

The title 'SABBATH SONGS' is rendered in a highly decorative, blackletter-style font. The word 'SABBATH' is arched across the top, and 'SONGS' is written in a large, bold, blocky font below it. The letter 'S' at the beginning of 'SONGS' is particularly large and ornate, containing a detailed illustration of a bunch of grapes. The entire title is framed by intricate floral and geometric patterns, including a large rose at the top and various leafy motifs. The background features a repeating geometric pattern of triangles and diamonds.

# SABBATH SONGS

By DAVID C. COOK and T. MARTIN TOWNEL

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.,

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# SABBATH SONGS,

—FOR—

THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS, SOCIAL MEETINGS AND THE SERVICES  
OF THE CHURCH.

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SABBATH SONGS is sent out with the firm belief that it has a mission for good. Both words and music have been tested by the only sure method—that of actual use—and found to be singable and effective. Most of the hymns and tunes are the kind that endure, the melodies being pleasing and the harmony rich and solid, and purchasers need have no fear that SABBATH SONGS is a book to be thrown aside in a day. The variety is so great that it is equally adapted for the use of Sabbath-schools, prayer-meetings, and the church service. Most of our long list of writers and composers are persons of established reputation. The price is placed so low that each person can afford a book.

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# SABBATH SONGS.

## HOLY SABBATH.

C. A. F. *Joyfully.*

C. A. FYKE.

1. Ho - ly Sab - bath! day of rest, Wel - come we thy quick re - turn That from toils and cares of earth. Heav' nward may our tho'ts be borne  
2. Ho - ly Sab - bath! day of praise, Now, O Lord, to thee we bring All our grate - ful hearts can raise, In the heav' nly song we sing.  
3. Ho - ly Sab - bath! day of pray'r, When o'er - flow - ing hearts we raise To the God of heav' n a - bore, In u - nit - ed, con - stant praise

### CHORUS.

Hail, oh, hail the sa - cred day, Ho - ly let it ev - er be; Hail, oh, hail the Sab - bath day, God's ho - ly Sab - bath day

## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eyes;  
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze;  
 3. Go, then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir-it oft-en grieves;

Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 When our weep-ing's o-ver, he will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

## CHORUS.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves, {  
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, (Omit.) } bring-ing in the sheaves.

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark!'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've  
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the lit-tle lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones  
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark!'tis the Mas-ter

## CHORUS.

gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way. Bring them in, Bring them in,  
 to the fold, Where they'll be shel-ter'd from the cold? Bring them in, etc.  
 speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher-e'er they be," Bring them in, etc.

Bring them in from the field of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## THERE'S A CITY, BRIGHT AND GOLDEN.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. There's a cit-y, bright and golden, Build-ed by a Fa-ther's hand, And I hear sweet an-gel mu sic,  
2. In that city, bright and golden, Je-sus is the life and light; We shall see his face for-ev-er,  
3. In that city, bright and golden, Sweetest anthems shall we sing, Cast-ing down our crowns before him,

Float-ing from that heav'n-ly land; Soft-ly now the sweet, low chanting, Com-eth o'er the shin-ing way,  
We shall know no sin nor night; Still the golden harps are ring-ing O'er the cit-y, pure and bright,  
In the pal-ace of the King; Loud-er, full-er swell the anthems, Sweet the glad harps ring a - gain,

To the harp's harmonious mu-sic, God shall wipe all tears a - way; Soft-ly comes the low, sweet chanting,  
Chiming with the sweet, low sing-ing, Singing, there shall be no night; Still the gold-en harps are chiming,  
Un-to Him who bought our par-don, Glo-ry, hon-or be, A-men; Un-to Him who bought our par-don,

## THERE'S A CITY, BRIGHT AND GOLDEN—Concluded.

God shall wipe all tears a - way; Soft-ly comes the low, sweet chant-ing, God shall wipe all tears a - way.  
Chim-ing, there shall be no night; Still the gold-en harps are chim-ing, Chim-ing, there shall be no night.  
Glo-ry, hon-or be, A - men; Un - to him who bought our par-don, Glo-ry, hon-or be, A - men.

W. A. O.

## BAPTIZE US ANEW.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bap-tize us a - new With fire from on high, With love, oh, re - fresh us, Dear Sav-ior, draw nigh.  
2. Un-worth-y, we cry, Un - ho - ly, un-clean, Oh, wash us and cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.  
3. Oh, heav-en - ly Dove, Descend from on high, We plead thy rich bless-ing. In mer-cy draw nigh.  
4. Oh, list the glad voice, From heaven it came, "Thou art my be - lov-ed, Well pleased I am."

CHORUS.

We hum-bly be-seech thee, Lord Je-sus we pray, With fire and the Spir-it Bap-tize us to-day.  
We praise thee, we bless thee, dear Lamb that was slain, We laud and a-dore thee, A-men and A-men.

# SEEK THE SAVIOR.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Oh, where is the Hope of the world, of the world? 'Twas cradled in Beth-le-hem's stall, Bethe'm's stall;  
 2. Oh, where is the Light of the world, of the world? The Sav-ior doth shine from a-bove, from a-bove;  
 3. Oh, where is the Joy of the world, of the world? 'Tis cen-ter'd in Je-sus, our Friend, in our Friend;  
 4. Oh, where is the Peace of the world, of the world? 'Tis found in our Mas-ter di-vine, most di-vine;  
 5. Oh, Hope, cheer-ing Hope of the world, of the world? Oh, Light, safest guide on our way, on our way;

Since Je-sus came down as a child, as a child, There's hope, blessed hope for us all, for us all.  
 And makes e'en the night as the day, as the day; He light-ens our way with his love, with his love.  
 In Him is our well-spring of joy, is our joy, The joy that is nev-er to end, nev-er end.  
 Most pre-cious this to-ken to man, yes, to man; Oh, help us, our Sav-ior, be thine, to be thine.  
 Oh, Joy, sweetest an-gel of earth, joy of earth; Oh, Peace, be thou ours while we stay, while we stay.

CHORUS.  
 Seek the Sav-ior ear-ly, seek him to-day, Ere the clouds of sor-row

Seek, oh, seek the Sav-ior ear-ly, seek him to-day, Ere the clouds, the clouds of sor-row

# SEEK THE SAVIOR—Concluded.

dark-en thy way; God is read-y to re-ceive you now, Oh, brother, come to-day.

dark-en thy way; God is read-y, read-y to re-ceive you now, Oh, brother, come to-day.

# BLESSED REDEEMER.

AMY.

W. O. PERKINS.

Not too slow

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thy peace O send, Now as my pray'r and praise To thee as-cend.  
 2. When dark-er shadows fall, Be thou still near, For with thee at my side, I know no fear,  
 3. O may thy love so great Shine thro' my life, Touch-ingsome wea-ry heart Faint by the strife;

Thou Light of all my days, Je-sus, di-vine; O'er all my wea-ry way Thy mer-cies shine.  
 Trust-ing thy prom-is-es. Striv-ing to be An earn-est fol-low-er, Work-ing for thee.  
 Point-ing it to its God, Cheer-ing its way, Guid-ing it tow'rd the home Of per-fect day.

## I AM WAITING, DEAR JESUS, FOR THEE.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am wait-ing for Je - sus to wel - come me home, To the place he has gone to pre - pare,  
 2. How I long to be roam-ing the blest fields of light, With the dear, lov-ing chil-dren of God,  
 3. Ma-ny lov'd ones have I in that beau-ti - ful land, They are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,  
 4. Roll a-long, then, sweet moments, and bear me a-way To my beau-ti - ful home in the sky,

To the man-sion of light and the robe, pure and white, To the harp and the crown for me there.  
 And to sing the sweet song as we're march-ing a - long, Of re-demp-tion thro' Je - sus' blood.  
 And they beck-on me o'er to that bright hap-py shore, There the beau-ties of glo-ry to see.  
 To the land of the blest, where I sweet-ly shall rest In the pal-ace of Je - sus on high.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing, dear Je - sus, yes, wait-ing for thee, I am wait-ing, dear Je - sus, for thee;

## I AM WAITING, DEAR JESUS, FOR THEE—Concluded.

Ev - er I'm long - ing, dear Je - sus, I'm long-ing, All the beau-ties of heav-en to see.

F. H. CONVERSE.

## TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. With long - ing eyes and wea - ry feet, We climb life's mist - hid height;  
 2. Yet those of old thro' de - vious ways, Up - on his staff and rod  
 3. Stran - gers and pil - grims, too, would we Be guid - ed by his hand;  
 4. "To him that o - ver - com - eth." Lord, We at thy feet lay down

Fear - ing to trust His prom - ise sweet, We fain would walk by sight.  
 Firm lean - ing, thro' the dark - en'd days, Were up - ward led to God.  
 Lord, touch our eyes and make us see By faith thy prom - is'd land.  
 The shield of faith—the Spir - it's sword, And claim thy prom - is'd crown.

## SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor - row and shame;  
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;  
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a - far from the fold,  
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom - ise as wea - ry years fly;

for me,.....

Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me,  
 Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me,  
 Gen - tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me, Call - ing for me, Call - ing for me,  
 Oh, I shall see him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me, Com - ing for me, Com - ing for me,

for me,.....

Seeking for me, Seeking for me; Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.  
 Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me; Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.  
 Calling for me, Calling for me; Gen - tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.  
 Com - ing for me, Com - ing for me; Oh, I shall see him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by per.

## UP YONDER.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

T. MARTIN TOWNE, by per.

1. Tho' our path - way may be drear - y, Yon - der there is light; And a Hand when we are  
 2. Nev - er then des - pair or won - der; On - ly day by day, As the dark - ness drifts a -  
 3. One has trod the steps be - fore us, Mark - ing all the way; While his watch - ful care is

CHORUS.

wea - ry, Reach - ing thro' the night. There are worlds of light up yon - der, There is always light up  
 sun - der, We shall find our way. There are worlds, etc.  
 o'er us, We need nev - er stray. There are worlds, etc.

yon - der, In the dark - est night; There are worlds of light, If we lift our eyes up yon - der.



## WORK AND PRAY.

KATH SUMNER BURR.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the har - vest now is white, Work will soon be o - ver, fast falls the shade of night;  
2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Har-vest days are passing to come a-gain no more;  
3. Shout, friends of Je - sus, for when our work is done, Joy - ful we will gath - er to greet the har-vest home;

Strong in his strength, let us bind the gold-en sheaves, Could we meet the Mas-ter with naught but leaves?  
Wake from re- pose, hear the Mas - ter call-ing still, Rise to ear-nest ef - fort with right good will.  
Then let us hast - en the gold - en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.

## CHORUS.

Work and pray, . . . . . yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a - long,  
work and pray, work and pray,

## WORK AND PRAY—Concluded.

Work and pray, . . . . . Now while 'tis day, Come and join our hap - py throng.  
work and pray, while 'tis day,

E. A. BARNES.

## MANY MANSIONS.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Ma - ny man - sions far a - bove, Ev - er bright with joy and love,  
2. Not a morn that has its night, Not a day that bring-eth blight,  
3. Not a grave shall there ap - pear, Not a mourn-er's bit - ter tear,  
4. Not a life that grow - eth old, Not a death with - in that fold;

Not a grief shall en - ter there, Not a tri - al, not a care.  
Not a fate which oft be - leaves, Not a soul that sad - ly grieves.  
Not a sigh from trou - ble born, Not a rose that has its thorn.  
Ma - ny man - sions bright and free; Broth - er, is there one for thee?

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O come to the fountain of love to-day! Take the water of life, I pray; Christ offers it free  
 2. O sinner, that fountain is flowing free From the throne of eternity! Salvation receive—  
 3. O give me to drink of the sacred tide! From the fountain of the crucified! O give me to-day

## CHORUS.

To you and to me; By faith I can hear him say: O drink.... of the "water of life,"  
 O take it and live! Thy pardon is offered thee.  
 "Life's wa-ter," I pray, Till I shall be satisfied! O drink of the water, the "water of life,"

Drink.... of the "wa-ter of life," Drink.... of the wa-ter of life, Flowing for all to-day.  
 Drink of the water, the "wa-ter of life," Drink of the water, the wa-ter of life, Flowing for all to-day.

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## THE CROWN PREPARING.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. *Lively.*

E. H. BAILEY.

1. There is a crown pre-paring, O mark its jewelled light, 'Tis for the Sav-ior's  
 2. O who hath found such treasure? What was the price to pay? O who could say with  
 3. It was our Je-sus sought them, Bright jewels that were lost, With pre-cious blood he  
 4. O who hath now in keep-ing, This list of jew-els rare? While friends of truth are

## CHORUS.

wear-ing, O whence its lus-tre bright? From ev-'ry land and na-tion, Its  
 pleas-ure, "They shall be mine to-day?" From ev-'ry land, etc.  
 bought them, And none can count their cost. From ev-'ry land, etc.  
 sleep-ing, Who guards with watch-ful care? From ev-'ry land, etc.

pre-cious stones are brought, Where'er we find sal-va-tion, Its fair-est gems are sought.

## I WILL GO TO JESUS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

Wm. F. SHERWIN.

1. I will go to Je-sus, Tell-ing all my sin, Pray-ing in con-tri-tion, "Je-sus, make me clean,"  
 2. I will go to Je-sus, Now, with-out de-lay, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, Wash-es guilt a-way;  
 3. I will go to Je-sus, Long have I de-layed, For the Bi-ble tells me, All the debt is paid.

He my pray'r will an-swer, If in faith I go, Give me peace and pardon, Wash me white as snow.  
 He will love me free-ly, All my bur-dens bear, And he waits to an-swer Ev-'ry ear-nest pray'r.  
 Je-sus'ten-der mer-cy Is my on-ly plea; Yes, I'll go to Je-sus, And he'll come to me.

## CHORUS.

Yes, I'll go to Je-sus, He is call-ing me, ... Tho' I am un-worth-y, He is call-ing me ...

## LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. God make my life a lit-tle light, With-in this world to glow; A lit-tle flame that  
 2. God make my life a sin-gle flow'r, That giv-eth joy to all, Con-tent to bloom in  
 3. God make my life a lit-tle song, That com-fort-eth the sad, That help-eth oth-ers  
 4. God make my life a lit-tle hymn Of ten-der-ness and praise; Of faith that nev-er

## CHORUS.

burn-eth bright Wher-ev-er I may go. Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Wher-  
 na-tive bow'r, Although its place be small. Lit-tle light, etc.  
 to be strong, And makes the sing-er glad. Lit-tle light, etc.  
 wax-eth dim, In all his won-drous ways. Lit-tle light, etc. lit-tle light,  
 Lit-tle light,

ev-er I may go; Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Wher-ev-er I may go.  
 Lit-tle light, lit-tle light,

## SINGING GLORY!

A. B. W.

A. B. WOOLVERTON, by per.

1. On this ho-ly Sabbath day, As we meet to sing and pray, Let our voic-es blend in sweet re-frain,  
 2. Je-sus is our heav'nly King; 'Tis of him we sweet-ly sing; For to him all praise on earth be-longs.  
 3. Oh, how hap-py we will be, When our blessed King we see, As he comes to take us home a - bove,

Giv-ing hon-or to our King; As we round his banner cling, Sing-ing glo-ry. He shall ev - er reign!  
 We will ever serve him here, With a heart all light with cheer, Ever swell-ing forth our hallow'd songs.  
 Then we'll sing a sweeter song, 'Mid the ho-ly an-gel throng, As we gath-er round his throne of love.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing glo-ry, sing-ing glo-ry,

Sing-ing glo-ry, sing-ing glo-ry, Sing-ing glo-ry, He shall ev - er reign!

## SINGING GLORY!—Concluded.

Giv-ing hon-or to his name, As we round his ban-ner cling, Sing-ing glo-ry, He shall ev - er reign!

## DEPENDENCE.

W. F. COSNER.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Dear Je-sus, my Shepherd, on thee I re-ly, My foot-steps to guide and my wants to sup-ply,  
 2. Dear Je-sus, my Rock, when the wild tempests blow, I cling to thee, no oth-er ref-uge I know,  
 3. Dear Je-sus, my strength, thou wilt hear my complaint, When weary and help-less and read-y to faint,  
 4. Dear Je-sus, my Sav-ior, on thee I re-ly, My foot-steps to guide and my wants to sup-ply,

My soul wilt thou lead where the bright wa-ters flow, Nor leave me to wan-der for-sak-en be-low.  
 Tho' wild-ly the bil-lows may dash on the strand, The Rock of my ref-uge the storm shall withstand.  
 I call thee who lov'd me, who car-est for me, Dear Je-sus, my Strength, I will lean up-on thee.  
 For thou hast redeem'd me with thy pre-cious blood, The ransom that brings the poor sinner to God.

## I'LL GIVE MY HEART TO THEE.

J. C. M. Gladly.

J. C. MACY.

1. Lov-ing, I'll go to the Sav-ior's side, Bless-ed Shep-herd, who will pro-vide! And he will o - pen the  
 2. Sing-ing so joy-ous-ly, an-gels stand, Shin-ing host of the promis'd land, Glad that I've giv-en my  
 3. Ten-der-ly car-ing for you and me, Je - sus giv-eth his love so free! Haste, then, his du-ti-ful

## CHORUS.

gates so wide. To bid me en - ter in. Yes, lov - ing, I'll go to him,  
 heart and hand To Christ, the Lord of all. Yes, lov - ing, etc.  
 child to be, And ye shall en - ter in. Yes, lov - ing, we'll go to him,  
 Yes, I will go, go to him,

All sor-rows I'll leave with him; My heart will I give to him, Christ, the Sav-ior dear....  
 All sor-rows we'll leave with him; Glad hearts will we bring to him, Christ, the Sav-ior dear....  
 Sor-row and care leave with him.

## GRAND OLD DANIEL.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.

T. MARTIN TOWNE, by per.

1. All a - long the Christian's pathway Snares are laid with ut-most care; Heed them not, but  
 2. When temp-ta-tions gath-er fierce-ly. Dark-ly hedg-ing in the way, Hold on firm-ly,  
 3. Years are pass-ing, tears are fall-ing, Hearts are breaking with their load; Lift the light of

## CHORUS.

live be - liev - ing God will ev - er an - swer prayer. Let your faith, like grand old Dan-iel's,  
 brave - ly, bold - ly; Morning, noon and ev'n - ing pray. Let your faith, etc.  
 faith still high - er, Let it stream a - long the road. Let your faith, etc.

Bright-ly shine a-long the way, Show-ing to the world around you, God is with you day by day.

## BEAUTIFUL SONGS.

MARIAN.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1. Beautiful songs of truth and right, Filling the heart with pure delight; Bear me along on wings of love;  
2. Beautiful songs of righteousness, Filling the earth with blessedness; Soothing to rest the weary brain;  
3. Beautiful songs of home and life, La-bor of love, 'mid care and strife; Giving new hope to hearts oppress'd;

## CHORUS.

Waft ye my soul to realms a-bove. Beautiful songs, O sing them o'er; Beautiful songs for-ev-er  
O sing them o'er and o'er a-gain. Beautiful songs, etc.  
Charming to peace the troubled breast. Beautiful songs, etc.

Beautiful songs, O sing them o'er; Beautiful songs for-

more; Beautiful songs... of Zi-on, sing.... Beautiful songs... to God our King.

ev - er more; Beautiful songs of Zi-on sing, Beautiful songs to God our King.

## BY AND BY, GATHER US ALL.

M. S. DUET. *Moderato movement*

W. F. WERSCHKUL, by per.

1. When scat-ter'd or lone-ly we wan-der here, Good Shep-herd, we love thy call;  
2. We wan-der through pas-tures of good and ill; Yet ev-er our hearts re-joice,  
3. Dear Sav-ior, when comes our last e-ven-tide, Thy beau-ti-ful gates un-fold;

O gath-er us in-to the up-per fold, By and by gath-er us all.  
If we through the dan-gers or dark may hear, Sweet-ly, our Lead-er's kind voice.  
O gath-er us all with the loved and true, In-to the heav-en-ly fo.d.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

By and by, by and by, By and by, gath-er us all.....

By and by, by and by,

O gath-er us in-to the up-per fold, By and by, gath-er us all.....  
gath-er us all.

*Rit...*

## IN THE HEAVENLY LAND BEYOND.

D. H. L.

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

1. Oh, that land, the gold-en land, Just be-yond the Jordan's strand, Where the prom-is'd mansions are,  
2. In his word I read the sto-ry Of his love and dy-ing glo-ry, How on earth he came to save us,  
3. With the dear ones gone be-fore, We shall stand for-ev-er more; There we'll watch and wait with Jesus,

And the bright and morning Star, In the heav'n-ly land be-yond, In the heav'n-ly land be-yond.  
And a-bove he'll surely meet us, In the biess-ed heav'n-ly land, In the biess-ed heav'n-ly land.  
While the dear ones come and greet us, In the hap-py land be-yond, In the hap-py land be-yond.

CHORUS.

In the land, far be-yond. In the land, biess-ed land,  
Hap-py land, far be-yond, heav'n-ly land, biess-ed land,

## IN THE HEAVENLY LAND BEYOND—Concluded.

In the land, far be-yond, In the heav'n-ly land be-yond.  
heav'n-ly land, far be-yond,

## DANGER LURKETH IN THE WINE-CUP.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Oh, my brother, danger lurketh In the wine-cup's wiles; To the soul it ru-in worketh, And its touch de-files.  
2. Death is in the draught, my brother, Dash the cup-a-way; Touch it not, nor tempt an-oth-er In the downward way.  
3. If we are o'er self the master, Tem-per-ate and pure, Ev-er-last-ing life is promis'd, The re-ward is sure.  
4. With the faith that doubts not, give us Virtue, temp'rance, love; These the steps that lead us onward, To the joys above,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, Je-sus, This our earnest pray'r, Keep the feet of those who love thee From the wine-cup's snare.

## IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. In the sweet by and by, In the land of the blest, We shall rest on that beau-ti-ful shore,  
2. In the sweet by and by, On that beau-ti-ful shore, All our sor-row and sighing shall cease,  
3. In the sweet by and by, With the rap-tures of love, We shall join in that beau-ti-ful song,

And the peace of the soul As an o - cean at rest Shall smile in its light ev - er-more.  
And the wea - ry shall find, In the man - sions of rest, The bless - ed en - joy - ments of peace.  
And the ech - oes shall ring Thro' the land of our King, And the a - ges the transport pro-long.

## REFRAIN

In the sweet..... by and by, In the sweet..... by and by,  
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## IN THE SWEET BY AND BY—Concluded.

And the peace of a soul As an o - cean at rest, Shall smile in its light ev - er-more.  
And the wea - ry shall find, In the man - sions of rest, The bless - ed en - joy - ments of peace.  
And the ech - oes shall ring Thro' the land of our King, And the a - ges the transport pro-long.

W. E. M.

## OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

W. E. MOSS.

Hear us, oh, our Sav - ior, Hear us when we pray; Hear us, blessed Jesus, hear, oh, hear us pray:

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, { Thy kingdom come, thy will }  
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, { be done on earth as it } is in hea - ven.  
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, { And forgive us our trespasses }  
as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us  
{ For thine is the kingdom and }  
the power and the glory, A - men.



## MY HEART A TEMPLE.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. My heart shall be a tem - ple For thee, my gra - cious Lord; I hear thy friend - ly  
2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - cra - ted place, Il - lu - mined by thy

## CHORUS.

sum - mons, I o - pen at thy word. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Pre -  
glo - ry, The shin - ing of thy face. My heart, etc.

pared for thee a - lone, I pray thee come and en - ter, O make it all thine own.

## WONDERFUL LOVE.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won - der - ful love! 'Twas God's great love for me, That sent the Sav - ior  
2. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won - der - ful love! That fills my soul to - day; 'Tis love that fol - lows  
3. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won - der - ful love! That cast - eth out all fear; 'Tis love that doth my  
4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won - der - ful love! Will take me home at last, To sing love's praise thro'

## CHORUS.

from a - bove, My sac - ri - fice to be! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love.....  
where I rove, That seeks me when I stray. Won - der - ful, etc.  
song ap - prove, And whis - pers, "I am near." Won - der - ful, etc.  
end - less days, When tri - als all are past. Won - der - ful, etc. won - der - ful love,

love,.....  
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, wonderful love, That sent the Sav - ior from a - bove, My sac - ri - fice to be.

# WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

J. G. BURDICK.

1. We can tell the sweet old sto-ry, We can sing of Christ's dear love, How he came to lit-tle  
 2. We can give a cup of wa-ter, In our lov-ing Sav-ior's name, We can say tho' weak and  
 3. Tho' we are but lit-tle chil-dren, We can sing and we can pray, We can love the bless-ed  
 4. Je-sus says the fra-grant lil-lies, "Toil not, neith-er do they spin," But they live in his dear

CHORUS.

chil-dren, From his shin-ing home a - bove. We can tell, tell the  
 sin - ful, Je - sus loves you just the same. We can tell, etc.  
 Je - sus, Walk be - side him ev - ry day. We can tell, etc.  
 pres-ence, Giv - ing all they have to him. We can tell, etc.

We can tell the sto - ry,

sto - ry, We can sing of his love, How the  
 We can tell the sto - ry, We can tell his love, We can tell his love,  
 From "Good Will," by per.

# WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO—Concluded.

King, King of glo - ry, Came from heav'n, from heav'n a - bove, a - bove.  
 How the King of glo - ry, How the King of glo - ry, Came from heav'n a - bove, from heav'n a - bove.

## TAKE HIS HAND.

W., by per.

M.  
 1. Would you know your Fa-ther, Feel his love di - vine, Come to me, I'll guide you, Lay your hand in mine.  
 2. All may know the Fa-ther, Who will come to me; Love his own be-loy-ed; Tru-ly, I am he.  
 3. 'Twas my Fa-ther sent me From our home a - bove, To reveal his goodness, Show his wond'rous love.  
 4. Come, your Father loves you, Wants you to come near; Take my hand, I'll lead you 'To your Fa-ther dear.

CHORUS.

hand.....  
 Hark! it is his Son, Je - sus bids you come; Take his hand, take his hand, Trusting, take his hand

## FOLLOWING JESUS HOME.

LEILA E. HODGSON.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Bear-ing the fruit of the Spir-it, Gen-tle-ness, meek-ness and love, Thus we are fol-low-ing  
 2. Cast-ing out all e-vil pas-sions, En-vy-ing, ha-tred and strife, Walk-ing with Je-sus in  
 3. Help-ing to bear oth-ers' bur-dens, Heed-ing the law of our God; Thus would he teach us to-  
 4. Send-ing out pray-ers and our praises Up to our Fa-ther on high; Sow-ing the seed in our

CHORUS.

Je-sus	Up to the man-sions a -	Scat-ter-ing bless-ings and sun -
spir-it,	bove.	shine,
fol-low	Pure in our ev-'ry-day	Scat-ter-ing bless-ings, etc.
weak-ness,	life.	Scat-ter-ing bless-ings, etc.
	Path-ways our dear Sav-ior	Scat-ter-ing bless-ings, etc.
	trod.	
	Reap-ing will come by and	
	by.	

Cheer-ing the sad and the lone, Then when the Mas-ter shall call us. Sure of a glad welcome home.

## BUCKLE ON THE SWORD.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Broth-er, when you work for Je-sus, Buck-le on the sword, En-e-mies are  
 2. Broth-er, when you work for Je-sus, Keep your ar-mor bright, En-e-mies are  
 3. Broth-er, when you work for Je-sus, Watch as well as pray, En-e-mies are

all a - round you,	Buck - le on the sword;	Christ will give you won-d'rous pow'r.
all a - round you,	Keep your ar - mor bright;	Gird your-self a - bout with truth,
all a - round you,	Watch as well as pray;	Set a watch both day and night.

Give you vict'ry ev-'ry hour, Make you more than con-quer-or, Buck-le on the sword!  
 Take with you the shield of faith, Would you con-quer sin and death. Keep your ar - mor bright!  
 Pray in faith and work with might, Watch and pray and work and fight, Watch as well as pray!

## WALK WITH JESUS.

J. W. PRATT.

1. Children, let us walk with Je - sus, Walk be-side him hand in hand; Let our light shine bright and  
2. If we now re-mem-ber Je - sus, If we strive to walk with him, He will walk with us and

bright-er, As we near the heav'n-ly land; Let our words be kind and gen-tle, Let our  
lead us, When our eyes are old and dim; He will guide us safe-ly, sweet-ly, To our

words be al-ways true, For the Sav-ior watch-es o'er us, Know-ing all we say or do.  
home be-yond the skies, Where no waves of grief can touch us, Where no flow'r of beau-ty dies.

## WALK WITH JESUS--Concluded.

CHORUS. walk.

Let us walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day, Let us walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day.

walk.

Let us walk, let us walk with Je - sus to-day; He will lead us on our way.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. (Chant.)

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the } still- waters.  
2. { He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His } name's sake. { Yea, tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they } com- fort me.  
3. { Thou preparast a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my } cup runneth over. { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the } Lord for-ever, A - men.

## WHAT WILL THE RECOMPENSE BE?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, gather thy sheaves! The Mas-ter is com-ing this way; My heart o'er-its fol-ly and  
 2. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, faith-ful to God, O seek by the way-side and find, Grown in the weeds where the  
 3. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, work with a will, Soon will the har-vest be done; While standing in 1 - die-ness,  
 4. Har-vest-er, har-vest-er, dal-ly no more, And think what the Master would say, O gath-er the sheaves till the

## CHORUS.

1 - die-ness grieves, And the hours it has squan-der'd a - way. Gath-er, gath-er, gath-er the sheaves,  
 rank bram-bles nod. The wheat for the sheaves you would bind. Gath-er, etc.  
 soul, art thou still? What have thy fold-ed hands won? Gath-er, etc.  
 har-vest is o'er - Go work with the reap-ers to - day. Gath-er, etc.

Bound in the har-vest by thee; O soul, if thy hand hath pluck'd nothing but leaves, What will the recompense be?

## TELL IT AGAIN.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Je-sus, who loves the chil-dren, Blessed those beside his knee, Say-ing the king-dom of heav-en Of  
 2. Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren To come to me, he said, Lay-ing the hands on them gen-tly, By  
 3. Oh, 'tis a sweet old sto-ry, We read it o'er and pray, Make us as in-no-cent chil-dren, And  
 4. Keep from my heart, dear Sav-ior, What-ev-er leads us astray, Love that can save the sin-ner, Must

## CHORUS.

such as these shall be. Tell it a-gain, tell it a-gain, Oh, I love to hear Sweet-est of all the  
 which they should be led. Tell it a-gain, etc.  
 lead us all the way, Tell it a-gain, etc.  
 guard it ev-'ry day. Tell it a-gain, etc.

sto-ry, Je-sus, the King of glo-ry, Blessing the lit-tle chil-dren, It brings his love so near.

## THAT BLESSED DEED OF MERCY.

J. C. M.

J. C. MACY.

1. That bless-ed deed of mer-cy, done by the way, Shows a Chris-tian pre-cept that  
 2. The world is full of dear ones ask-ing for care, Makethem glad with kind-ness and  
 3. Then do what-e'er the Sav-ior sends thee to do, Un-to all a-round thee, be

all should o-bey, And the lov-ing Sav-ior speak-eth to-day: "Go thou and do the same!"  
 guide them with pray'r! Ev'ryone's thy neighbor, no mat-ter where, Give him thy per-fect love!  
 lov-ing and true; Com-fort all who sor-row, pray for them, too, And sure-ly thou shalt live!

## CHORUS.

{ Mer-cy and love, mer-cy and love, Show to the weak and wea-ry to-day!  
 { Joy ev'-ry-where, joy ev'-ry-where, All in the Sav-ior's name, his name.

## THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

J. GARRISON.

1. Tho' thy way seems dark and drear-y, Gloom-y doubts thy steps at-tend; There is one who waits to  
 2. Is thy heart by sin pol-lut-ed, Sink-ing down in end-less woe? There is one whose blood will  
 3. Does thy con-science oft condemn thee? Is there an-guish in thy breast? There is one sweet peace can  
 4. Are you long-ing for that coun-try, Where the wea-ry are at rest? There is one whose blood has

## CHORUS

cheer thee, One who is the sin-ner's friend. It is Je - sus, thy dear Sav-ior, He who  
 cleanse it, Whit-er than the driv-en snow. It is Je - sus, etc.  
 give thee, He can give thee per-fect rest. It is Je - sus, etc.  
 pur-chased Thee a home a-mong the blest. It is Je - sus, etc.

bought thee with his blood; Come, oh, come, ob-tain his fa-vor, And be rec-on-ciled to God.

## WE ARE SINGING.

CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. We are sing-ing, prais-es bring-ing, To our Sav-ior to-day, For his kind-ness in our  
 2. He hath led us, kind-ly fed us, With sweet manna di-vine, Gen-tly chid-ing, ere a-  
 3. Cares and tri-als, self-de-ni-als, Meet we day af-ter day; But so sweet-ly and com-  
 4. Broth-er, love him, come and prove him Your Re-deem-er and King, He'll re-ceive you and re-

CHORUS.

blind-ness, Lead-ing safe-ly al-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We are  
 bid-ing On our path-way to shine. Hal-le-lu-jah! etc. Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 plete-ly Je-sus drives them a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! etc.  
 lieve you, Hal-le-lu-jah then sing. Hal-le-lu-jah! etc.

march-ing a-long; Christ and glo-ry, won-drous sto-ry, Is the theme of our song.

## JESUS IS THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

REV. D. P. GURLEY.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Je-sus is the friend of chil-dren, Je-sus is the friend of chil-dren, Je-sus is the friend of  
 2. Je-sus is our faith-ful teach-er, Je-sus is our faith-ful teach-er, Je-sus is our faith-ful  
 3. Je-sus suf-fer'd to re-deem us, Je-sus suf-fer'd to re-deem us, Je-sus suf-fer'd to re-  
 4. Je-sus pleads for us in heav-en, Je-sus pleads for us in heav-en, Je-sus pleads for us in

chil-dren, We praise him for his love; He will lead us home to glo-ry,  
 teach-er, We praise him for his word; We will heed his lov-ing coun-sel,  
 deem us, We praise him for his cross; All the charms that sin can of-fer,  
 heav-en, We praise him for his plea; Faith-ful ad-vo-cate, we'll praise him,

He will lead us home to glo-ry, He will lead us home to glo-ry, His own bright home a-bove.  
 We will heed his lov-ing coun-sel, We will heed his lov-ing coun-sel, The coun-sel of the Lord.  
 All the charms that sin can of-fer, All the charms that sin can of-fer, For him we count but loss.  
 Faith-ful ad-vo-cate, we'll praise him, Faith-ful ad-vo-cate, we'll praise him Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

## THE FATHER'S CALL.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

W. F. WERNECKUL, by per.

1. Hear the hear'tly Fa-ther call-ing, " Now my ten-der mer-cies prove, I will send you rich-est bless-ings,  
 2. " In the book of my re - mem-brance Shall their names for - ev - er be, Who have spok-en oft to - geth-er;  
 3. Help me bow in humble rev-erence, Fa-ther, low be - fore thy throne, Con-se-crat-ing all un - to thee,

## CHORUS.

" In the crown of my re-joic - ing, Bright as morn - ing stars shall

Sweet-est to - kens of my love," " In the crown, my re-joic-ing, Bright as morn-ing stars,  
 Who have ev - er tho't of me." " In the crown, etc.  
 Make and seal me all thine own. " In the crown, etc.

shine..... They who fear..... me, they who love me,"

morning stars shall shine; They who fear me, they who love me," Saith the Lord, "they shall be mine."

## 'TIS THE HARVEST TIME.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the har-vest time, 'tis the har-vest time, To the fields I must a - way; For the Mas-ter now is  
 2. 'Tis the har-vest time, 'tis the har-vest time, Oh! who will go a - long? See, the fields for har-vest  
 3. 'Tis the har-vest time, 'tis the har-vest time, There is work for all to - day: If you can-not be a

## CHORUS.

Glean - ing on the hill - side, Glean - ing on the

calling me, To go and work to-day. Gleaning on the hill-side, hill-side, Gleaning on the  
 now are white, I hear the reap-er's song. Gleaning on, etc.  
 reap-er, You can bear the sheaves a-way. Gleaning on, etc.

plain, Work - ing for the Mas - ter, 'Mong ..... the gold-en grain.....

sun - ny plain, Work-ing, work-ing for the Mas-ter, 'Mong the gold-en grain, 'Mong the gold-en grain.

By per.



## WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. List to the voice that is speak-ing in love, Call-ing to those that are stray-ing,  
 2. Walk in the light; it is Je-sus who pleads, Ear-nest-ly seek-ing to guide you,  
 3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are strug-gling and wea-ry?  
 4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Sav-ior's com-mand, These are the words he has giv-en,

CHORUS.

Mes-sage of mer-cy that comes from a-bove, Hear what the Sav-ior is say-ing. Walk in the  
 Wan-der-ing blind-ly in night's gloom and shades, Heed-less of dan-ger be-side you. Walk, etc.  
 Heav-y your bur-dens and press-ing your need, Dark is the night time and dreary. Walk, etc.  
 Lead-ing us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav-en. Walk, etc.

Walk in the light, O

light, Follow the steps of the Sav-ior, Walk in the light, Walk in the light for-ev-er.

walk in the light, Walk in the light, O walk in the light.

## HIS OWN.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. To the Rock that is high-er and great-er than I, The Rock of sal-va-tion a-lone;  
 2. In the cleft of that Rock is thy ref-uge, sad soul, When storm-clouds a-round thee are thrown;  
 3. To the Rock whose foun-da-tion re-main-eth un-mov'd, My feet yet more firm-ly have grown;  
 4. The Rock is Christ Je-sus—the way is made plain By the glo-ry which round it hath shone;

To the shel-ter from whence is the sur-est de-fense, He lead-eth in mer-cy his own.  
 In thy trou-ble re-pair to the hid-ing-place where He keep-eth in safe-ty his own.  
 Since he called me by name, and I pen-i-tent came, He chose me as one of his own.  
 And the soul that is sure of this ref-uge se-ure, In heav-en shall dwell with his own.

## OUR FATHER'S CARE.

LUCY J. BOGGS.

1. God clothes the lil-ies of the field In raiment pure and white; He bids his peo-ple take the shield Of faith, and trust his' might.  
 2. The ti-ny spar-row's lit-tle worth, He views with long-ing eye; He guards the fee-ble ones of earth, And hears their faint-est cry.  
 3. He watch-eth o'er the chil-dren all, With ten-der-ness and skill; And from their heads there may not fall, One hair without his will.

## LET THE CHILDREN SING.

L. G. WILSON.

MARY C. WILSON.

1 Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, All our debt to pay, May we all some tri - bute bring, On this Sab - bath day;  
 2. Chil - dren nev - er should for - get They have work to do; In the Mas - ter's vine - yard yet, There is room for you;  
 3. Chil - dren, you have souls to save, For the home a - bove; Lives to live beyond the grave, With the friends you love;  
 4. Je - sus, while on earth, you know, Was the chil - dren's friend, And if you to heav'n would go, Must not him of - fend;

Hap - py chil - dren, too, may come, You may sing and pray; You may each and ev - ry one, Bless this ho - ly day.  
 You can teach the gold - en rule, When a - bout your play; Bring new schol - ars to our school, On each Sab - bath day.  
 Do not fail that home to gain, Where we all may rest, Free from sor - row, free from pain, Ev - er with the best.  
 You must all his will o - bey, Hum - bly ask him how; He will guide you day by day, He will help you now.

## CHORUS.

Let the hap - py chil - dren sing, Let the lit - tle chil - dren pray; Praising thus our heav'nly King, On this sa - cred day.

## NOTHING IN VAIN.

MARY E. KAIL.

Mel. by T. B. BURLEY, arr. by M. V. ZIMMERMAN.

1. There's not a cloud that floats on high, And hides the gold - en light, But makes the splen - dor  
 2. There's not a flow'r that fades at noon Be - neath the sun's bright ray, But makes life sweet - er  
 3. There's not a bird up - on the wing, Of all the count - less throng, But to some wea - ry  
 4. Though oft our toil - ing seems in vain, The pre - cious seed we sow, Tho' wa - ter'd by the

## CHORUS.

of the sky, When beam - ing, seem more bright. Then let the clouds of dark - ness rise, And  
 for its bloom, And glo - ri - fies the day. Then let the clouds, etc.  
 heart may bring A bless - ing with its song. Then let the clouds, etc.  
 tears of pain, In God's good time shall grow. Then let the clouds, etc.

hide the light a - bove; My soul shall mount be - yond the gloom, And trust the Mas - ter's love.

## BEAUTIFUL STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

(For Christmas.)

J. M. STILLMAN, by per.

1. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-lehem, shine O-ver the hills of Pal-es-tine, There the Child Je-sus slumbereth  
 2. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-lehem, shine, Shed-ding thy beau-teous rays di-vine, Light the dark plac-es held in sin's  
 3. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-lehem, shine In-to the hearts that faint and pine, Show the Child Je-sus, humble, but  
 4. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-lehem, shine O-ver this earthy home of mine, How the Child Je-sus, dwell-ing with

## REFRAIN.

sweet, And we would bow at his ho-ly feet. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O-ver the  
 thrall, Bring-ing thy peace and good-will to all. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine, Shed-ding thy  
 King, Born to com-pas-sion and com-fort bring. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In-to the  
 me, Keep-eth me pure and from sinning free. Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In-to this

hills of Pal-es-tine, Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine O-ver the hills of Pal-es-tine.  
 beau-teous rays di-vine, Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine, Shed-ding thy beau-teous rays di-vine.  
 hearts that faint and pine, Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In-to the hearts that faint and pine.  
 earth-ly home of mine, Beau-ti-ful star of Beth-le-hem, shine In-to this earth-ly home of mine.

## TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove; Tell me more of his  
 2. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Tell me more of his  
 3. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me; Tell me why he should  
 4. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er, Nev - er shall I grow

## CHORUS.

good - ness, More of his pre - cious love. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Tell  
 mer - cy, More of his grace to me. Tell me, etc.  
 love me, Why he should die for me. Tell me, etc.  
 wea - ry, Hear - ing it more and more. Tell me, etc.

me that I may know, The sto - ry of the Sav - ior, Who loves, who loves me so.

## MORE LIKE JESUS.

Rev. A. A. Hoskins.

HENRY TUCKER.

*Moderato.*

1. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day I long to be. Bend - ing low in heart - con - tri - tion,  
 2. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Safe with him, my all shall be. Oh, the glad - ness of a - bid - ing  
 3. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Ev - er - more I hop to be, On - ward thro' this whole life go - ing,

## CHORUS.

Sav - ior, hear my soul - pe - ti - tion. Make me more and more like thee. More and more, more and  
 In the safe - ty of the hid - ing, Je - sus, liv - ing more like thee. More and more, etc.  
 Then thro' heav'ny a - ges grow - ing, Je - sus, more and more like thee. More and more, etc.

More and more,

more, More and more like Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, More and more like Je - sus.  
 more and more, Ev - 'ry day.

## JUST BESIDE THE RIVER.

J. C. B. *Sprightly.*

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home; Soon we'll see the shin - ing,  
 2. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us o'er; Soon we'll join the glo - rious  
 3. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing till our work is done; If we faith - ful prove, we'll

## CHORUS.

pearly gate Of our Fa - ther's gold - en throne. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait,  
 songs of praise O - ver on the oth - er shore. Just be - side, etc.  
 rest at last In our heav'n - ly Fa - ther's home. Just be - side, etc.

Wait - ing near the gold - en throne, Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home.

## THIS IS THE SWEETEST STORY.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweet-est sto - ry, Won - der - ful, strange and true, Je - sus, the King of glo - ry,  
 2. Think you not, "He's for - got - ten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear Lord re - mem - bers,  
 3. Know - ing a child's temp - ta - tions, Showing you what to do, Je - sus will stand be - side you,

Once was a child like you. Think of him in your glad - ness, Prais - ing him all the day,  
 Oh! and he loves you so; Loves you for aye and ev - er, It was to you he came;  
 Mak - ing you brave and true; Ev - er keep close - ly to him, If you would like him grow,

CHORUS.

Ev - er in words and ac - tions, Think what the Lord would say. Al - ways be bright and joy - ous,  
 Deep in his heart is grav - en Ev - er - y child - ish name. Al - ways be bright, etc.  
 Out of your heart's deep glad - ness Sweet - ness of life will flow. Al - ways be bright, etc.

## THIS IS THE SWEETEST STORY—Concluded.

Je - sus would have you so; He is the source of glad - ness, He is the light, you know.

MARY E. KAIL.

## WHEN 'MID THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

M. A. RUBLER.

1. When 'mid the dark - ness of the night, My path I can - not see,  
 2. I know that thou art still my friend; Tho' all the world be - side  
 3. No storms of life shall cloud my soul, Thy bless - ed word shall be  
 4. And when, be - side the shad - ow land, I wait my Sav - ior's call,  
 5. Oh, bless - ed hope, when life is past, And all life's tri - als o'er,

I lift my tear - ful eyes to heav'n, And trust my all to thee.  
 Should prove un - true, with Je - sus' love I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 A lamp to guide my trem - bling feet, And bring me safe to thee.  
 His lov - ing arms shall bear me up, And keep me lest I fall.  
 My soul shall rest with Christ in heav'n, In joy for - ev - er - more.

## WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Je - sus is call - ing and bids you re - turn, Why will you lon - ger his mer - cy spurn?  
 2. Bound - less in mer - cy, in - vit - ing he stands, Bear - ing a par - don with - in his hands.  
 3. Oft - en re - ject - ed, he comes yet a - gain, When will you love and ac - cept him - when?  
 4. Life is re - ced - ing and ebb - ing a - way, Why will you lon - ger from Je - sus stay?  
 5. Christ is most ten - der - ly call - ing to you; Broth - er, oh, what are you go - ing to do?  
 6. Why not ac - cept him whose love is so great, Ere you shall find it for - ev - er too late?

## CHORUS.

Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Chris - tians are fer - vent - ly pray - ing for you;

While yet the door of sweet mer - cy is o - pen, Broth - er, oh, what are you go - ing to do?

## SOFTLY HE COMETH.

W. H. C.

WILBUR H. CHRISTY.

1. Soft - ly he com - eth, our King, our King. No sound on the moun - tains a - far, No high - way with trum - pets to  
 2. Low - ly he com - eth, our King, our King. No robes of bright pur - ple and gold, No ban - ners their glo - ry to  
 3. Quick - ly he com - eth, our King, our King. Com - e, e - ven so, Lord, for we wait, Till thou our glad wel - come shalt

## CHORUS.

ring, to ring, No her - ald save one si - lent star. He com - eth, He com - eth, Our  
 fling, to fling, No splen - dor nor pa - geant - ry bold. He com - eth, etc.  
 bring, shall bring, And lead us thro' that pearl - y gate. He com - eth, etc.

He com - eth, our King, He com - eth, our King,

souls in their glad - ness shall sing, He com - eth, He com - eth, Redeemer, and Savior and King, our King.

He cometh, our King, He cometh, our King,

## FLING IT OUT, THE ROYAL BANNER.

Rev J. E. RANKIN.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. Fling it out, the roy-al ban-ner! Fling it out up-on the air; Let the wel-kin ring ho-  
 2. Hear ye now the bu-gle call-ing? Lin-ger not, fall in-to line; Sa-tan's ranks be-fore us  
 3. In Christ's name we break our fet-ters, He's the standard of the free! Bought with blood, we no more

## CHORUS.

san-na, All things yield to faith and pray'r. Shout the cho-rus, God is o'er us! Tho'we're  
 fall-ing, Thro' a name that is di-vine. Shout the cho-rus, etc.  
 debt-ors To past sin and shame can be. Shout the cho-rus, etc.

weak, he is strong; 'Neath his ban-ner sing ho-san-na! Christ, the theme of our song.

## WASH ME CLEAN.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. Hear my pray'r, my Fa-ther, hear, As I bow be-fore thy throne; Un-to  
 2. Hear my pray'r, oh, bend thine ear; Oh! how foul is my poor heart, Let thy  
 3. Hear my pray'r, thy mer-cy give; With-out mer-it all I am; Tho' a  
 4. Hear my pray'r, oh, par-don now, Let me live no more in sin, While at

## CHORUS.

thee I would draw near, Thou canst cleanse me, thou a-lone. Wash me clean, make me white,  
 cleans-ing grace ap-pear, Love di-vine to me im-part. Wash me clean, etc.  
 reb-el, let me live For his sake, the bleed-ing Lamb. Wash me clean, etc.  
 thy blest feet I bow, Make me spot-less, white with-in. Wash me clean, etc.

Whiter than wool, whiter than snow; Wash me clean, make me white, Whiter than wool, whiter than snow.

## THE LAW IS LOVE.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. On leaves of stone our God made known His will for com - ing a - ges, That sov - er - eign will whose  
2. Love those whose care and ten - der pray'r Will fol - low us for - ev - er; Theirs is a love like  
3. For - get not this com - mand of his, "Love as thy - self thy neighbor," And so o - bey God's

## CHORUS.

The law..... is love,.....

re - cord still Makes bright the death - less pa - ges. The law is love, the law is love, To  
God's a - bove, That fails their chil - dren nev - er. The law is love, etc.  
law to - day, As in his field we la - bor. The law is love, etc.

Be - low, a - bove,

God and to our broth - er; Be - low, a - bove, be - low, a - bove, Love binds us to each oth - er.

## IN ALL THE SAVIOR'S PROMISES.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. In all the Sav - ior's prom - is - es, No sweet - er one I see, Than that where in his  
2. And com - ing I have al - ways found His arms would lift a - way, And bear the bur - den  
3. Come un - to him; this of - fered rest Is free to all to - day; Come, rich and poor, come,  
4. Come, wea - ry, heav - y - la - den soul, And lay - ing at his feet The load that you have

## CHORUS.

lov - ing heart Would bear my load for me. "Come un - to me, O wea - ry one, And  
of my sins, A - long the toil - some way. "Come un - to me, etc.  
young and old, He turns not one a - way. "Come un - to me, etc.  
borne so long, Find rest di - vine - ly sweet. "Come un - to me, etc.

I will give you rest," He says, when I with ma - ny sins Am heav - i - ly op - pressed.



## I'VE ENLISTED.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

W. W. BENTLEY.

*Spirited.*

1. I've en-list-ed, I've en-list-ed, In the ranks of God to-day, We are go-ing out to  
 2. I've en-list-ed, I've en-list-ed. I shall brave-ly work and fight, Joy-ful, in all toil and  
 3. I've en-list-ed, I've en-list-ed, Friends and comrades, ral-ly round, There is room in God's great

## CHORUS.

bat-tle The great hosts of wrong to-day. God will lead us, he is Cap-tain, He will  
 per-il, For the truth and for the right. God will lead us, etc.  
 ar-my, Va-cant plac-es still are found. God will lead us, etc.

bring us safe-ly through; Will you come and join our standard? There is work for you to do.

## LORD GOD OF HOSTS, HOW LOVELY.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Lord God of hosts, how love-ly The place where thou dost dwell! Thy tab-er-na-cles  
 2. Be-hold the spar-row find-eth A house in which to rest; The swal-low hath dis-  
 3. Blest who thy house in-hab-it, They ev-er give thee praise; Blest all whom thou dost  
 4. Our sun and shield, Je-ho-vah, Will grace and glo-ry give, No good will he de-

*D. C.* One day ex-cels a thou-sand, If spent thy courts with-in, I'll choose thy thresh-old,

*FINE*

ho-ly In pleas-ant-ness ex-cel. My soul is long-ing, faint-ing, Je-  
 cov-ered Where she may build her nest, And where se-cure-ly, shel-tered, Her  
 strength-en, Who love the sa-cred ways. So they from strength un-wea-ried, Go  
 ny them That up-right-ly do live. O God of hosts, Je-ho-vah, How

rath-er Than dwell in tents of sin.

*D. C.*

ho-vah's courts to see; My heart and flesh are cry-ing, O liv-ing God, for thee.  
 young she forth may bring; So, Lord of hosts, thy al-tars I seek, my God, my King.  
 for-ward un-to strength, Till they ap-pear in Zi-on, Be-fore the Lord at length.  
 blest is ev-ry one, Who con-fi-dence re-pos-es On thee, O Lord, a-lone.

## TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. O. Spirited.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with will-ing hands to do What-so - e'er to  
 2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto - ry Of his love to mor-tals here below; Christ, the bright-ness  
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walk-ing faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand-'rers

CHORUS.

us he hath ap-point-ed, Faith-ful - ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil - ing for Je - sus,  
 of the Father's glo - ry, Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow. Toil - ing, etc.  
 to the dear Re-deem-er, Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas-ter,

Joy-ful-ly we go; yes, joy-ful-ly we go; Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vine-yard here be-low.  
 Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter.

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## THE LORD WILL DELIVER.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Tho' plunged in - to tri - als ap - pall - ing, Tho' shut from the light of the day, Tho' ma - ny the dan-gers be -  
 2. Tho' fierce the temp - ta - tion as - sail - ing, Tho' hot - ly the pas-sions con-tend, Not one o'er the soul is pre -  
 3. Tho' doubts round the soul shall be press - ing, Tho' long be the night of de - spair, The light of the dawn brings a

CHORUS.

fall - ing. The Lord is a staff and a stay. Oh, yes,..... he'll de - liv - er, The Lord will his peo-ple sus -  
 vall - ing. If Je - sus that soul shall de-fend. Oh, yes,..... etc.  
 bless-ing, And shows that the Lord has been there. Oh, yes, he'll de-liv - er, his

tain,..... The an - - - gel he send - eth; None trust eth in Je - sus in vain.  
 peo - ple sus-tain. The an - gel, the an - gel

## OH, GIVE ME A HEART FULL OF LOVE.

Mrs. HENRY L. CHASE.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Oh, give me a heart full of love, full of love, Love for all, both of friends and of foes, Grant the  
 2. May I to the brother who needs, who needs, Give my aid with a glad, earn-est will; May I  
 3. O Lord, guard my lips, now I pray, now I pray, Lest in word I of-fend or do wrong, Hav-ing  
 4. O God, let me be ev-er thine, ev-er thine, Full of deeds like the Lord's, good and pure, May thy

## CHORUS.

Spir-it that comes from above, from above, And that on-ly a true kind-ness knows. Full of love, full of  
 fol-low where'er Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads, And the law of the Lord thus ful-fill. Full of love, etc.  
 care that my yea and my nay and my nay, With the truth and the right may be strong. Full of love, etc.  
 love and thy meekness be mine, e'er be mine, Will-ing in-sult and wrong to en-dure. Full of love, etc.  
 full of love,  
 love, . . . . Oh, give me a heart full of love, Full of love, . . . . full of love, full of love, Oh, give me a heart full of love.  
 full of love, full of love,

## REST, LORD, IN THEE.

ARTHUR J. HODGE.

FREDERIC H. PRASE.

1. Life, like a pass-ing day, Soon, soon will end, When, with the shades of night, Day-light will blend;  
 2. God gives his chos-en ones Com-fort and peace, And ev-ry day and hour, Bids them in-crease;  
 3. Soft-ly this wan-ing light Round Ja-cob shone, Its bless-ed beams of peace, From heaven thrown;

Then as the twi-light gray Fades qui-et-ly a-way, Like Ja-cob, grant we may Rest, Lord, in thee.  
 Thus, when the twi-light gray Fades qui-et-ly a-way, Like Ja-cob, Christians may Rest, Lord, in thee.  
 Then as the twi-light gray Fad-ed a-way, a-way, Dawned that e-ter-nal day, Rest, Lord, in thee.

## REFRAIN.

Rest, Lord, in thee, Rest, Lord, in thee, Like Ja-cob, grant we may Rest, Lord, in thee.  
 Rest Lord, in thee, Rest Lord, in thee,

## YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sav-ior, while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to thee; All my pow'rs to thee sur-  
 2. Lead me, Lord, where thou wilt send me, On-ly do thou guide the way; May thy grace thro' life at-  
 3. Let me do thy will or hear it, I would know no will but thine; Should'st thou take my life, or  
 4. Thine I am, O Lord, for-ev-er, To thy ser-vice set-a-part; Suf-fer me to leave thee

CHORUS.

ren-der, Thine, and on-ly thine to be. Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my  
 tend me, Glad-ly then shall I o-bey. Take me now, etc.  
 spare it, I that life to thee re-sign. Take me now, etc.  
 nev-er, Seal thy im-age on my heart. Take me now, etc.

youth-ful heart be thine; Thy de-vot-ed ser-vant make me; Fill my soul with love di-vine.

## WHY I PRAISE HIM.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. On the cross He bought my par-don, On the cross He died for me; There he sealed my soul's re-  
 2. He has par-don'd my trans-gres-sion, He has wash'd a-way my sin; And the gra-cious blood of  
 3. I am rest-ing on his mer-cy, I am trust-ing in his love; And I know that he will  
 4. Oh, what bless-ed peace he gives me, Oh, what qui-et, ho-ly rest; Un-to me his love is

CHORUS.

demp-tion, On the cross of Cal-va-ry. This is why I love and praise him, He re-  
 Je-sus Cleanses me and keeps me clean. This is why, etc.  
 take me To the par-a-dise a-bove. This is why, etc.  
 pre-cious, In him I am rich-ly blest. This is why, etc.

deemed and ransomed me: On the cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross of Cal-va-ry.

## MARCHING TO THE TEMPLE.

N. A. C.

N. A. CLAPP.

1. We are lit-tle pil-grims, Hap-py on our way, Trav-ling on the road that Leads to end-less day;  
 2. We are lit-tle sol-diers, Fight-ing for the Lord, Gird-ed with his ar-mor, Trust-ing in his word;  
 3. We are lit-tle Chris-tians, Sing-ing on our way, Work-ing in God's vine-yard, Toiling day by day;

Walk-ing in the path where Angels' feet have trod, March-ing to the tem-ple, The tem-ple of God.  
 Fight-ing in the field where Angels' feet have trod, March-ing to the tem-ple, The tem-ple of God.  
 Lead-ing in the path where Angels' feet have trod, Oth-ers to the tem-ple, The tem-ple of God.

## CHORUS.

March-ing to the tem-ple, March-ing to the tem-ple, March-ing to the tem-ple, The tem-ple of God,

## MARCHING TO THE TEMPLE--Concluded.

Lift-ing high our ban-ner, The ban-ner of our Lord, March-ing to the tem-ple, The tem-ple of God.

Rev. Wm Wyr Smith.

## FATHER, O FATHER!

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Fa-ther, O Fa-ther, whose home is in heav'n, Hal-low'd and blest be the name thou hast giv'n; }  
 Here may thy king-dom, we pray, have its birth; And, as in heav-en, thy will be on earth. }  
 2. Give us the bread by which dai-ly we live; Grant us for-give-ness, as we, too, for-give; }  
 Lead not to tri-als, but save us from sin— Thine is the king-dom, for-ev-er. A-men! }

## CHORUS.

Hear us, O God, and teach us to pray; Teach us thy Word, teach us thy way;  
 Oh, let thy Spir-it lead us to thee, (Omit.) There may we Je-sus see.

## THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Oh, how oft the feet grow wea-ry, And how oft - en we de-spond, How sometimes the life grows  
2. When the brightest hopes are cherished, And our ex-pec-tations, fond, Prove to be but broken  
3. When the grave receives our loved ones, Sev-er-ing af-fec-tion's bond, Look to heav-en, there is  
4. When the dark-ness o-ver-spreads thee And no joy on earth is found, Up-ward turn thy wea-ry

## CHORUS.

drear - y, And we sigh for joys be-yond. Trem-bling soul, thy Fa-ther loves thee, Why de-  
cis-terns, Trust in God, there's light be-yond. Trem-bling soul, etc.  
sun-shine, Trust in God, there's light be-yond. Trem-bling soul, etc.  
spir - it, Trust in God, there's light be-yond. Trem-bling soul, etc.

spond, oh, why de-spond? Tho' the clouds be dark a - bove thee, Trust in God, there's light be-yond.

## BEARING THE CROSS FOR ME.

W. S. B. M.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

1. O - ver the hills of Ju - dea, Tossed on the waves of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus, the bless - ed  
2. Feed - ing the poor and hun - gry, Heal - ing the sick of low de - gree, Je - sus, the bless - ed  
3. Mock 'd in the hall of Pi - late, Lift - ed for all on Calvary's tree, Je - sus, the bless - ed  
4. Borne to the tomb in sad - ness, Burst - ing its bars in vic - to - ry, Je - sus, the bless - ed  
5. High in the heav'n - ly man - sions, Walk - ing the shores of the jasper sea, Je - sus, the bless - ed

## CHORUS.

Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior,  
Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.  
Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.  
Mas - ter, Has triumphed for you and me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.  
Mas - ter, Is car - ing for you and me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.

Thou did'st come to save from sin; Come to my heart, dear Sav - ior, And in it thy work be - gin.

## HEAR THE NEWS.

J. E. H. Lively.

J. E. HALL.

1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus, He is com - ing now this way, Joy - ful tid - ings that he  
 2. Hear the news, ye blind ones, hear it, Je - sus comes your sight to give; All ye deaf and dumb, be -  
 3. Hear the news, O sad and wea - ry, He, the Lord, is now so near, He will all your bur - dens  
 4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing, Je - sus comes his pow'r to show; Ask his aid and trust his

## CHORUS.

brings us, Hail with joy the Lord to - day. Hear the news, Hear the news, 'Tis the  
 lieve it, And the bless - ing now re - ceive. Hear the news, etc.  
 car - ry, And your soul with love will cheer. Hear the news, etc.  
 mer - cy, Per - fect health you then shall know. Hear the news, etc.

Hear the news, Hear the news,

Sav - ior comes to - day; Hear the news, Hear the news, Now pre - pare with - out de - lay.

Hear the news, Hear the news,

## PUT ON THE ARMOR.

A. W. FRENCH. With Vigor.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Put ye on the Chris - tian ar - mor, 'Tis a coat of mail, With it on the  
 2. 'Tis the ar - mor of sal - va - tion, Right - eous - ness and truth, Gird your loins by  
 3. Fal - ter not, but on - ward press - ing, Crush the hordes of sin, By your pray'r and

## CHORUS.

field of bat - tle, There you shall pre - vail. In - to line, put on the ar - mor.  
 faith to con - quer, In the flush of youth. In - to line, etc.  
 sup - pli - ca - tion, Right the day shall win. In - to line, etc.

Keep - ing you from loss, Forth to bat - tle, march tri - umph - ant, Sol - diers of the cross.

## THE VOICE OF GOD.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Twas the voice of God in the great command, "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me," To his  
 2. 'Tis the voice of God, and he speaks to-day, "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me," From your  
 3. 'Tis the voice of God, 'tis the great command, "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me," Send the

## CHORUS.

O wor - - ship the

chos-en ones in their na-tive land. "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me." O worship the Lord, our  
 i - dols all turn you now a - way, "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me." O wor-ship, etc.  
 joy - ful news un - to ev - 'ry land, "Thou shalt have no oth-er gods be-fore me." O wor-ship, etc.

Lord, O wor - - ship the Lord,

fathers' God, O worship the Lord, our fathers' God, In the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, The God of our fathers' praise.

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

THOS. L. N. TIPTON.

EREN H. BAILEY.

1. For - ward, cham-pion, to the fight, Gird thine ar - mor to thee, Take the Spir - it's  
 2. Thou - sand snares are for thee spread, Thou - sand foes as - sail - ing, Fast and thick a -  
 3. Fear not, flinch not, on - ward go, Faith thy bo - som shield - ing; Fight the fight, re -  
 4. All thy Sav - ior's right - eous - ness, For a breast plate wear - ing; In the van - guard

## CHORUS.

sword of might; What shall then sub - due thee? Take the helm - et, shield and sword,  
 round thy head, Fi - ery darts are hail - ing. Take the helm - et, etc.  
 sist the foe, Nev - er, nev - er yield - ing. Take the helm - et, etc.  
 for - ward press, Ev - 'ry dan - ger shar - ing. Take the helm - et, etc.

Warrior, warrior, arm thee, Take the arm - or of thy Lord, Noth - ing then shall harm thee.



## THE SHINING CITY.

THOS. L. M. TIP-PON.

E. H. BAILEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Far, far a-way, o'er the sil - lent sea, Far off on that shin-ing shore, There stand-eth a cit - y, we  
 2. O' cit - y of God! it is build-ed fair, On high, on the ho - ly hill; Nor sin-ning, nor sor - row can  
 3. Fair cit - y, it tow-'reth the skies a-bove, Its glo - ries no tongue may tell; 'Tis there in the light of the  
 4. O Zi - on, blest Zi - on, it stand-eth sure, Its bean-ties may not wax old; The walls, they are all of the

## CHORUS

long to be With - in it for - ev - er - more. O! beau-tiful home, where the bright ones roam, Where they  
 en - ter there, For there do they do his will. O! beau - ti - ful home, etc.  
 Sav - ior a love, The pu - ri - fied peo - ple dwell. O! beau - ti - ful home, etc.  
 jas - per pure, Its streets of the glit-ter-ing gold. O! bean - ti - ful home, etc.

drink of the stream of life, We long to be there, where they know no care, Where there cometh no sound of strife.

## TAKE UP THY CROSS.

EDITH R. WILSON.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

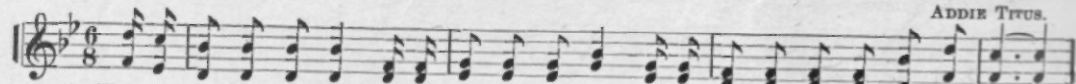
1. "Take up thy cross and fol-low me," So saith the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, "And if its bur - den pres thee  
 2. "Take up thy cross and fol-low me, If thou would'st my dis - ci - ple be; Turn not a - way, for they a -  
 3. Then learn of Christ to bear the cross, And count it joy to suf - fer loss; Its bur - dens take, nor cast a -  
 4. Take up thy cross, and patient still, In Je - sus' strength a - wait his will; Thy love for him shall make it

sore, Think how I bore it all be - fore. Fear not its pain, for I, thy King, Was per - fect -  
 lone Who bear the cross, shall reach the throne. Who for my sake their life lay down, Shall win an  
 side The weight his pain hath sanc - ti - fied; For he who hung and suf - fer'd there, Now pleads with  
 light, Yet doub - ly pre - cious in his sight. Then take thy cross, and day by day Press near - er

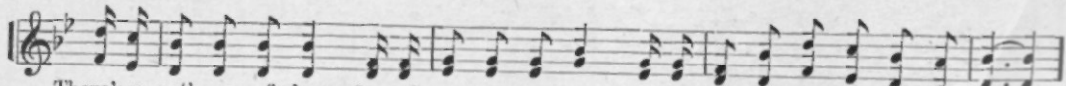
ed thro' suf - fer - ing; And they who love my Ho - ly Name, Must bear my cross and share my shame.  
 ev - er - last - ing crown; And they who here my cross re - fuse, The ver - y life they seek shall lose."  
 thee his cross to share, While still thy com - fort - er and stay, He treads with thee the nar - row way.  
 him who leads the way, Un - til, his gra - cious work com - plete, He bids thee lay it at his feet.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

ADDIE TITUS.

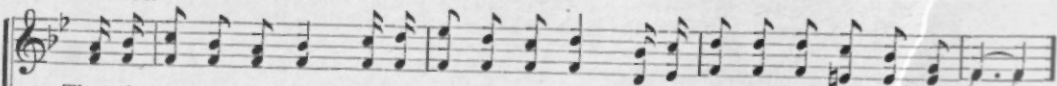


1. There is something on earth for the chil-dren to do, Ere they go to the beau-ti-ful land;
2. Tho' it may be but lit-tle, our Sav-ior once said, If the lit-tle be giv-en in love,
3. And the chil-dren can tell the sweet sto-ry of old, Tell of Him by whom sin is for-giv'n;

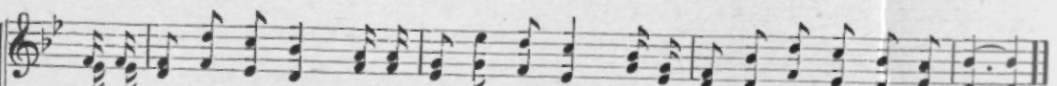
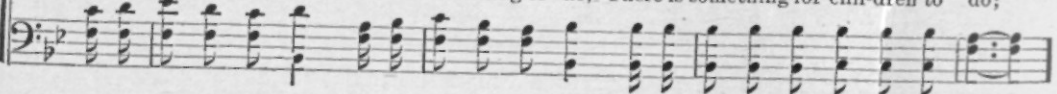


There's a path-way of love where the youngest may go. And em-ploy-ment for each lit-tle hand.  
To the thirst-y a drink, to the hun-gry some bread, 'Twill be sure-ly re-ward-ed a-bove.  
And the an-gels of God will re-joice if one soul Should be led by the chil-dren to heav'n.

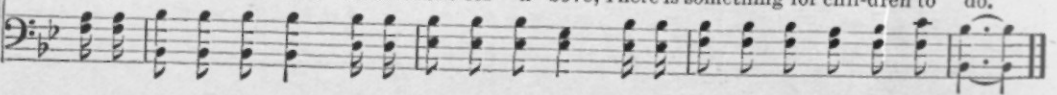
## CHORUS.



There is something to do, there is some-thing to do, There is something for chil-dren to do;



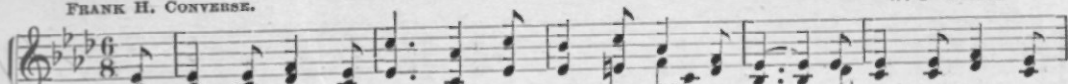
To lead oth-ers to love the dear Sav-ior a-bove, There is something for chil-dren to do.



## HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

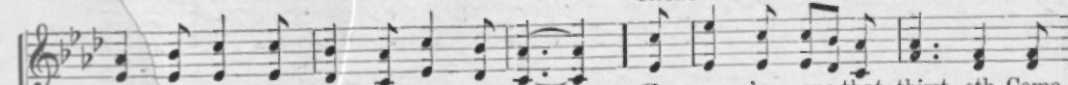
W. T. WILEY.



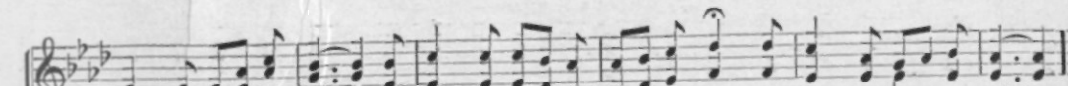
1. I drank of Ma-rah's wa-ters, And ate the husks of sin: I stood be-fore an
2. There stands a ho-ly cit-y, Whose age was nev-er told, I wan-der'd by, but
3. I ate the bread of heav-en, I drank the wa-ter free, I left my sin, I



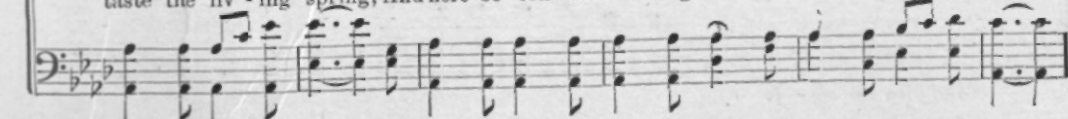
## CHORUS.



o-pen door. But would not en-ter in. Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Come  
heard a cry With-in the gates of gold. Ho, ev-'ry one, etc.  
en-ter'd in, His blood hath cleans-ed me. Ho, ev-'ry one, etc.



taste the liv-ing spring, And here be fed with liv-ing bread, Nor heed the price you bring.



## HE WILL GIVE US VICTORY.

E. A. HOFFMAN. *Spirited.*

E. B. SMITH.

1. In the ar - mor of God to the bat - tle we will go, In the  
 2. In the name of our God we will take the sword and shield, In the  
 3. With the help of the Lord we go forth with ar - mor bright, With the

ar - mor of God we will con-quer ev - 'ry foe, For the God of heav'n our strength will be,  
 name of our God we will sure-ly win the field, For the God, etc.  
 help of the Lord we will triumph for the right, For the God, etc.

D. S. *And the God of heav'n our strength will be,*

*FINE. CHORUS. Faster.*

And give us vic - to - ry. He will give us vic - to - ry, A glo - rious vic - to - ry;  
*And give us vic - to - ry.*

## SAVIOR, MAKE ME MORE LIKE THEE.

Rev. J. R. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Sav - ior, make me more like thee, This my con-stant pray'r shall be; More like thee in  
 2. Sav - ior, make me more like thee, This my song and this my plea; More like thee in  
 3. Sav - ior, I would ev - er be Dai - ly grow-ing more like thee; Low - ly, gen - tle,

heart and mind, More sub-mis-sive, more re-signed, More like thee in dai - ly life,  
 word and deed, More like thee to those who need; Full of sym - pa - thy and love;  
 pa - tient, meek, All thy grac - es, Lord, I seek; All thy mind to me im - part,

Free from an - ger, free from strife; That I may be more like thee, Sav - ior, come a - bide with me.  
 Give me wis - dom from a - bove; That I may be more like thee, Draw me closer, Lord, to thee.  
 Wash my hands, my head, my heart; Thou didst come to be like me, By and by I'll be like thee.

## WE'LL GATHER HIS JEWELS.

FRED P. SMITH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. We'll gath-er his jew-els, His own pre-cious jew-els, The poor and neg-lect-ed We'll gather them in,  
 2. We'll tell the poor wan-d'ers, In youth, who are stray-ing Each day and each hour From Je - sus a-way,  
 3. We'll tell them the sto-ry Of Christ and his glo-ry, Who died, lit-tle children To save from their sin;

From high ways and byways, From lanes and from hedges, From fields of temp-ta-tion And pathways of sin.  
 He loves lit-tle chil-dren, No mat-ter how sin-ful, He'll en-ter their hearts and Re-main if he may.  
 He stands at the gates of The heav-en-ly king-dom, In-vit-ing the wand'ers To en-ter there-in.

## CHORUS.

O how we'll re-joice In the home of the blest,  
 O how we'll re-joice when our souls are possessed Of the mansions of light in the home of the blest,

From "Gathered Jewels," by per.

## WE'LL GATHER HIS JEWELS--Concluded.

When we hear the glad welcome, The welcome of Jesus, "Well done, faithful servant, Now en-ter thy rest."

## TRUST IN GOD.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

A. G. LITTLE.

1. Trust in God and he will be More than all the world to thee; Life and riches, peace and blessing, All in all in  
 2. Trust in God and do his will; Trust a-like for good and ill; To his precious promise clinging. Go thy way, with  
 3. Trust in God and on-ward go, Con-quer ev'-ry fear and foe; Strong in faith and brave in tri-al. Walk the path of

## CHORUS.

him pos-sess-ing, Hap-py, hap-py thou shalt be. Trust in God and do his will; Tho' he slay thee, trust him still.  
 joy and sing-ing, Tho' he slay thee, trust him still. Trust in God, etc.  
 self-de-ni-al, 'Till thy work is done be-low. Trust in God, etc.

## THERE IS COMING A SOLEMN DAY

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

E. B. SMITH.

1. The Lord's har-vest field stand-eth green and wide, The wheat and the tares grow-ing side by side;  
 2. That I have a place in that field so fair, Should fill me with tho'ts for the name I bear;  
 3. Oh, not with the chaff that the wild winds blow, And not with the tares would I wish to go;  
 4. To that har-vest time I must sure-ly come, When I shall be weigh'd by the deeds I've done;

His sun and his rain doth he give to all, So boun-te-ous free do his bless-ings fall.  
 Oh, how shall I stand when the an-gels come To gath-er the sheaves for the Har-vest Home!  
 I'd on-ly be found with the use-ful wheat, So val-ued and good, for his store-house meet.  
 Then take me, O Lord, make my heart thine own, My har-vest shall be from thy good seed sown.

## CHORUS.

But there is com-ing a sol-umn day, The Lord to his an-gels then will loud-ly say:

## THERE IS COMING A SOLEMN DAY--Concluded.

"Go out and gath-er the gold-en grain, And burn the tares, they have grown in vain."

## STRONG TO SAVE

EDITH R. WILSON.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Je-sus slept upon the sea, When the white waves tossing, Mock'd the rowers, wea-ri-ly O'er the waters crossing  
 2. Je-sus, Lord, we look to thee, Tossed on life's wild billow; Thou who once up on the sea, Press'd a low-ly pil-low.  
 3. Je-sus spoke and all was calm, Wind and wa-ter stay-ing, At his voice their wild a-larm Sank, his words o-bey-ing.  
 4. Je-sus, may thy word of peace, All my soul sus-tain-ing, Bring me safe where sorrows cease, Endless rest attain-ing.

## CHORUS.

Christ, our Lord, at thy word, Wind and wave o-bey thee, Let our cry by thee be heard. Save our souls, we pray thee.

## FOLLOWING JESUS.

Rev. A. A. HOSKIN.

W. S. PITTS.

1. Fol-low-ing Je - sus day by day, Walk-ing with him the nar - row way;  
 2. Fol-low-ing Je - sus, leav-ing all, Glad to o - bey his heav'n-ly call;  
 3. Fol-low-ing him and grow-ing strong, Do - ing the right and shun-ning wrong;  
 4. Fol-low-ing him while life is given, Fol-low-ing Christ to home in heav'n;

Close to his steps our feet shall cling, Fol-low-ing Je - sus while we sing.  
 Free-ly our lives to him we bring, Fol-low-ing Je - sus while we sing.  
 Safe from the temp-er, 'neath his wing, Fol-low-ing Je - sus while we sing.  
 Sweet-er our prais-es there shall ring, Fol-low-ing Je - sus while we sing.

## CHORUS.

Fol-low-ing, fol-low-ing ev - 'ry day, Fol-low-ing Christ in the heav-en-ly way;  
 the heavenly way;

Fol-low-ing, fol-low-ing all our lives long, Fol-low-ing Je - sus with service and song.  
 with service and song.

## HOW CAN I LET THEE GO?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

A. G. LITTLE.

1. Dear Lord, I need thee all the time, The road is rough and steep, And on - ly as I  
 2. Temp - ta-tions meet me ev - 'ry-where, To lure my heart from thee; I can - not fight them  
 3. Dear Lord, I trem-ble when from me Thy gen-tle face is hid, And fal-ter in the

trust to thee, The way to heav'n I keep: How heav - y are the ma - ny sins Which  
 all a - lone—Dear Lord, my help - er be: This heart of mine so stained with sin. Oh,  
 way to heav'n, Earth's dreary storms a - mid: But when I touch thy lov - ing hand, What

grieve thy kind heart so! Dear Lord, un-til thy bless - ing comes, How can I let thee go?  
 wash it white like snow; Un - til the bless-ing comes, dear Lord, How can I let thee go?  
 rest and peace I know! Dear Lord, I need thee all the time, And can-not let thee go.

## DARE TO DO RIGHT.

E. E. STARKEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If fi - ery temp - ta - tions en - com - pass thy soul, And high - dashing passion - waves o - ver thee roll,  
2. If dark - ness o'er - take thee and dangers ap - pall, Re - mem - ber, thine ar - mor is proof against all,  
3. The word is the sword which the Spirit doth wield, Sal - va - tion and faith are its helm - et and shield;

Be strong in the Lord, in the strength of his might, Gird on the whole ar - mor and dare to do right.  
And strong sup - pli - ca - tion will ban - ish the night; Then gird on the ar - mor and dare to do right.  
The breast - plate of righteousness pray'r will keep bright, Gird on the whole ar - mor and dare to do right.

## CHORUS.

Dare to do right, yes, dare to do right, Gird on the whole ar - mor and dare to do right.

## CHRIST AT BETHLEHEM.

W. S. B. M.

(Christmas Carol.)

W. S. B. MATHEWS, by per.

1. Long a - go on Christ - mas night, Shepherds saw the heav'n - ly light, Heard the song of  
2. Quick to Beth - le'm, they, to see What the an - gels' joy could be; Lo! for love of  
3. Come with them to sa - cred stall, On our knees with wise men fall; Sav - ior, King, and

## CHORUS.

an - gels bright, Christ was born at Beth - le'm. Christ, our King, Christ, our King,  
you and me, Christ was born at Beth - le'm. Christ, our King, etc.  
Lord of all, Christ was born at Beth - le'm. Christ, our King, etc.

Ev - 'ry voice his praise shall sing, Je - sus Christ our Lord and King, Came that day to Beth - le'm.

## LOWLY IN MIND.

J. C. MACT.

1. Low-ly in mind, yet ear-nest and lov-ing, Free from vain glo-ry ev-er to be;  
 2. Low-ly in mind, and lov-ing each oth-er, Free from all pride that end-eth in strife;  
 3. It all the earth be hum-ble be-fore him! E-ven as heav-en worships the King;

Thus would I live, my faith-ful-ness prov-ing To the dear Lord who suf-fered for me.  
 Thus should we be, as broth-er to broth-er, Prais-ing the might-y Giv-er of life.  
 Let ev-'ry heart be glad to a-dore him, Teach ev-'ry tongue his prais-es to sing.

## CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, my heav-en-ly Fa-ther! He who hath sent my Sav-ior to me!

## LOWLY IN MIND--Concluded.

I would be hum-ble, kind-ly and lov-ing, E-ven like Je-sus, thus would I be.

## NOT MY WILL.

T. L. N. TIPTON.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. "Not my will, but thine, be done!" Thus did plead the suff'ring Son; Fa-ther, if thou wilt, I pray  
 2. Not our wills be done, but thine! Lord, these hearts of ours in-cline, Thus thy mandates to o-bey;  
 3. Lord, shall we, thine own, complain, Tho' thy wis-dom shall or-dain Fi-ery tri-al, bit-ter shame?

That this cup may pass a-way, If in-deed it must be mine, Not my will be done, but thine  
 Thus with thee to walk each day; Thus the cup of life to drain, Be it joy, or be it pain.  
 Thou art ev-er, Lord, the same; Seem our por-tion good or ill, Thou to us art pre-cious still.



## SAY NO!

O. D. SHERMAN.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. If, on some pleas-ant Sab-bath day, A play-mate un-to you should say, From  
2. And if per-chance up-on the street, A wick-ed scorn-er you should meet, With  
3. If Sa-tan ev-er, pass-ing by, Should tempt to tell the smooth-est lie, De-  
4. And so of ev-ry path of sin Your feet are prone to wan-der in, For

## CHORUS.

Sab-bath School let's stay a-way, And spend the hour in fun and play. Just say, No! A  
gra-cious words he would you greet, And wi-li-ly give you his seat; Just say, No! etc.  
ceive your par-ents on the sly; Don't stop to argue what or why; Just say, No! etc.  
if the crown of life you'd win. An e-vil hab-it ne'er be-gin. Just say, No! etc.

good round heart-y No! By this, true man-li-ness you'll show. And hon-or God by say-ing, No!

## I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE.

C. E. POLLOCK.

Rev. N. T. DALE, by per.

1. I'm a pil-grim here be-low, Trav-ling thro' this vale of woe, Yet my Fa-ther's  
2. Oft my path is dark and drear, And my heart is filled with fear, Yet I hear my  
3. When the fear-ful tem-pest blows, When my en-e-mies op-pose, While the storm is  
4. When I tread death's gloomy vale, Still his pres-ence shall not fail; Then his staff will

## CHORUS.

ev-er nigh,	And I hear his lov-ing cry:	I will guide thee, I will guide thee.
Sav-ior's voice,	And his words my heart re-joice:	I will guide thee, etc.
pass-ing by,	Still I hear my Sav-ior nigh:	I will guide thee, etc.
be my stay,	And I'll hear my Sav-ior say:	I will guide thee, etc.

I will guide thee with mine eye; In the way I will in-struct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye.

## TAKE MY HAND.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. With my hand in that of Je - sus, I would joy-ful, joy-ful be, Tho' the clouds hang dark and heav-y,  
2. With my hand in that of Je - sus, I will trust-ful, trust-ful be, I will be con-tent and hap-py,

And the way I can-not see; For the Lord will safe-ly lead me Thro' the dark-ness in - to light;  
Knowing he will care for me, Should all earth-ly friends for - sake me, Should all earth-ly joys de - part,

CHORUS.

In his own good time and pleasure, He will make my pathway bright. Take my hand, O bless-ed Je - sus!  
I will still be calm and joy-ful, I will trust-ful be of heart. Take my hand, etc.

Guide me thro' this world of care! Bring me to the heav'nly mansions, To en - joy the glo-ry there.

## WE SHALL REAP.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUF.

Mrs. E. A. SIMS.

1. We are sow-ing, ev-er sow-ing, Worthless seed or gold-en grain, And by day and night 'tis springing;  
2. We are sow-ing, ev-er sow-ing, E'en in childhood's sunny hours, Seeds of love and peace and gladness,  
3. We are sow-ing, ev-er sow-ing, All thro' youth's bright summer day; Oft with reckless hand we're fling-ing  
4. Still we're sow-ing, ev-er sow-ing, Till life's lat-est hour has flown; Let us then be ev-er care-ful,

Good and bad a-like are bring-ing Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain, Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain.  
Or of sor-row, pain and sadness. Yielding thorns or fragrant flowers, Yielding thorns or fragrant flowers.  
Germsthat constantly are springing In - to life a-long our way, In - to life a-long our way.  
Ev - er watch-ful, ev-er prayer-ful, For we'll reap as we have sown, For we'll reap as we have sown.

CHORUS.

We shall reap as we sow, Bit - ter fruit or gold - en grain;  
We shall reap, as we sow,

We shall reap ..... as we sow, Peace and joy, or grief and pain.  
We shall reap as we sow,

## WE GATHER IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

MAUY E. KAIL.

D. F. HODGERS.

1. We gath-er in the Sabbath school, Up-on this bless-ed day, We meet to-geth-er here in love,  
2. We love to sing of him who died To save the world from sin, And opened wide the gold-en gates,  
3. And as we grow in strength of years, And la-bor for the right, We pray that all our work may meet,

To read and sing and pray; And while to bless the Sav-ior's name, Our tuneful voic-es raise,  
That we may en-ter in; And all he asks of us to do, His blessings to re-ceive,  
With fa-vor in his sight; And in the bless-ed book we read The glo-ri-ous king-dom given,

## CHORUS.

We know the heav'nly courts above, Re-ech-o with his praise. We gath-er in the Sabbath school  
Is just to learn his ho-ly will, To trust him and be-lieve. We gath-er in, etc.  
Is like un-to a lit-tle child, Our rest-ing place in heav'n. We gath-er in, etc.

## WE GATHER IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL--Concluded.

To learn the ho-ly way That leads from sor-row and from sin, Up to the gates of day.

## LITTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS.

C. E. POLLOCK.

*Lively.*

1. Lit-tle words of kind-ness, Whis-per'd soft and low, With a thrill of glad-ness, To the heart they go,  
2. Lit-tle words of kind-ness, Lo, a work of love, God's own hand re-cords them In the world a-bove;  
3. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Heart-i-ly be-stow'd, Help a faint-ing broth-er On life's wea-ry road;  
4. Lit-tle words of kind-ness Seem of lit-tle worth, Yet we can-not buy them With the gold of earth;

Light-ing up its dark-ness, With a cheer-ing ray, Chang-ing heav-y sad-ness To the light of day.  
They whose words of pit-y Dry the mourner's tears, Have the Sav-ior's bless-ing Tho' their earth-ly years.  
Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness To a wand'ring soul, Blessed by God, may lead him Back to Je-sus' fold.  
Scat-ter, then, like sun-beams, Many a word of love, And the Lord of heav-en Bless you from a-bove.

## FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

Mrs. L. B. THORPE.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, thou who hast sinned, Come, wash and be pure; Come, travel with-in The path that is sure;  
2. Oh, earth was so dark, Men roamed in de-spair, When Je-sus came down Our bur-dens to bear;  
3. Now, earth may be dark, Sin's pit-falls a-bound, See each shin-ing mark, Our path-way is found;

Dear Je-sus has trod This des-o-late way; Come, jour-ney to God, Come join us to-day.  
Now, o-ver the wild, Bright foot-prints I see; Worn, grieved and re-viled, Christ made them for me.  
Safe, safe o'er the way, E'en chil-dren may go, With Je-sus to stay, Washed whit-er than snow.

## CHORUS

Foot-prints, bright foot-prints of Je-sus I see, Je-sus has left them for you and for me;

Hear him say, "Fol-low me;" Je-sus, I come, Since thou hast loved me so, lead me safe home.

## I'LL TRUST IN THE BIBLE.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. I'll trust in the Bi-ble, the dear, bless-ed Bi-ble, It points to a ref-uge when dangers surround;  
2. I'll trust in the Bi-ble, God's own ho-ly Bi-ble, The sword of the Spir-it will help me pre-vail;  
3. I'll trust in the Bi-ble, my own precious Bi-ble, Its teachings are per-fect, con-vert-ing the soul;

It tells me of Je-sus, my help-er in trouble, Whose goodness and mer-cy doth ev-er a-bound:  
Tho' foes camp-a-bout me, this sword shall de-fend me, And none who op-pose will I fear to as-sail;  
A lamp in the dark-ness, it brightens my pathway, And points to the prize at the end of the goal:

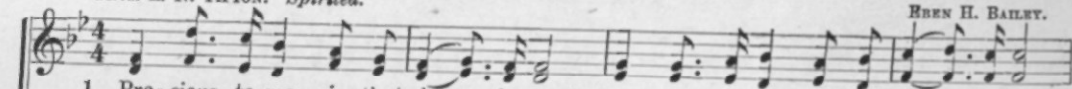
I read in the Bi-ble that Christ and his an-gels Encamp-round a-bout those who trust in the Lord;  
I'll fight the "good fight" till life's bat-tles are end-ed, I'll stand up for Je-sus, my Sav-ior and Lord;  
It prom-ises com-fort, when bur-den-ed with sor-row, Its mes-sa-ges cheer me when weary with care;

From ev-'ry temp-ta-tion he'll sure-ly de-liv-er, He nev-er will leave those who hope in his word.  
He'll help me to con-quer, and then he'll re-ward me, If firm-ly I trust in his life-giv-ing word.  
It tells me of heaven where joys are e-ter-nal, It tells me, if faith-ful, those joys I shall share.

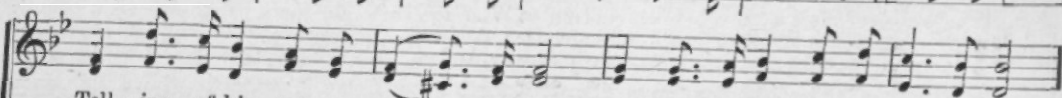
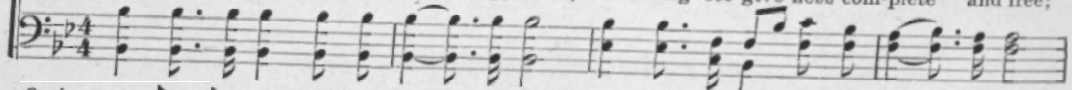
## PRECIOUS TO ME.

THOS. L. N. TIPTON. *Spirited.*

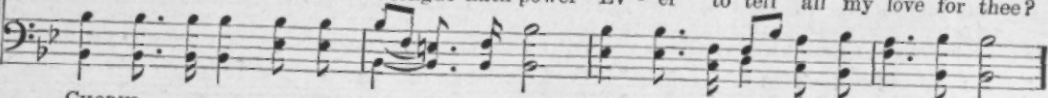
BREN H. BAILEY.



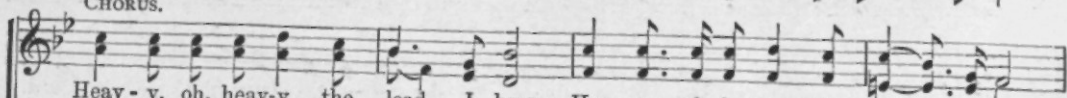
1. Pre-cious to me is that ho - ly word, Tell - ing of one who from sin can save,
2. Why do I love him, that bless - ed one? Why do I seek at his feet to be?
3. Fee - ble and yield - ing, I tempt - ed, fell, Bit - ter the sor - row, how deep the woe,
4. Read - y to per - ish, I faint - ing lay, Swift to the res - cue the Help - er came;
5. O the de - light of that hap - py hour, Tast - ing for - give - ness com - plete and free;



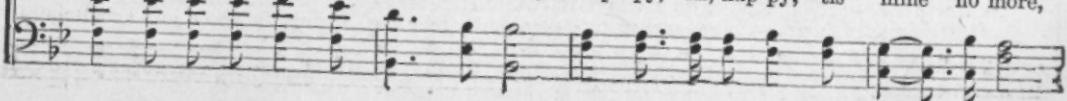
Tell - ing of him, my re - deem - ing Lord, Tri - umph - ing o - ver the dark - some grave.  
 Lov - ing me first, all my love he won, He from the pit hath de - liv - ered me.  
 None but the ones who have fall - en may tell, None but the ones who have felt may know.  
 All of my sin did he take a - way, All of that bur - den of grief and shame.  
 Life of my life, is there tongue hath power Ev - er to tell all my love for thee?



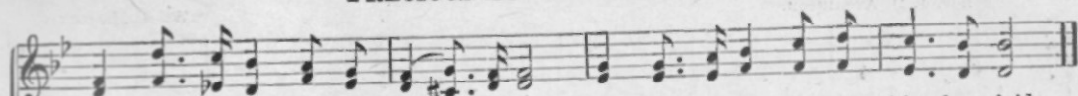
## CHORUS.



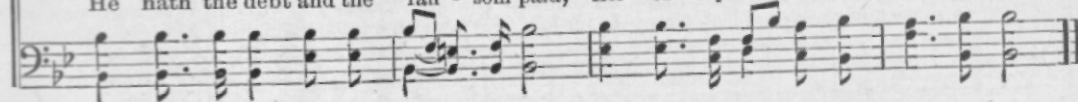
Heav - y, oh, heav - y the load I bore, Hap - py, oh, hap - py, 'tis mine no more,



## PRECIOUS TO ME—Concluded.



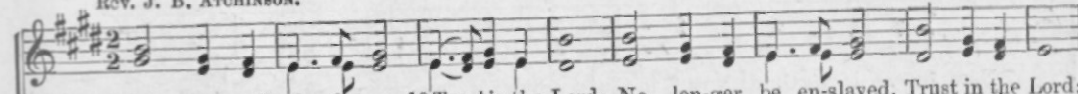
He hath the debt and the ran - som paid, All of my sins have on him been laid.



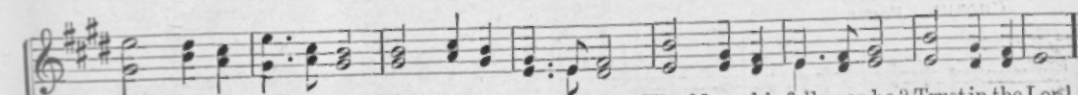
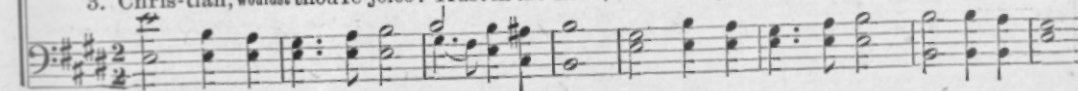
## TRUST IN THE LORD.

W. S. MARSHALL.

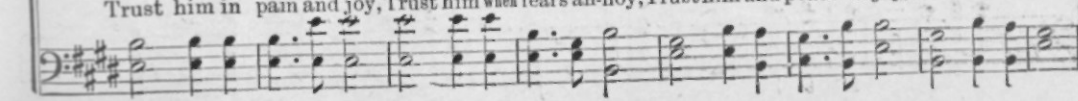
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.



1. Sin - ner, wouldst thou be saved? Trust in the Lord; No lon - ger be en - slav - ed, Trust in the Lord;
2. Mourn - er, he'll dry your tears, Trust in the Lord; Dis - pel your doubts and fears, Trust in the Lord;
3. Chris - tian, wouldst thou re - joice? Trust in the Lord; Make Christ your con - stant choice, Trust in the Lord;



He's wait - ing now for thee, Wait - ing to set you free. Would you his follow - er be? Trust in the Lord.  
 He longs with you to share All sor - row, grief and care, He waits to answer prayer, Trust in the Lord.  
 Trust him in pain and joy, Trust him when fears an - noy, Trust him and peace en - joy, Trust in the Lord.



## RECONCILED.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Once I was dead in sin, Far from my God, Now I have peace within, Thro' Jesus' blood;  
 2. Once in my sin-ful heart There was no room For Christ, who stood without, Waiting to come;  
 3. Once with-out hope and lost, Now I am found, Where sin has long oppress'd Grace doth a-bound;

Now Je-sus is my Guide, Now I in Christ a-bide, My soul is sat-is-fied, Praise, praise the Lord!  
 Now he has found the way, Darkness is turn'd to day, Je-sus with me doth stay, My heart his home.  
 To him who died for me, To him who made me free, To Christ of Cal-va-ry, Let praise re-sound.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

To God I'm rec-on-ciled, He owns me for his child, With joy my heart is filled, Sweet peace is mine.

## LORD, HAVE MERCY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. I ac-knowl-edge my trans-gres-sions, I have sinned so griev-ous-ly, But I hum-bly make con-  
 2. Cast me not a-way, my Fa-ther! Let me thy sal-va-tion see; Do not leave me, but the  
 3. New cre-ate the heart with-in me, Fill me with thy per-fect love; Make me pure, and give me  
 4. Un-to thee I come, dear Fa-ther, With a bro-ken, con-trite heart; Take me to thy love and

## CHORUS.

fes-sion, Lord, in mer-cy par-don me. Lord, have mer-cy, Lord have mer-cy, Tho' my  
 rath-er Let thy mer-cy fall on me. Lord, have mer-cy, etc.  
 meet-ness For the par-dise a-bove. Lord, have mer-cy, etc.  
 fa-vor, Thou the fri-er of sin-ne Lord, have mer-cy, etc.

heart is full of sin, Wash me in the blood of Je-sus, That a-lone can make me clean.

## PERFECT PEACE.

ELIZA SHERMAN.  
*Confidingly.*

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Peace with God, what gift more precious? All earth's cares and tri-als cease, When, like sweet-est ben-e-  
2. Peace with God that flow-eth ev-er, As a riv-er, pure and deep, Thro' the sun-shine and the  
3. Peace with God that pass-eth knowl-edge, On his pre-cious word we rest, Trust-ing in his lov-ing

## CHORUS.

dic-tion Comes this gift of per-fect peace. Peace with God! a peace so per-fect, Earth-ly  
shad-ow, Thro' our wak-ing and our sleep. Peace with God! etc.  
kind-ness, Ly-ing calm-ly on his breast. Peace with God! etc.

cares from troub-ling cease; When the heart is stayed up-on him, Je-sus giv-eth per-fect peace.

## SAVIOR, LEAD US ALL THE WAY.

E. R. LATTA.

A. B. CONDO.

1. Lit-tle hearts from thee may wan-der, Lit-tle feet may go a-stray; That we in thy  
2. Lit-tle hands may yield to e-vil, Lit-tle lips wrong words may say; Blest Re-deem-er.  
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, like the flow'rets, Oh, how oft in death de-cay! Lord, pro-ject them  
4. To the ev-er-last-ing man-sions, Where the an-gel chil-dren stay, Let us all at

## CHORUS.

steps may fol-low, Sav-ior, lead us all the way.	Day by day; yes, day by day,
save the chil-dren, Sav-ior, lead us all the way.	Day by day; etc.
while they lin-ger, Sav-ior, lead us all the way.	Day by day; etc.
last be gath-ered, Sav-ior, lead us all the way.	Day by day; etc.

Sav-ior, lead us all the way, Day by day; yes, day by day, Sav-ior, lead us all the way.

E. M. C.

## HOME ABOVE.

E. MANFORD CLARE.

1. There is a beau-ti-ful home Pre-pared for us a - bove, Where none shall ev - er more  
 2. I have a man-sion up there, Which Je - sus keeps for me, And clean robes wait me up  
 3. They have no need of the sun By day, or stars by night, For in that beau-ti-ful

## CHORUS.

roam From God or from Je - sus' love. Beau-ti - ful home a - bove,..... The  
 there When Je - sus shall make me free. Beau-ti - ful home, etc.  
 home The Sav-ior is all the light. Beau-ti - ful home, etc.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home up a - bove,

cit - y of mer - cy and love, There none shall ev - er more roam, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.

## I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

GEO. B. LOOMIS.

E. R. LATTI.

1. I want to be like Je - sus, As gen - tle and as kind; I want his harm-less  
 2. I want to be like Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way; I want to be like  
 3. I want to be like Je - sus, Who gave his life for me; I want to be like

spir - it, His pure and pa - tient mind; His words were full of wis - dom His  
 Je - sus In all I think and say; He is the on - ly pat - tern In  
 Je - sus Wher - ev - er I may be; Dear Sav - ior, ev - er lead me, Wher -

heart was full of love; To suf - fer death for sin - ners, He left the courts a - bove.  
 such a world as this; If I but tru - ly fol - low, I shall not go a - miss.  
 e'er my lot be cast, And take me to thy pres - ence, With all the good at last.



## BLESS US TO-DAY.

Rev. A. B. EMOS.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me, Were the pre-cious words Je-sus said; So  
 2. Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un-to me, Hear the Sav-ior call-ing so kind; Oh,  
 3. Still he is say-ing, Oh, come un-to me, We'll ac-cept his call and o-bey; With

## CHORUS.

we as thy children would come un-to thee, Oh, place thy dear hand on each head. Glad-ly we come, we  
 where but to Je-sus shall sin-ful ones flee, Or where such true hap-pi-ness find? Glad-ly, etc.  
 hearts of con-tri-tion we come un-to thee, O bless us, dear Sav-ior, we pray. Glad-ly, etc.

come un-to thee, Bless us, dear Savior, we pray, Bless us to-day, Take sin a-way, Bless us, dear Savior, we pray.

## THE MORNING STAR.

Rev. BOB'T KERR. *Happily.*

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. How sweet-ly Christ, the morn-ing star, Shines on our pil-grim way, To guide us thro' the  
 2. When tossed on life's wide heav-ing sea, Where tempests wild-ly rave, His beams bring cheer and  
 3. The beauteous star that shines on us Fore-tells the dawn of day, Be-fore whose face all

## CHORUS.

night of time To heav'n's un-cloud-ed day. To him we raise our grate-ful song, Whose  
 ban-ish fear, And gild the troub-led wave. To him we raise, etc.  
 e-vil things Shall swift-ly flee a-way. To him we raise, etc.

glo-ry from a-far Makes glad our hearts and lights our path, The bright and Morning Star.

## WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. We'll not give up the Bi-ble, God's ho-ly book of truth, The bless-ed staff of hoar-y age,  
 2. We'll not give up the Bi-ble, For pleas-ure or for pain, We'll buy the truth and sell it not  
 3. We'll not give up the Bi-ble, But spread it far and wide, Un-til its sav-ing voice be heard

The guide of ear-ly youth; The sun that sheds a glo-rious light O'er ev-'ry drear-y road,  
 For all that we might gain; Tho' man should try to take our prize, By guile or cru-el might,  
 Be-yond the roll-ing tide; Till all shall know its gracious power, And with one voice and heart,

## CHORUS.

The voice which speaks a Sav-ior's love, And brings us home to God. We'll not give up the  
 We'll suf-fer all that men can do, And God de-fend the right. We'll not give up, etc.  
 Re-solve that from God's sa-cred word, We nev-er nev-er, part. We'll not give up, etc.

Bi-ble, God's ho-ly book of truth, The bless-ed staff of hoar-y age, The guide of ear-ly youth.

## AS FLOWS THE RIVER.

REV. E. CORWIN. *Not too fast.*

WM. S. PITTS.

1. As flows the riv-er, calm and deep, In si-lence toward the sea, So flow-eth ev-er, and  
 2. He kind-ly keep-eth those he loves Se-cure from ev-'ry fear, From the eye that weepeth for  
 3. What peace he bring-eth to my heart, Deep as the sound-less sea, How sweet-ly singeth the  
 4. How calm at e-ven sinks the sun Be-yond the cloud-ed west; So, tem-pest driv-en in-

## CHORUS.

: deep,.....

ceas-eth nev-er, The love of God for me. As flows the river, calm and deep, calm and deep, In  
 one that sleepeth, He gen-tly dries the tear. As flows the riv-er, etc.  
 soul that clingeth, My lov-ing Lord, to thee. As flows the riv-er, etc.  
 to the ha-ven, I reach the longed-forrest. As flows the riv-er, etc.

sea,..... me,.....  
 si-lence toward the sea, the sea, So flow-eth ev-er, and ceas-eth never, The love of God to me, to me.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. What is it flows in crimson stream? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus; What is it does the world re-deem?  
 2. O where is heal-ing for the soul? In the blood of Je - sus; Where is the broken heart made whole?  
 3. O stream of life! O stream of love! Precious blood of Je - sus; Pre-pare me for my home a - bove,

'Tis the blood of Je - sus; Yes, Je - sus' blood will cleanse each stain, And purge the heart from ev - 'ry sin.  
 In the blood of Je - sus; There is a balm for ev - 'ry wound. For all man-kind it doth a-bound,  
 Cleans-ing blood of Je - sus; O pre-cious fountain filled with blood, I'll plun-ge be-neath thy pur-ple flood,

## CHORUS.

'Twill make man wholly pure with-in— Precious blood of Je - sus! The blood of Jesus, precious blood!  
 A heal-ing stream no depth can sound— 'Tis the blood of Je - sus! The blood of Je - sus, etc.  
 And rise redeemed, restored, renewed, In the blood of Je - sus! The blood of Je - sus, etc.

precious blood,

The cleans-ing blood of Je - sus! Flow on, thou stream of life and love— The blood, the blood of Je - sus!

life and love,

E. E. REXFORD.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. We shall not weep in heav-en, We shall not sigh nor mourn, We nev - er shall grow wea-ry  
 2. Oh, when our foot-steps en-ter The long and shin-ing street, And all our dear de-part-ed  
 3. No tears, no death in heav-en, No grief, no pain, nor care: They leave their woes be-hind them

With bur-dens to be borne; For us toil will be o - ver, When on that hap-py day,  
 We glad-ly, glad-ly greet, What rest shall fill the bo-som, What rap-ture thrill the soul,  
 Who glad-ly en-ter there; But rest and peace e - ter-nal Shall come to you and me.

## CHORUS.

We hear be-yond the riv - er, The wait-ing an - gels say, Come o - ver, oh, come o - ver,  
 As down the gold-en arch-es, The an - gel an-thems roll, Come o - ver, etc.  
 When an - gels call us home-ward, Oh, sweet the call will be, Come o - ver, etc.

*rit.*

To rest for - ev - er - more, Come o - ver, oh, come o - ver, To heav'n's ce - les - tial shore.

DUNCAN.

Arr. with Chorus by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And  
2. Let ev-ry kindred, ev-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And  
3. Oh, that with yon-der sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him  
crown him Lord of all; To him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him  
crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him  
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all. crown him, crown him,

CHORUS. *Conspirito.*

Lord of all. Crown him! crown him! Crown the ris-en Savior! Hail him! hail him! Hail him Lord of lords!  
crown him Lord of all.

He suffered, died and rose a gain, He saves us from our sin; O, crown him, hail him, praise him then For hope and joy with-in!

ANNIE CUMMINGS

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Not for its walls of jas - per, Nor for its gold - en street, Nor for its pear-ly gate-ways,  
2. With-in the ho - ly cit - y There's nev-er an - y night; No need of sun or can - dle,  
3. And naught impure can en - ter, Nothing de - file there - in, Nothing that leads to fol - ly,

Is heav'n to me so sweet; Not for its gar-nished tow-ers, Its clear and crys - tal sea,  
For Je - sus is its light; Then with his saved and ransomed, He'll make his own a - bode,  
Nothing that tempts to sin; Oh, pure and ho - ly cit - y! A - bode of Christ my Lord,

## CHORUS.

Nor for its sure foun - da - tion, Is it so dear to me. 'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,  
And we will be his peo - ple, And he will be our God. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.  
This is the strong at - trac - tion That draws me thith - er - ward. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.

Oh, pur - est, sweet - est bliss! We then shall look on Je - sus, And see him as he is.

## THE SAVIOR'S CALL.

E. M. C.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come un-to me, I have a fount-ain o-pen for thee;  
 2. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye, draw nigh, Come ere ye per-ish! Why will ye die;  
 3. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Wea-ry and weak, Come un-to me, how long must I seek  
 4. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye this way, Come, still the stream flows by thee to-day,

Free-ly it flows, oh, pause ye and think, I am that fount, oh, come ye and drink.  
 When ye might drink and thirst nev-er-more? Come, drink ye now, ye fam-ish-ing poor.  
 Thy soul to save and you noth-ing do, When I so much did free-ly for you?  
 'Tis but a step from you to its brink, Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?

## CHORUS.

Ho! all ye thirst-y, come un-to me, I have a fount-ain o-pen for thee,  
 Ho! all ye thirst-y, come unto me, I have a fount-ain o-pen for thee,  
 Ho! all ye thirst-y, come un-to me, I have a fount-ain o-pen for thee,

## THE SAVIOR'S CALL—Concluded.

Come, drink ye free..... yea, free-ly I give, Ho! all ye thirst-y, drink ye and live.  
 Come, drink ye free, yea, freely I give, Ho! all ye thirsty, drink ye and live.  
 Come, drink ye free, yea, free-ly I give, Ho! all ye thirst-y, drink ye and live.

J. C. M. Earnestly.

## FAITH, SWEET FAITH.

J. C. MACY.

1. Faith, sweet faith, is my strength and shield, Lord, I trust and be-lieve in thee; All the love of my  
 2. Take, O Fa-ther, my sac-ri-fice, World-ly pleasures and wayward deeds; All that com-eth by  
 3. Oh, how sweet is my faith to me! Strength and comfort, and joy un-told! For it brings me so

## CHORUS.

heart I yield, For I know that thou lovest me. Yes, yes, I trust in thee! Thou wilt love and comfort me!  
 sin's de-vice, Faith can give what my spirit needs. Yes, yes, etc.  
 close to thee, Brings me nearer the streets of gold. Yes, yes, etc.

A. W. FRENCH.

## GUIDE US, LOVING SAVIOR.

MINNIE MINTON.

1. Dear and lov-ing Sav-ior, List-en to our pray'r, Take us to thy bo-som, Keep us in thy care;  
2. Kind and gen-tle Sav-ior, Guide us all the way, Keep thy lit-tle pil-grims Near thee ev-'ry day,  
3. Hap-py, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thine we'll ev-er be, As we onward journey, With sweet trust in thee,

We are lit-tle pil-grims, Wand'ring here below, And we need thee, Je-sus, Ev-'ry-where we go.  
Lead us in thy foot-steps, So we may not roam, Till we reach the mansions Of e-ter-nal home.  
For we know up yon-der, With thee, by and by, We shall live for-ev-er, In our home on high.

## CHORUS.

Guide us, ev-er guide us, Take us by the hand, Lead us, lov-ing Sav-ior, To the gold-en strand.

## WHEN HE COMETH FOR HIS JEWELS.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

J. WM. SLAUGHENHAUF.

1. When life's bat-tles all are o-ver, When my work on earth is done, When life's tri-als  
2. When all earth-ly ties are sun-dered, On earth friends I cease to gaze, No more friend-ly  
3. When I en-ter in the val-ley, Where the Jor-dan rolls be-fore, When the shad-ows  
4. When the last dread foe is conquered, When the dark, cold stream I brave, When the last loud

## REFRAIN.

all are end-ed, When my tro-phies all are won; When he com-eth for his jew-els,  
Chris-tian greet-ings, When my prayer is turned to praise; When he com-eth, etc.  
round me gath-er, When I reach the oth-er shore; When he com-eth, etc.  
trump is sound-ed, When I tri-umph o'er the grave; When he com-eth, etc.

If I know that he is mine, I shall dwell with him for-ev-er, Ev-er-more like stars to shine.

## ARE YOU READY?

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. Are you read-y for the com-ing Of the Son of Man, to-day? Are you read-y for the  
2. If you knew that ere the mor-row He would at your door a-wait, Would your heart be filled with  
3. If my heart is in his keep-ing, I am sure it will be well; With his grace I'll wait his

## CHORUS.

go-ing? Does his pres-ence cheer the way? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Soon the  
sor-row? Would you mourn, "too late, too late?" Are you read-y? etc.  
com-ing, Then I'll go with him to dwell. Are you read-y? etc.

Lord will call for you; Are you read-y? Are you read-y, Should the Mas-ter come to-day?

## ALWAYS READY.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Read - y, Sav - ior, I would be, When the sum-mons comes for me, Call - ing me from  
2. Read - y, Sav - ior, I would be, Whol - ly rec - on - ciled to thee; Troub - led not by  
3. Read - y, tho' my heart still clings Close - ly to these earth - ly things, To the world thou' st

earth - ly scenes, Earth - ly hopes and earth - ly dreams; Read - y clothed in heav'n - ly dress -  
doubt or fear, Tho' the call be un - a - ware. Trust - ing, hop - ing, un - dis - mayed,  
formed so fair, To the friends thou' st made so dear; Tho' my plans are un - ful - filled,

Thine un - sul - lied righteousness; Joy - ful feet al - read - y shod With the ho - ly peace of God.  
Lest the darkness make a - fraid, Thou hast promised, dearest Friend, To be with me to the end.  
Work un - fin - ished I have willed, All I'd leave with thee, and so, Take thy hand and smil - ing go.

## KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

EBEN E. REXFORD. *Mod.—staccato.*

A. J. ABBEY.

1. List-en, heart! be still, I pray, There's a knock-ing at thy door, And I hear a suppliant say,  
2. O - pen wide the door, I pray, Comes a - gain the gen-tle plea, If thou hear-est, let me in,  
3. O - pen wide thy heart to me, For I love thee, pleadeth Christ, For thy sins on Cal - va - ry,

As he oft has said be-fore, Knock-ing at thy heart, I wait, Wide un-do the bolts of sin;  
I would come and sup with thee; Oh, thou suppliant at the door, Hast thou re-ver-wea-ry grown?  
Blood of mine hath all suf-ficed; Not in an-ger, tho' re-fused, Comes the lov-ing voice to me,

## CHORUS.

Hark! the hour is grow-ing late, Rise, I pray, and let me in. Knocking, knocking at the door  
Plead-ing, plead-ing ev - er-more, For a welcome, yet unknown. Knocking, etc.  
Oh, thou Sav-ior of the world, En-ter in and sup with me. Knocking, etc.

*rit.*  
Of thy heart and mine he stands, Wait-ing, wait-ing ev - er-more, With the nail prints in his hands.

## JESUS, WHILE WITH THEE WE'RE PLEADING.

REV. A. W. WILLIAMS.

H. A. FRENCH.

1. Je - sus, while with thee we're pleading, For thy ten - der love and care, Let thy Spir - it  
2. Grant thy bless-ing on our meet-ing, Pur - i - fy our souls from sin; As our lives are

in - ter - ced - ing, Up - ward all our wish-es bear; Give to us thy love un - end - ing,  
in thy keep - ing, Make them ho - ly, pure with - in; While our light from thee we bor - row,

With thy peace now fill our heart, That to thee our prayers ascending, May u - nite us tho' we part.  
Guide our foot-steps all the way, May our minds from fear and sor-row, Rest in hope thro' - out the day.



## HOLD TO THE PROMISE.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. *Earnestly.*

A. B. CONDO.

1. Fight the fight, thy foes are ma - ny, O - ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Clothed in raiment  
 2. Fight the fight, thy foes are near thee, O - ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Safe be-yond this  
 3. Fight the fight, for thou shalt con-quer, O - ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Seat-ed with thy

## CHORUS.

white and shin-ing, Em-blem of thy pu-ri-ty. Hold the prom-ise, Je-sus gave it,  
 fierce temp-ta-tion, Nev-er-more thy foes to see. Hold the prom-ise, etc.  
 Lord in glo-ry, In a king-dom giv-en thee. Hold the prom-ise, etc.

Prom-ise of e - ter-nal life. Faith can on - ly grasp and save it, Save it thro' the com-ing strife.

## DO THE DUTY LYING NEAREST.

F. W. TIDBALL.

CARRIE WRIGHT.

1. Seek not for some far - off mis - sion, Un-done work is close at hand; Wait not for some  
 2. Op - por - tu - ni - ties will greet thee, On - ly watch with great-est care; Some-thing brave to  
 3. All the need-ed help He'll give thee, Tho' He work or tri - als send; On - ly trust and

## CHORUS.

glo - rious vis - ion, Al - most com - ing with com - mand. Do the du - ty ly - ing near - est, E - ven  
 do, it may be, Or, per - haps, some - thing to bear, Do the du - ty, etc.  
 love Him al - ways, Serv - ing faith - ful to the end. Do the du - ty, etc.

tho' it hum - ble be, There may come some price - less bless - ing, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty.

## AWAKE THE LOUD TRUMPET.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. A - wake the loud trumpet, the glad ju - bi - lee, Pro-claim it in tri-umph, the cap-tives are free,  
2. Break forth in - to sing - ing, be joy - ful, O earth, Ex - alt the Re-deem-er with mu - sic and mirth,  
3. The Lord hath de - liv-ered the wretched oppressed, And giv - en the burdened and sor - row - ful rest,  
4. With tim - brel, and or - gan, and harp of sweet sound, The fame and the glo - ry of Christ spread a - round,

The day of re - demp - tion for sin - ners has come, The ransomed of Zi - on re - turn to their home.  
And pub - lish a - broad his a - dor - a - ble name, With song and with shouting his hon - ors pro - claim.  
His arm has sal - va - tion and vic - to - ry wrought, His blood has re - demp - tion and lib - er - ty bought.  
With glad - ness and tri - umph re - ech - o his praise, Ex - tol and a - dore him in ju - bi - lant lays.

## CHORUS.

Re - sound the glad tid - ings o'er land and o'er sea, The Sav - ior has conquered, His peo - ple are free.

## CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

AMELIA CLEMENT.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. E - ven in sor - row, Christ is our Friend, E - ven in dan - ger he will de - fend, Kind - ly our pathway  
2. We are most happy if we en - dure, For by our ~~chast~~ <sup>chast</sup> ~~ing~~ <sup>ing</sup> we shall be pure; Sin may not harm, or  
3. He is the light, the truth and the way, Trusting in him, we can nev - er stray; Heed now his call to

## CHORUS.

he will at - tend, If at his foot - stool we humbly bend. Come to the Sav - ior! Oh, sinner, come!  
Sa - tan al - lure, If in his love we a - bide se - cure. Come to the Sav - ior! etc.  
come and o - bey, Your night of sor - row shall change to day. Come to the Sav - ior! etc.

Cling to him closely, nor longer roam. He'll guide you safe - ly to rest and home, Do not reject him! come, sinner, come!

## BLESSED HOME.

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. Fa-ther, once a - gain we come To our bless - ed Sab-bath home, Bless - ed home and  
 2. May each schol-ar here be blest, On this day of sa - cred rest; May each teach-er  
 3. Fire our hearts with ho - ly zeal, May we all thy pres-ence feel; May this hour a  
 4. When these Sab-bath days are o'er, And we reach the gold-en shore, May we all u-

## CHORUS.

bless-ed day, Je - sus is him-self the way. Help us, Lord, we humbly pray, To im-  
 here this hour Feel the Spir-it's quick'ning power. Help us, Lord, etc.  
 bless-ing prove, Last-ing as the life a - bove. Help us, Lord, etc.  
 nite a - bove In the bless-ed songs of love. Help us, Lord, etc.

prove this ho - ly day; Bless-ed Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

## FATHER, I HAVE HEARD THEE CALLING.

ELIZA SHERMAN. *Cantabile.*

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Fa-ther, I have heard thee call-ing In sweet accents, "Come to me;" Ver-y far a-way I've  
 2. Long Christ's Spir - it has been plead-ing At the throne of God for me; But I'm com - ing now, my  
 3. In thy lov - ing-kindness, Fa - ther, All my tres - pass-es for-give; Je - sus, who hath died for  
 4. Oh, my Fa - ther, all un-worth - y Am I of thy ten-der-est love, By which thou wouldst draw thy

## CHORUS.

wan-dered, But I'm com - ing now to thee. Fa-ther, Fa - ther, I am com - ing, Nev - er  
 Fa - ther, All un - wor - thy tho' I be. Fa-ther, etc.  
 sin - ners, Teach, oh, teach me how to live. Fa-ther, etc.  
 chil - dren To the heav'n - ly home a - bove. Fa-ther, etc.

more from thee to roam, While I hear thy sweet voice calling, Father, I am com - ing home.

## ALL FOR THEE.

*Allegretto.*

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Clothed in robes of roy - al pur - ple, Crowned with thorns that pierce his brow. Je - sus stands while cru - el  
 2. "Hail! O King, we now sal - ute thee!" Is the cru - el taunt - ing cry. Wounded, bruise'd, by all for -  
 3. Let us bear the cross for Je - sus, Mind - ing not if oth - ers frown, Some may scorn, de - spise, for -  
 4. But the pre - cious love of Je - sus, All the world can - not des - troy; It has pur - chased our re -

CHORUS. All for thee,..... all for thee,.....

sol - diers Mock - ing - ly be - fore him bow. All for thee, all for thee, Je - sus  
 sak - en, He is led a - way to die. All for thee, etc.  
 sake us, We may wear a thorn - y crown. All for thee, etc.  
 demp - tion, It will fill our hearts with joy. All for thee, etc.

thee,..... All for thee,..... all for thee,.....

suffered all for thee, all for thee, All for thee, all for thee, Je - sus suffered all for thee.

## REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

REV. ROB'T KERR.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Re - mem - ber Him in youth - ful days Who gave thee life and breath, Whose mer - cy crowns thee,  
 2. Re - mem - ber Him in life's fresh hour, So beau - ti - ful and bright, Be - fore old age shall  
 3. Re - mem - ber Him who free - ly left The heights of bliss a - bove, And died for us, that

and whose pow'r Re - deems thee still from death; Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber Him, Whose  
 bring the days That yield thee no de - light; Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber Him, Whose  
 we might live, And give him love for love; Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber Him, Who

good - ness fol - lows thee, And let his ser - vice and his love, Thy con - stant glo - ry be.  
 heart so yearns to see Thy soul o'er - flow with pur - est joy, And seeks to dwell with thee.  
 died up - on the tree, And when in glo - ry he ap - pears, He will re - mem - ber thee.

## BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. EMERICK JESTER.

J. CALVIN BUSHNETT.

1. Oh, think of the home where the Savior will be, Beau-ti-ful home! from sin set free, Yes,  
 2. Oh, when we are safe on the far-ther side, When we have crossed death's chilling tide, Then  
 3. How sweet it will be when the summons shall come, Call-ing us up to his own bright home, When

CHORUS.

that will be heav-en in-deed for me; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Hap-py home, bright  
 sweet-ly we'll rest at the Sav-ior's side; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Hap-py home, etc.  
 we nev-er more from its por-tals roam; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Hap-py home, etc.  
 Sweet home.

home! Our Savior there we'll see: Happy home, bright home! Oh, that will be heav-en for me.  
 sweet home, Sweet home, sweet home,

## TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One lit-tle tongue his praise to tell,  
 2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the path-way Up to the heav'n-ly courts a-bove;  
 3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for him to save,

Two lit-tle ears to hear his coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell,  
 Two lit-tle eyes, to read the Bi-ble, Tell-ing of Je-sus' won-drous love.  
 One lit-tle life for his dear ser-vice, One lit-tle self that he must have.

CHORUS.

1ST TIME. 2D TIME.

Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our child-hood's ear-ly morn-ing, Come to learn of thee.

## HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

1. Oh, the gracious love of Christ! Oh, the beauty of our King! He is truly all in all,  
2. To the thirst-y he's a Fount; Oh, ye wea-ry and oppressed, Hear ye not his gra-cious call,

Let us of his glo-ry sing; He's a Sun to light our path, And a star to guide our way;  
"O come un-to me and rest;" He's the true and liv-ing Vine, We the branches of his love;

CHORUS.

He will lead us safe-ly home To the realms of end-less day. He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley,  
Are we bear-ing fruit for him, To be gar-nered up a-bove? He's the Lil-y, etc.

## HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY—Concluded.

And the Rose of Sharon fair; He's the Lil-y of the Val-ley so sweet: He is al-to-geth-er love-ly,

And the chief a-mong ten thousand, Let us bow in ad-o-ra-tion at his feet.

## DENNIS.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

From H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love; The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.  
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.  
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

## ALL FOR JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

C. C. CHASE.

1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! By the grace his love sup-plies, I on faith's ex - ult-ing  
 2. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! Let me naught from him withhold; I with all my heart would  
 3. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! While a pil - grim here be - low; Lord, I long the wondrous

pin - ion, To a high - er life will rise; Not by works can I at - tain it, I no  
 serve him, Him whose love can ne'er be told; Ev - 'ry - thing I owe to Je - sus, Thro' his  
 ful - ness Of thy bless - ing now to know. Make me thine, thro' faith, dear Sav - ior, Who hast

good des - erts can claim, It is on - ly by be - liev - ing, By be - liev - ing on his name.  
 gra - cious death I live, I am his both soul and bod - y, Ev - 'ry - thing to him I give.  
 suf - fered for my sake, Thine in time, and thine for - ev - er, Con - se - cra - tion full I make.

## ARISE, THOU GLORIOUS LIGHT.

REV. JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

J. C. MACY.

1. More sweet He comes than morn - ing light Up - on the gold - en hills; And sweet - er than the dew of night, Which,  
 2. He comes to pour a glad - some ray Wher - ev - er night may be; To ush - er in an end - less day, And  
 3. He comes to break the pris - on bars Where souls in bondage lie; To heal what - ev - er hurts or mars, Sin's  
 4. He pass - es by no hu - man need, Whate'er its source or name; He will not break the bruised reed, The

CHORUS.

with a si - lent fresh - ness bright, The glitt'ring landscape fills. A - rise, thou glorious light divine! Drive  
 gird the isl - ands far a - way With light, as with the sea. A - rise, etc.  
 sad - dest and most dead - ly scars Where - of, un - helped, we die. A - rise, etc.  
 faint - est spark of hope He'll feed, And trim the gold - en flame. A - rise, etc.

earth's long night - a - way; On all benighted nations shine, And shine upon this soul of mine, Unto the perfect day.

## HAPPY IN JESUS.

A. T. G. *Joyously.*

A. T. GORAM.

1. I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py, pre-cious Sav-ior, in thy love, I could sing from morn till  
 2. I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py, for I know that thou art mine, And thy Spir-it wit-ness  
 3. I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py, and my heart is light and free, As the bon-nie birds a-

e-ven like the blessed saints a-bove, I could tell of thy sweet mercy thro' the bright, bright, sun-ny  
 whis-pers that I am a child of thine, And an heir to life and glo-ry in the death-less sum-mer  
 bove me warbling joyous mel-o-dy; I will sing of thee my Sav-ior, bless thee with my fee-ble

## REFRAIN.

day, And in joy and ad-o-ra-tion pass the bliss-ful hours a-way. I am hap-py, oh, so  
 land, Where with saints and shin-ing an-gels in my white robes I shall stand. I am hap-py, etc.  
 breath, Till my eyes are closed to life-light and my earth-songs hushed in death. I am hap-py, etc.

## HAPPY IN JESUS--Concluded.

hap-py, I am happy, oh, so hap-py, I am happy, yes, I'm happy, precious Sav-ior, in thy love.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

R. B. MAHAFFY.

1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother, Weighed by thy love for thy God, Weighed by thy faith in an-oth-er,  
 2. Weighed by the hope of sal-va-tion, Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built, Weighed by the sweet in-vi-tation;  
 3. Weighed by the richest of treasures, Weighed by their in-fi-nite loss; Weighed by the brightest of pleasures,

*Weighed but thy soul has been trifling:**Fine.* REFRAIN.

Weighed by the shedding of blood. Weighed in the bal-ance and wanting, Weighed but no Sav-ior is there.  
 Come e-ven now if thou wilt. Weighed in the balance, etc.  
 Weighed by the dark heav-y cross. Weighed in the balance, etc.

*Weighed but found lighter than air.*



## LET US SING EVERMORE.

M. M. *Andante*.

MINNIE MINTON.

1. I will sing at morn of Je-sus' love, As I ev - er march on my lone way,  
 2. I will sing at noon of Je-sus' love, For he's washed all my dark stains a - way,  
 3. I will sing at eve of Je-sus' love, Yes, the joy to my soul I'll not stay;

For I'm saved by his dear, precious blood, So to him on - ly hom-age I'll pay.  
 Oh, his love, what a joy to my soul, So I'll bless his dear name all the day.  
 And at last, when our days are all past, Take us to thy sweet home, we now pray.

## LET US SING EVERMORE--Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let us sing, let us sing, Let us sing of his pre - cious  
 ev - er - more ev - er - more,

love, Let us sing, let us sing, ...  
 pre - cious love, ev - er - more, ev - er - more,

a - bove,  
 Let us sing 'till we meet him a - bove, him a - bove.  
 a - bove,

## ARM, SOLDIERS, ARM!

Wm. A. ARMSTRONG. *March time.*

E. A. HANCHET.

1. Arm, sol-diers, for the fight, Sa-tan is mass-ing Foes on our left and right, Arm, soldiers, arm!  
2. What tho' our soul be worn, Night fast advancing; What tho' our plumes be torn, Brave-ly we'll fight!  
3. Full soon the sun will rise, Vic-to-ry bringing; Loud shouts will fill the skies, Glad praises ring;

Sure-ly our Leader's might Gives strength surpassing, He calls from heaven's height, Arm, soldiers, arm!  
Wher-e'er our flag be borne, Prospects en-hanc-ing, There wait we till the morn, Watch thro' the night!  
March we to take the prize, Ho-san-nas singing, Bright realms will greet our eyes, Christ reign our King!

## CHORUS.

Clasp on the breast-plate, Seize the trusty sword, Take up your shield of faith, And call up-on the Lord;

## ARM, SOLDIERS, ARM—Concluded.

Go forth and brave-ly fight, Face the wil-y foe, "Faith-ful-ness" the watch-word, Go, soldiers, go!

## WEARY FEET.

ARTHUR J. HODGES *Not too fast.*

LEROY J. BOGGS.

1. Lit-tle feet are wea-ry, Wea-ry and so sore; But the Lord can give them Rest for-ev-er more.  
2. Lit-tle feet have wandered, Wandered far a-way; But the Lord can bring them To a brighter day.  
3. Lit-tle feet have trodden, Trodden ways of sin; But the Lord can cleanse them That they en-ter in.  
4. Lit-tle feet in troub-ple, Je-sus is a friend; Sin shall nev-er van-quish, For he will de-fend.

## CHORUS.

Blessed Savior, blessed Lord! Bless-ed Bi-ble, holy word; Blessed hope to mortals given—Hope of rest, sweet rest in heav'n.

## TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Mrs. J. H. A.

Arr. from "Long Long Ago."

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
 2. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
 3. Touch not the cup, when the wine glis-tens bright, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from the bowl, Touch not the cup, touch it not; touch it not;  
 All that thou lov - est en - treat thee to stop, Touch not the cup, touch it not; touch it not;  
 Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light, Touch not the cup, touch it not; touch it not;

Lit - tle they tho't that the de - mon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in its snare;  
 Stop for the home that to thee is so near, Stop for the home that to thee is so dear,  
 Fangs of the ser - pent are hid in the bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son will en - ter thy soul,

Then of that death-deal-ing bowl, oh, be - ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not, touch it not.  
 Stop, for thy coun - try, the God that you fear; Touch not the cup, touch it not, touch it not.  
 Soon will it plunge thee be - yond thy con - trol: Touch not the cup, touch it not, touch it not.

## LOOKING BACKWARD THROUGH THE YEAR.

SUSSE M. DAY.

(For Anniversary Occasions.)

E. A. HANCHET.

1. Look - ing back - ward thro' the year, Much that's wast - ed doth ap - pear; What worth while can  
 2. Oth - er work seems well nigh lost, Lit - tle worth the pain it cost; Earth's re - wards grow  
 3. Help - ing stray - ing feet to turn, Send - ing aid that all may learn, Spread - ing wide the  
 4. Who, of all the friends we love, Will for - ev - er faith - ful prove? Nev - er dis - ap -

## CHORUS

we re - call? Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry day,  
 faint and small, Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus, etc.  
 Sav - ior's call. Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus, etc.  
 point nor fall? Per - fect Je - sus, he is all. Per - fect Sav - ior, per - fect Friend,

Serv - ing Je - sus as we may, In the great things and the small, Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 Per - fect love, that knows no end; Sat - is - fy - ing ev - 'ry call, Per - fect Sav - ior, all in all.

## GONE WITH JESUS.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. *Slow and solemn.*

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Sad-ly, O sad-ly, to-day we have come, One of our num-ber has gone to her home;  
2. Sad-ly, O sad-ly, we bear her a-way, Fair is the cask-et that soon must de-cay;  
3. Sad-ly, O sad-ly, our tears now may fall, Chastened by sor-row we list to the call,

Friend and our school-mate no more we shall see, Seat that is va-cant still va-cant must be.  
Late-ly, so late-ly the spir-it was here, Joy-ous and beam-ing to all we hold dear.  
"Al-so be read-y;" we know not the day, Je-sus ap-pear-ing shall take us a-way.

## CHORUS.

Hope full of sad-ness! this tho't brings re-lief, Friends gone with Je-sus, our part-ings are brief;

He in his mer-cy such grace shall im-part, Soon we shall meet them, O nev-er to part.

## OH, BELIEVE HIM.

P. J. S.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. Have you seen Him, have you heard Him who is a-ble to save? Have you sought Him, have you  
2. There is mer-cy, there is bless-ing, there is par-don for you, If you ask Him He will  
3. On the res-ur-rec-tion morn-ing, when the ransomed shall rise, In the triumphs of the

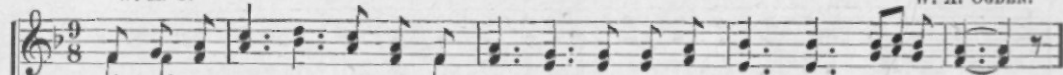
found Him who is will-ing to save? Do you love him and o-bey him, do you tru-ly be-lieve?  
an-swer, and your spir-it re-new; Do not lin-ger, do not wa-ver, firm-ly trust in the Lord,  
faith-ful each as-cend-ing the skies, Do you wish to be a-mong them and the an-gels a-bove,

## REFRAIN.

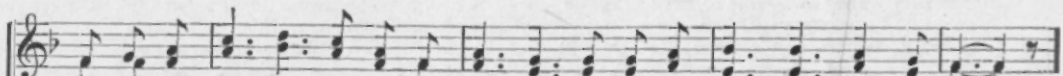
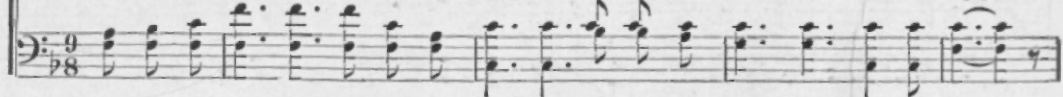
He is will-ing and is wait-ing now his child to re-ceive. Oh, be-lieve Him, oh, be-  
He will give you peace and plen-ty for your last-ing re-ward. Oh, be-lieve Him, etc.  
There to sing God's praise for-ev-er and re-joice in his love? Oh, be-lieve Him, etc.

lieve Him, He is a-ble to save; On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, He is will-ing to save.

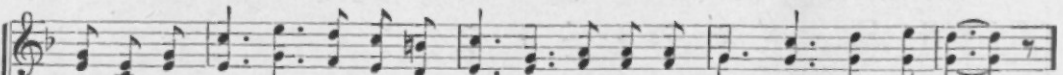
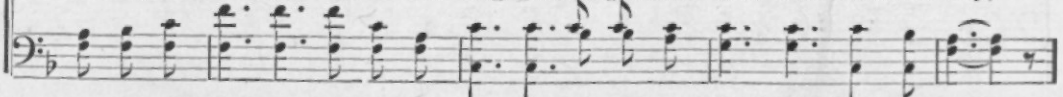
## BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD.



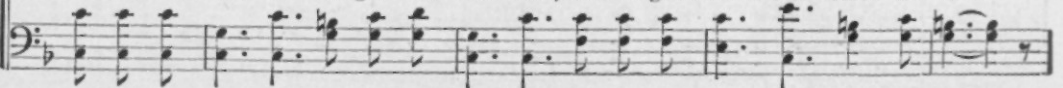
1. "Glo-ry to God!" the an-gels are sing-ing, Tid-ings of joy to men they bring;
2. "Glo-ry to God!" the won-der-ful cho-rus! "Peace and good-will," the an-gels sing,
3. "Glo-ry to God!" the mul-ti-tude sing-eth, Glo-ry to God! let men re-ply;



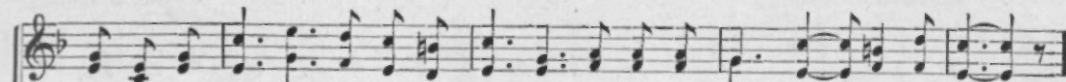
Beth-le-hem's plain with mu-sic is ring-ing, Je-sus to-day is born a King;  
 For un-to you is born in the cit-y, Cit-y of Da-vid, Christ a King;  
 Glo-ry to God! the ech-o still ring-eth, Ring-eth a-loud thro' earth and sky;



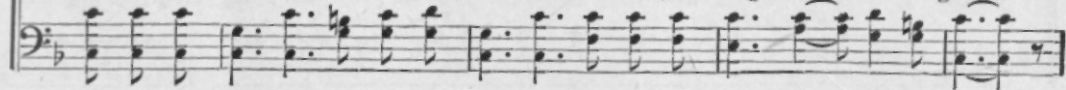
Not in a pal-ace, but in a man-ger Li-eth the dear Re-deem-er's head,  
 Born to re-deem, oh, might-y sal-ya-tion! Je-sus, the Christ, oh, yes, 'tis he!  
 Na-tions shall sit no lon-ger in dark-ness, Tell the good news o'er earth a-far!



## BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD--Concluded.



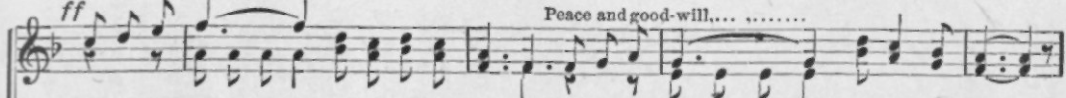
Gird-ed with glo-ry sag-es be-hold him, Low where the beasts of the stall are fed,  
 Wrapp'd in the swad-dling garments be-hold him, This un-to you a sign shall be.  
 Seat-ed in glo-ry now be-hold him, Je-sus, the bright and Morn-ing Star.



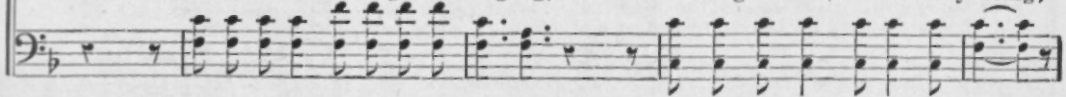
## CHORUS.

*ff* "Glo-ry to God,".....

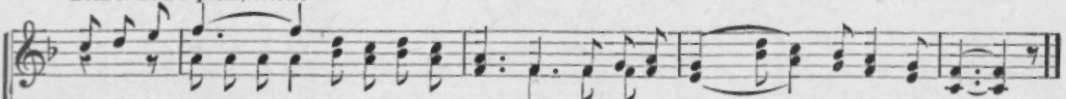
Peace and good-will,....



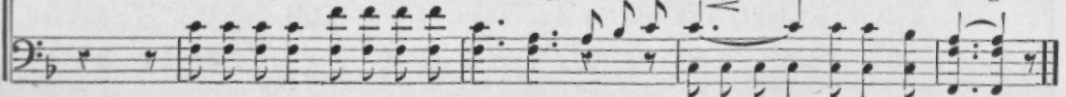
Glo-ry to God, the angels are sing-ing, Peace and good-will, to men they bring;



Beth-le-hem's plain,.....



Bethlehem's plain with music is ring-ing, Je-sus to-day..... is born a King.



Je-sus to-day,

## THE LORD IS RISEN. (For Easter.)

MINNIE C. BALLARD.

E. B. SMITH.

1. The Lord, the Lord is ris-en! Ex-ult-ing an-gels sing! He's left the grave's dark  
 2. No more shall men in an-guish His bleed-ing wounds sur-vey, No more dis-ci-ples  
 3. Bring flow-ers, sweet-est flow-ers, His path-way to a-dorn, And hail the joy-ous

## REFRAIN.

pris-on, And death has lost its sting. The Lord, the Lord is ris-en! Ex-  
 lan-guish, He comes! the Star of day. The Lord, etc.  
 hours Of this fair East-er morn. The Lord, etc.

ult-ing an-gels sing! He's left the grave's dark pris-on, And death has lost its sting.

## SABBATH SONGS.

**Jesus, Lover of My Soul.** (F)

- 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 Savior, 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, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

**Work, for the Night is Com-  
ing.** (F)

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

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Best comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store:  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

**What a Friend We Have in  
Jesus.** (F)

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Every thing to God in prayer!  
 O what peace we often forfeit,  
 O what needless pain we bear,  
 All because we do not carry  
 Every thing to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

**The Morning Light is Break-  
ing.** (B flat)

- 1 The morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness disappears;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To penitential tears;  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Savior's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thine onward way;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay:  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home:  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

**Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.**  
(D flat)

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave, and follow thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
 Perish, every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known:  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Savior, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
 And, while thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun  
 me:  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

**Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.** (A flat)

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.

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.

**My Faith Looks Up to Thee.** (G)

1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior 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 *thy* *side*.

4. When ends life's transient dream;  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Savior, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
O, bear me safe above,—  
A ransomed soul.

**Laban.** (G)

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

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

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God,  
He'll take thee, at thy parting  
breath,  
To his divine abode.

**Boylston.** (C)

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

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

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

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I ray trust be true,  
I shall forever die.

**Even Me!**

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—

CHO.—Even me, even me,  
Let thy blessing fall on me.

2 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless—  
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

3 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.  
—Elizabeth Codner.

**We Praise Thee, O God.** (G)

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of  
thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hal-  
lelujah! Amen;  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; re-  
vive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit  
of light,  
Who has shown us our Savior, and scat-  
tered our night.

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

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

W. P. Mackay.

**Woodworth.** (E flat)

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

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

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
—Charlotte Elliott.

**To-Day the Savior Calls.** (F)

1 To-day the Savior calls:  
Ye wand'ers come;  
O, ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls:  
Oh, listen now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to day;  
Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.  
S. F. Smith, D. D.

**Oh, Happy Day.** (B flat)

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

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!

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

**Bethany.** (G)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, etc.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, etc.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;  
All this thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee.—Nearer, etc.

**Onward, Christian Soldiers.** (E)

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

Christ, the Royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go!

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope, and doctrine,  
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst the Church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

**Nettleton.** (E flat)

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,  
Song by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount I'm fix'd upon it;  
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine 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,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

**Hursley:**

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,  
It is not night if thou be near;  
O may no earthborn cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I can not live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wand'ring child of thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

**Arlington. (G)**

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

**Rock of Ages. (B flat)**

- 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 fulfill 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 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
- 4 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.

**Antioch. (E flat)**

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world; the Savior reigns,  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and  
plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

**Portuguese Hymn. (G)**

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

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-  
mayed;  
I new am thy God, and will still give thee  
aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent  
hand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent  
hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call  
thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to  
bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for re-  
pose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

**What Shall the Harvest Be? (D)**

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- CHO.—Sown in the darkness or sown in  
the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in  
our might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will  
spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

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