saves me, and keeps me<br/>clean,<br/>Glory to his name.</p> | <p>4 Come to this fountain, so rich and<br/>sweet,<br/>Humble your soul at the Saviour's<br/>feet;<br/>Plunge in to-day, and be made com-<br/>plete,<br/>Glory to his name.</p> |
|--|---|

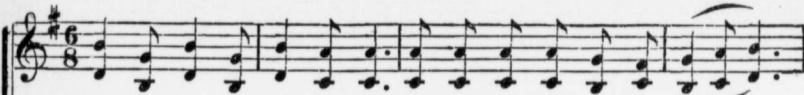
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# 117 WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

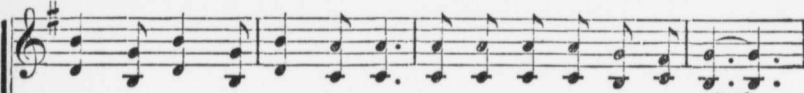
E. O. E.

Rev. 1:5.

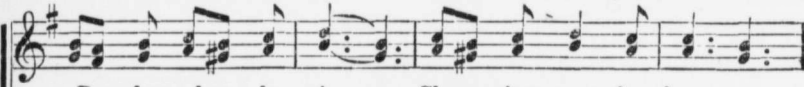
E. O. EXCELL.



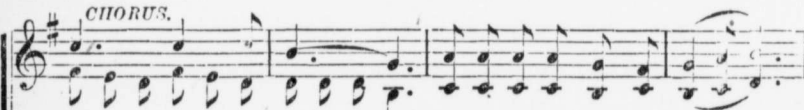
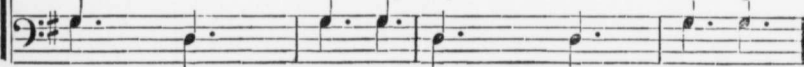
1. List, the Spirit calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sinner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?



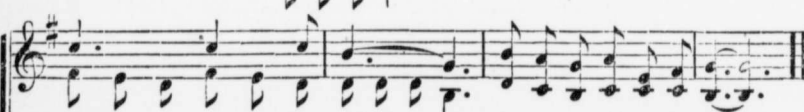
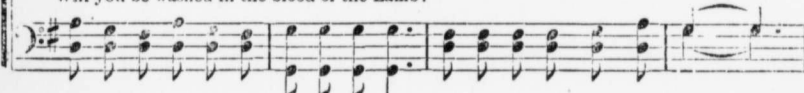
Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 'Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?  
 Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?



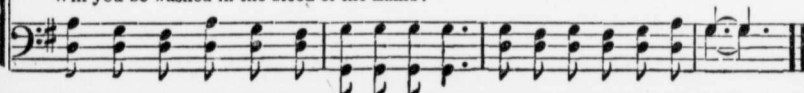
Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en.  
 Claim Him as your Saviour, He can save for - ev - er.  
 You can know this hour, Of His dy - ing pow - er.  
 Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sounding.



*CHORUS.*  
 Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



Will you be washed, . . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



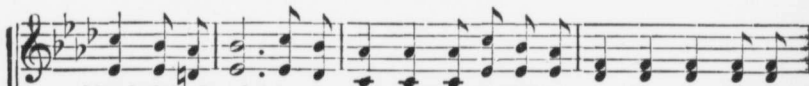
# 118 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

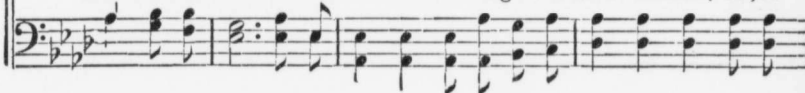
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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 cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be washed in the



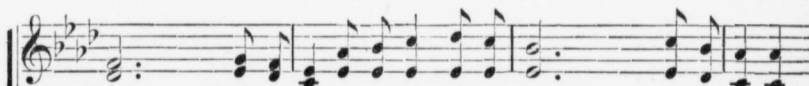
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you  
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you  
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be  
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be



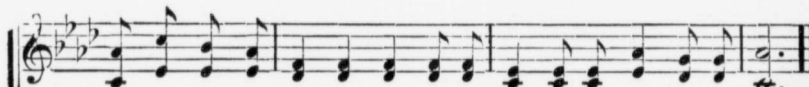
## CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the  
Are you washed



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



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



## JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

"The washing of regeneration."—Tit. 3:5.

FANNY J. CROSBY

R. LOWRY.

1. Just from the fountain—and now we can sing, Happy, O happy in  
 2. Just from the fountain—'twas sweet to be there, Saved through the merits of  
 3. Just from the fountain of mercy are we, Happy, O happy in

Je - sus! Just from the brink of the life - giv - ing spring,  
 Je - sus; Ask - ing the aid of His Spir - it in prayer.  
 Je - sus! Sin - ner, the foun - tain is flow - ing for thee,

## REFRAIN.

Happy, O hap - py in Je - sus!  
 Hold - ing com - mun - ion with Je - sus. Gone is our bur - den, He  
 Come and be hap - py in Je - sus.

rolled it a - way O - pened our eyes to the light of the day;

Now in the fullness of joy we can say, Happy, O happy in Je - sus.

By permission.

W. COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,  
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoic'd to see, rejoic'd to see, rejoic'd to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain, fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.  
The dy - ing thief rejoic'd to see That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

## CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain! Here will I stay,

And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Thou dying Lamb,   : thy precious<br/>blood:   <br/>Shall never lose its power,<br/>Till all the ransomed   : Church of<br/>God:   <br/>Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith   : I saw the<br/>stream:   <br/>Thy flowing wounds supply,<br/>Redeeming love   : has been my<br/>theme,   <br/>And shall be till I die.</p> |
|---|--|

By permission.

TOPLADY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, precious blood, oh, glorious death, By which the sin-ner lives!  
2. The blood that purchased our release Now washes out our stains;

When stung with sin, this blood we view, And all our joy re - vives.  
Our scar - let crimes are made as wool, No spot of sin re - mains.

## CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God, the precious blood! I feel its sav - ing power;

By faith I keep beneath its flood—It cleanseth ev' - ry hour.

- 3 The blood that makes his glorious Church  
From every blemish free,  
And oh the riches of his love,  
He poured it out for me.
- 4 Guilty and worthless as I was,  
It all for me was given;  
And boldness through that blood I  
have  
To enter into heaven.

By permission.



W. J. K.

W. J. KIMPAERICK.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's; Jesus, my Saviour, sal-  
 2. Saved to the uttermost: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safely, he  
 3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say: "Once all was darkness, but  
 4. Saved to the uttermost: cheer - fully sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to

vation affords; Gives me his Spirit a witness with - in,  
 casteth out fear; Trusting his prom - is - es, how I am blest!  
 now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,  
 Je - sus my King! Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood,

## REFRAIN.

Whispering of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Saved, saved,  
 Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest!  
 Je - sus in brightness revealed un - to me.  
 Cleansed from un - righteous - ness, glo - ry to God.

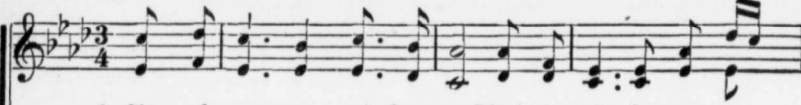
saved to the uttermost: Saved, saved, by power divine; Saved, saved, I'm

saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine!

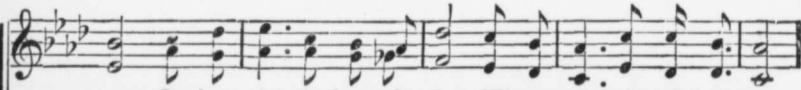
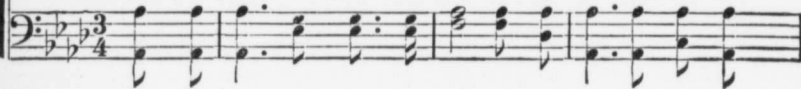
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H. H. BOOTH.

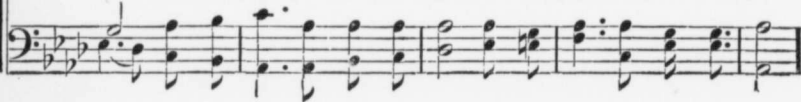
H. H. BOOTH.



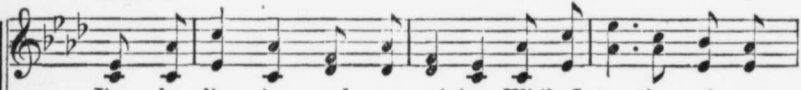
1. Sins of years are washed away, Blackest stains become as
2. Doubts and fears are borne along, On the cur - rent's ceaseless
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless earth's delight and
4. Sel - fish - ness is lost in love, Love for him whose love you
5. Fight - ing is a great delight, Nev - er will you fear the



snow; Darkest night is changed to day, When you to the ri - ver go.  
 flow; Sorrow changes in - to song, When you to the ri - ver go.  
 show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the ri - ver go.  
 know; All your treasure is above, When you to the ri - ver go.  
 foe; Armed by King Jehovah's might, When you to the ri - ver go.



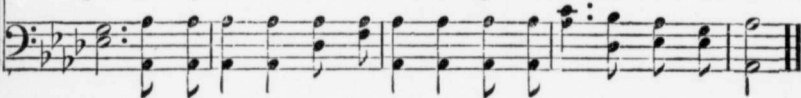
## CHORUS.



I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the ri - ver



go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.



CARRIE M. WILSON.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

1. In the bright and shining way we are marching onward still,  
 2. We are one in Christ, the Lord, and a - bid - ing in his love,  
 3. We can read our ti - tie clear to a man - sion in the sky,  
 4. We are trust - ing in his grace, we will trust him ev - er - more,

Liv - ing in a full sal - va - tion; We are giv - ing up our all to the  
 Liv - ing in a full sal - va - tion; We are looking for a home with the  
 Liv - ing in a full sal - va - tion; We shall gather with the Lord in his  
 Liv - ing in a full sal - va - tion; Oh, the song that we shall sing when we

*D.S.*—E - den here be - low, when such  
*Fine.*

Blessed Master's will, And we praise him for a full sal - va - tion.  
 hap - py ones a - bove, There to praise him for a full sal - va - tion.  
 kingdom by - and - by, There to praise him for a full sal - va - tion.  
 reach the oth - er shore, There to praise him for a full sal - va - tion.

per - fect peace we know, Hal - le - lu - jah! for a full sal - va - tion.

## CHORUS

Full sal - va - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!

Full sal - va - tion through his pre - cious blood we claim: What an

*By permission.*

# 125 HE SAVES ME THROUGH AND THROUGH.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. The blood that Je - sus shed for me When groaning, dying on the tree,  
2. In per - fect trust I now re - sign My all to him whose will is mine;  
3. No angel tongue such praise can bring, Nor learn the song that now I sing  
4. I know not what my joy will be, When face to face my Lord I see,

From all transgression cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.  
He fills my soul with love di - vine, And saves me through and through.  
To him, my Prophet, Priest and King, Who saves me through and through.  
But this I know, he cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.

## CHORUS.

Sav'd, sav'd, yes, I am sav'd, My heart is cre - a - ted a - new ;

The blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.

By permission.

# 126 I AM COMING TO JESUS FOR REST.

S. F. BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. I am coming to Je - sus for rest, Rest, such as the  
 2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weakness and  
 3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev'ry treasure and

pur - i - fied know; My soul is a - thirst to be blest, To be  
 pov - er - ty show; I long to be saved ev - er - more, To be  
 i - dol I know; For his ful - ness of bless - ing I call, Till his

## CHORUS.

washed and made whiter than snow. I believe Je - sus  
 washed and made whiter than snow.  
 blood washes whiter than snow. Je - sus saves, I be -

saves, And his blood washes whiter than snow; I be -  
 lieve Jesus saves, Jesus saves,

*In the repeat dim. gradually to the end.*

lieve Je - sus saves, And his blood washes whiter than snow.  
 Jesus saves, I believe Jesus saves,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,<br/>             Trusting now his salvation to<br/>             know;<br/>             And his blood does so fully atone,<br/>             I am washed and made whiter than<br/>             snow.</p> | <p>5 My heart is in raptures of love,<br/>             Love, such as the ransom'd ones know;<br/>             I am strengthened with might from<br/>             above,<br/>             I am washed and made whiter than<br/>             snow.</p> |
|---|--|

From *Winnowed Hymns*. By permission.

S. MARTIN.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

1. I am saved, yes, I'm saved! Praise the Lord, O my soul, I have found his sal-  
 2. I have laid down my heart at the foot of the cross, Where by faith my Re-  
 3. I am saved by his grace, I am saved by his love, Thro' the blood he has  
 4. There is room at the fount, at the life-giving fount, There is room, weary

va-tion so free; I am washed in his blood, I have plunged in its flood:  
 deemer I see; I will shout, for I must, Halle-lu-jah to God!  
 offered so free; And with joy I can sing, to the cross whi'e I cling,  
 wand'rer, for thee; Now the bliss that is mine may this moment be thine

## CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanseth me (cleanseth me). I'm believing and re-

ceiv-ing—yes, I'm trusting in the Lord, For I know the blood of

Jesus cleans-eth me; I'm be-liev-ing and re- ceiv-ing, yes, I'm

## BELIEVING AND RECEIVING—Continued.

trusting in the Lord, For the blood of Jesus cleanseth me (cleanseth me).

128

## SINCE I'VE TRUSTED HIM.

A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Once I tho't I walked with Jesus, Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. But He called me closer to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
3. Now, I'm trusting every moment, Nothing less can be e - nough;

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad,  
And when I had ful - ly yielded, Filled my soul with perfect peace.  
And the Saviour bears me gently O'er those places once so rough.

### CHORUS.

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives, Peace I nev - er knew be - fore;

And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust Him more.

By permission

# 129 PRAISE FOR A FULL SALVATION.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am ransomed by the blood my Re-deem-er shed for me, When he  
 2. On a fear-tul brink I stood—ev'ry earthly hope had fled—Then I  
 3. With a falt'ring step I came, for my heart was sore oppressed, Now I  
 4. Mourning soul, whoe'er thou art, he is speaking now to thee, Do not

bore my guilt and sin in his bod-y on the tree; I am  
 heard a gen-tle voice; oh, how lov-ing-ly it said, "I was  
 walk with him by faith, leaning sweetly on his breast; Ev'-ry  
 lose an-oth-er hour—to the precious fountain flee—Lay thy

ransomed by the blood that for all is flowing free, Praise the  
 wounded for thy sake, and for thee my blood I shed;" Praise the  
 doubt is swept a-way— I en-joy a per-fect rest—Praise the  
 bur-den at the cross; come, oh, come, re-joice with me, Praise the

## CHORUS.

Lord for a full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry to Je-sus! his mercy I adore;

Glo-ry to Je-sus! who saves me evermore; I will sing it till I



PRAISE FOR A FULL SALVATION—Continued.

die, then proclaim it thro' the sky, Praise the Lord for a full salvation!

130

RESTING AT THE CROSS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour, I had brought my weary soul, Burden'd, faint, and  
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live; "I have died for

CHORUS.

broken hearted, Praying, "Jesus make me whole," Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus,  
 your transgressions, And I freely all forgive."

I am counting all but dross; I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting

I'm resting, I'm resting, I'm resting at the cross.  
 at the cross; I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross.

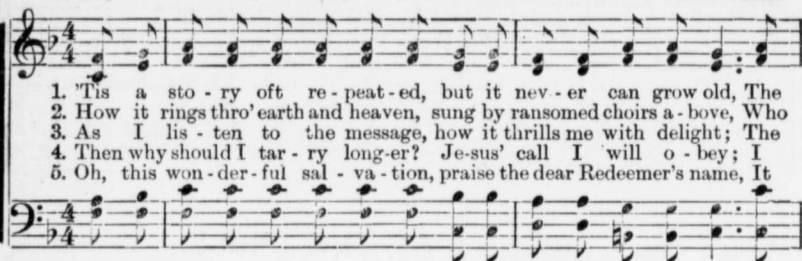
3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,  
 Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
 All my guilt and sin were covered,  
 And he whispered, "Child be whole."

4 At the cross, I'm calmly trusting,  
 Every moment now is sweet:  
 I am tasting of his glory,  
 I am resting at his feet.

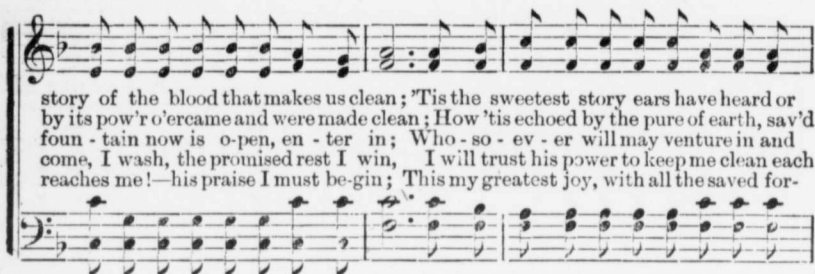
By permission.

"BEULAH."

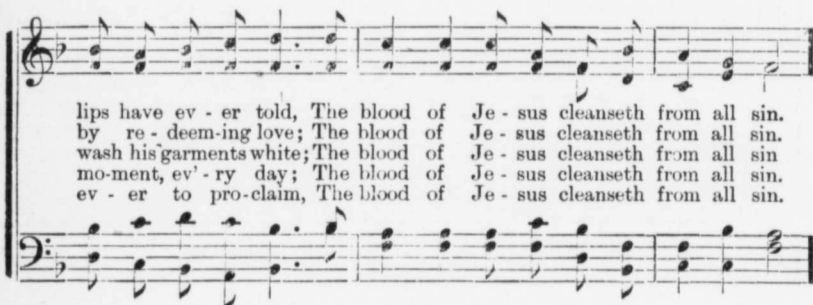
GRACE WEISER.



1. 'Tis a sto - ry oft re - peat - ed, but it nev - er can grow old, The  
 2. How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung by ransomed choirs a - bove, Who  
 3. As I lis - ten to the message, how it thrills me with delight; The  
 4. Then why should I tar - ry long - er? Je - sus' call I 'will o - bey; I  
 5. Oh, this won - der - ful sal - va - tion, praise the dear Redeemer's name, It

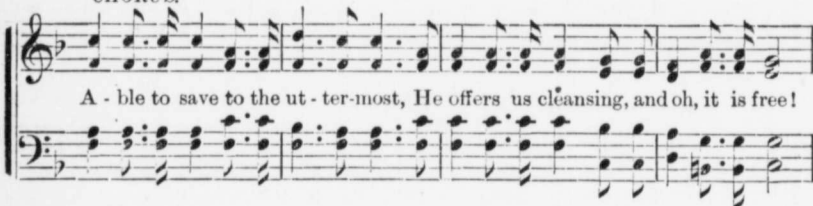


story of the blood that makes us clean; 'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or  
 by its pow'r o'rcame and were made clean; How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd  
 foun - tain now is o - pen, en - ter in; Who - so - ev - er will may venture in and  
 come, I wash, the promised rest I win, I will trust his power to keep me clean each  
 reaches me!—his praise I must be - gin; This my greatest joy, with all the saved for -

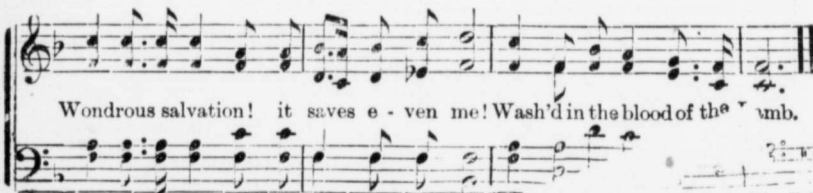


lips have ev - er told, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 by re - deem - ing love; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 wash his garments white; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 moment, ev' - ry day; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.  
 ev - er to pro - claim, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.

## CHORUS.



A - ble to save to the ut - ter - most, He offers us cleansing, and oh, it is free!



Wondrous salvation! it saves e - ven me! Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean ;  
 2. That promise "whoso - ev - er will," Includ-ed me, -- includes me still ;  
 3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd away,"  
 4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away;

Until a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."  
 I came and ev - er since, I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.  
 For in his Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.  
 Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

## CHORUS.

I've wash'd my robes . . . in Jesus' blood, . . . And he has  
 I've wash'd my robes . . . In Jesus' blood,

made . . . them white as snow: I've wash'd my robes . . . in Je-sus'  
 And he has made . . . them white as snow: I've wash'd my robes

blood . . . And he has made . . . them white as snow.  
 in Jesus' blood, . . . And he has made them white as snow, white as snow.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I stand all be-wildered with won-der, And gaze on the ocean of  
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me

love: And o-ver it waves to my spir-it Comes peace, like a heaven-ly  
free; But when I had ceased from my struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto

## REFRAIN.

dove. The cross now cov-ers my sins; The past is un-der the  
me.

blood; I'm trusting in Jesus for all; My will is the will of my God.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 He laid his hand on me and healed<br/>me,<br/>And bade me be every whit whole;<br/>I touched but the hem of his garment,<br/>And glory came thrilling my soul.</p> | <p>3 The Prince of my peace is now pass-<br/>ing,<br/>The light of his face is on me;<br/>But listen, beloved, he speaketh:<br/>"My peace I will give unto thee."</p> |
|---|---|

By permission.

## CLEANSING WAVE.

PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

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

## CHORUS.

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

2 I see the new creation rise;  
I hear the speaking blood!

It speaks! polluted nature dies!  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

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

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

By permission.

## FULL SALVATION.

L. M. R. Changed.

MISS BOOLE. Arranged.

1 Precious Jesus, Thou hast saved me:  
Thine, and only thine, I am;  
Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## CHORUS.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2 Long my yearning heart was trying  
To enjoy this perfect rest,

But I gave all trying over:  
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Consecrated to thy service,  
I will live and die for thee;  
I will witness to thy glory  
Of salvation full and free.

4 Glory to the Lord that bought me!  
Glory to his saving power!  
Glory to the Lord that keeps me!  
Glory, glory evermore!

ALL-ATONING BLOOD.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.

JOHN R. SWENET.

1. O my Saviour, thou hast wash'd me In the all - a - ton - ing blood, Thou hast  
 2. Yes, the Spirit's in - ter - ces - sion Has availed for ev - en me; He has  
 3. Bless-ed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilt - y soul, Thro' the

purchased my re - demp-tion For the her - i - tage of God; And the whisper of thy  
 burst the bars a - sun - der, And has set my spir-it free. Christy Lord shall reign for-  
 roy - al house of Da - vid, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' yoursins may be as

Spir - it Thrills my soul with love di - vine, While the blessed, sweet com-mu-nion  
 ev - er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tok - ens  
 scar - let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his ho - ly name for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

Gives as-sur-ance I am thine. I am wash'd, in the blood,  
 All a long my journey shine. I am washed in the blood,  
 Je - sus' cleansing pow'r I know!

*rit. a tempo.*  
 I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was

137.

3  
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## All-Atoning Blood.

giv'n I was made an heir of heav'n: I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

137.

### Concord. S. M.

HOLDEN, 1725.

1 A - bide and reign in me, Earnest of Heav'n with - in. Oh,  
2 The root and seed of sin, O, Je - sus now re - move, And

Oh, give the per - fect lib - er - ty,  
And make the my heart all clean with - in,  
give the per - fect li - ber - ty, Oh,  
make my heart all clean with - in. And

give the per - fect lib - er - ty. From in - ward fear and sin.  
make my heart all clean with - in, And per - fect - ed in love.

3 This is God's chosen hour;  
My pride and lust consume,  
Let all my being feel thy pow'r,  
My whole heart new become.

4 My inbred hidden sin,  
Remove and fill the place:  
With all the fulness now come in,  
And show thy perfect grace.

5 Then seal me thine abode,  
The Spirit stamp within,  
That I am every whit made whole,  
And saved from inbred sin.

6 I could not ask for more,  
Deny me not in this,  
Then in my soul thy Spirit pour,  
The earnest of my bliss.

138

1 Come Holy Spirit move,  
Convince us deep within,  
And cast out fear by perfect love,  
The root of inbred sin.

2 We groan to be set free,  
From inward slavish fears,  
Oh, cleanse us now, we bow to thee,  
With humble contrite tears.

3 Oh, lead us to the cross  
Where flows the crimson flood,  
And purge us from our sin and dross,  
In the atoning blood.

4 Come now remove the load,  
We feel the burden great,  
And make our souls thine own abode  
Our nature new create.

5 Come now the faith inspire,  
That does the mountain move,  
And fill us with the heavenly fire,  
The joy of perfect love.

6 O, Jesus now we feel,  
Thou dost this moment save,  
The Spirit does apply the seal,  
On all we are and have.

# 139 WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN OF CLEANSING.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. There's a won - der - ful foun - tain of cleansing; All its  
 2. This foun - tain was o - pened for sin - ners, To re -  
 3. Oh! come to this foun - tain of cleansing! Whith - er  
 4. Flow on, oh, ye streams of sal - va - tion! Till the

ful - ness and pow'r we may know; 'Tis the blood, and it cleanses the  
 deem them from sin and its woe; It will clea..se them from all their de -  
 else to be saved can you go? Je - sus says, 'Tho' your sins be as  
 earth and its peo - ple shall know In the blood there is pow - er to

vil - est, And it makes them as white as the snow; 'Tis the  
 file - ment, And will make them as white as the snow; It will  
 scar - let, I will make them as white as the snow; Je - sus  
 cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow; In the

blood, and it cleanses the vil - est, And it makes them as white as the snow.  
 cleanse them from all their de - file - ment, And will make them as white as the snow.  
 says: "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them as white as the snow."  
 blood there is pow - er to cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow.

CHORUS.

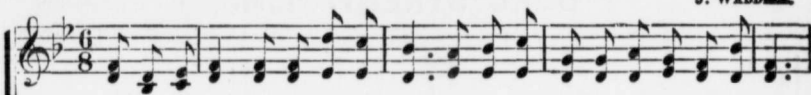
White as snow! can it be so He will make me? make me?  
 make me white as snow? make me white as snow?

*First.* *Second.*

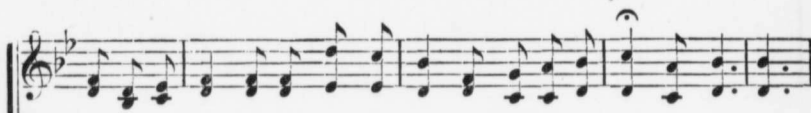


## BENEATH THE CROSS.

J. WADSWORTH.



1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sighing and sorrow to cease,  
 2. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole;  
 3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight, If you want pu - ri - ty, walk in the light,



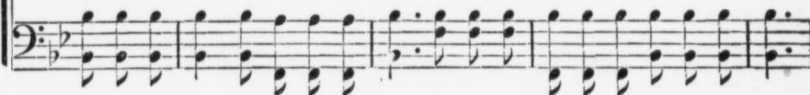
- Look up to Jesus, who died on the tree, To purchase a full sal - va - tion.  
 Wash'd in the blood of the crucified One, En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.  
 If you want liberty, shout and be free, En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.



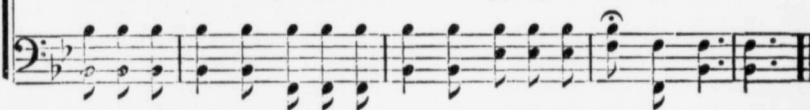
## CHORUS.



- Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth but dross,



- Wash'd in the blood that flow'd from his side, En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.



- 4 If you want holiness, cling to the cross,  
 Counting the riches of earth as dross;  
 Down at his feet you'll be wealthy and wise,  
 Enjoying a full salvation.

- 5 If you want righteousness springing within,  
 Go to the fountain that's open for sin,  
 Soldiers of Jesus be spotless and clean,  
 Enjoying a full salvation.

## DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HAYNES.

### 141 Original Corruption and Actual Sin.

- 1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,  
Corrupts his race and taints us all.
  - 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath.  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
The law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.
  - 3 Behold, we fall before Thy face ;  
Our only refuge is Thy grace ;  
No outward forms can make us clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
  - 4 Jesus, Thy blood, Thy blood alone,  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- ### 142
- 1 O, Thou, who didst redeem our race  
With Thine own blood on Calvary's tree  
And broke the wall that hid Thy face,  
And reconciled the lost to Thee.
  - 2 By grace divine the debt is paid,  
Our sins Thou hast all washed away,  
With Thee we now are crucified ;  
We groan for total death to-day.
  - 3 The promise made the sons of God ;  
The carnal mind Thou wilt destroy,  
And cleanse us in Thy precious blood,  
And fill us with Thy sacred joy.
  - 4 We have been reckoning we are dead,  
Although not fully dead indeed,  
We cannot rest till Thou hast said,  
"From all your sin you now are freed."
  - 5 The word is quick, the truth we feel,  
The sharpness of the two-edged sword,  
We feel the death while here we kneel,  
And rise with our Redeeming Lord.

### 143 Inbred Leprosy.

- 1 Jesus, a word, a look from Thee,  
Can turn my heart and make it clean ;  
Purge out the inbred leprosy,  
And save me from my bosom sin.
  - 2 My heart which now to Thee I raise,  
I know Thou canst this moment cleanse e  
The deepest stains of sin efface,  
And drive the evil spirit hence.
  - 3 O take this heart of stone away !  
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own ;  
In me no longer let it stay ;  
O take away this heart of stone !
  - 4 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,  
Consume our stony hearts within !  
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,  
And dry up all the streams of sin.
  - 5 It's body totally destroy !  
Thyself, 'The God, the Lord' approve  
And fill our hearts with holy joy,  
And fervent zeal and perfect love.
- ### 144
- 1 Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
Through whom we have redemption free,  
We wait to prove Thy faithful word,  
We will confide and trust in Thee.
  - 2 We plead with Thee through thine own blood.  
O cleanse our hearts and set us free,  
And plunge us now beneath the flood,  
That flows for all our race and me.
  - 3 We are the purchase of Thy blood  
That washes whiter than the snow,  
Apply it now, Thou Son of God,  
And make us perfect here below.
  - 4 He cleanses now from inbred sin,  
The Spirit must this moment seal,  
He pours the oil of gladness in,  
We are made whole, we know, we feel.

Rev. W. W. CLARK, D.D.

J. M. WYTHE.

1. O thou great E - ter - nal Three! Send the promised spir - it down,  
 2. Come as in the ancient days, Here the scenes of old re - peat,  
 3. Help to preach thy word with pow'r, Shake the un - be - liev - ing heart,  
 4. While thy people look to thee, Now be - gin thy king - ly reign,

Quick - en now thy church and me, All thy former mercies crown.  
 While to thee our hearts we raise, Bending low - ly at thy feet.  
 Come in this ac - cept - ed hour, Crowns of liv - ing fire im - part.  
 Let us all thy glo - ry see, Par - a - dise re - store a - gain.

## CHORUS.

Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost,

Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost.

By permission.

J. M. W.

J. M. WYTHE.

1. Low at thy feet, O Lord, we bow, Renew our hearts, we pray;  
 2. O drive out ev - 'ry evil thought,—All ten - den - cy to sin;  
 3. We un - der - take thy work in vain, To act we know not how;  
 4. O may that strange, ce - les - tial fire Be - gin to burn this hour;  
 5. O Lord, we give ourselves to thee, For - ev - er to be thine;

O send the Ho - ly Spir - it now, To wash our guilt a - way.  
 This tem - ple which thy blood hath bought, O make it pure with - in.  
 Come Ho - ly Spir - it, come a - gain, And move up - on us now.  
 O may the Ho - ly Ghost in - spire Our hearts with mightypow'r.  
 Up - hold us with thy Spir - it free—Fill us with love divine.

## CHORUS.

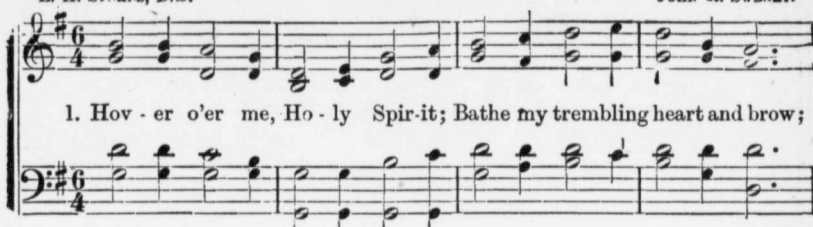
We're wait - ing Lord, we're waiting Lord, waiting for the pow'r,

O send the Ho - ly Spir - it down, down on us just now.

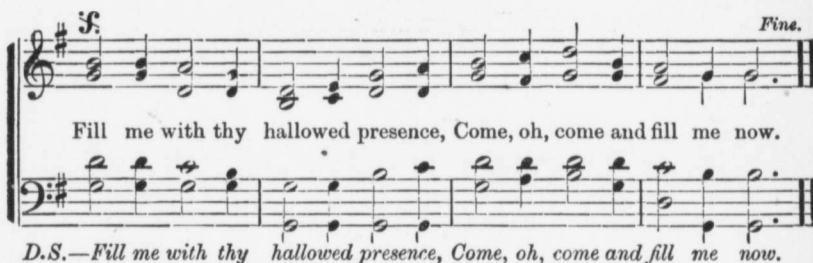
By permission.

E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JOHN R. SWENNY.

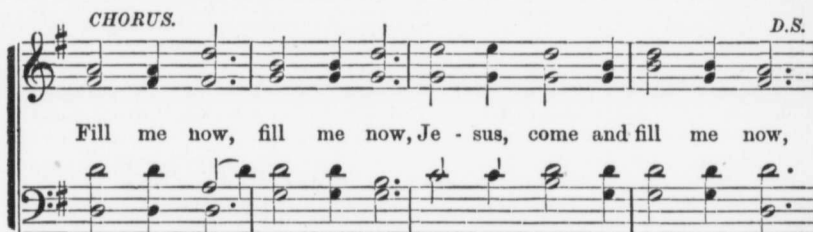


1. Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;



Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

*D.S.*—Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.



*CHORUS.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now, *D.S.*

- 2 Thou can't fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell thee how;  
But I need thee, greatly need thee;  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;  
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and  
brow;  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

- 2 Thirsting for a full salvation,  
At thy feet in tears I bow;  
Come, dethrone my cherished idols!  
Come, oh, come and fill me now!  
Fill me now, fill me now,  
Holy Spirit, fill me now.
- 3 I am waiting for thy blessing,  
Holy Ghost, my soul endow!  
Come, with grace and power in ful-  
ness,  
Come, and save me even now!  
Even now, even now,  
Save me, save me fully now!

## 148

- 1 Breathe upon me, Holy Spirit!  
Touch my trembling heart and brow  
With the living flame of power;  
Oh, descend and fill me now!  
Fill me now, fill me now,  
Oh, descend and fill me now!

- 4 Hallelujah! thou art coming!  
On my trembling heart and brow  
Streams of healing power are fall-  
ing,  
Blessing, cleansing, saving now.  
Saving now, saving now,  
Blessing, cleansing, saving now!

BRIGHTON. 6-8s.

The musical score is written in 2/2 time and consists of three systems. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with various note values and rests, while the bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment primarily using chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the piece concludes with a double bar line.

149

1 Come Holy Ghost the Comforter,  
Sent from the Father and the Son,  
Who did inspire the Ancient Seer,  
And filled with power the upper-  
room,  
Our fathers felt the sacred fire  
And we are burning with desire.

2 Assembled here in perfect love,  
With one accord we wait for power,  
The Holy Ghost sent from above :  
Come and baptise our souls this hour.  
O come and fill with light divine,  
That we may in Thy image shine.

3 We hear the rustle of the wind ;  
We feel the flaming touch of fire ;  
Our thoughts express His holy mind,  
And in His blessed will expire .  
He gives the pow'r of flaming speech,  
The tongue of fire to pray and teach.

4 The sacred fire is burning still,  
Our breath is all a mighty flame.  
We tell the story of His will,  
And give the glory to His name.  
Oh, that His love the world may reach,  
And give to men the power to preach.

150

1 Come Holy Ghost in love and might,  
And crown our heads with sacred fire;  
Clothe us with power and perfect sight,  
Thy only will do we desire.  
Oh, come and breathe the active flame  
And glory bring to Jesus' name.

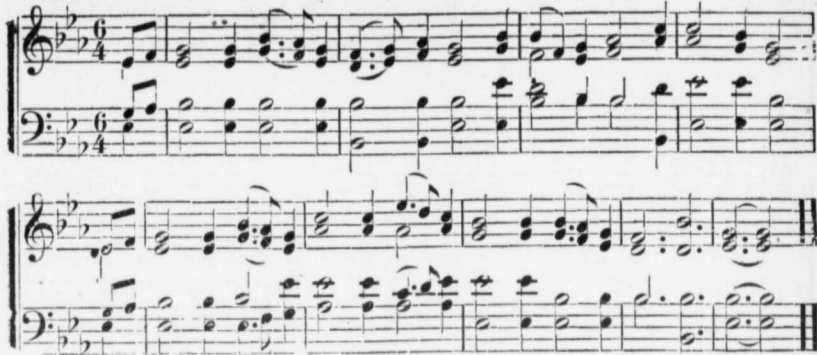
2 The heavens bow in power and love,  
The Pentecostal flame has come,  
With cloven tongues sent from above,  
And makes these temples all His  
home.  
The unction of the Holy One,  
God's precious gift through His dear  
Son.

3 He comes with Pentecostal grace,  
And rests upon our mortal frame,  
Like mighty wind He shakes the place,  
As in the upper-room the same ;  
He makes us bold to speak His word,  
And tell the goodness of our Lord.

4 We have the power to see the lost,  
Our souls within us weep and groan,  
Our prayers are in the Holy Ghost.  
And for their life we sigh and moan.  
We weep and sow the precious seed,  
And men are saved who feel their need.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

WM. BRADBURY.



- 1 O for that flame of living fire,  
Which shone so bright in saints of old,  
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,  
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine?  
Which made Paul's heart in sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy divine.
- 3 That spirit which from age to age,  
Proclaimed Thy love, which taught  
Thy ways?  
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallow'd lays?
- 4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power;  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;  
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;  
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,  
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

152

W. H. B.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us Thy gracious presence feel;  
Kindle in us the sacred fire,  
While at the mercy seat we kneel.
- 2 Continue we with one accord  
To wait in our appointed place,  
We pray, according to Thy word;  
Oh! come great Spirit of all grace.
- 3 The promise is to us and ours,  
The extra gift to weep and sow,  
We wait the Pentecostal powers  
To save the lost while here below.
- 4 Give tongues of fire, and breath of flame  
That we may prophecy of Thee,  
Thou art as yesterday the same,  
Thy gifts, Thyself, alike are free.
- 5 Oh, come with Pentecostal flame,  
And crown our heads with living fire,  
And we will preach and teach the same,  
This, only this, do we desire.

153

- 1 Father, if justly still we claim  
To us and ours the promise made,  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above  
Of holiness the Spirit shower;  
Of wise discernment, humble love,  
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,  
Of power demonstrative impart;  
Such as may every conscience reach,  
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,  
Searching the inmost of the mind,  
To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,  
To break the power of cancelled sin,  
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its  
sway,  
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,  
Which in our hearts thy law may  
write;  
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,  
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

154

- 1 O Spirit of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
Confusion—order, in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with  
might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.

1. Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord;

Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left you in his Word?

I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

Sanc - ti - fy and make you ho - ly; I will dwell and reign within.

- 2 Tho' you have great peace and comfort,  
 Greater things you yet shall find,  
 Freedom from unholy tempers,  
 Freedom from the carnal mind;  
 To procure your full salvation,  
 Jesus suffered, groaned and died,  
 Oh, behold the healing fountain,  
 Gushing from his wounded side.
- 3 Oh, ye tender lambs of Jesus,  
 Hear your heavenly Father's will;  
 Claim your portion, plead his promise,  
 And he surely will fulfil;  
 Pray, and the refining fire,  
 Will come streaming from above,  
 Now believe, and gain the blessing,  
 Full salvation, perfect love.
- 4 Come, my brethren, come, my sisters,  
 Seek, oh, seek this holy state;  
 None but holy ones can enter,  
 Thro' the pure celestial gate;  
 Can you bear the thought of losing  
 All the joys that are above,  
 No, my brother, no, my sister,  
 God will perfect you in love.
- 5 May a mighty sound from heaven,  
 Suddenly come rushing down!  
 Cloven tongues, like as of fire,  
 May they sit on all around.

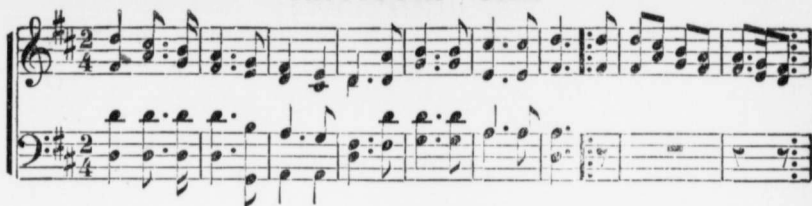
On the soul of each believer,  
 May the Holy Ghost come down:  
 He is coming! He is coming!  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

## 156

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all thy power.  
 We meet with one accord  
 In our appointed place,  
 And wait the promise of our Lord,  
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind  
 Upon the waves beneath,  
 Move with one impulse every mind,  
 One soul, one feeling, breathe.  
 The young, the old, inspire  
 With wisdom from above;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire.  
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore  
 And chase our gloom away,  
 With lustre shining more and more  
 Unto the perfect day.  
 Spirit of Truth, be thou  
 In life and death our guide;  
 O Spirit of adoption, now  
 May we be sanctified.



## ANTIOCH. C.M.



**157**

- 1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make this house thy home;  
Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come!
- 2 Come as the light! to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire! and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew! and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove! and spread thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.
- 6 Come as the wind! with rushing sound  
And Pentecostal grace!  
That all of woman horn may see  
The glory of thy face.

**158**

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 3 And shall we then for ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**159**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, inspire our prayers,  
And breathe upon this clay,  
We're in a flame of pure desires,  
Oh, clothe with fire to-day.
- 2 We all are one in faith and love,  
For men we would do more,  
Oh, give the power, the world to move,  
On us the Spirit pour.
- 3 We plead the promise, "I will pour  
My Spirit on the race;"  
Oh, give the Pentecostal show'r  
The Spirit of all grace.
- 4 We see the masses in their blood,  
Condem'd in sin to die,  
Endue us with the pow'r of God,  
To work, and draw them nigh.
- 5 Oh, save our friends in Adam lost,  
Who wander far from thee;  
Our hearts are bounden for them most,  
Who from the cross do flee.

**160**

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, with light divine,  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
Dispel the darkness from our mind:  
Oh! let there now be light.
- 2 We need celestial fire to shine  
Where darkness is so great,  
And touch men with the fire divine;  
Their hearts anew create.
- 3 Come as the rushing mighty wind,  
Our souls baptize with fire:  
All other thoughts we now rescind,  
Oh, give this one desire.
- 4 The melting touch of flaming fire  
Is now upon our head;  
We have the burning soul desire,  
The pow'r to wake the dead.
- 5 He gives the tongue of fire to preach  
The reconciling word,  
To prophesy, instruct and teach  
Of our redeeming Lord.

## GUIDE.

M. M. WELLS.

D.C.

161

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,  
Let thy light within me shine,  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of eternal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray;  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine;  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine

162

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

163

### PENTECOSTAL POWER:

1. 'Tis the ver - y same pow - er, The ver - y same pow - er; 'Tis the

ver - y same pow - er That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the

pow'r, the pow - er; 'Tis the pow'r that Je - sus promised should come down.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 While with one accord assembled,<br/>All in an upper room,<br/>Came the power, etc.</li> <li>3 With cloven tongues of fire,<br/>And a rushing mighty wind,<br/>Came the power, etc.</li> <li>4 'Twas while they were all praying,<br/>And believing it would come,<br/>Came the power, etc.</li> <li>5 Some thought they were fanatic,<br/>Or were drunken with new wine:<br/>'Twas the power, etc.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6 Three thousand were converted,<br/>And were added to the church,<br/>By the power, etc.</li> <li>7 The martyrs had this power,<br/>As they triumphed in the flames;<br/>'Twas the power, etc.</li> <li>8 Our fathers had this power,<br/>And we may have it too;<br/>'Tis the power, etc.</li> <li>9 'Tis the very same power,<br/>For I feel it in my soul;<br/>'Tis the power, etc.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

REV. W. P. MACKAY.  
*Lively*

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.  
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour,  
and scattered our night.  
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and  
has cleansed ev'ry stain.

## CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Amen. } Revive us again.  
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, [Omit . . . . .] }

## 165

## The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*Cho.*—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;

Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

## 166

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

*Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je-sus laid his crown aside, He came to save me; When on the cross he  
 2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh, praise his name, I  
 3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting him I  
 4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To him my heart looks

CHORUS.

bled and died, He came to save me.  
 know it well, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,  
 fear no ill, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,  
 up and sings, He came to save me.

1st. 2nd.

I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free,  
 I'm so glad that Je - sus came, He (Omit) came to save me.

## I WANT TO GO THERE TOO.

1st. 2nd.

{ I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,  
 { I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to (Omit) go there too.

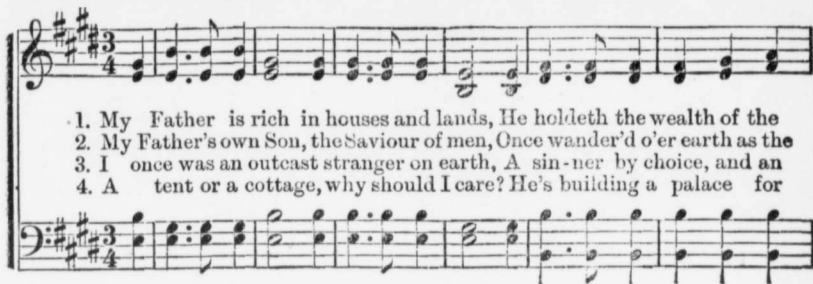
- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

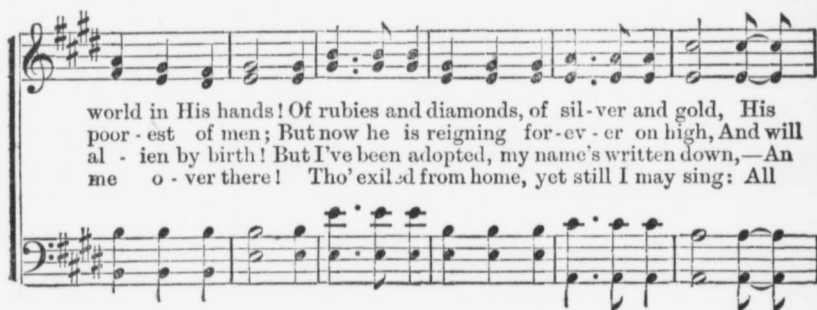
## A CHILD OF THE KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Changed by H. T. C.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER. Arranged.

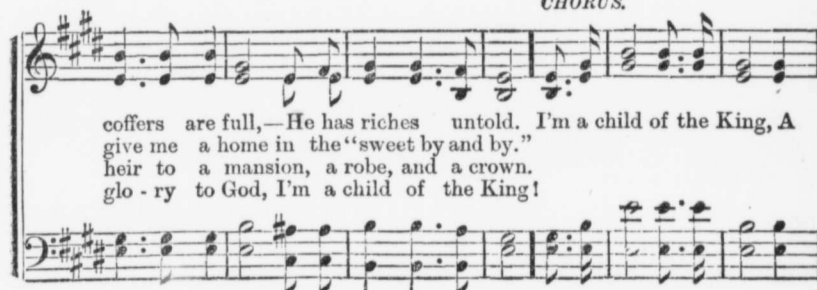


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an  
 4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? He's building a palace for

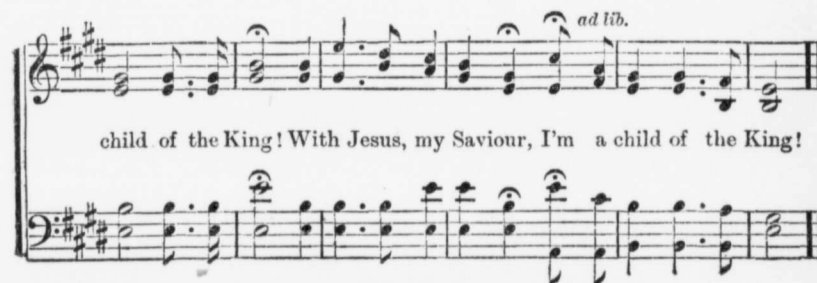


world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of men; But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will  
 al-ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An  
 me o-ver there! Tho' exil-d from home, yet still I may sing: All

## CHORUS.



coffers are full,—He has riches untold. I'm a child of the King, A  
 give me a home in the "sweet by and by."  
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King!

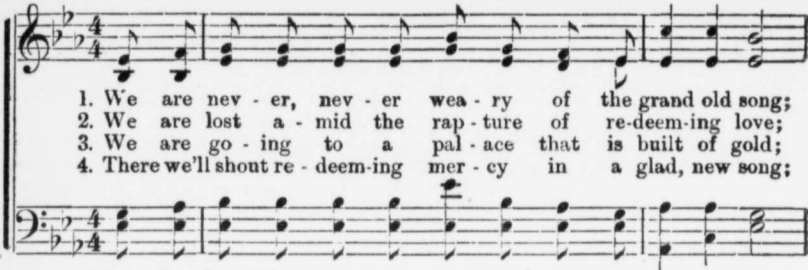


*ad lib.*  
 child of the King! With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

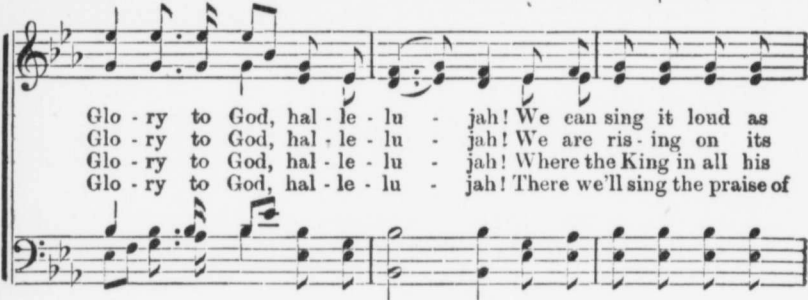
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FANNY J. CROSBY

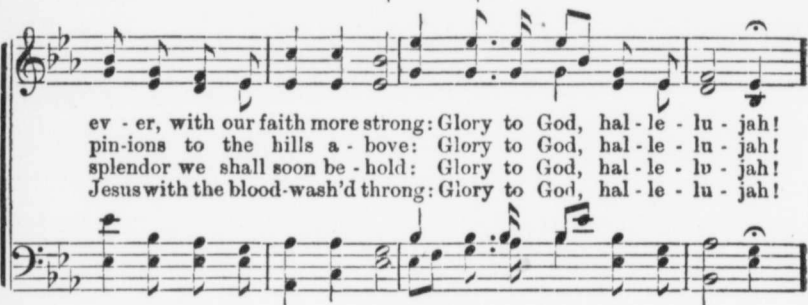
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song;  
 2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love;  
 3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;  
 4. There we'll shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song;

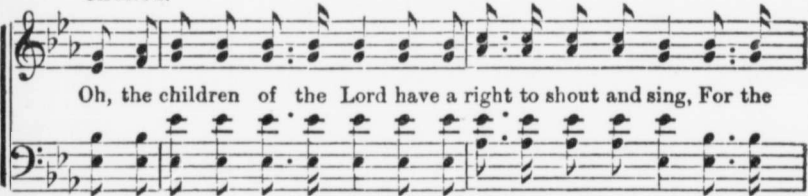


Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all his  
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of

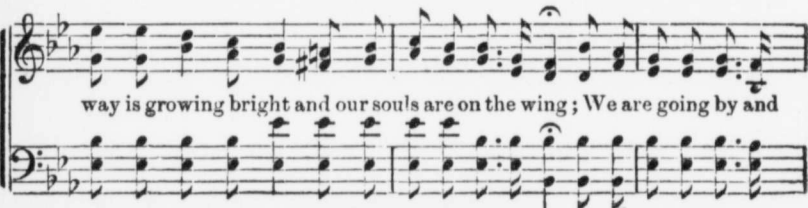


ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glory to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glory to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glory to God, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Jesus with the blood - wash'd throng: Glory to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

## CHORUS.



Oh, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the



way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are going by and

By permission.

## GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!—Continued.

by to the pal - ace of a King! Glory to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

171

## I AM FREE.

E. A. H.

Rev. B. C. OYLER.

1. { Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free, I'm free; }  
 { Christ the word of pow'r has spoken, Un - to me, to me. }  
 2. { Soon as I by faith received him, Fled the night, the night; }  
 { In the mo - ment I be - lieved him, Came the light, the light. }

### CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus died for

me; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am free, I'm free.

3 All the fetters that oppressed me  
 Now are riven, are riven;  
 With his precious love he blessed me,  
 This to me is heaven.

4 I will tell the wondrous story  
 Of his grace and love;  
 He has filled my soul with glory  
 Praise the Lord above!

EDGAR PAGE.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine,  
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we:  
 3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze, Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees  
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melo-dy,

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.  
 He gent-ly leads me by His hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.  
 And flow'rs, that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life forev-er flow.  
 As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

*CHORUS.*

Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shining glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ever-more!

By permission.



## OH, 'TIS WONDERFUL!

I. I. LESLA.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When I was far a-way and lost, Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 2. I once was blind but now I see; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 3. My guilt was all I had to bring; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 4. This great salva - tion all may share; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 5. Come, sinner, now and seek His grace; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!

That I was saved at such a cost! Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Was bound by sin but now am free; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Yet I was made His love to sing; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 Thro' - out the world the message bear; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!  
 And find in Him a resting place; Oh, 'tis wonder - ful!

## CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

That Je - sus gave His life for me! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

By permission.

# 174 I HAVE BEEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN

Arranged by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. I have been at the fountain, at the wonder - ful fountain, Where the  
 2. I am saved, halle - lu - jah! and my heart is rejoic - ing In the  
 3. O what joy and what comfort day by day to' be drinking From the  
 4. On His faithfulness rest - ing, in His great love confid - ing, I can

streams of blessing flow; I have washed my garments in the  
 gra - cious One who died, And who made a - tonement by the  
 depths of love di - vine, And to know that Je - sus, who so  
 feel no earth - ly need; Oh, how sweet the trusting and the

blood of cleans - ing, And am made as white as snow.  
 blood so pre - cious, Flow - ing from His wounded side.  
 ful - ly saves me, Is for - ev - er whol - ly mine!  
 calm re - pos - ing! This is peace and rest in - deed!

*CHORUS.*

Yes, I've been at the fountain, at the life-giving fountain, And, believing, entered in;

I have washed my garments in the blood, hallelujah! And am saved from all my sin.

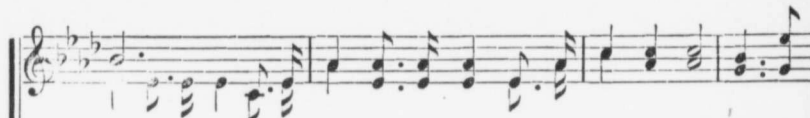
By permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY

JOHN R. SWENNY.



1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hallelujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp, like the shout of old, Hallelujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hallelujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat, Hallelujah! raise his

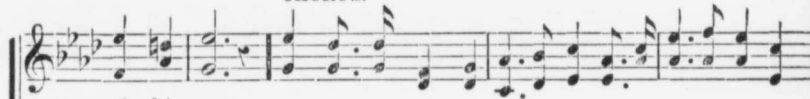


name ; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,  
 name ; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now behold, Praise, oh,  
 name ; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,  
 name ; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,

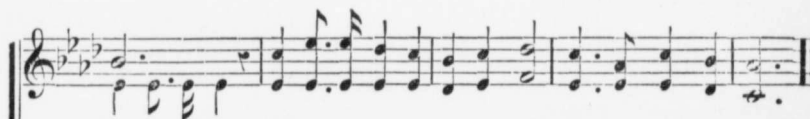
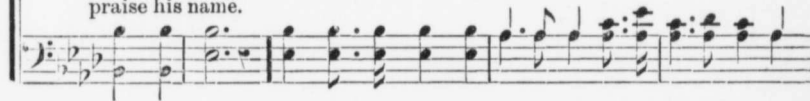


praise his name;

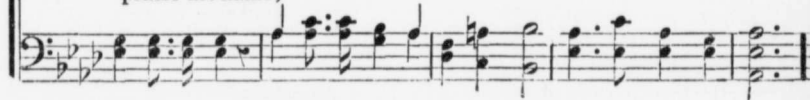
*CHORUS.*



praise his name.  
 praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hallelujah! praise his  
 praise his name.  
 praise his name.



name ; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.  
 praise his name ;



R. C. H.

Adapted by H. T. C.

1. We are hap - py to - day, He has tak - en a - way, All the  
 We re - joice in His love. And are ris - ing a - bove, All the  
*D.C.* - And the light stream - ing down makes the path - way all clear, It is

*First.* sins we have felt for these years,  
*Second.* world and - our doubts and our fears.  
*Fine.* good for us, Lord to be here.

*CHORUS.* *D.C.*  
 It is good to be here, It is good to be here, Thy perfect love drives away fear,

2 Our assurance is bright,  
 In His will we delight.  
 And the Spirit now seals us His own ;  
 All our souls are on fire,  
 And they burn with desire  
 To be made in His image alone.

3 We are thirsting for more,  
 And our hearts we out-pour  
 To be cleansed from all sin by His blood ;  
 We believe Lord in thee,  
 And our hearts will be free,  
 And be filled with the fulness of God.

4 Oh, the pow'r of His love,  
 As it comes from above,  
 To remove all our sin and our fear ;  
 We are filled with the light,  
 And are sav'd by His might,  
 To rejoice in His presence so dear.

177 1 Oh, the fulness of love  
 We receive from above,  
 When He cleanses our souls from all sin,  
 We arise on the wing,  
 And we joyfully sing,  
 All the praises of Jesus our King.

2 We rejoice in the word,  
 Of our Saviour and Lord,  
 Who is gone to prepare us a place ;  
 We are ready to meet,  
 And our Saviour to greet,  
 By the pow'r of His wonderful grace.

3 We are looking for fire,  
 And are full of desire,  
 Oh, that now He may breathe on this clay ;  
 We expect the descent,  
 As He said when we went,  
 He will clothe us with pow'r to-day.

4 He has come with the fire,  
 And the flaming desire,  
 Oh, that all may receive Him this hour ;  
 He will fall upon all,  
 Who on Jesus will call  
 And endure them with Pentecost pow'r.

5 All anointed to preach,  
 We are sent forth to teach,  
 Oh, the sight of the lost, how it moves !  
 We are sowing the seed,  
 To the lost in their need,  
 And rejoice in the pow'r of His love.

# THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1st time.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?  
 'Tis because my bless - ed Je - sus . . . . .

2nd time. CHORUS.

From my sins has ran - somed me. This is why I love my  
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is

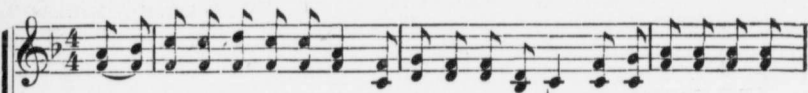
Je - sus, This is why I love him so, He a -  
 why I love him so, This is why I love my Jesus, This is why I love him so, He has

toned for my transgres - sions, He has washed me white as snow, white as snow.  
 pardoned my transgressions, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, He has made  
 me white as snow.

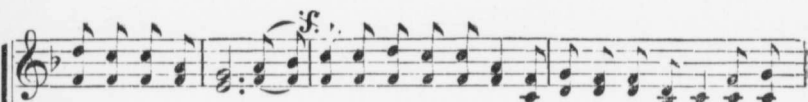
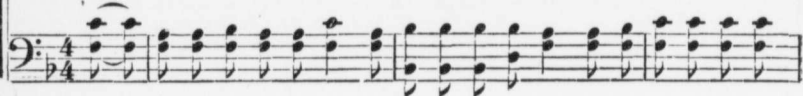
- 2 Would you know why I love Jesus?  
 Why he is so dear to me?  
 'Tis because the blood of Jesus  
 Fully saves and cleanses me.
- 3 Would you know why I love Jesus?  
 Why he is so dear to me?  
 'Tis because, amid temptation,  
 He supports and strengthens me.

- 4 Would you know why I love Jesus?  
 Why he is so dear to me?  
 'Tis because in every conflict  
 Jesus gives me victory.
- 5 Would you know why I love Jesus?  
 Why he is so dear to me?  
 'Tis because, my friend and Saviour  
 He will ever, ever be.

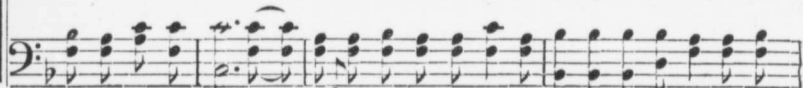
## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.



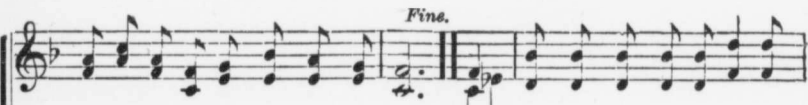
1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



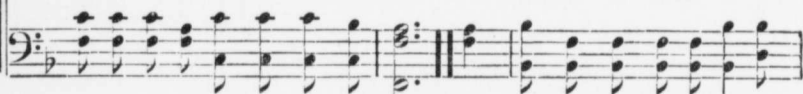
thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Valley, in him a-lone I see All I  
strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my  
do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



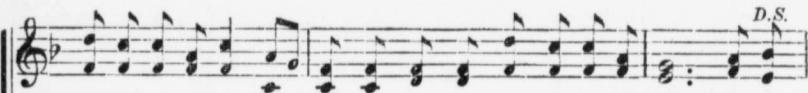
*D.S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the*



need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sor-row he's my comfort, in  
heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and  
man-na he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to



*fairest of ten thousand to my soul. In sorrow, etc. (after each verse.)*



trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev' - ry care on him to roll. He's the  
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the  
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll He's the



## HAPPY ON THE WAY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm  
 2. But may our ac - tions al - ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm  
 3. This note a - bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm

hap - py on the way, May none of us from thee de - part;  
 hap - py on the way, We're marching in the good old way,  
 hap - py on the way, That Je - sus do - eth all things well,

## CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way. }  
 Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way. } Hap - py on the way,  
 Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way. }

Hap - py on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way.

By permission.

## HAPPY IN THE LORD.

1. { A pilgrim and a stranger here, happy, happy, happy, I seek the home to  
Dear friends have reach'd that blissful shore, happy, happy, happy, they sorrow not and

## CHORUS.

pilgrims dear, hap - py in the Lord. | We'll cross the riv - er of Jordan,  
sigh no more, hap - py in the Lord. |

happy, happy, happy, happy, Cross the riv - er of Jordan, happy in the Lord.

- 2 I leave this world of sin behind, happy, etc.,  
That better home in heaven to find, happy, etc.,  
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy,  
etc.,  
But fairer is my home up there, happy, etc.,  
3 Oh, happy day when first thy love, happy, etc.,  
Began our grateful hearts to move, happy, etc.,

- And gazing on thy wondrous cross, happy, etc.,  
We saw all else as worthless dross, happy, etc.,  
4 Oh, happy day! when we shall see, happy, etc.,  
And fix our longing eyes on thee, happy, etc.,  
On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love, happy,  
etc.,  
Our All below, our Heaven above, happy, etc.

## THE BLEEDING LAMB

Arranged. W. J. K.  
Fine.

1. { My Saviour suffered on the tree, } Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!  
{ Oh! come and view the Lord with me, }

D.C.—It sets my spir - it all a - flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!  
CHORUS.

The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleeding Lamb! I love the sound of Je - sus' name,

- 2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
And I am saved through Jesus' name,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.  
3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;

- 4 And when the storms of life are o'er,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,—  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—  
That Jesus tasted death for me,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.



## AT THE FOUNTAIN.

OLD MELODY

1. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking, I  
 2. Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask  
 2. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Je-

CHORUS.

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home. Glory to  
 and he turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.  
 sus, thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.  
 (last verse) My soul is sat - is - fied.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I'm at the fountain drinking,  
 I meet the object of my love,  
 I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
 I'm at the fountain drinking,  
 I drink and yet am ever dry,  
 I'm on my journey home.

## THE GOSPEL SHIP.

OLD MELODY.

1 The Gospel Ship along is sailing,  
 Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;  
 All who wish to sail to glory,  
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" all the sailors  
 loudly cry,  
 "See the blissful port of glory, open to each  
 faithful eye!"

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

3 Come on board, and ship for glory;  
 Be in haste, make up your mind,  
 For our vessel's weighing anchor,  
 You will soon be left behind.

4 Do not fear the ship will founder,  
 Though the foaming billows roar,  
 Jesus Christ will safely guide her  
 To her destined happy shore.

5 You have kindred over yonder,  
 On that bright and happy shore;  
 By-and-by we'll swell the number,  
 When the toils of life are o'er.

## I LOVE THEE.

JER. INGALLS. 1805.

ART. BY HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my

Saviour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee I nev - er can show.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wondrous account!

My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!

I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,

With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!

My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!

Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,

Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4 Oh, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King;

He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing;

I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

## 186 SEEKING TO SAVE.

P. P. BLISS.

1 Tenderly the Shepherd,  
O'er the mountains cold,  
Goes to bring his lost one  
Back to the fold.

## CHORUS.

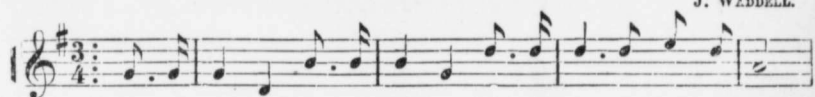
Seeking to save, seeking to save,  
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save. :||

2 Patiently the Spirit  
Seeks with earnest care,  
In the dust and darkness,  
His treasure rare.

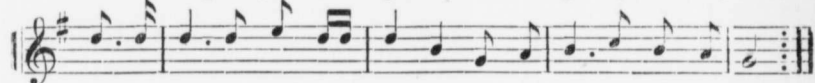
3 Lovingly the Father  
Sends the news around,  
He once dead now liveth,  
Once lost is found.

## OH, 'TIS GLORY!

J. WADDELL.



1. I'm a soldier bound for glo - ry, Marching at my King's command ;  
 CHO — Oh, 'tis glo - ry, oh, 'tis glo - ry, Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,



Let me tell my pleas - ing sto - ry, As we march to Canaan's land.  
 For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his blood hath made me whole.

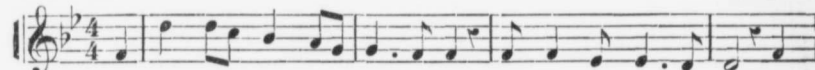
- 2 I was once so sad and weary,  
 Weary of myself and sin,  
 And I cried, "Lord Jesus, save me,"  
 And he smiled and took me in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, Jesus saves me,  
 Jesus is my sweetest song,  
 Jesus altogether lovely,  
 Jesus, Jesus, all along.
- 4 Now my life is constant pleasure,  
 Jesus is my bosom friend;

- He is such a precious treasure  
 That my joys can never end.
- 5 I shall meet him in the glory,  
 I shall see him face to face;  
 He will take me to my mansion  
 Where he has prepared a place.
- 6 There upon the golden pavement,  
 Robed in glory I shall stand;  
 Praising him who died to save me,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

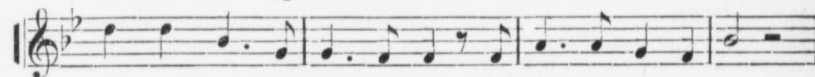
## CALLING US AWAY.

I. WATTS.

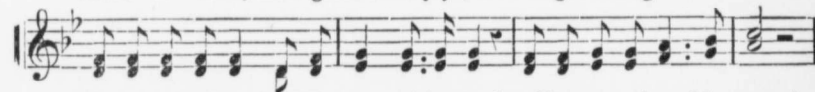
Arranged.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see the

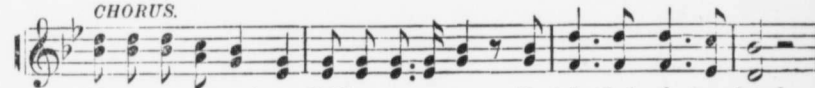


saints a - bove, How great their joys, How bright their glories be.



Many are the friends, Who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand;

## CHORUS.



Many are the voices Calling us away To join their glorious band;  
*Repeat Chorus pp.*



Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.

- 2 I ask them whence their victory came,  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.
- 3 They marked the footsteps that he  
 His zeal inspired their breast; [trod
- And following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
 For his own pattern given;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shows the same path to heaven.

## SO WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

E. A. H. and R. C. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN and E. O. EXCELL.

1. The joy I feel to-day No mortal could have dreamed;  
 2. No more I serve the world; How sweet its pleasures seemed!  
 3. With-in my hap-py heart The heav'nly light has beamed,

My heart is full of song (and praise), My heart is full of  
 I fol-low now my Lord (and Christ), I fol-low now my  
 And I have wondrous love (and peace), And I have wondrous

song (and praise), For I have been re-deemed, So  
 Lord (and Christ), By whom I am re-deemed, So  
 love (and peace), For I have been re-deemed, So

## CHORUS.

won-drous-ly re-deemed, Re-deemed . . . re-  
 I am redeemed,

deemed, . . . So won-drous-ly re-deemed, Re-  
 I am redeemed, redeemed,

## SO WONDROUSLY REDEEMED—Continued.

deemed, re - deemed, So won - drous - ly re - deemed.  
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,

4 My peace is flowing on,  
The Spirit has me sealed;  
||: And I am full of power, :||  
Since I have been redeemed.

5 Pure love drives out all fear,  
Some jewels I have gleaned;  
||: My soul is filled with fire, :||  
Through whom I am redeemed.

## 190 JESUS IS GOOD TO ME.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus I love, for his heart is good, He has lov'd me o'er and o'er;  
2. He calls, I rise, he maketh me whole, — How fond his ten - der embrace!  
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its pow'rs are small;  
4. He's good to me in my sor - row's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;

He sought me when ward'ring, I'm sav'd by his blood, And I love him more and more.  
He cleans - es, keeps, and blesses my soul, — My day the smile of his face.  
I will not keep from him an - y part, For he is wor - thy of all.  
He bringeth from dark - ness in - to light, — With joy he fill - eth my soul.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is good to me, Je - sus is good to me;  
to me, to me;

So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, blessed fellow-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-  
 2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The  
 3. I'm leaning on His loving breast, Along life's happy way; My  
 4. I know His sheltering wings of love Are always o'er me spread; And

pan-ionship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss replete: In  
 soft-est whispers of His love In fel-lowship so dear, And  
 path, il-lumined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No  
 though the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est One, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.  
 feel His great Al-mighty hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Almighty Friend so near.  
 peaceful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the covert of Thy wings.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!

By permission.

# 192 JESUS—"A PLACE TO HIDE ME IN."

MISS TORONTO.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. The tempter comes, with guileful art To snare me in some  
 2. Be-fore the bar of God's just law, Condemned he tells me  
 3. The winds of sor-row, ruthless, search The secrets of my  
 4. Thy hid-den ones! O Lord what joy, What ut-ter peace from  
 5. O hid-den life with Christ in God, Let me thy Llest a-

thought of sin; I breathe in prayer one bless-ed name, Je-sus,  
 I have been; I face him with this per-fect plea, Je-sus,  
 heart with-in; Lo! in the midst a quiet rock, Je-sus,  
 self and sin! It needs no other words than this, Je-sus,  
 bid- ing win; The shad-ow of God's lov-ing-ness, Je-sus,

## CHORUS.

Je-sus—"a place to hide me in!"  
 Je-sus—"a place to hide me in!"  
 Je-sus—"a place to hide me in!"  
 Je-sus—"a place to hide me in!"  
 Je-sus—"a place to hide me in!"  
 Blessed place to hide me in

The on-ly place to hide me in, Sure and safe,

safe from ev'ry sin, Je-sus, Jesus—"a place to hide me in."

MRS. P. L. HANEY.

J. M. WHITE.

1. Lis - ten, O lis - ten, I've something to say; Something to gladden your  
 2. Waft it abroad on the wings of the breeze; Murmur it, murmur it,  
 3. Car - ry it, car - ry it, Spi - rit of Love, Up to the beautiful  
 4. Glo - ry to God for the gift of his Son; Gio - ry to Je - sus for

hearts by the way; Once I was sor - row - ful, now I am free;  
 ov - er the seas; Where'er the tried and the wea - ry may be;  
 tem - ple a - bove; There, 'mid the songs of the ransomed and free;  
 what he has done; Died for my sins, Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm free!

Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.  
 Tell them, O tell them, that Je - sus loves me.  
 Whis - per it, whis - per it, Je - sus loves me.  
 Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.

## CHORUS.

Whis - - - per it, whisper it, an - gels a - bove . . . .  
 Whisper it, whisper it, whisper it, bright angels a - bove;

Mur - - - mur it, murmur it, Spi - rit of Love . . . .  
 Murmur it, murmur it, murmur it, sweet Spi - rit of Love;



## JESUS LOVES ME—Continued.

Tell . . . of it, sing. . . . of it, now . . . . I  
Tell of it, tell of it, Sing of it, sing of it, now I am free;

am free . . . . Now I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me.  
Now I am free,

194

## COME TO ME.

MRS. J. C. YULE.

E. O. EXCELL.

*Duet. Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Wea - ry soul, by care oppress'd, Wouldst thou find a place of rest?  
2. Hun - gry soul, why pine and die, With ex - haust - less stores so nigh?  
3. Thirst - y soul, earth's sweetest rill, Mocks thee with its promise still?  
4. Home - less soul, thy path is drear, An - gry tempests gath - er near,  
5. Heav'n - ly bread and heav'nly wine, Liv - ing wa - ters, all are mine;

Lis - ten, Je - sus calls to thee, Come and find thy rest in me.  
Lo! the board is spread for thee, Come and feast to - day with me.  
Hark! the Saviour calls to thee, Here is wa - ter, come to me.  
Night is dark'ning o - ver thee, Here is shel - ter, come to me.  
Mine they are, and thine may be, Wea - ry wand'r'er, come to me.

**CHORUS.** *Repeat p.*

Come to me, come to me, Come and find thy rest in me.  
Come to me, come to me, Come and feast to - day with me.  
Come to me, come to me, Here is wa - ter, come to me.  
Come to me, come to me, Here is shel - ter, come to me.  
Come to me, come to me, Wea - ry wand'r'er, come to me.

By permission.

# 195 SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 2. I have a Christ that satis - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 3. I have a witness, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been re - deemed,  
 5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,

Of my Re - deemer, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been redeemed.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.  
 All thro' His blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been redeemed,

Since I . . . . have been redeemed,

Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been re

deemed, I will glory in His name, I will glory in the Saviour's name.

From *Triumphant Songs*. By permission

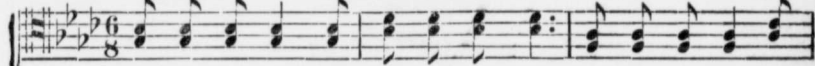
## DRIFTING AWAY FROM JESUS.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

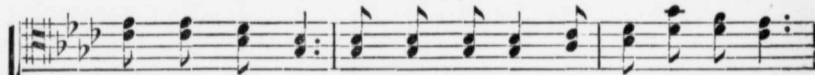
*Andante.*

FOR MALE VOICES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



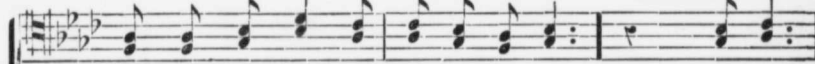
1. Drifting a - way from Je - sus the Lord, Drifting a - way from
2. Drifting a - way from paths thou hast trod, Drifting a - way from
3. Drifting a - way from th - re where he died, Drifting a - way from
4. Wilt thou not turn 'gain - t the downward tide? Wilt thou not own this



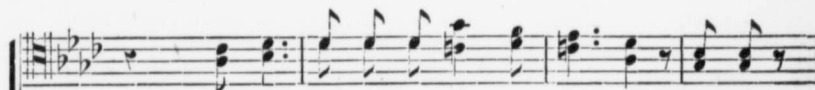
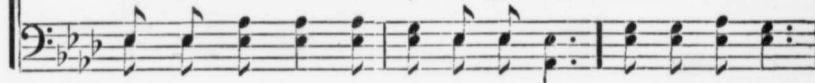
love for his word; Drifting a - way from tho't and from care,  
 peo - ple of God; Drifting a - way from fel - low - ship sweet,  
 wounds in his side; Drifting a - way from seats on his throne,  
 Je - sus de - nied? Then, with thy face a - glow with the day,



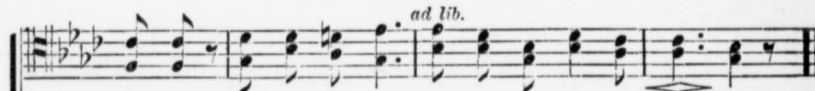
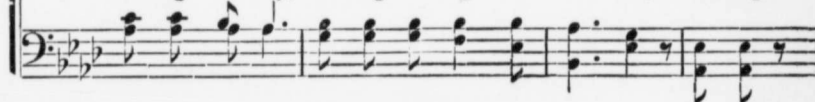
## CHORUS.



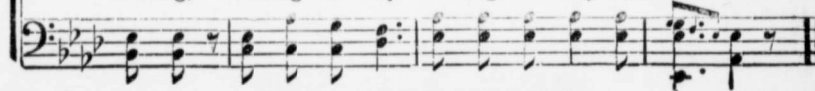
Drift - ing a - way from song and from pray'r. }  
 Drift - ing a - way from the mer - cy - seat. } Drifting a - way,  
 Drift - ing a - way to darkness unknown. }  
 Wilt thou not cease from thy drifting a - way? }



drifting a - way, Drifting a - way from Je - sus; Drifting,



drifting, drifting a - way. Drifting a - way from Je - sus.

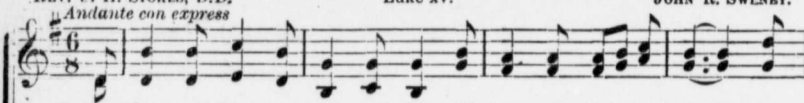


## UNTIL YE FIND.

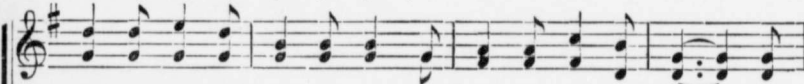
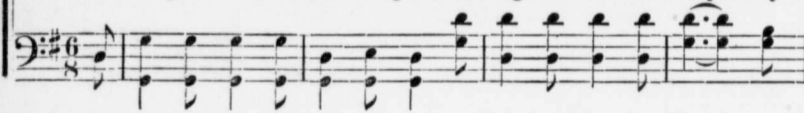
REV. F. H. STOKES, D.D.

Luke xv.

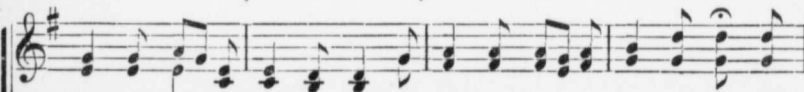
JOHN R. SWENEY.



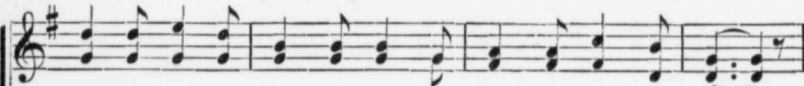
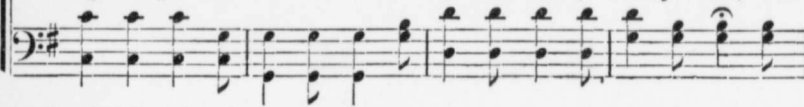
1. A - las! a - las! a wayward sheep Had wandered from the fold, Far
2. He sought with many a footstep sore, From early morn till night; Thro'
3. How long, O Lord, must I still go? How long search for the sheep? They've



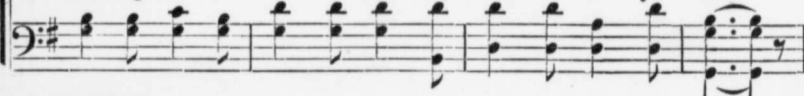
o'er the mountains rough and steep, Where howling tempests rolled; The  
rock - y wastes, where torrents roar—All pathways but the right; Then  
wandered far a - way, I know,—Discouraged, lo, I weep; How



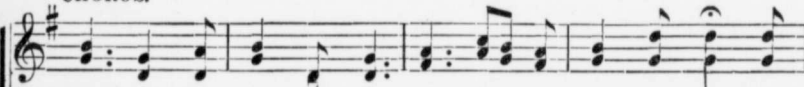
Shepherd, with a burdened mind, Went forth the missing one to find, The  
cried, with sad and burdened mind, The missing I have failed to find, The  
long thus go, with burdened mind? "Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find;" The



miss-ing one, far, far a - way, The miss-ing one to find,  
miss-ing one, far, far a - way, A - las! I've failed to find.  
miss ing one must not be lost—Go, seek un - til ye find!

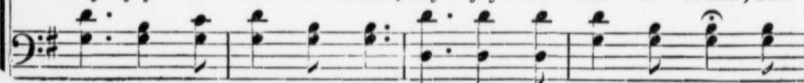


## CHORUS.



Go, seek un - til ye find; Go, seek un - til ye find; The  
*Chorus to last verse—*

Joy! joy! the lost is found; Joy! joy! the lost is found; The



## UNTIL YE FIND—Continued.

miss - ing one must not be lost— Go, seek un - til ye find.  
miss - ing one, no long - er lost, The miss - ing one is found.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 I've sought my friends for many a day,<br/>Have prayed for many a year;<br/>Yet, still they wander far away,<br/>O'er mountains dark and drear;<br/>How long thus seek with burdened<br/>mind?<br/>"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"<br/>The missing one must not be lost—<br/>"Go, seek until ye find!"</p> | <p>5 Lord, at thy word I go again,<br/>Believing I shall find:<br/>I listened, and a low refrain<br/>Came to me on the wind;<br/>Led by the sadly joyful sound<br/>I rushed, and, lo, the lost was<br/>found!<br/>Joy! joy! oh, blessed joy divine!<br/>The lost one I have found.</p> |
|---|--|

## 198 STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is  
2. O ye that are hungry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be  
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? Oh, poor troubled  
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In - vit - ing you now to the  
soul! there's a promise for thee; There's rest, wea - ry one, in the  
un - der that cleans - es us thro', It cleans - es me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise, get un - der the blood.  
banquet of God? Step out on the promise, get un - der the blood.  
bo - som of God; Step out on the promise, get un - der the blood.  
lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, I'm un - der the blood.

From *Triumphant Songs*. By permission.

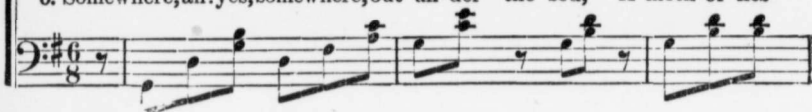
# 199 SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE.

J. M. W.

J. M. WYTHE.



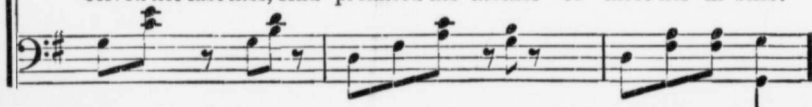
1. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, in anguish and tears, A moth-er looks
2. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, fast has-ten - ing on, In ways that are
3. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a pale mother stands, And pleads with her
4. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mo - ther in prayer, Is cry - ing to
5. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, a mo - ther to - night, Will pray for her
6. Somewhere, ah! yes, somewhere, out un-der the sod, A moth-er lies



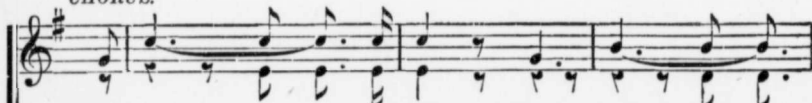
back o'er the flight of the years, When bright as the morning, and  
sin - ful, her loved one has gone; Her wan-der - ing boy go - ing  
boy, as she clasps her thin hands; "O go not my boy in the  
hea - ven her dar - ling to spare, "O may my lost boy lis - ten,  
boy till the dawn of the light; Then fold her pale hands on her  
sleep - ing who trust - ed in God; O where is the boy that re -



pure as the dew, The child of her love in his in - no - cence grew.  
far - ther a - stray; De - spis - ing the prayers of his mother to - day.  
ways that are wrong; Re - mem - ber, I pray for you all the night long."  
Lord, to thy voice, And o'er his re - turn let my poor heart re - joice."  
slow - heav - ing breast - The morning will find her for - ev - er at rest.  
ceived her last kiss, And promised his mother to meet her in bliss?



## CHORUS.



Some - where . . . . . to - night, some - where  
Somewhere to - night, somewhere



# SOMEWHERE, AH! YES, SOMEWHERE—Continued.

to-night, The child of her love . . . wan-ders somewhere  
to-night, Her child wan-ders somewhere

to - night; O wan - der - ing boy . . . she's  
some-where to-night; Wan - der - ing boy, she's


plead - ing for you to - night; Come home . . . my  
plead - ing, pleading to-night; Come home my boy, my

child, come home, Come home, my child, come home.  
child, come home, my boy, my child, come home.


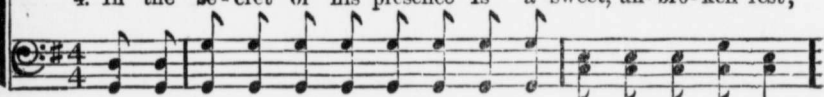
# 200 IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

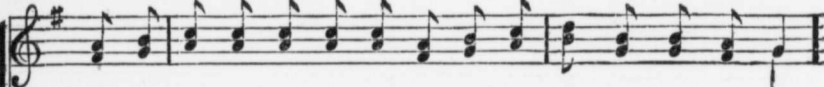
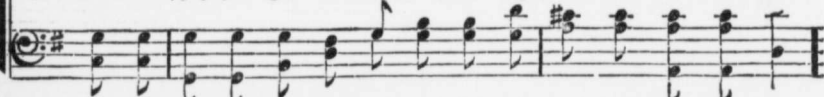
JOHN R. SWENNY.



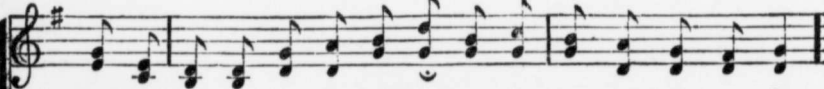

1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;  
2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;  
3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;  
4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;



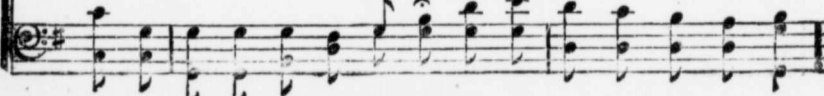
His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!  
For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.  
In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:  
Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:



Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat without, but can-not harm,  
So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;  
For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,  
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,



For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.  
So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.  
And I know, whate'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!  
For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!



By permission.



# IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE—Continued.

## CHORUS.

In the se - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how;  
 In the secret of his pres-ence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how;

In the sha - - dow of the High-est I am resting, hiding now.  
 In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

201

## HE WEPT FOR ME.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

A. A. ARMEN.

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

CHORUS.  
 floods of pen - i - ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye. \* He wept, he  
 thou astonished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee. He wept,  
 heav'n alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

*rit.*  
 wept, He wept for me. For me, for me, He wept for me,  
 he wept, He wept for me, for me, for me, He wept for me.

# 202 I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS MY LORD.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

1. When times of tempta - tion bring sadness and gloom I will tell it to  
 2. When out on the hill-tops, a - way from all sin, I will tell it to  
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will tell it to  
 4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to

Je - sus my Lord ; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord ; When joyous and happy the sunshine within, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord ; He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint, I will  
 Je - sus my Lord ; When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly, I will

tell it to Je - sus my Lord. This earth hath no sor - row For to -  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en Is a  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. I'll cheer - fu' - ly bear it, When I've  
 tell it to Je - sus my Lord. Though blurred my life's pages By my

day or to-morrow, But Jesus hath known it and felt long ago, And when it comes  
 foretaste of heaven, And Jesus is dearer to me than before, Such peacefulness  
 Jesus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, his burden is light, When life becomes  
 sin and its wages, He's yesterday, now, and forever the same, I'll not be for -

## I WILL TELL IT TO JESUS MY LORD—Continued.

o'er me, And I'm tempted so sorely, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
fills me, Such an ecstasy thrills me, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
dreary, And I'm footsore and weary, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
saken, Tho' my life should be taken, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.

### CHORUS.

I will tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Lord,  
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, to Jesus my Lord,

I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord.  
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus,

203

## SURRENDERED.

H. L. G.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have sur-ren-dered to the Lord, The world no long - er pleases;  
2. How ten - der - ly he holds my hand! Thro' pastures green he leads me;  
3. By day by night he's al - ways near, Sweet joy and comfort bringing;

I'm yielding all to his control, Ac - cept - ing on - ly Je - sus.  
My thirsting soul he sat - is - fies, With heavenly man - na feeds me.  
Oh, how my soul ex - ults a - new When praise to Je - sus singing.

4 No noonday drought affects my soul,  
In Jesus I'm confiding;  
Oh, constant, sweet companionship,  
With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!  
Oh, blest emancipation!  
Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!  
Oh, free and full salvation!

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## TAKE HOLD, HOLD ON.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know;  
 2. Oh, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,  
 3. Truth's anchor firm - ly, sure - ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,  
 4. Tho' dan - ger threatens or death a-larms, In each ris - ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for abound-ing grace, Take hold and never let go!  
 God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and never let go!  
 God's hand will close o'er thy fee - ble grasp, Take hold and never let go!  
 Still cling to God's ev - er - last-ing arms, Take hold and never let go!

## CHORUS.

Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev - er let go! No  
 Take hold, hold on, hold on!

matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!

## STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I re-mem-ber a voice which once guided my way, When toss'd on the sea, fog-en-  
2. I re-mem-ber that voice, as it led our lone way 'Mid rocks and thro' breakers and

shrouded I lay: 'Twas the voice of a child as he stood on the shore, It  
high dash-ing spray; Oh, how sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore, As

sounded like music o'er the dark billows' roar: "Come this way, my father, steer straight for  
it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows' roar: "Come this way, my father, steer straight for

*REFRAIN. Softly.*  
me, Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee." "Come this way, my father! oh,  
me, Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee."

*rit.*  
steer straight for me, Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee.

3 That voice now is hushed which once guided  
my way,  
The form I then pressed is now mingling with  
clay;  
But the tones of my child still resound in my  
ear,  
The voice of my darling how distinctly I  
hear:  
"I'm calling you, father! tossed on life's sea,  
And on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."

4 I remember that voice in the oft lonely hour,  
It comes to my heart with fresh beauty and  
power,  
And still echoes far out over life's troubled  
wave,  
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the  
grave:  
"Come this way, my father! steer straight for  
me,  
Here safely in heaven I am waiting for thee."

By permission.

## I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly downcast. Following him, an old gray-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

1. I am a Christian pilgrim, And journey to a land,  
2. Why should I be discouraged, Tho' oft the sky ap - pears  
3. I meet with ma - ny troubles, And tri - als on the way,

Where, robed in roy - al garments, The Lord's an - noint - ed stand; In  
All veiled in clouds and darkness, And I have doubts and fears? My  
But when I look to Je - sus, And in the spir - it pray, He

Je - sus' blood, these saved ones Have wash'd their garments white, And  
Lord and my Re - deem - er, While he my lead - er is, Will  
gives me grace and cour - age And helps my soul a - long; And

soon I hope to join them, In yon - der land of light.  
guide my steps in safe - ty, What want I more than this?  
so I go re - joic - ing, And sing my pil - grim song.

## CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, brother, I feel like go - ing on,

From *Triumphant Songs*. By permission.

# I FEEL LIKE GOING ON—Continued.

I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

207

# HE LOVED ME SO.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the  
 2. For me the Fa - ther sent his Son; For me the vic - to  
 3. So glad I am that he is mine—So glad that I with

cross for me; He paid the migh - ty debt I owe:  
 ry he won; To save my soul from end - less woe,  
 him shall shine: I'll trust in him, for this I know,

## REFRAIN.

He died be - cause he loved me so, He loved me  
 He

so, he loved me so, He died be-cause he loved me so.  
 loved . . .

From *Triumphant Songs*. By permission.

# 208 THEN REJOICE, ALL YE RANSOMED.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. There's re-joic-ing in the presence of the an-gels O-ver  
 2. Oh, how hap-py is the sin-ner who has tast-ed Of the  
 3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sorrow, There'll be  
 4. We will ral-ly round the standard of our Sav-iour; And to

sin-ners coming home, All the heav'nly harpers with a mighty  
 Saviour's wond'rous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth  
 blessed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God around the family  
 oth-ers loudly call, Come, ye sinners, and re-pent, believe in  
 coming home,

## CHORUS.

chor-us, Now are praising round the throne. Then rejoice, all ye  
 knowledge, Ev-er giv-en from a-bove.  
 al-tar Will the pow'r of sin de-stroy.  
 Je-sus, He will free-ly par-don all. Then rejoice,

ran-somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the  
 all ye ransomed, highest dome,

From *Triumphant Songs*. By permission.



## THEN REJOICE, ALL YE RANSOMED—*Continued.*

dead's alive, the lost is found, and wand'ers Now are coming, coming home.

209

## COME HOME.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. E. HALL.

1. Once I wander'd far from Je - sus, Far from joy and far from home;
2. But I heed - ed not his call - ing, Would not hear the voice so sweet,
3. But the way grew dark and dreary, When his face I could not see,
4. Then a - gain my darken'd pathway Brightly glow'd with Jesus' smile,

But the lov - ing Saviour miss'd me, And he gent - ly called me home.  
So I wander'd on un - heed - ing, Tho' the thorns did wound my feet.  
And I called in bit - ter anguish, "O my Saviour, come to me."  
For, unknown, my lov - ing Saviour Stood be - side me all the while.

### CHORUS.

Soft - ly comes the still, small whisper, "Come, my child, no longer roam;

Come to me, while I am call - ing, Child of love, come home, come home,"

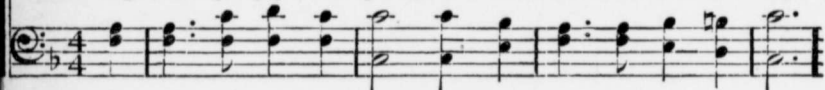
## SING ON

CARRIE M. WILSON.

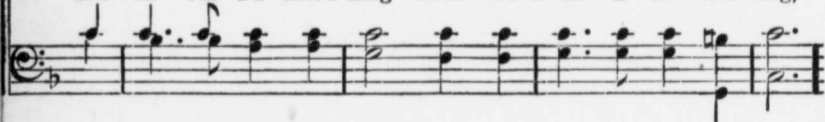
JO. R. SWENEY.



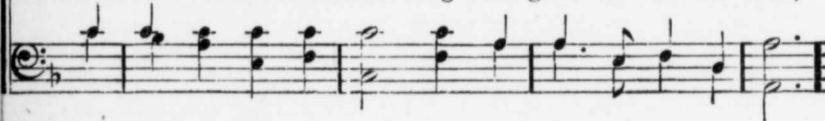
1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long



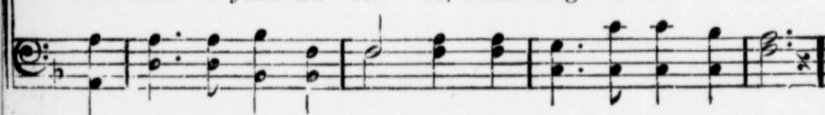
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;  
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;  
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,



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

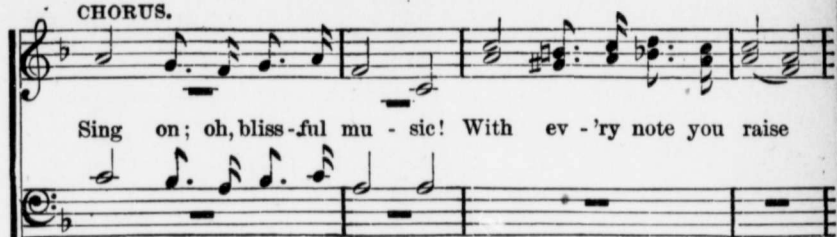


And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land.  
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.  
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

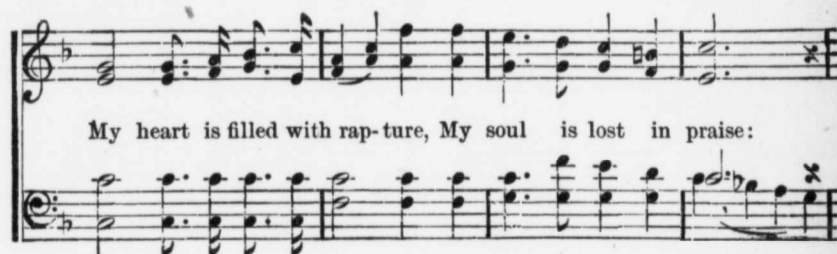


# SING ON—CONCLUDED.

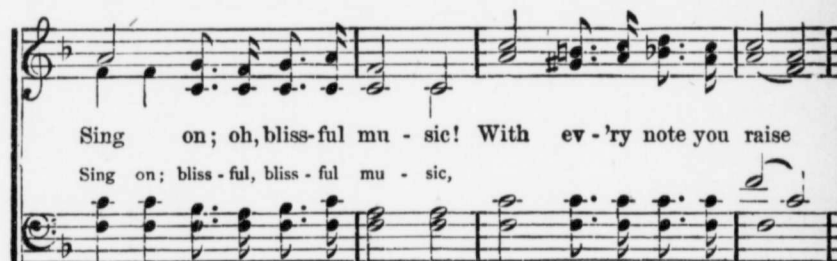
## CHORUS.



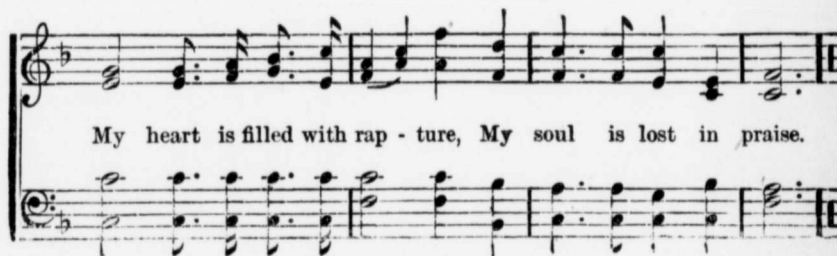
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise



My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:



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



My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

## IT MUST BE SETTLED TO-NIGHT.

A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To-morrow may be too late;"  
 2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no long - er bear;  
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—  
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.  
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to de - spair.  
 Till my Redeem - er speaks to me As - sur - ance of his love.  
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

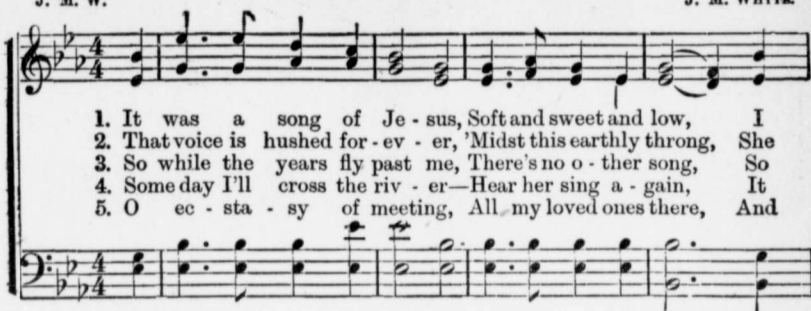
CHORUS.

It must be set - tled to - night, I can no long - er wait,  
*4th v.* Oh, now I know 'tis done! Sweet joy pervades my soul;

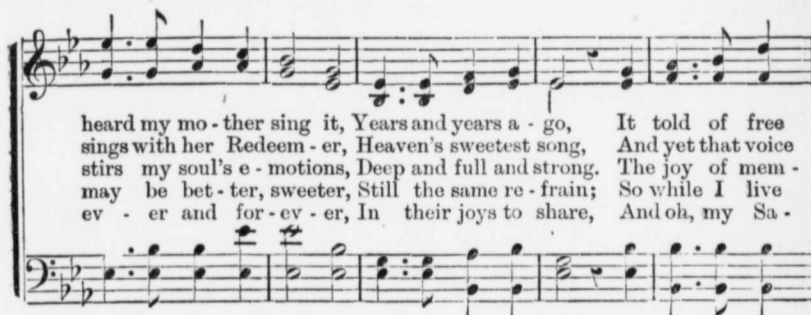
to-night,  
 Peace with my God I now must have, To-morrow may be too late.  
 Peace with my God I now have found; His blood hath made me whole.

J. M. W.

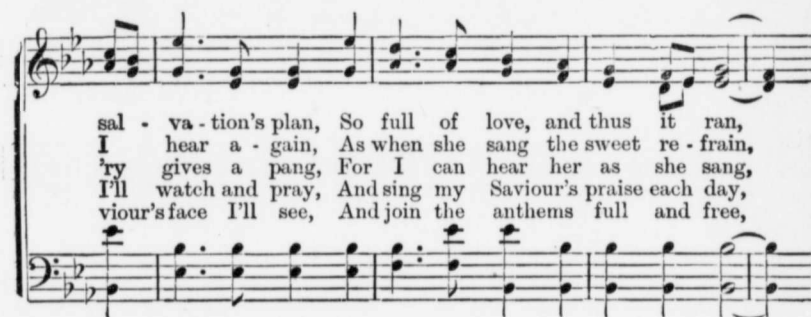
J. M. WHYTE.



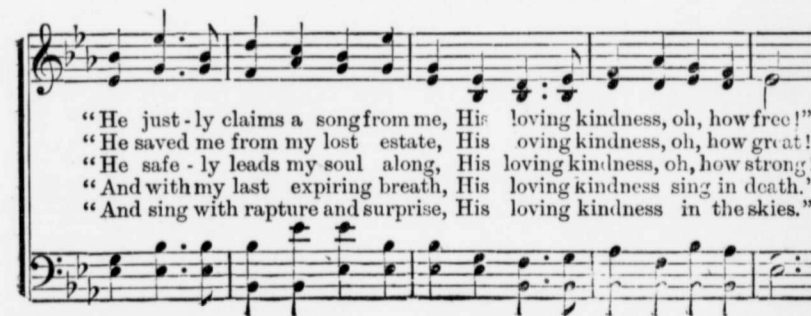
1. It was a song of Je - sus, Soft and sweet and low, I  
 2. That voice is hushed for - ev - er, 'Midst this earthly throng, She  
 3. So while the years fly past me, There's no o - ther song, So  
 4. Some day I'll cross the riv - er—Hear her sing a - gain, It  
 5. O ec - sta - sy of meeting, All my loved ones there, And



heard my mo - ther sing it, Years and years a - go, It told of free  
 sings with her Redeem - er, Heaven's sweetest song, And yet that voice  
 stirs my soul's e - motions, Deep and full and strong. The joy of mem -  
 may be bet - ter, sweeter, Still the same re - frain; So while I live  
 ev - er and for - ev - er, In their joys to share, And oh, my Sa -



sal - va - tion's plan, So full of love, and thus it ran,  
 I hear a - gain, As when she sang the sweet re - frain,  
 'ry gives a pang, For I can hear her as she sang,  
 I'll watch and pray, And sing my Saviour's praise each day,  
 viour's face I'll see, And join the anthems full and free,



"He just - ly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, oh, how free!"  
 "He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, oh, how great!"  
 "He safe - ly leads my soul along, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!"  
 "And with my last expiring breath, His loving kindness sing in death."  
 "And sing with rapture and surprise, His loving kindness in the skies."

# MY MOTHER'S HYMN—Continued.

## CHORUS.

"His lov - - ing kindness," sweet mem'ry bears the song to me,  
His lov - ing, lov - ing kindness,

"His lov - ing kind - ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free."  
His loving kindness, loving kindness,

## 213 A FEW MORE PRAYERS.

*Very expressive.*

1. A few more pray'rs, a few more tears, It won't be long, it won't be  
2. A lit - tle pain, a lit - tle joy, And, less or more, it mat - ters

long, A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song, this earthly  
not, Some mingling yet with earth's al - loy, And then forgot, ah! soon for-

I shall sleep . . . . .  
calm - ly sleep . . . . .

song, And then I shall sleep, I shall sleep in the val - ley.  
got, While I sleep, calm - ly sleep, calm - ly sleep in the val - ley.

3 A little gathering of the loved,  
Whose patient hearts were always true,  
Some tears to mingle with the sod,  
A very few, a very few,  
When they lay me to rest in the valley.

4 But Jesu's love, his precious love,  
Will be my stay, will be my stay;  
And radiance gleaming from above  
Will light the way, the lonely way,  
When my soul passes through the dark valley.

## DECIDE TO-NIGHT.

"How long halt ye?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

W. A. SPENCER.

*Slow and with expression.*

1. Some go a - way from the house to-night, Pu - ri - fied from sin;  
2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r, Hard - en'd by de - lay,

CHORUS.—Go - ing a - way from Christ to-night, A - way from his lov - ing care;

*Fine.*

Oth - ers re - ject the pre - cious light, And go a - way un - clean:  
Yield - ing to Sa - tan's lur - ing snare, Will hope - less turn a - way:  
Go - ing a - way from bless - ed light, To dark - ness and de - spair.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sa - viour stands, Plead - ing with thy heart;  
Nev - er - more shall the Spir - it plead At the bolt - ed door;

*D.C. for Chorus.*

Pa - tient - ly knocks with his bleed - ing hands, Un - will - ing to de - part.  
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.

3 Some will go out from the house to-night,  
Full of trust in God,  
Happy in heart, made pure and white,  
By Jesus' precious blood:  
Go not away, poor wanderer, stay  
Till thou too art free!  
Walking with Christ life's happy way,  
Most blessed shalt thou be.

4 Waiting a moment more for thee,  
Jesus still entreats;  
Soon will the knocking ended be,  
That now thy closed heart beats:  
Stay, sinner, stay at Mercy's door,  
Seek the open gate;  
Sinner, decide, lest hope be o'er,  
And thou shouldst be too late.

5 Some go away from the house of God,  
Filled with joy and peace,  
Others despise the precious blood,  
That brings the soul release:  
Never again the Saviour dear,  
May be offered thee;  
Never again thy soul may hear  
The Spirit's tender plea.

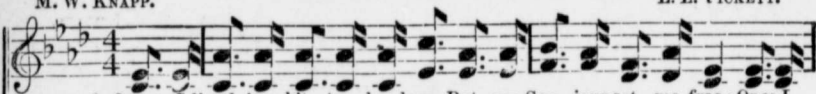
6 Some go away from the house to-night  
Bowed with guilt and shame,  
Others, receiving light and life,  
Confess the Saviour's name;  
Happy are they who share his grace,  
Trusting in his word;  
Give him thy heart and leave the place,  
Rejoicing in the Lord.

By permission.

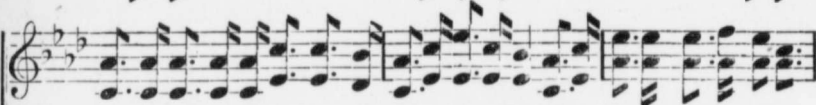
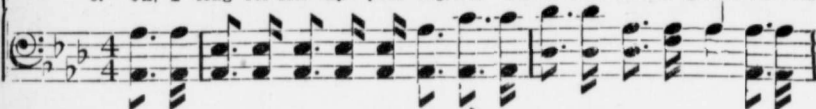
## The Opened Fountain.

M. W. KNAPP.

L. L. PICKETT.



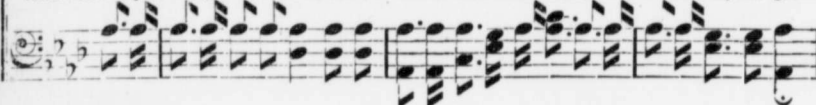
1. Once I lived in bit-ter bondage, But my Sav-iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e-vil Rise un-bid-den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He'll come a-gain, And with



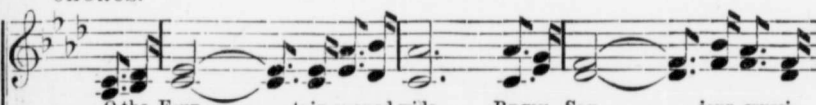
stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,  
 look-ed a-gain to Jesus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,  
 trust-ing in His promise I was full-y sanc-ti-fied, Now my will is lost in Jesus,  
 trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Pri-st, and King And I feel that soon my body  
 all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign, Then He'll banish ev'ry evil,



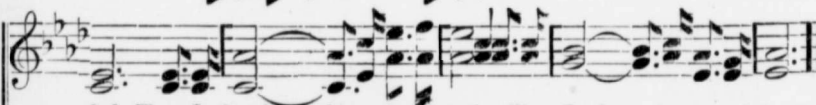
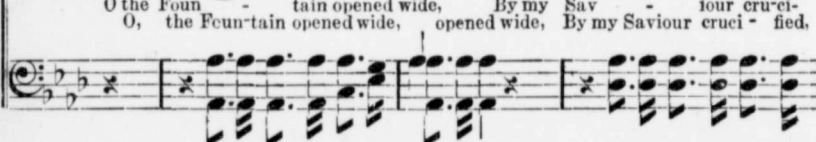
Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away,  
 Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below,  
 He's my strength, my life, my light, He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night,  
 Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share,  
 And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.



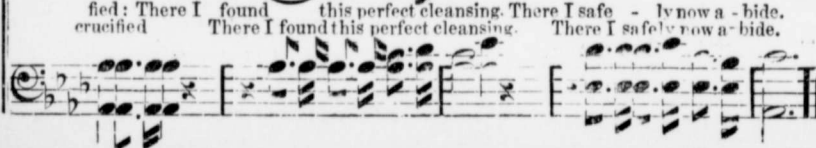
## CHORUS.



O the Foun-tain opened wide, By my Sav-iour cruci-  
 O, the Foun-tain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour cruci-fied.



fied: There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safe-ly now a-bide,  
 crucified There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a-bide.





# A Few More Years Roll. (LEOMINSTER.—S. M.)

G. W. MARTIN.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seas - ons come;  
2. A few more suns shall set, O'er these dark hills of time;

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the  
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - re - ner

CHORUS.

tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day!  
clime.

Oh, wash me in thy prec - ous blood, And take my sins a - way!

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er.  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day.

6 'Tis but a little while  
And he shall come again;  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with him may reign.

H. BONAR.

# The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Mor-ning Had dawned, and the trumpet had  
 2 The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and vanished a -  
 3 The wid - ow was there and the or - phans, God heard and re - membered their  
 4 The mor - al man came to the Judgment, But his self - righteous rags would

blown; I dreamed that the nations had gath - ered To  
 way; A pau - per he stood in the Judg - ment, His  
 cries; No sor - row in heav - en for - ev - er, God  
 not do; The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had

judgment be - fore the white throne From the thrones came a bright shin - ing  
 debts were too heav - y to , pay. The great man was there, but his  
 wiped all the tears from their eyes. The gam - bler was there and the  
 passed off as mo - ral men too. The souls that had put off sal -

an - gel And stood on the land and the sea, And  
 great - ness When death came was left far be - hind; The  
 drunk - ard. And the man who had sold them the drink; With  
 va - tion - Not to - night: I'll get saved by - and - bye; No

## The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

swore with his hand raised to heav - en, That times was no long - er to be.  
 an - gel that o - pened the rec - ord. Not a trace of his great - ness could find.  
 the peo - ple who gave him the li - cence — To - geth - er in hell they did sink.  
 time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep - ing and wail - ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

*Rit.*

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They pray - ed, but their prayer was too late.

218

## The Judgment Day.

Arranged by H. T. C.

*First.* *Second.*  
 1 } The judg - ment day is co - ming, com - ing com - ing, that great day.  
 2 } The judg - ment day is com - ing, Oh.

CHORUS.

Let us haste a - way to Je - sus, And find in Him sal - va - tion

Let us haste a - way to Je - sus, And sound the ju - bi - lee.

- 2 We'll hear the trumpet sounding, etc.
- 3 We'll see the Judge descending, etc.
- 4 We'll see the dead arising, etc.
- 5 We'll see the world assembled, etc.
- 6 We'll hear the sentence uttered, etc.
- 7 Then repentance will be useless, etc.
- 8 For no pardon will be granted, etc.

- 9 We'll hear the wicked wailing,  
 For they hastened not to Jesus, *nor, etc.*
- 10 We'll hear the righteous shouting,  
 For they fled away to Jesus, *and, etc.*
- 11 You'd better come to Jesus  
 Just now while you may.

# 219 OH, SUCH WONDERFUL LOVE!

I. N. McHose. Alt.

I. N. McHose.

1. O the great love the dear Savior has shown To shamefully die on the tree,  
 2. Pal-a-ces, mansions and inns had no room For Christ, who so joyfully came  
 3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was He, But yet my Redeemer and Friend,

Leaving His sceptre and beautiful throne To res-cue a sin-ner like me!  
 Down from yon heaven our path to illume, And save us from sin and from shame.  
 Pour-ing in in-fi-nite streams upon me, A love that can never-more end.

CHORUS.

Oh, . . . . such wonderful love! Oh, . . . . such won-der-ful love!  
 Oh, such wonderful, Oh, such wonderful,

Jesus, my Savior, left sceptre and throne, To rescue a sin-ner like me.

By per. Henry Date, owner of copyright, from "Pentecostal Hymns," No. 1.

## 220

### The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:<br/>             He makes me down to lie<br/>             In pastures green; he leadeth me<br/>             The quiet waters by.</p> <p>2 My soul he doth restore again,<br/>             And me to walk doth make<br/>             Within the paths of righteousness,<br/>             E'en for his own name's sake.</p> <p>3 Yea, though I walk through death's<br/>             Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,</p> | <p>For thou art with me, and thy rod<br/>             And staff me comfort still.</p> <p>4 A table thou hast furnished me<br/>             In presence of my foes;<br/>             My head thou dost with oil anoint,<br/>             And my cup overflows.</p> <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life<br/>             Shall surely follow me,<br/>             And in God's house forevermore<br/>             My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |
|--|---|

# THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

221

F. A. D.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,  
 2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,  
 3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,  
 4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,

As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!  
 While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!

CHORUS.

Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;  
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore;

Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see,  
 As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

## OVERCOMERS.

W. J. K.  
QUESTION.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 John v. 5, 4 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-  
 Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-  
 Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-  
 Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the  
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,  
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,  
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,  
 tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.  
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.  
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

OVERCOMERS. — CONCLUDED.

O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, healing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

5 ||: What shall we hear? ||: that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall hear his name con-|fessed in  
heaven, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

6 ||: What shall he have? ||: that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: God will give him all things, and |  
make him his son, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

7 ||: Where shall he sit? ||: that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his  
throne, :||  
That overcomes by the blood.

8 ||: What is the victory? ||: that over-  
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh  
||: Faith is the victory that | over-  
cometh, :||  
By the blood of the Lamb.

223

All the way long it is Jesus.

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }  
{ May none of us from thee de- part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

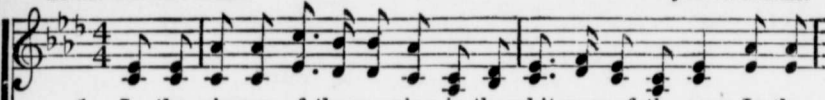
Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way long it is Je - sus.

2 But may our actions always say | 3 This note above the rest shall swell,  
We're marching in the good old way. | That Jesus doeth all things well.

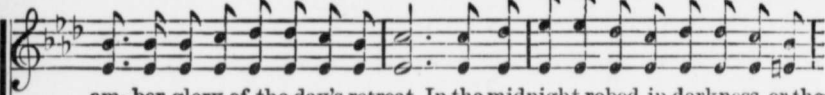
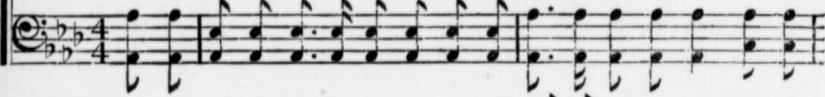
THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

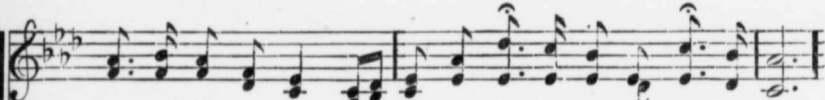
JNO. R. SWENEY.



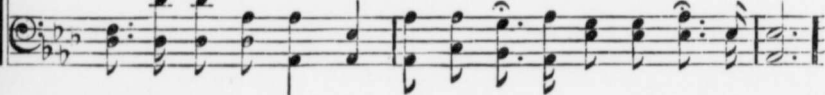
1. In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the  
 2. I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Gal-i-lee, On the  
 3. Down the minster isles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the



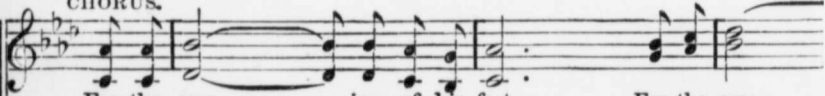
am-ber glory of the day's retreat, In the midnight robed in darkness, or the  
 temple's marble pavement, on the street, With the weight of sorrow falt'ring up the  
 wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds his victor tread approaching



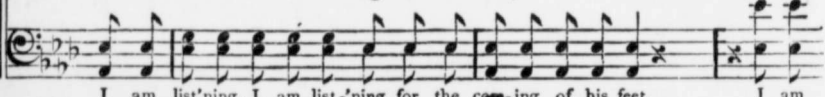
gleaming of the moon, I list-en for the com-ing of his feet.  
 slopes of Cal-va-ry, The sor-row of the com-ing of his feet.  
 mu-sic far and dim—The mu-sic of the com-ing of his feet.



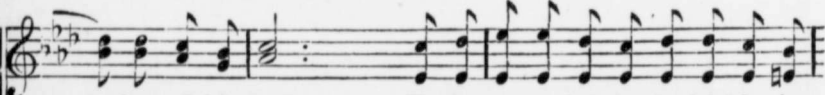
CHORUS.



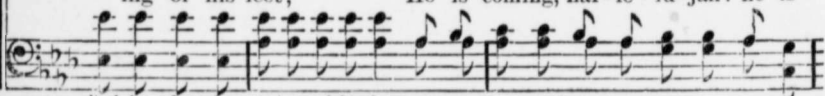
For the com - - - ing of his feet, For the com - -



I am list'ning, I am list-'ning for the com-ing of his feet, I am



- - - ing of his feet; He is coming, hal-le-lu-jah! he is



list'nin' for the coming of his feet;



## THE COMING OF HIS FEET.—CONCLUDED.

com-ing robed in light! I list-en for the com-ing of his feet.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Sandaled not with shoon of silver,<br/>girdled not with woven gold,<br/>Weighted not with shimm'ring gems<br/>and odors sweet,<br/>White-winged and shod with glory in<br/>the Tabor-light of old—<br/>The glory of the coming of his feet.</p> | <p>5 He is coming, O my spirit! with his<br/>everlasting peace,<br/>With his blessedness immortal and<br/>complete;<br/>He is coming, O my spirit! and his<br/>coming brings release;<br/>I listen for the coming of his feet.</p> |
|--|--|

225

T. C. O'K.

### Just Beyond.

T. C. O'KANE.

FIRST VOICE.

1. Hear you ev - er an - gels singing, As around the throne they shine?
2. Hear you ev - er in your slumbers Songs from those who've gone before?
3. Do you ev - er feel like go - ing To that land so bright and fair?
4. Let us cher - ish now and ev - er Glowing hopes of joys to come,

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, I oft - en hear them chanting, Chanting hymns of love di - vine.  
Oh, how oft - en do I hear them, Singing on the oth - er shore.  
Oh, how oft - en would I glad - ly Go and join the loved ones there.  
And when earthly ties we sev - er Meet in heaven, our hap - py home.

CHORUS.

Heaven's plains are just before us, Just beyond the shores of time.

Soon we'll join the mighty cho - rus, In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

REMARK —The 1st, 2d, and 3d stanzas should be sung by Solo voices, the 4th stanza as a Duet.

## THE HARVEST TIME.

W. A. S.

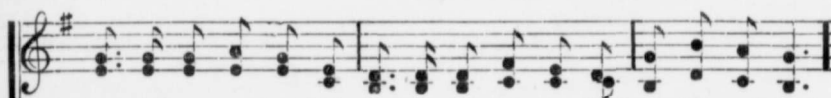
Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
2. An-oth-er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An-oth-er re-
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the



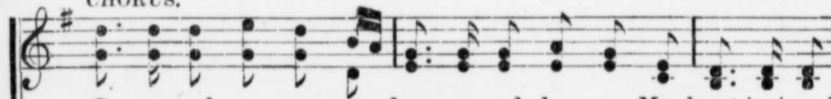
tears and with dews from on high; An-oth-er may shout when the  
 joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know-ing my tears when in  
 seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my



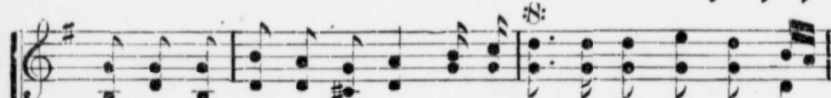
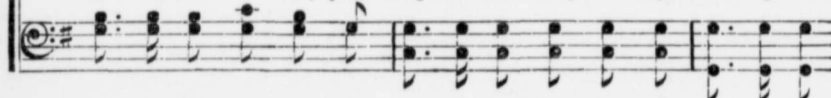
har-vesters reaping Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and by."  
 summer I faint-ed While toiling sad-heart-ed in sunshine and rain.  
 wea-ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.



## CHORUS.



O-ver and o-ver, yes, deep-er and deep-er My heart is pierced



through with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the tears of the sow-er and



## THE HARVEST TIME.---CONCLUDED.

*Fine.*

songs of the reap-er shall min- gle to - geth-er in joy by and by.

*D. S.*

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

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## The Blood's Applied.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

*Fine.*

1. { The blood's applied! my soul is free, I'm saved, without, with- in; }  
 { The blood of Je - sus cleanseth me From ev - 'ry trace of sin. }

*D. S.*—blood's applied, I'm sanc - ti- fied, It makes me pure with - in.

*D. S.*

The blood's applied, I'm jus - ti- fied, It par- dons ev - 'ry sin; The

2 I've bid farewell to every fear,  
 By faith I claim the prize;  
 Now I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies.

3 Temptations come and trials too,  
 While hellish darts are hurled;  
 But Jesus saves me through and  
 In spite of all the world. [through,

4 Though cares and storms and sorrows  
 About me thick and fast, [fall  
 My Jesus,—he is Lord of all,—  
 Will bring me home at last.

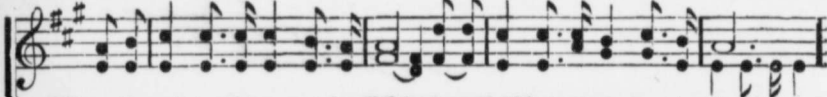
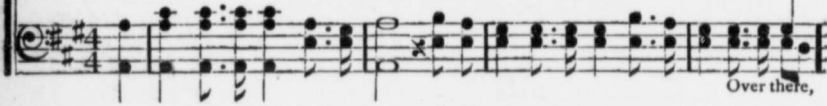
5 Then will my happy, happy soul  
 Tell of his love and rest,  
 While shouts of victory shall roll  
 From every conquering breast.

OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE.



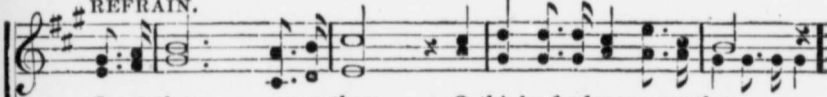
1. O, think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;



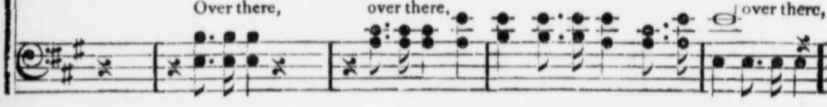
Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.  
 Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.



REFRAIN.



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



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



# HAMBURG. L.M.

Arr. by DR. L. MARON.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The top system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 4/4 time signature. The bottom system also has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 4/4 time signature. The music is in a minor key, indicated by two flats in the key signature.

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- 1 I come, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To rest beneath thy cross, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee!  
Seal thou my breast and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered at thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength from thee derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;  
Oh, wondrous grace! oh, boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou!  
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;  
To thee our hearts and hands we give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

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# GO, LAEGR ON.

H. BONAR.

Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The top system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 3/2 time signature. The bottom system also has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 3/2 time signature. The music is in a minor key, indicated by two flats in the key signature.

1. Go, la-labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast  
down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!
- 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home,  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

## WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."  
Eph. iii. 19.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For  
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In  
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In

who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful of Je-sus?  
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.  
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus

## CHORUS.

Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!

Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

## HELP JUST A LITTLE.

As sung by Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

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

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Broth-er for Christ's king-dom sigh-ing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
 3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
 Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,  
 Help a little, help a little;  
 Help to lift each fallen brother,  
 Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,  
 Help a little, help a little;  
 Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,  
 Help just a little.

## THE FUTURE.

MISS JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,  
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,  
 3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?  
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?  
 All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?  
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;  
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I  
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the



## THE FUTURE.—CONCLUDED.

know . . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be  
 future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,  
 lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.  
 keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

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## Then, oh! then.

EDW. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The day will soon be past; The light is fading fast; The call will come at last;
2. The voyage will soon be o'er; The billows rage no more; 'Tis near the peaceful shore;
3. The sands are running low; The tide will cease to flow; The final trump will blow;
4. The goal will soon be won; The race will soon be run; 'Tis near the set of sun;

### REFRAIN.

And then, oh! then: Then, a perfect day; Then, a blessed  
 perfect day;  
 home; Then, a golden crown and harp In the world to come.  
 bles-sed home;

## I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;  
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;  
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;  
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.  
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.  
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.  
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

## CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict - ry wear,—In glo - ry.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.  
 ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

*D.S.*—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

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

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

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus him-  
 2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the  
 3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the man- y mansions pre-

self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Ev- en  
 earth- ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a- way, And re-  
 pared a- bove, Where the glo- ri- fied shall for- ev- er sing, Of a

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un- to death, in the heavenly race. O may that crown . . . in heav'n be  
 joicing come with the morning light. O may that joy . . . . in heav'n be  
 Saviour's free and unbound- ed love. O may that home . . . in heav'n be

mine, And I a- mong . . . . the angels shine; Be thou, O  
 in heav'n be mine, And I among the angels shine;

Lord, . . . . my daily guide, Let me ev- er in thy love a- bide.  
 Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

## Thou Hidden Source.

Tune,  
MARTILLO. 8s, 6l.  
*Fine.*

1. Thou hidden source of calm repose, Thou all-suf-fi - cient love di - vine,  
D. C.—And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in thy name.  
2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my happy soul a - bove:  
D. C.—To me, with thy great name, are given Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.

*D. C.*  
My help and refuge from my foes, Se - cure I am while thou art mine:  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy and ever - last - ing love:

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;  
The medicine of my broken heart;  
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;  
In weakness, my almighty power;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty;  
My light, in Satan's darkest hour;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable;  
My life in death, my all in all.

## Jesus hath Died.

Tune,  
AZMON. C. M.

1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;

In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable;  
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,  
And all thy love to feel.  
3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,  
From every wish set free;  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
But give thyself to me.  
5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given;  
Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where thou art is heaven.



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