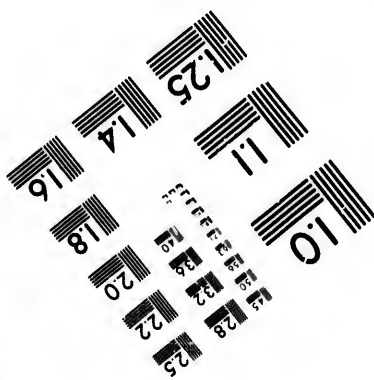
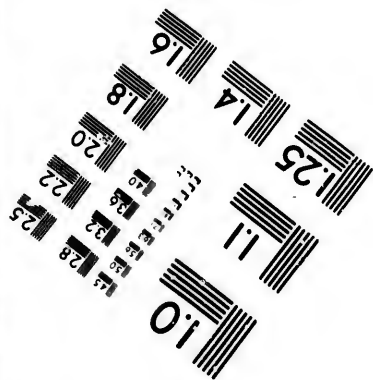
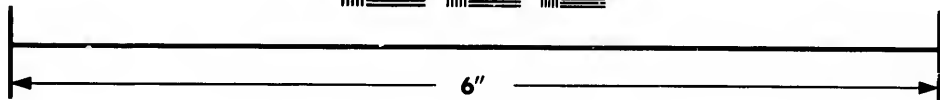
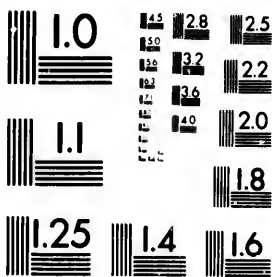


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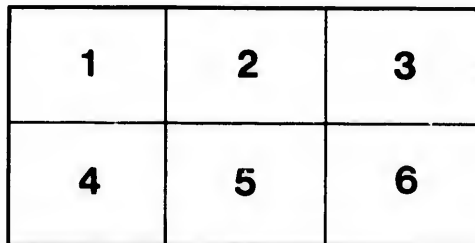
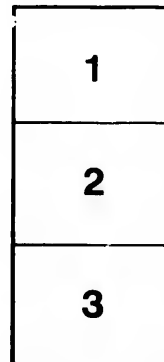
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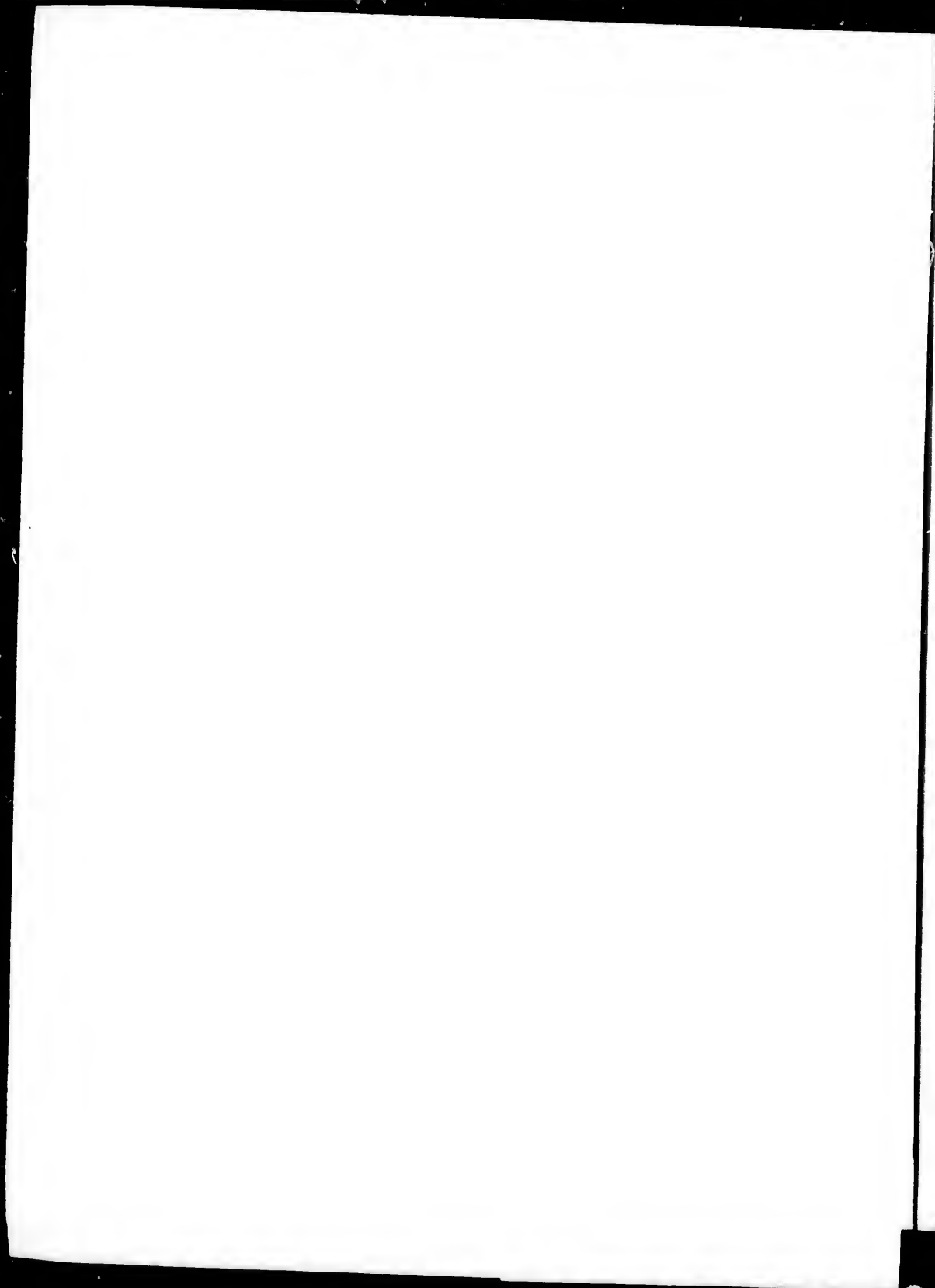
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GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 3.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN,

AND

GEO. C. STEBBINS,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

TORONTO

COPP, CLARK & CO.

47 FRONT STREET EAST.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns and Tunes which is to be known as "GOSPEL HYMNS No. 3," has been selected with great care, each hymn having been submitted to and passed upon by a Committee of brethren who have had very large experience in the use of this class of Hymns.

The book contains an unusually large number of entirely new Sacred Songs, together with many of the good old hymns so dear to the Church, and is sent forth with the hope that it may prove a messenger of joy and peace to many hearts, and a worthy successor to Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 and 2.

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES McGRANAHAN,
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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GOSPEL HYMNS.

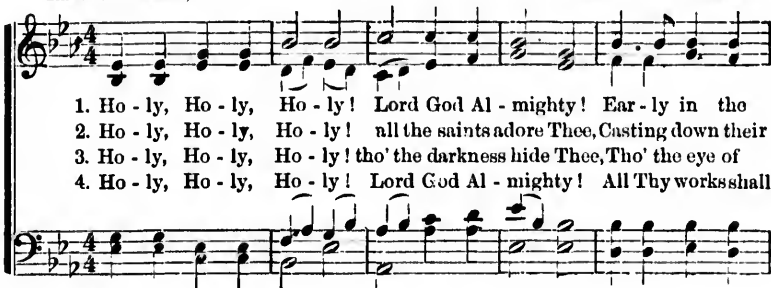
No. 3.

No. 1. *Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!*

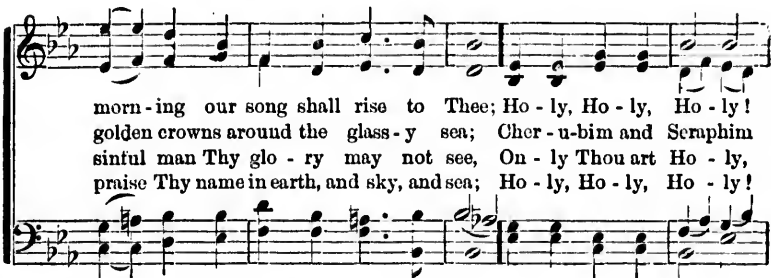
"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

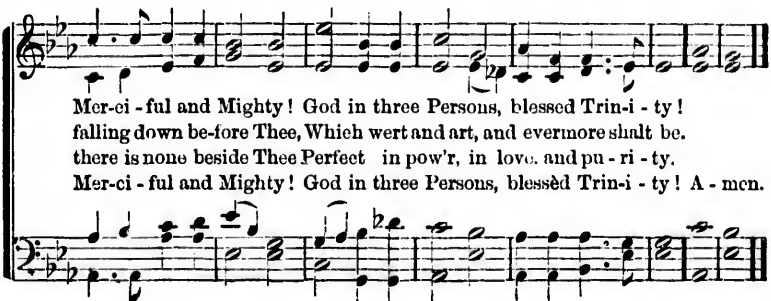
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! All Thy worksshall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Seraphim
sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!



Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
falling down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none beside Thee Perfect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

No. 2.

Revive Thy Work.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—IIAR. 3: 2.

Rev. J. C. RYLE.

JAMES MCGHANAHAN, by per.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare ;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death ;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee ;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name ;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
 Quick - en the smould'ring embers now By Thine Al - mighty breath.
 And hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be !
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

CHORUS.

Re - vive..... O Lord,...

Re-vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give re - freshing show'rs ;
 Re - vive..... O Lord,.... And give, and give refreshing show'rs ;

Revive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give, and give refreshing show'rs ;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

No. 3.

I've Found a Friend.

A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

ANON.

GEO. C. STREIBER, by per.

by per.



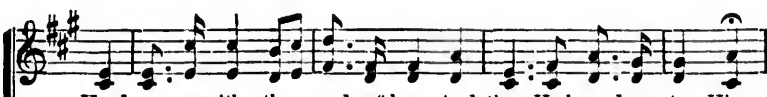
bare ;
death ;
Thee ;
name ;



1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,



hear.
breath.
be !
- flame.



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!



s ;
show'rs;



show'rs;



And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th'o-ter-nal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?



rs.



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.



No. 4.

He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 4.

M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land,
 2. Though He may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home;
 3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and billows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - ugo In the shad - ow of God's hand.
 For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en - ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
 Je - sus, for my soul is ear - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no
 He will hide me, He will hide me,

harm..... can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe - ly
 Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

—o—

No. 5. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

ENGLISH.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall
 2. Thine, Thine a - lone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now
 3. Thine, ev - er Thine, For - ev - er to re - clino On
 4. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When

seek its joy a - part from Thee; The world is cru - ci -
 earth - ly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no
 love e - ter - nal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for
 from the glo - ry Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall

fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.
 more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a - lone.
 ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine
 take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.

No. 6. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTMORE.*

(TEMPERANCE HYMN.)

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Long in darkness we have wait-ed, For the shin-ing of the Light;
 2. Now, at last, the Light ap-pearth, Je-sus stands up-on the shore;
 3. Noth-ing have we, but our weak-ness, Naught but sorrow, sin and care;
 4. All our tal-ents we have wasted, All Thy laws have dis-o-beyed;
 5. Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di-vine;

Long have felt the things we ha-ted, Sink us still in deep-er night.
 And, with ten-der voice, He call-eth, "Come to Me" "and sin no more!"
 All with-in, is loathsome vileness, All with-out, is dark de-spair.
 But Thy goodness now we've tast-ed, In Thy robes we stand ar-rayed.
 Let the Ho-ly Spir-it teach us, That our light may ev-er shine.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing Saviour! Tender, faith-ful, strong and true,

Break the fet-ters that have bound us, Make us in Thyself a-new. *Rit.*

Final Chorus.—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
 Give us of Thy grace to-day;
 While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
 Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

* Written by one rescued from strong drink.

No. 7.

Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Je - sus, gracious one, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
 2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
 3. Weary, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?

Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."
 "Heavy - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
 Mer - cy of - fered thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?

Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
 Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
 Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;

Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."

No. 8.

My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES MCGRAHANAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er And His wond'rous love, to me ;
 2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es - tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'n - ly love to me ;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless-love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood.....

blood He purchased me, He purchased me,..... On the
 blood..... He purchased me,
 blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the
 cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt, and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.
 debt, and made me free,

No. 9. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

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

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is passing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye ;
 2. Lo ! He stands and calls to thee, " What wilt thou then have of me ?"
 3. " Lord, I would Thy mercy see : Lord, re - veal Thy love to me ;
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour ;

rit.

As the pre - cious moments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to Me !
 Rise, and tell Him all Thy need ; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul ; All my heart and life con - trol."
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, " Faith hath saved thee, go in peace !"

No. 10.

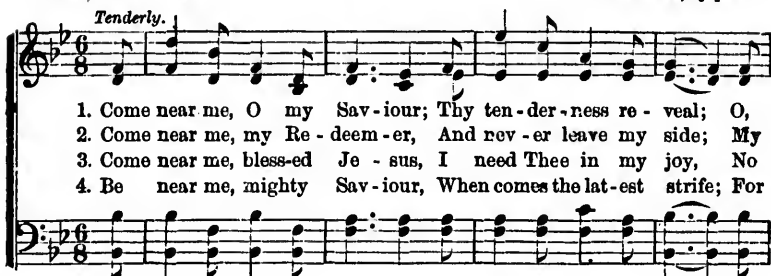
Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a croken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

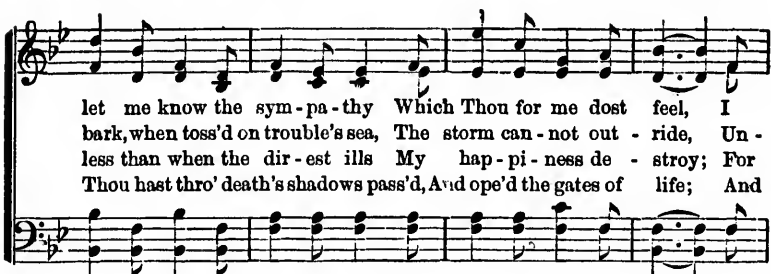
Rev. G. G. LLOYD.

J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

Tenderly.

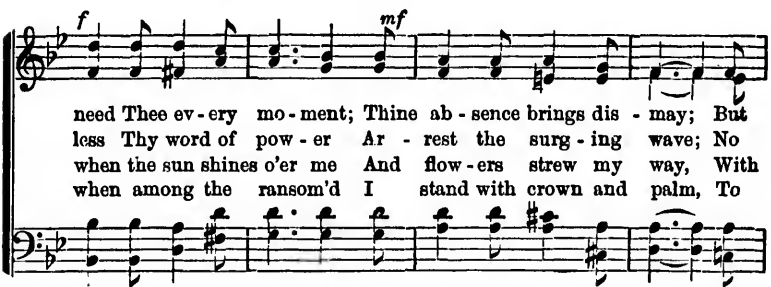


1. Come near me, O my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness re-veal; O,
 2. Come near me, my Re-deem-er, And rev-er leave my side; My
 3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
 4. Be near me, mighty Sav-iour, When comes the lat-est strife; For



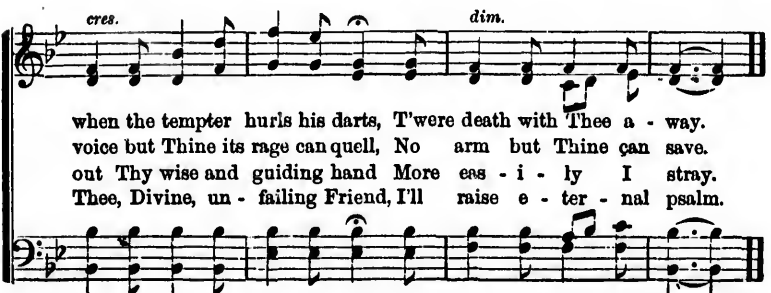
let me know the sym-pa-ty Which Thou for me dost feel, I
 bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea, The storm can-not out-ride, Un-
 less than when the dir-est ills My hap-pi-ness de-stroy; For
 Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And op'd the gates of life; And

f *mf*



need Thee ev-ery mo-ment; Thine ab-sence brings dis-may; But
 less Thy word of pow-er Ar-rest the surg-ing wave; No
 when the sun shines o'er me And flow-ers strew my way, With
 when among the ransom'd I stand with crown and palm, To

cres. *dim.*



when the tempter huris his darts, T'were death with Thee a-way.
 voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
 out Thy wise and guiding hand More eas-i-ly I stray.
 Thee, Divine, un-failing Friend, I'll raise e-ter-nal psalm.

No. 11.

Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31: 2.

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when tempt -
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

con - flicts and sorrows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine
 a - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its
 Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

No. 12.

A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—REV. 21: 25.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

JAMES McGRATHAN, by per.

1. We've journey'd many a day Upon an ocean wide, A - mid the mist and
 2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bitter tears, Our fightings fierce with-
 3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O haven of the

spray Of many a surging tide; But, lo! the land is near! For
 out, With - in our anxious fears; But, lo! the storms are past, They
 blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No more the storm, the dark, The

just beyond the foam I see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
 cannot reach us more; We've sighted land at last, The blessed stormless shore.
 breakers and the foam, No more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

REFRAIN.

There's a light up - on the shore, brother, It flash - es from the

A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

straud; The night is almost o'er, brother, The haven's just at hand.

No. 13.

Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 COR. 6: 19.
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra-ted, 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 Fill'd with mes - sages from Thee ;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise ;
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine ;
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store ;

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 pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Chorus, after each stanza.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

No. 14.

The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.

1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to
 2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre - pared for
 3. The Gos - pel bells give warn - ing, As they sound from day to
 4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they cch - o far and

sea: Blessed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.
 all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gracious call.
 day, Of the fate which doth a - wait them Who for - ev - er will de - lay.
 wide, Bearing notes of per - fect par - don, Thro' a Saviour cru - ci - fied.

"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who - so -
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your
 "Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain, Nor be -
 "Good tidings of great joy To all peo - ple do I bring, Un - to

e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
 sious be red as crim - son, They shall be as white as wool."
 hind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."
 you is born a Sav - iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gospel bells,

how they ring;

Gospel

Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land from sea to sea;

bells free-ly bring

Gospel bells

free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

No. 15.

Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.

Reverently.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns, The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting
3. Herules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting

Father and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - pare Him room,
 Father and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Father and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His righteousness,

The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting Father and the Prince of Peace.

No. 16.

Ye must be Born again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of sal - vation and light; The Master made answer in
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to
 sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life ev - er - lasting if
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain.....
 words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,.....
 "Ye must be born a - gain, again," Ye must be born a - gain, again, I

Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.

a - gain.....

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un-to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, again.

No. 17.

Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

P. P. BLISS.
Slow.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruitless tree!
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruitless tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worthless tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, For mer - cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

It spreads a harmful shade around, It spoils what else were useful ground,
Behold its branches broad and green, Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
For oth - er use the soil prepare, Some oth - er tree will flourish there,
An - oth - er year of care bestow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas - ter, seek - ing fruit thereon Has come—but, griev'd at finding none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not—then lay the cumb'rer low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Justice—Mer - cy floun—Cut it down, cut it down.

No. 18.

Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—JOHN 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRATHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - waking, When sunlight thro'
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twilight, It may be per -
 3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glo - ri - fied
 4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sickness, no

dark - ness and shadow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an - gels at - tending With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry. When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -

Rit.
 turneth, Hal - le - lujah! hal - le - lujah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

No. 19.

Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

"Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
 pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied through.
 Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
 bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

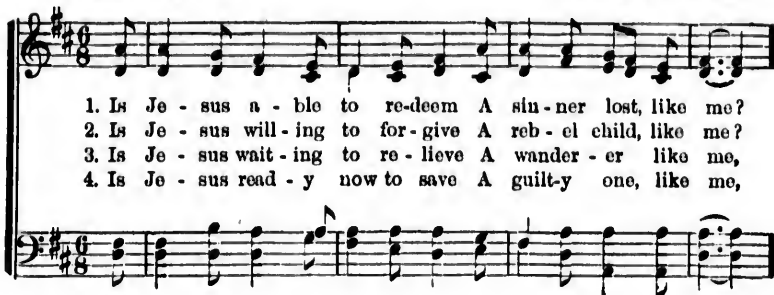
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No. 20. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

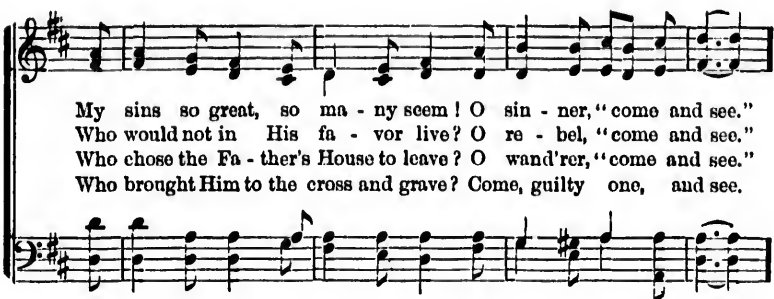
"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

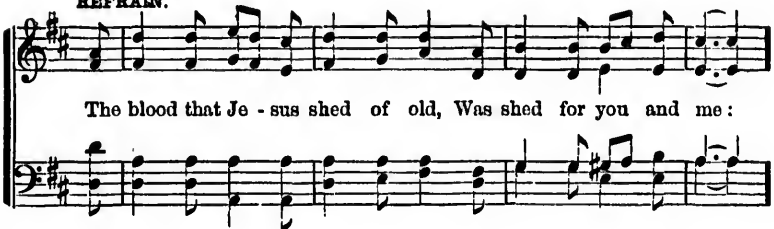


1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re-deem A sin - ner lost, like me?
2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for - give A reb - el child, like me?
3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re - lieve A wand - er like me,
4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guilt - y one, like me,

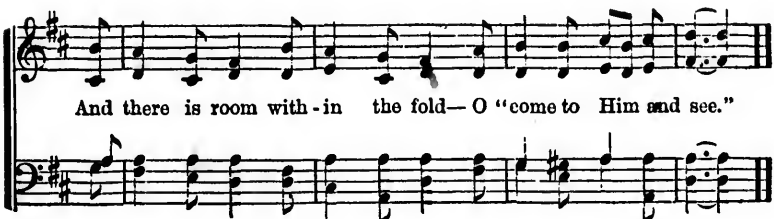


My sins so great, so ma - ny seem! O sin - ner, "come and see."
Who would not in His fa - vor live? O re - bel, "come and see."
Who chose the Fa - ther's House to leave? O wand'rer, "come and see."
Who brought Him to the cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.

REFRAIN.



The blood that Je - sus shed of old, Was shed for you and me:



And there is room with - in the fold— O "come to Him and see."

No. 21.

Verity, Verity.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem - na - tion He hath
 2. All my in - i - quities on Him were laid, All my in - debt - ed - ness by
 3. Tho' poor and needy I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin - fu! I be -
 4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com - eth, He will

made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the Son" saith He,
 Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
 lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - ery child of God,
 not cast out, "He that be - liev - eth," O the good news shout,

CHORUS.

"Hath ev - er - last - ing life." "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,
 "Have ev - er - last - ing life."
 "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."
 "HATH ev - er - last - ing life."

I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly" message ev - er new;

"He that be - liev - eth on the Son" 'tis true, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

No. 22. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

Mrs. W. R. GUSWOLD.

Geo. C. STUBBS, by per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the blessed home a -
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed

bove, From whence, are its rays of wondrous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

LAMB is the light thereof." They shall walk in white, there shall

be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the

sl out shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

No. 23.

How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. R.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex -
 2. When u - nit - ed to Him, We par - take of the stream Ev - er
 3. We re - mem - ber the word Of our cru - ci - fi - ed Lord, When He
 4. Come, Lord, from the skies And com - mand us to rise To the

pect His re - turn from a - bove; We sit 'neath His vine, and de -
 flow - ing in peace from the throne, We in Je - sus believe, and the
 went to pre - pare us a place, "I will come in that day and will
 mansions of glo - ry a - bove; With Thee to as - cend and e -

light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.
 spir - it re - ceive, That proceeds from the Fa - ther and Son.
 take you a - way, And ad - mit to a sight of my face."
 ter - ni - ty spend, In a rap - ture of heav - en - ly love.

CHORUS.

Oh, how happy are we Who in Jesus agree, How happy, how happy are we.

No. 24.

Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."-1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRATHAN, by per.

1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our
 2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spok - en, All our
 3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the
 4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall

sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of
 peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was no'er
 star o - ver Beth - le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the
 her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair

Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
 bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
 mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
 dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

CHORUS

Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,
 Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again. .
 Blessed hope, blessed hope,

No. 25.

Why not To-night?

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

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

IRA D. SANKER, by per.

our
our
the
shall

1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long delud - ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de - light;
4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

Rit......
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

Over the Line.

"Let him come unto me."—JOHN 7: 37.

Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the .In - ter's voice As He
 2. But my sins are many, my faith is small, Lo! the
 3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the
 4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back, Press

lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is
 an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou needest not trust in thy
 way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may
 for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His

on - ly a step—I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."
 self at all. Step o - ver the line, I am here"
 sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hou - or Thee.
 wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and trust.

REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are

Over the Line.—Concluded.

chanting the heav - en - ly strain: "O - ver the line."—Why
4th v. "O - ver the line."—I

should I re - main With a step between me and Je - sus?
will not re - main, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus?



No. 27.

Save, Jesus, Save!

'Lord, save me.'—MATT. 14: 30.

ANON.

GEO. C. STERBINS.

1. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy blessing now we crave; For ev - ery anx - ious
2. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy banner o'er us wave, Of love e - ter - nal
3. Save, Je - sus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give ev - ery fet - tered
4. Save, Je - sus, save! And Thou a - lone shalt have The glo - ry of the

sinner here, Oh, let Thy mercy now appear, Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save,
and divine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Jesus, &c.
soul release, And to the troubled whisper "Peace." Lord Jesus, &c.
work divine, Yea, endless praises shall be Thine! Lord Jesus, &c.

No. 28.

Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."--JAS. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. H. VERROAL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and
 2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
 3. Tempted and tried What - e'er may be - tide, In His se - cret pa -
 4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith - ful Re -

deep, may be wrathful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the
 vain shall His children con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He
 vil - ion His children shall hide, 'Neath the shadow - ing wing, Of E -
 deem - er, thy Keep - er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex -

Lord shall restrain, And for - ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign.
 loves to the end, A - - dor - a - ble Master and glo - ri - ous Friend!
 ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.
 ceed - ing Re - ward, Then e - nough for the servant to be as his Lord.

CHORUS.

Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and

5. Tempted and tried,
 The Saviour who died,
 Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His
 keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried. side;
 His cross thou shalt bear,
 And His crown thou shalt wear,
 And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 29.

We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM. 10:29.

Rev. I. WATTS.

Spirited.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - rise to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 30. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I cannot tell how precious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-
 2. I cannot do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en -
 3. Whene'er I think of Je - sus, I cannot but re - joice; 'To me He's ev - er

cept - ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His good-ness, E -
 deav - or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav - iour For
 pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A

nough to sat - is - fy; And if you'll only take Him, You'll see the reason why.
 sin - ners cru - ci - fied? For me, then, surely, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.
 home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev - er So happy, and so free.

CHORUS.

I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - iour is to me;

I on - ly can en - treat you To come, and taste and see.

No. 31. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm ;
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day,
 3. There is the home of my Sav - iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
 Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
 O - ver the highlands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
 the pure and blest.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

No 32. I'll Stand by You till the Morning.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a helpless bark,
 2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,
 3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing neath the wave,
 4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
 With what joy they hail their sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!
 Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
 Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

CHORUS.

Joy,..... behold the sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,

Joy, O joy, be - hold the saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

"I'll stand by un - til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear," Yes,

I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

I'll stand by until the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear.

No. 33. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil - est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

REFRAIN.

Lord, When He languished and died. Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re-
grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.
soul, And its hope ev - ery hour.
souls Shall be whi - ter than snow.
blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

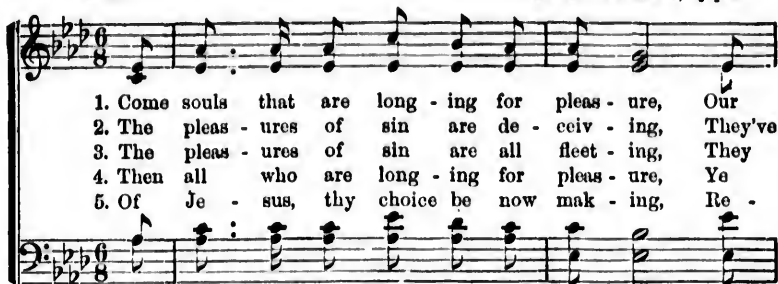
demption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.

No. 34. Come now saith the Lord.

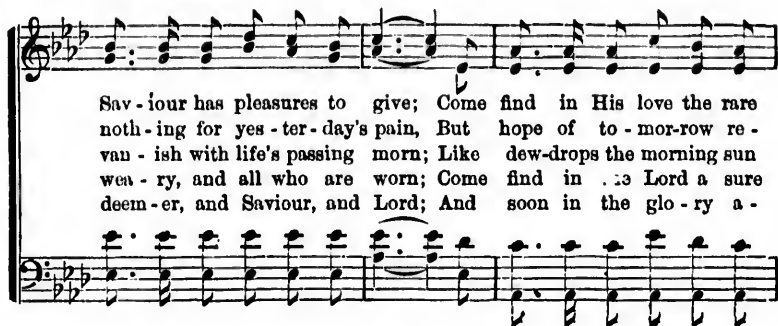
"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord." - Isa. 1: 18.

W. W. D.

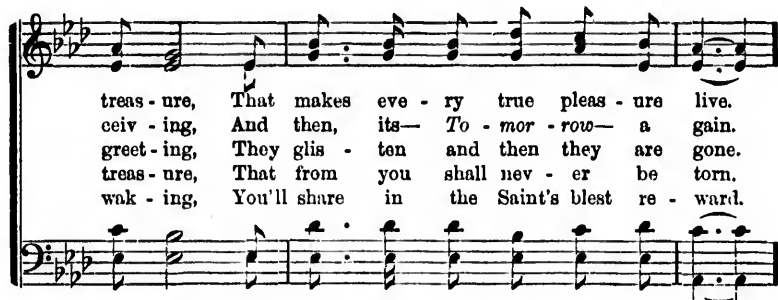
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Come souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our
 2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've
 3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They
 4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye
 5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing, Re -



Sav - iour has pleasures to give; Come find in His love the rare
 noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor - row re -
 van - ish with life's passing morn; Like dew - drops the morning sun
 wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in . . . Lord a sure
 deem - er, and Saviour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -



treas - ure, That makes eve - ry true pleas - ure live.
 ceiv - ing, And then, its - To - mor - row - a gain.
 greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.
 treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.
 wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward.

CHORUS.



Come now saith the Lord, let us reason, Come now and your purpose declare;

Come now saith the Lord.—Concluded.

Is it pleasures of sin for a season, Or pleasures the glo - ri-fied share.

No. 35. *I'm going Home.*

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

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.

1 } My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
 2 } Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
 2 } My Fa-ther's house is built on high; Far, far above the starry sky;
 3 } When from this earth - ly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
 3 } Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
 4 } Be mine a hap - pier lot, to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
 4 } Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 4 } All na - ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

CHORUS.

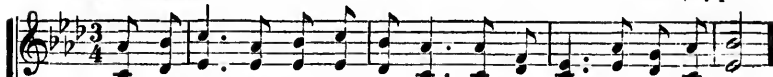
I'm going home, I'm go - ing home, I'm going home to die no more,

To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more.


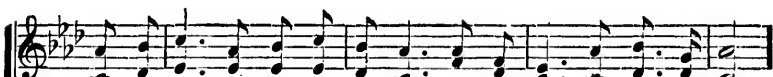
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.



Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.





1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a lone—
 2. What tho' all my earth-ly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a go—
 4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,


Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses, For the joys that now are flown—
 And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in- stead of flow'rs—
 Bit- ter les- sons sad- ly learning From the shadowy page of woe—
 If I whis- per, "Je- sus on- ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

If I've Je- sus, "Je- sus on- ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
 If I've Je- sus, "Je- sus on- ly," I pos- sess a cluster rare;
 If I've Je- sus, "Je- sus on- ly," He'll be with me to the end;
 When I join the heavenly chorus, And the an- gel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth- le- hem.
 He's the "Lil- y of the Val- ley," And the "Rose of Sha- ron" fair.
 And, un- seen by mor- tal vis- ion, An- gel bands will o'er me bend.
 Precious Je- sus, "Je- sus on- ly," Will my theme of rap- ture be.



No. 37.

Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—HEB. 13: 6.

R. G. H.

R. GEO. HALLS, by per.

Moderato—bold.

1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
 2. I en - vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!

And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I cov - et not earth's glitt-'ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 "He knoweth best,"—I mur - mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And sin be - set me all a - round, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Safe in His arms I shall re - pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!

He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
 Earth can no last-ing bliss be - stow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;
 Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail, The "la-bor of the Ol-ive fail,"
 Let earth her fiercest bat - tles wage, And foes a - gainst my soul engage,
 When sharpest pains my frame pervade, And all the powers of nature fade,

And rec - on-ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And death o'er flocks and herds pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 38. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. 24: 42

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry



noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our talents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,



Rit.

REFRAIN.



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done?
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He



find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?



Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4 : 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Gliding o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes
 2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Or its bright and ver - nal
 3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in
 4. 'Tis the we - ry pil - grim's Home - land, Where each throbbing care shall

roll; And we sigh for yonder ha - ven, For the Home - land of the soul.
 hills; And, tho' distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
 One, We shall sing glad songs of triumph When our harvest work is done.
 cease, And our longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Home - land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

No. 10.

To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its
 2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are
 3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the
 4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bide In the

glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs
 mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no
 gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the
 shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im -

o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
 mor - tal can know, Of the land where the we - ary shall rest.
 faithful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
 man - u - els' side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be
 To be there, to be there,

there; To be there, to be there, . . . And with Jesus I long to be there.
 to be there, To be there, to be there,

No. 41.

Crown Him.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Pa. 8: 5.

REV. THOS. KELLY.

ARR. BY GEO. C. STREBBINS, BY PER.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now,
 2. Crown the Saviour! Angels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je-sus brings,
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris-ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
 4. Hark! the bursts of ao - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords,

From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh what joy the sight af - fords.

REFRAIN.

Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

No. 42. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
2. Would you calm - ly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
4. Griev - ing, would you com - fort know? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you know His pow'r to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Hum - ble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
See a light be - yond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

CHORUS.

Je - sus who on the cross did die, Je - sus who lives and reigns on high,

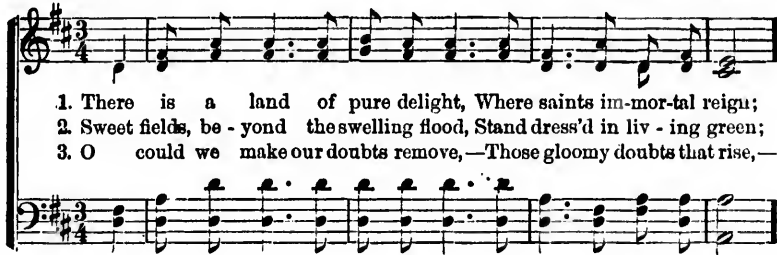
He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

No. 43. The Heavenly Canaan.

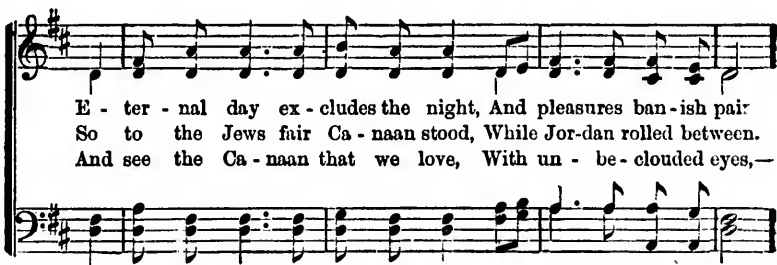
"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off"—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

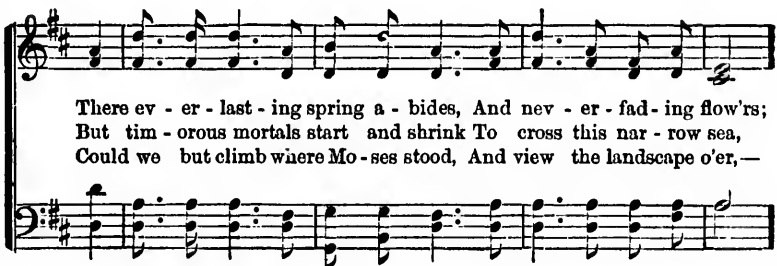
WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY, by per.



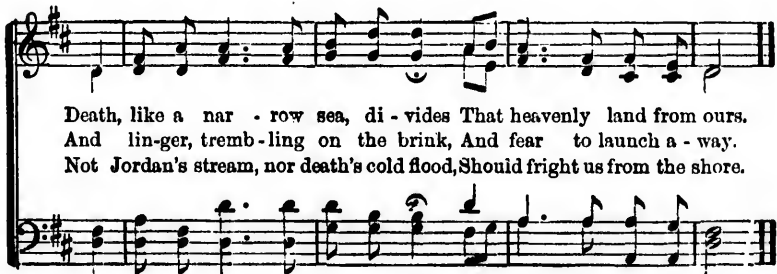
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. Sweet fields, be - yond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
 3. O could we make our doubts remove, — Those gloomy doubts that rise, —



E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pair
 So to the Jews fair Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - clouded eyes, —



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flow'rs;
 But tim - ous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, —




Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heavenly land from ours.
 And lin-ger, tremb - ling on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 44. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.



"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.


JAMES McGRATHAN, by per.




1. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, He taught me the *se - cret of faith*,
3. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,




I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling with-in.
To rest in believing His promise, And *trust what-so-ev - er He saith*.
The love He has kindled within me Makes service and suf - fer - ing sweet.
What joy in His glorified presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.




CHORUS.



Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, From sin and from sorrow so free;



So happy that He is my Saviour, So hap - py that Je - sus loves me.



No. 45. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8-13.

ENGLISH.

R. S. THAIN, by per.

1. The gos - pel trumpet's sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,
 2. For - sake your wretched ser - vice, Your master's claims are o'er;
 3. A bet - ter Mas - ter's call - ing, In ac - cents true and kind;
 4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
 5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;

And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond - men free.
 A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
 He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
 And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.
 While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, re - turn, ye captives, Re - turn un - to your home,

The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

No. 46. The Hem of His Garment.

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole"—MATT. 9: 21.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As
 2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She
 3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good com - fort, Thy

to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that
 knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
 faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass - eth

gath - er'd a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
 vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
 all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 47. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

REV. THRO. MOROD, ARR.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, BY PER.

per.



As
She
Thy



that
Him
eth



ple.



ee;



e.



1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er
2. Yet Ho found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th'acurs-ed
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy Heal - ing, slp - ing, full and
4. High - er than the high - est heavens, Deep - er than the deepest

be, When I proud-ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of
tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of
free, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered "Less of self, and more of
sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "None of self, and all of

Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of
Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of
Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of
Thee," None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of

Thee, When I proud-ly said to Jesus "All of self and none of Thee."
Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly "Some of self and some of Thee."
Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."
Thee, Lord Thy love at last has conquered "None of self and all of Thee."

No. 48.

Can it be Right ?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this
 2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the
 3. Can it be right, such loads to bear, While He says
 4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for-
 5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should
 6. Can it be right with such a Lord, E - ven to

dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not
 day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my
 "come, I'll give you rest?" Bid' ing me cast on Him my
 give and van - quish sin? E r in trials of dark - est
 prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to
 dread the hour of death? Wait - ing in faith the great re -

know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
 state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
 care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
 hour, Can not His love give peace with - in?
 speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?
 ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.

CHORUS.

I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

No. 49.

The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. From the riv - en Rock there floweth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "Without money, with - out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come unto Me,"
3. Fainting in the des - ert, drear - y, Guilt - y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!

Wea - ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirsty traveller, be en - couraged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Saviour still en - treating, Know you not He call - eth thee?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges— Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;

From His side a liv - ing fountain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

No. 50.

Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

ART. from FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,
 2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear,
 3. Thou art coming, we are wait-ing With a hope that can - not fail,

Ev - ery tongue Thy name confess-ing, Well may we ro - joice and sing;
 Not a sin, and not a sor - row, On that sun - rise grand and clear;
 Ask - ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with - in the veil;

f

Thou art coming! rays of glo - ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
 Thou art coming! Je - sus Saviour, Noth - ing also seems worth a thought,
 Thou art coming! at Thy ta - ble We are wit - ness - es for this,
D. S. Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je - sus our be - lov - ed Lord,

Gladden now our pil - grim pathway, Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.
 Oh how mar - vel - ous the glo - ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
 As we meet Thee in commun - ion, Earn - est of our coming bliss.
O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo - ri - fied, a - dored.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

{ Thou art coming, Thou art coming, We shall meet Thee on Thy way. }
 { Thou art coming, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day. }

No. 51. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. On - ly trusting in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave;
 2. On - ly trusting, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do;
 3. There are breakers in the distance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;
 4. On - ly trusting, on - ly trusting, This is joy and life to me;

He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be-lieve.
 Ev - ery tri - al that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
 On the Rock my feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
 Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Now to Christ a - lone I'm elinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;

Heeding not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be-low.

No. 52. There is a Green Hill far away.

"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS. >

Oh dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

Rit.

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 53. Forever with Jesus there.

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

Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

JAMES MCGRAHAM, by per.

by per.



wall;
bear;
good,
sin;



all.
there.
blood.
in.



too;



1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to pre-
2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sorrow or
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we
5. In my Father's house there are bless - ed saints, Who His holy im - age

pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.
share; No thought of sin can en - ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there.

CHORUS.

For - ev - er with Je - sus there, For - ev - er with Je - sus there;

What grace divine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

No. 54. Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—REV. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky!
3. O, then what raptured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore!

The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;
What ring - ing of a thousand harps Bespeak the tri - umph nigh!
What knitting sev - ered friendships up, Where partings are no more!

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
O day of which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimm'd with tears of late;

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
Orphans no long - er fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb who once was

Ten Thousand times.—Concluded.

slain! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah to Him who once was slain!

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—o—

No. 55. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. I feel like sing - ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce tempta - tions try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine;
4. The wondrous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,

For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.
 Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now, I'm singing all the time.
 And so, though tears at times may start, I'm singing all the time.
 Till oth - ers, with the glad new song Go singing all the time.

CHORUS.

I'm singing, singing, Singing all the time; Singing, singing, Singing all the time.

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine"—JOHN 17: 10.

Arr. from Rev. J. C. RYLE

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the promise shine!
 2. Mine! the prom - ise oft - en read, Now in liv - ing truth impress'd
 3. Mine! the prom - ise cannot change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
 4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, He is strong and holds me fast;
 5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine.

I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
 Once ac - knowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.
 Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
 By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
 "Sat - is - fied I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

CHORUS

Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and

Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

No. 57. "Sing and Pray! Eternity Dawns!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { E - ter - ni - ty dawns on my vis - ion to - day, Gather round me my
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn, Brightly now does the
2. { E - ter - ni - ty dawns! Oh, the glo - ries that rise, How they burst on my
With rapture the gleam of the cit - y I see, Where the crown and the

CHORUS.

loved ones to sing and to pray; } Hal - l e - lu - jah! Hal - l e - lu - jah! Halle -
morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn. } soul
soul in its blissful sur - prise; } man - sion are waiting for me. }

lu - jah, we sing! Je - sus conquered the grave, robbing death of its sting;

Ho - san - na! a - gain let the glad anthem ring, "Sing and pray! E - ter - ni - ty dawns!"

- 3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are all passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.
- 4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."
- 5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 58. Where is my Boy to-night?

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10: 1.

R. L.

Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

With tenderness.



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
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night: Go, search for him where you will; But



boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My



Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.

heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 59.

Only for Thee.

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ENGLISH.

JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. } Precious Saviour, may I live, On-ly for Thee! Spend the powers
 } Be my spir-it's deep de-sire On-ly for Thee! May my in-tel-
2. } In my joys may I re-joice, On-ly for Thee! In my choices
 } Meekly may I suf-fer grief, On-ly for Thee! Grateful-ly ac-
3. } Be my smiles and be my tears, On-ly for Thee! Be my young and
 } Be my peace and be my strife On-ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.

Thou dost give On-ly for Thee! On-ly Christ who died for me
 lect as-pire On-ly for Thee!
 make my choice, On-ly for Thee!
 cept re-lief, On-ly for Thee!
 ri-per years, On-ly for Thee!
 be my life, On-ly for Thee!

Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' eter-ni-ty, On-ly for Thee!

No. 60.

It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—LUKE 18: 18.

REV. JAMES PROCTOR.

IRA D. SANKET, by per.

1. Noth - ing, eith - er great or small—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;
 2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,
 3. Wea - ry, work - ing, bur - dened one, Wherefore toil you so?
 4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith,
 5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet;

Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.
 Ev - ery - thing was ful - ly done: Hearken to His ery!
 Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.
 "Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing— "Doing" ends in death.
 Stand in Him, in Him a - lone, Glo - rious - ly com - plete.

CHORUS.

"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev - ery jot;

Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

No. 61. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6: 61.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life, Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of
 Life, Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

No. 62. What must it be to be There.

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

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
 5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For

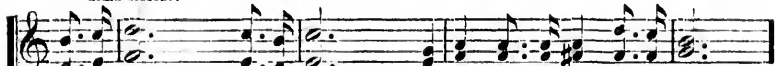


coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
 walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
 robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
 sor - row tempta - tion and care, From tri - als with -
 heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there.
 pleasures un - told, But what must it be to be there.
 bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there.
 out and with - in, But what must it be to be there.
 al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

REFRAIN.



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



to be there, to be there, to be there,



To be there, to be there, Oh what must it be to be there.



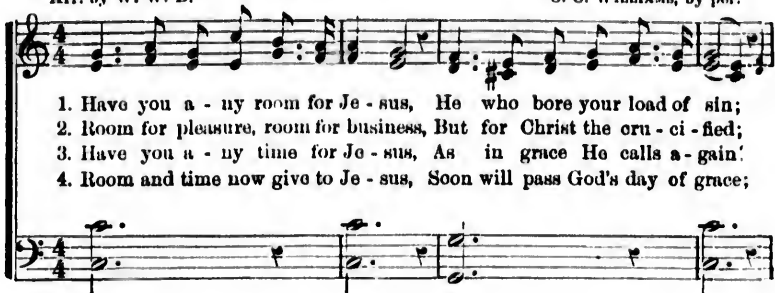
to be there, to be there, to be there.

No. 63. Have you any Room for Jesus?

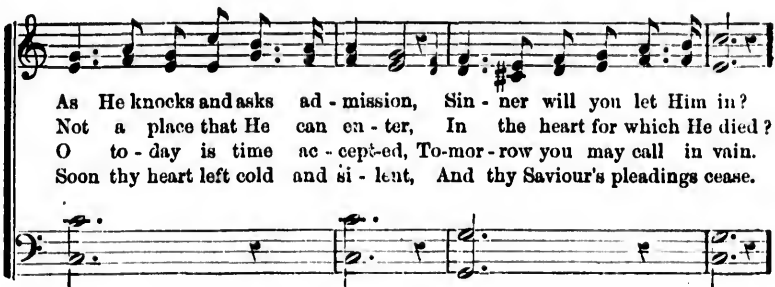
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain!
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

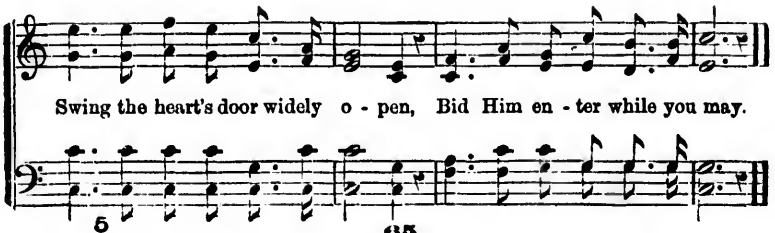


As He knocks and asks ad - mission, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, To - mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

CHORUS.



Room for Jesus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now His word o - bey,



Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

5 65

No. 64. There's a Work for each of Us now.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Our Mas - ter has taken His journey To a country that's far a - way,
2. In this "little while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas - ter is coming most surely, To reckon with every one;



And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, having found it, to do it With all our God-given pow'ra.
Shall we then count our toil or our sorrow, If His sentence be, "Well done."



CHORUS.



There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,



Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.



No. 65.

Jesus, only Jesus.

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

L. PIERCE.

GEO. C. STREBBINS, by per.

1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
2. Once we wander'd far from God, Knowing not of Je - sus,
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

He who took our sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
Tread - ing still the downward road, Lead - ing far from Je - sus,
Pass - word to the heav'n - ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

Name with ev - ery blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Till the spir - it taught us how, 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
When from sin and sor - row free, On thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

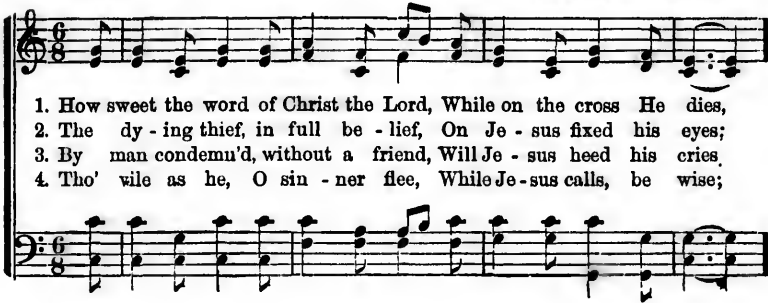
Be our strength in ev - ery strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

Paradise.

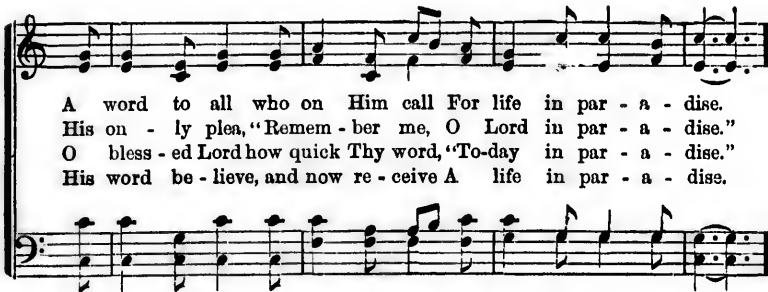
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

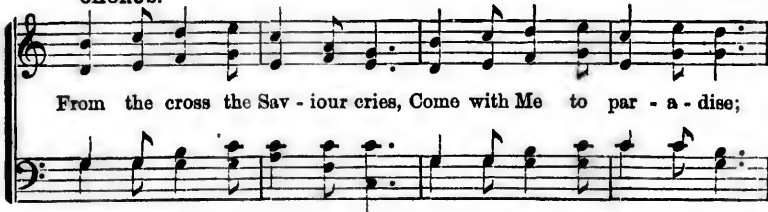


1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies,
 2. The dy - ing thief, in full be - lief, On Je - sus fixed his eyes;
 3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je - sus heed his cries,
 4. Tho' vile as he, O sin - ner flee, While Je - sus calls, be wise;

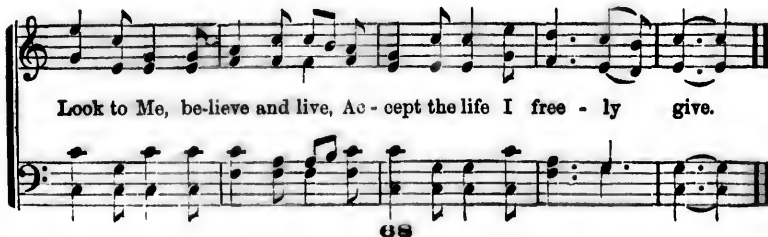


A word to all who on Him call For life in par - a - dise.
 His on - ly plea, "Remem - ber me, O Lord in par - a - dise."
 O bless - ed Lord how quick Thy word, "To-day in par - a - dise."
 His word be - lieve, and now re - ceive A life in par - a - dise.

CHORUS.



From the cross the Sav - iour cries, Come with Me to par - a - dise;



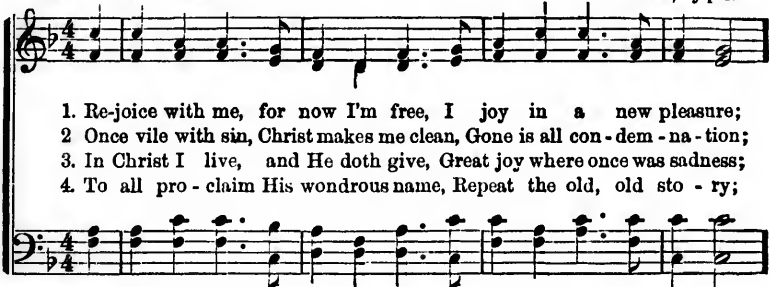
Look to Me, be - lieve and live, Ac - cept the life I free - ly give.

Rejoice with Me.

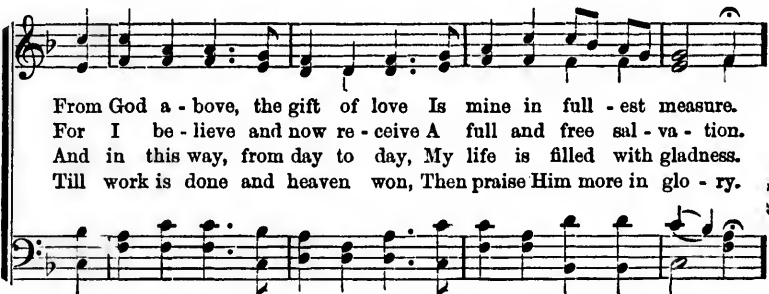
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

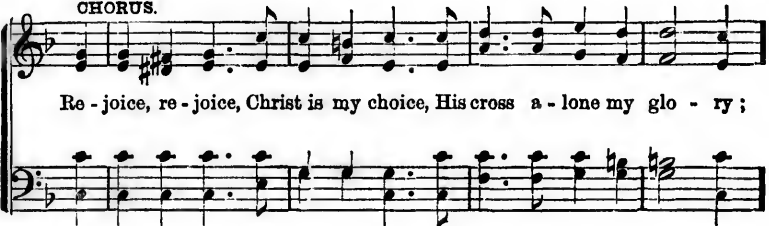


1. Re-joyce with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure;
 2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all con-dem-na-tion;
 3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness;
 4. To all pro-claim His wondrous name, Repeat the old, old sto-ry;

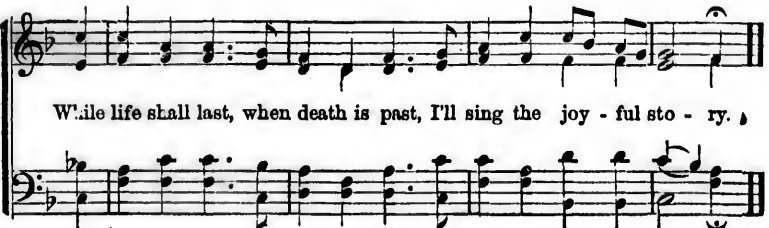


From God a-bove, the gift of love Is mine in full-est measure.
 For I be-lieve and now re-ceive A full and free sal-va-tion.
 And in this way, from day to day, My life is filled with gladness.
 Till work is done and heaven won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.

CHORUS.



Re-joyce, re-joyce, Christ is my choice, His cross a-lone my glo-ry;



While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joy-ful sto-ry.

Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize 'is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us, The
2. We'll fol-low where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feed-eth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His
yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then
Je - sus dear to love us There on high, there on high; We'll

lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis
naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And
give Him best en-deav-or, And praise His name for-ev-er, His

Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
precious words can nev - er, Nev - er die, nev - er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, and with

Triumph By and By—Concluded.

Je-sus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and

by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

No. 69.

I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKY, by per.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son
 4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me Thou a - lone shalt
 5. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er; Thine can nev - er
 6. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me

Thee! Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
 flood; Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood
 lead, Ev - ery day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
 fail; Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
 fall! I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er And for all!

No. 70.

Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 TIM. 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. RYLE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,
 2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me
 3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has echoed from e - ter - ni - ty;

To guilty sin - ners, thro' the blood Of the In - car - nate Son of God;
 All ye who toil, with fears opprest; Come, weary one, oh, come and rest."
 And loud shall our ho - san - nas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.

He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffered death for thee be - low,
 He loves thee with o'er - flow - ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a - bove;
 "Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God;

He bore the wrath di - vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Cal - va - ry.
 He all thy past - ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
 Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains, And glo - ry give to Him who reigns.

CHORUS.

Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par - don full and free,

Good News.—Concluded.

To guilty sin - ners thro' the blood Of the In - car - nate Son of God.

No. 71.

Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re -
 2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the
 3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our

pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we
 ar - rows past us fly; An - gel - guards from
 can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,
 couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

Rit.

come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

No. 72.

Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. RYLE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Sound the high prais-es of Je - sus our King, He
2. Praise to the con - quer - er! Praise to the Lord, The

came and He conquer'd, His vic - to - ry sing; Sing for the pow'r of the
en - e - my quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un -

ty - rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave;
folks the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In

Vain is their boasting, Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken, And
love He looks down from the throne of His glo - ry, And

CHORUS.

Je - sus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high praises of
res - cues the ru - in'd who trust in His name.

Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.

Je - sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His victo - ry sing.

No. 73.

Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of
2. Spend and bespent would we, While lasteth time's brief day; No turning back in
3. On - ward we press in haste, Upward our journey still; Ours is the path the
4. The way may rougher grow, The wea-ri - ness increase, We gird our loins and

CHORUS.

service true, But rest - ing cometh soon. Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu-jah!
 coward fear, No lingering by the way.
 Master trod Thro' good report and ill.
 has - ten on,--The end, the end is peace.

There remains a rest for us. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! There remains a rest for us.

No. 74. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luk 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

C. C. CASE, by per.

1. There is joy among the angels, Sing-ing round the throne a - bove,
 2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;
 3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speed - ing on;

When re - pentant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
 When he turns to Christ believing, And from Him is love re - ceiv - ing,
 When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos - pel work is bringing,

All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love,
 Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all,
 Pre - cious sheaves for harvest morn, Pre - cious sheaves for har - vest morn,

CHORUS.

All the rich - es of His love. There is joy, . . . oh there is joy,
 Grace that saves us one and all.
 Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

Joy that never can be told, When a soul . . . that long has
 nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has

There is Joy.—Concluded.

wan - der'd, Comes with - in the Sav - iour's fold.
 wan - der'd, long has wan - der'd,

No. 75. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON.

(MISSIONARY.)

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor
 2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from
 3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad ti - dings bring, List! as that

CHORUS.—Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Hasten with the

FINE.

hea - then live, wait - ing for day; Groping in ig - norance,
 God's own word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them
 hea - then band joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave,
 bread of life, has - ten and come.

D. C. CHORUS.

dark as the night, No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light.
 Bi - bles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
 oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation"—REV. 7: 14.

W. P. MACKAY, M. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
 2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
 3. All the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swelling Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
 And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
 All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,

Shall we then re - call the sadness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
 Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
 And His rest will be the dear - er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
 When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
 And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloudy days.

CHORUS.

Yes we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

Memories of Earth.—Concluded.

own; For the love so strong and tender, That redeem'd and bro't us home.

No. 77. *Must I Go and Empty Handed?*

C. C. LUTHER.

(DAN. 12: 3.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed, "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

DUET.

1. "Must I go and empty handed," Thus my dear Re-deem-er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but re-call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser-vice give Him, Lay no tro-phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav-iour, To His will I'd glad-ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.

"Must I go and emp-ty handed," Must I meet my Sav-iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp-ty hand-ed go?

No. 78.

My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—ROM. 14: 1.

REV. H. F. COLBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares;
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife
3. Temptations lure and fears as - sail My frail, in - constant heart;
4. Un - fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;

But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.
But precious are Thy promis - es, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

REFRAIN.

To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,

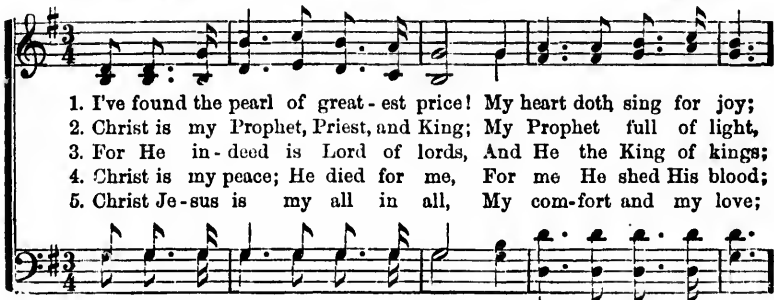
Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

No. 79. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

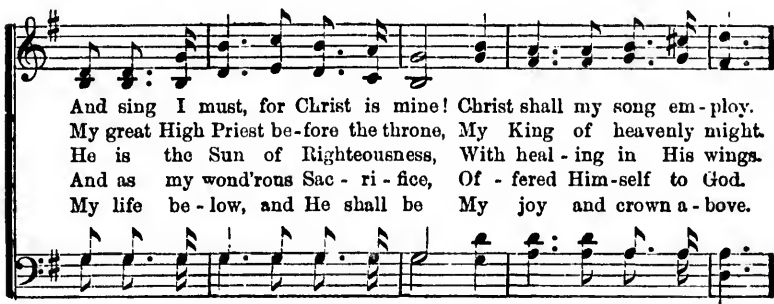
"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

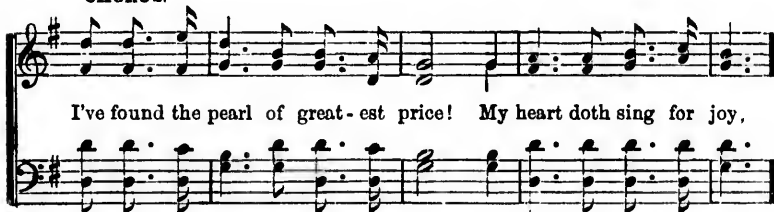


1. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;
 2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet full of light,
 3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;
 4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;
 5. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;



And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.
 My great High Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heavenly might.
 He is the Sun of Righteousness, With heal-ing in His wings.
 And as my wond'rous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered Him-self to God.
 My life be-low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

CHORUS.



I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy,



And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.

No. 80.

Faint, yet Pursuing.

(JUDGES 8 : 4).

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," we press our way Up to the glo-ri-ous
 2. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us,
 3. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," till e-ven-tide, Un-der the cross of the
 4. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," the eye a - far Sees thro' the darkness the

gates of day; Fol-low-ing Him who has gone be-fore,
 did for all; So should they come, as a might-y throng.
 Cru-ci-fied; Knowing, when dark-ly are skies o'er-cast,
 Morn-ing Star; Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,

CHORUS.

O-ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from
 Bear-ing His banner a-loft with song.
 Sor-row and sighing will ead at last.
 Keeping the way, to the gold-en street.

day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pursuing, un-to life's end.

No. 81. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—ISA. 55: 1.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

ANON.

DUET.



1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say,
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mournful cry;
3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun - gry ones were fed



"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink I pray;
 "No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
 By Him who said most tru - ly, "I am the liv - ing bread;"



The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;
 Oh, cease thy sad com - plaining, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
 'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;



I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
 Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
 By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
 'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
 Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!



Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
 "Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
 Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

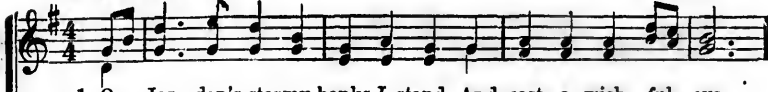


No. 82. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by *arr.*



1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no long - er stay;



To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves around me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.



CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the
by and by,



ev - er - green shore, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,



Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

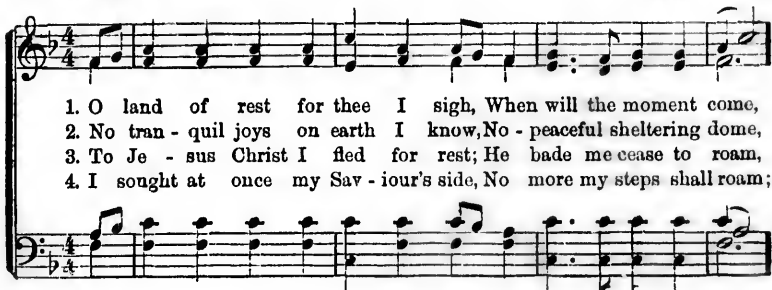


No. 83. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

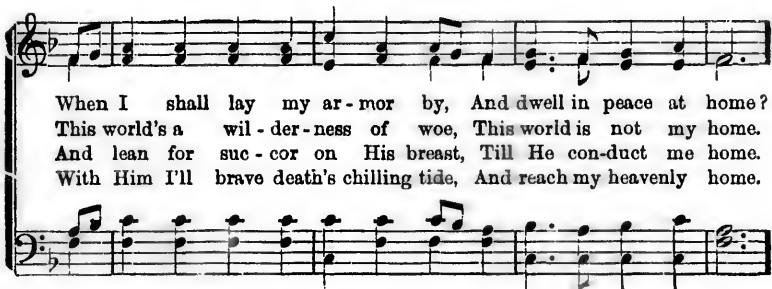
"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31 : 16.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.



1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No - peaceful sheltering dome,
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav - iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;



When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.

CHORUS.



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



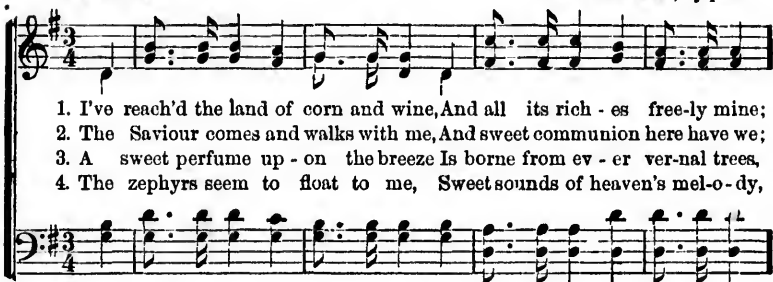
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,

Beulah Land.

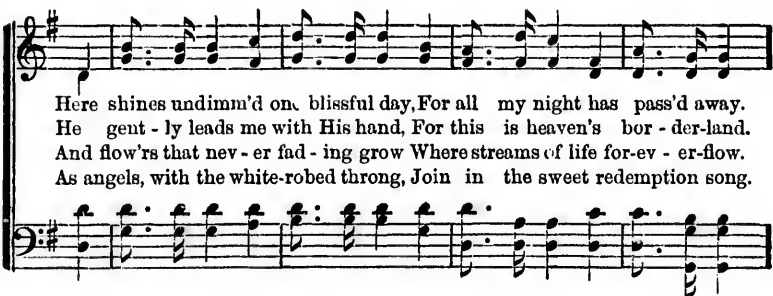
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. The 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 mel - o - dy,

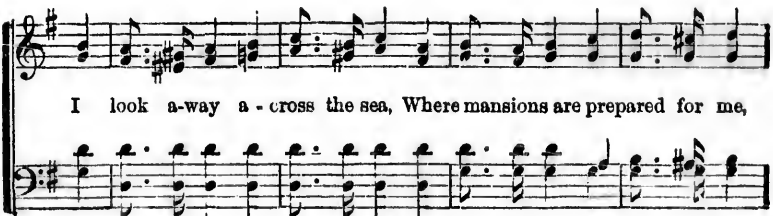


Here shines undimm'd on blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
 He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er - flow.
 As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.



O 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,

Beulah Land.—Concluded.

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

No. 85. Alas! And did My Saviour Bleed?

"That he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man."—HEB. 2: 9.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

SILAS J. VAIL, by per.

FINE.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - vation's free.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er died, For man the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thankful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, —'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me,

He Knows.

MARY G. BRAINARD.

Words arranged by P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illusions flee;

And ev - ery joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
And sweet-ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Follow Me."

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

He Knows.—Concluded.

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows,

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

After last verse only.

He knows, He knows, He knows.....
He knows.

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

No. 87.

When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 COR. 2: 9.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we
 2. When we get home to the mansions a - bove, With the
 3. When we get home, when the morning is come, And

stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet - ing in
 loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a
 forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, coming

heav - en there'll be, In that land with - out shad - ow or
 joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er -
 down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His

right; Sor - row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll
 more: An - gels will praise, the Re - deem - er will smile, And
 fold; Will you be there, broth - er, loved ones to greet, O -

When we get Home.—Concluded.

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de - spair, storms of
 loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be -
 will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice fleet - ing

tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau - ti - ful
 yond earth - ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau - ti - ful
 pleas - ures of earth, Or a home when death's riv - er is

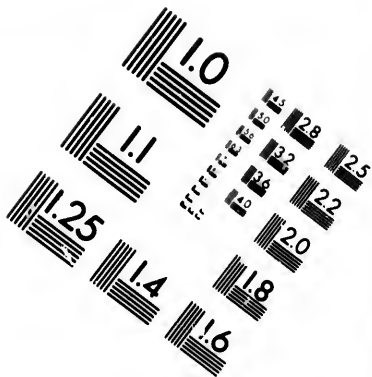
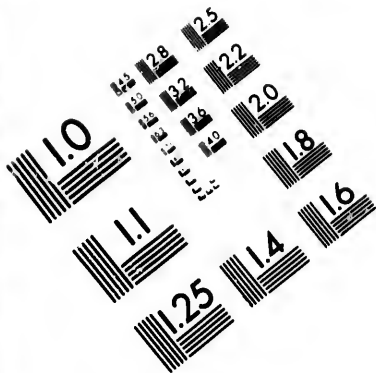
CHORUS.

home. When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get
 land.
 cross'd.

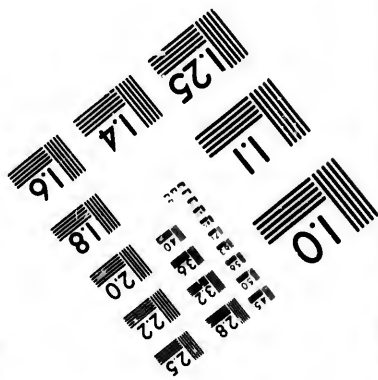
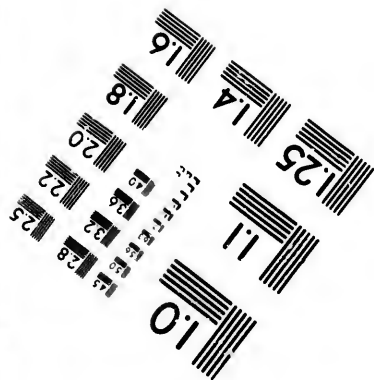
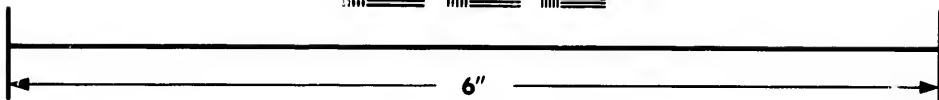
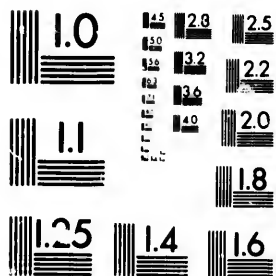
home to glo - ry - land, Prais - es we'll sing to

Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fed band.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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No. 88.

"Come."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Oh word of words, the sweetest, Oh word, in which there lie
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be



All 'prom-ise, all ful-fill-ment, And end of mys-ter-y;
 Cling clo-ser, clo-ser to Him, Stay with Him to the end,
 Naught but a gen-tle whis-per, To one close, close to Thee;



La-ment-ing, or re-joic-ing, With doubt or ter-ror nigh,
 A-las! I am so help-less, So ve-ry full of sin,
 Then, o-ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,



I hear the "Come" of Je-sus, And to His cross I fly.
 For I am ev-er wand'ring, And com-ing back a-gain.
 I'll take Thy hand and fol-low, At that sweet whisper "Come!"



"Come." — Concluded.

REFRAIN.



Come, oh come to me,..... Come, oh come to me,.....



Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,



Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh come to me,



me, Oh



Come, oh come to me,..... Come, oh come to me,.....



come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come.



Wea - ry, heav - y la - den come, oh come to me.



No. 89. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold,
like unto clear glass."—REV. 21:18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

O. F. PRESBURY, by per.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a -
 2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the
 3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
 4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile

way in the kingdom of God; I have read how its walls are of
 Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been
 crowns which the glori-fied wear; When our Fathershall bid them "Come,
 sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and pardon from ev - ery trans-

jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
 faith - ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
 en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
 gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

per.
a -
h the
right
vile

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

of
been
Come,
trans-

hold; But not half of that cit - y's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

the
re no
y the
have

Not half has ev - er been told;... Not half has ev - er been told;... Not
been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus *fp.*

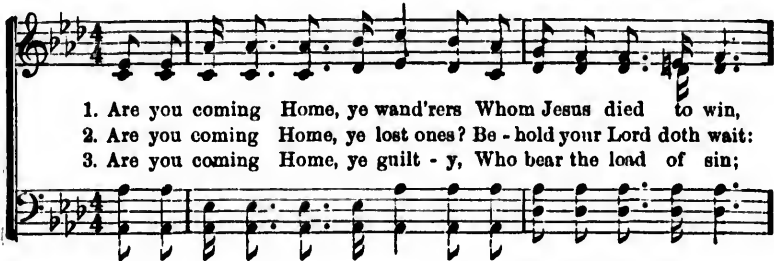
half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ever been told.

No. 90. Are you coming Home to-night?

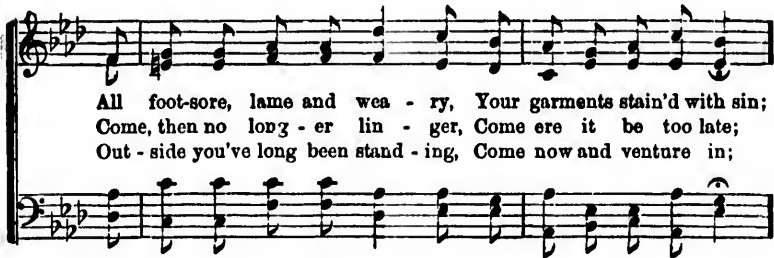
"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 23: 4.

Arranged.

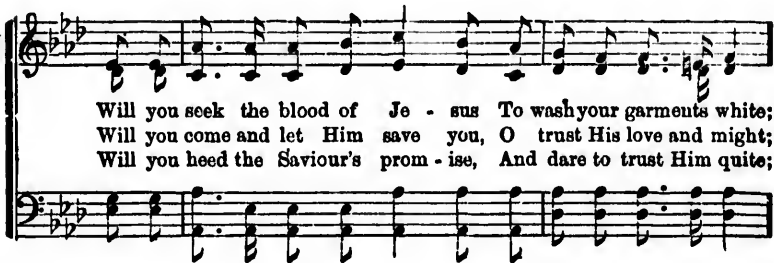
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



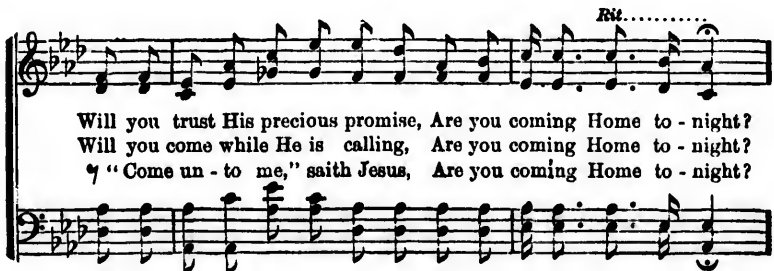
1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'ers Whom Jesus died to win,
2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you coming Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;



All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and venture in;



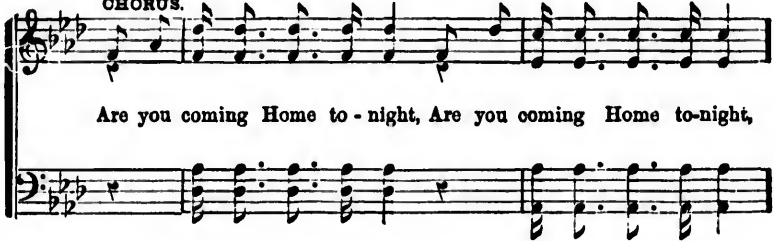
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;



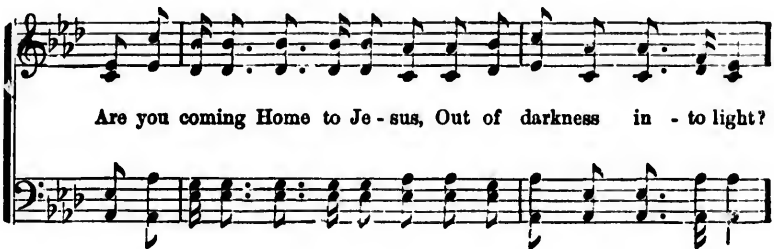
Fin.....
Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to - night?
Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to - night?
"Come un - to me," saith Jesus, Are you coming Home to - night?

Are you coming Home?—Concluded.

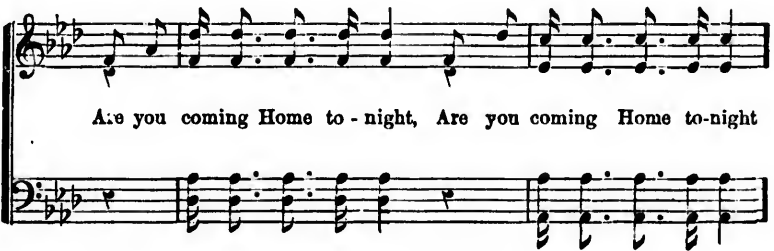
CHORUS.



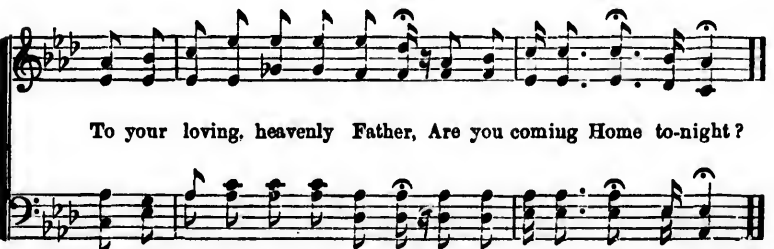
Are you coming Home to - night, Are you coming Home to-night,



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?

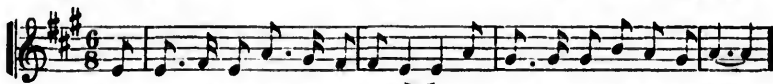
No. 91.

Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



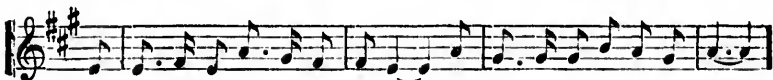
1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning poor sinner, Re - pent, ere the season is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex - tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

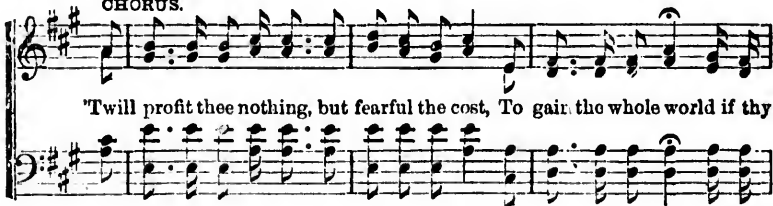


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,

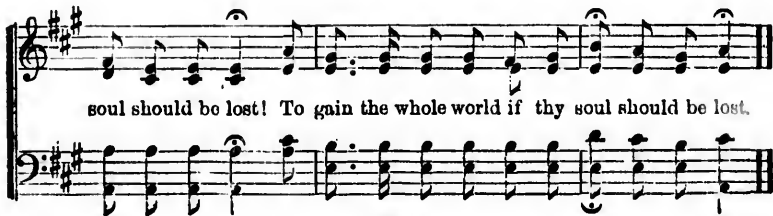


When thou, in the dust art for - got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.



'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

No. 92. *Brightly Gleams our Banner.*

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward,
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on victorious
 4. Then with Saints and Angels May we join above, Offering endless praises

To their home on high; Journeying o'er the desert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
 See Thy children meet; Often have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
 O - ver every foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, —

CHORUS.

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our
 Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the nar - row way.
 Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je - sus, in His beau - ty;—Songs that never cease.

banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

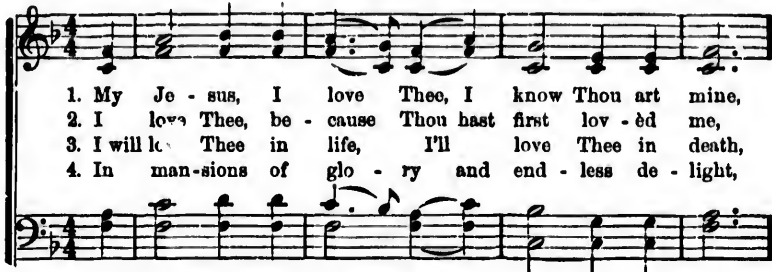
No. 93.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

London: Hymn Book, 1864.

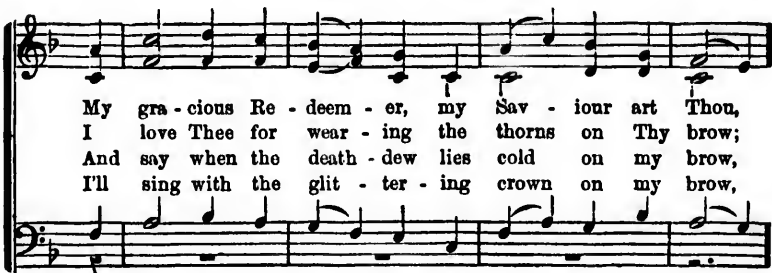
A. J. GOADON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 94.

He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed
 2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a-tone-ment
 3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of

race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me
 by His blood: When we the glad Good News be-lieve,
 God re-fuse? Why not be-lieve, When God hath said,

CHORUS.

Purchased a par-don full and free. He that be-liev-eth,
 Then the a-tone-ment we re-ceive.
 All, all our guilt "on Him" was laid.

1st time.

he that be-liev-eth, He that be-liev-eth hath

2d time.

ev-er-last-ing life; He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-lasting life.

No. 95.

Father, Take my Hand.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Rev. H. N. Cobb.

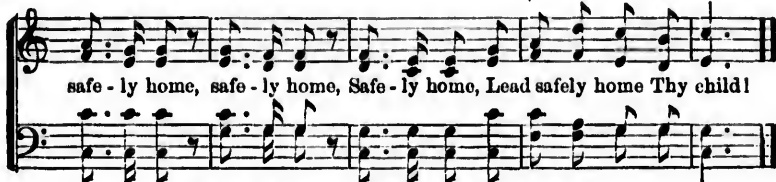
S. J. VAIL, by per.



1. The way is dark, my Father! || Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly
o'er my head, and loud the thunders



roar a - bove me, || { Yet see, I stand like one } [lead
bewildered! Father, } take my hand, And thro' the gloom



safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Safe - ly home, Lead safely home Thy child!

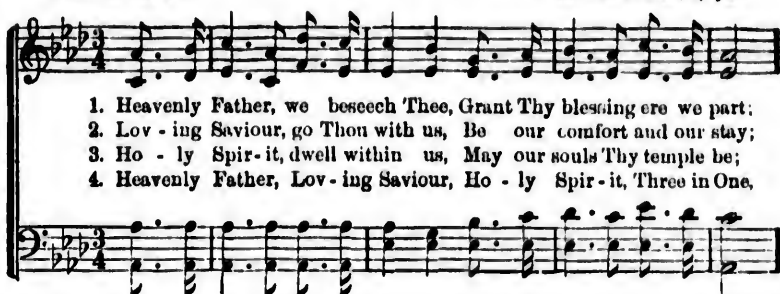
- 2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!
- 3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!
- 4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest. O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!
- 5 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op-|press me | sore. || I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.
- 6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown.
Lead to the crown Thy child.

Parting Hymn.

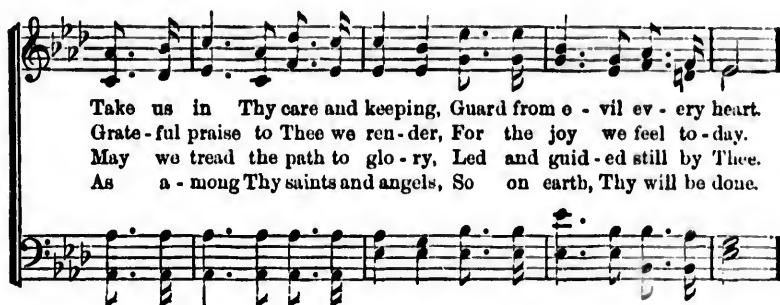
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSSBY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
 2. Lov - ing Saviour, go Thou with us, Be our comfort and our stay;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell within us, May our souls Thy temple be;
 4. Heavenly Father, Lov - ing Saviour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,

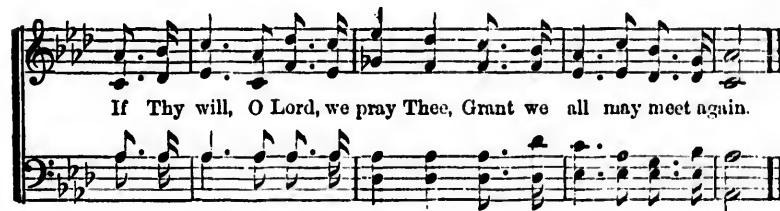


Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e - vil ev - ery heart.
 Grate - ful praise to Thee we ren - der, For the joy we feel to - day.
 May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid - ed still by Thee.
 As a - mong Thy saints and angels, So on earth, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.



Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered prayer and cheerful strain;



If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet again.

No. 97.

Mercy's free.

R. JUKES.

From D. F. E. AUBER.

1. { By faith I view my Saviour dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree; }
 { To ov - ery na - tion He is cry - ing, Look to me, Look to me; }

Ho bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:

Hark, hark, what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, Pity me!
 And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be, Can it be!
 Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, Unto me;
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove,
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,

I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 98.

Tunc.—MEAR. C. M.
 Key F.

- 1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know
 The love of Christ to me;
 Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
 To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,
 To scan its breath and length;
 Drink in its ocean of delight,
 And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is Thine office to reveal
 My Saviour's wond'rous love;
 Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
 And bless me from above.
- 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
 And be my constant Guide;
 With richer gladness fill my heart;
 Be Jesus glorified.

ANON.

No. 99.

St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. WM. HAMMOND.

Arr. by AARON WILLIAMS.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;

Wake, ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's Name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 100.

I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA.

ITALIAN AIR.

1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
2. Of that cit-y, to which I journey, My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light,
3. There the sunbeams are ever shining, O! my longing heart, my longing heart is [there];

Do not detain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
There is no sorrow, nor a - ny sighing, Nor a - ny tears, nor a - ny dy - ing.
Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have wander'd forlorn and weary.

CHORUS.

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

No. 101. TUNE—DUKE ST. P. 104.
L. M.

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

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

No. 102. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 104.
C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 103. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 89.
C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there, may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash, &c.
 - 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—And shall, &c.
 - 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies, &c.

WILLIAM COPWER.

No. 104. Tune—WARD.
L. M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

—O—

No. 105. Tune—WINDHAM.
L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved.
- 3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of My great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand.
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

—O—

No. 106. Tune—ST. THOMAS.
S. M.

- 1 O Holy Spirit come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there,
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

—O—

No. 107. Tune—DENNIS.
S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 108. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 106.

- 1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name;
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

—o—

No. 109. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 105.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above
A ransom'd soul.

RAY PALMER.

—o—

No. 110. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 85.

- 1 Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

—o—

No. 111. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 84.

- 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;
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my 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;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

—o—

No. 112. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 104.

- 1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

ROBERT ROBINSON.

—o—

No. 113. Tune—G. H. No. 2, p. 87.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more. a

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

—o—

No. 114. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 51.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REF. —

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

NATHANIEL NILES.

—o—

No. 115. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 18.

1 Free from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission,
Curs'd by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother, believe it;

Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemna-
tion,

Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto Me," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

P. P. BLISS.

—o—

No. 116. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 25.

1 Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace hath rescued me.

CHO.—The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His love.

P. P. BLISS.

—o—

No. 117. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 61.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

No. 118. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 9.

- 1 "Man of sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God, was He,
"Full atonement," can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

—O—

No. 119. Tune—C. H., No. 2, p. 12.

- 1 Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
Tho' as captives here a "little while" we
stay?

For the coming of the King in His glory,
Are you watching day by day?

- 2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.
- 3 Children of the living God, take courage;
Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

P. P. BLISS.

—O—

No. 120. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 99.

- 1 "Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in";
Saved by life's fair-flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

REF.—

- "Home, sweet home," our home forever;
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home, to wander never;
Saved thro' Jesus—"Saved at last."
- 2 Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.
- 3 Saved to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long;
Saved to tell the sinner's story,
Saved to sing redemption's song.

- 4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Ever more a welcome guest:
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

MARIA P. ALGER CROZIER.

—O—

No. 121. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 34.

- 1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.
- CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

- 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 pro-
vide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

—O—

No. 122. Tune—LOOKING HOME.

- 1 Ah, this heart is void and ohill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
- 3 Oh! to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
- 4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. T. SPITTA.

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