Welcome Hymnals

By
Rev. Robert Lowry, W. Howard Doane and Ira D. Sankey.

Including the last hymns and music of the late F. B. Bliss.

Low & Main Church New York.

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Welcome Tidings:
A NEW COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY
Rev. Robert Lowry, W. Howard Doane and Ira D. Sankey,

embracing new hymns and music by the late

P. P. Bliss.

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Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.—Psa. 50:23.

Every word of God is pure.—Prov. 30:5.

Let all the people praise thee.—Psa. 67:5.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion.—Is. 12:6.

O sing unto the Lord a new song.—Psa. 96:1.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Is. 65:14.

Exalted above all blessing and praise.—Neh. 9:5.

They sing the song of Moses,* * * and the song of the Lamb.—Rev. 15:3.


Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Col. 3:17.

I will sing with the spirit, and * * * with the understanding.—1 Cor. 14:15.

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14:27.

Good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.—Luke 2:10.

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. 5:19

Attention to the following pages will serve as an introduction to an acquaintance with the book:—4, 7, 9, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 30, 31, 35, 38, 44, 53, 56, 57, 58, 61, 63, 66, 69, 75, 80, 81, 83, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 94, 100, 101, 102, 104, 109, 113, 115, 116, 118, 121, 123, 129, 136, 141, 150.
Welcome Tidings.

Lord Jesus, Come!

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again.” John 14: 3.

1. Lord Jesus, come! Nor let us longer roam A - far from Thee, and that bright place Where
2. Lord Jesus, come! Thine absence here we mourn: No joy we know a part from Thee, No
3. Lord Jesus, come! And take Thy people home: That all Thy flock, so scattered here, With

we shall see Thee face to face. Lord Jesus, come! Lord Jesus, come!
sorrow in Thy presence see.
Thee in glory may appear.

By Permission.
What wilt Thou have Me to Do?

P. P. Bliss.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."—Acts 9: 6.

W. H. Doane.

1. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Thou hast redeemed me, Thy
right I own, Thine are my pow’rs, my Saviour, a - lone; Thou hast for me such great things done,
glad-ly go; Is it to wait? then let it be so; On - ly Thy will I ask to know;
died for me? Tell the good news, sal - va - tion is free? Say, shall I work or sing for Thee?

2. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Is it to la - bor? I’ll
What is the labor appointed me? Where shall I labor for Thee?

3. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Sing of Thy mer - cy who
What wilt Thou have me to do?

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Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

1. What can wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus; What can make me whole again?
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus; For my pardon this my plea—
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus; Naught of good that I have done—
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus; This is all my righteousness—

**Refrain.**

Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5. Now by this I'll overcome—Nothing but the blood of Jesus; Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6. Glory! glory! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Jesus; All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

By Permission.
Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. Bliss.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son."—John 3:16.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe. Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son; I am saved by the carry me thro'.

this is their song:

4. Little children I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing: Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

5. There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold, And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc. [gold:

6. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our praises forever will be: Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

By Permission.
TO ARMS! TO ARMS! YE SOLDIERS!

Rev. Newman Hall.

“Put on the whole armor.”—Eph. 6: 11.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. To arms! to arms! ye soldiers, The trumpet call obey! A-rise from dreary slumbers To watch, and fight, and pray. To arms! to arms! ye soldiers, The
2. 'Tis not to rest, or banquet, Or proud parade we go; The fight of faith is fiercer, Than worldly warriors know. calls us Incessant war to wage.
3. Against the powers of darkness With fearful craft and rage, Our heavenly Captain trumpet, We'll win eternal life.
4. We'll bless Thee for the battle, We'll glory in the strife; We'll shout at call of trumpet call obey! With Jesus as our Leader, We're sure to win the day.

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FAITH IN JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”—Matt. 8:2

W. H. DOANE.

D. C. Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Speak, and my soul shall live; O my faith will not

Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Hide not Thy face from me; Sick and faint, as the

leper came, Jesus, I come to Thee; Thou canst remove the plague of sin, Washing my inmost soul; sacred feet, Hear my repentant cry; Faith in Thy word has led me here, Faith cannot plead in vain;

let Thee go Till Thou my sin for-give.

D. C. CHORUS.

Je-sus, I come with breaking heart, Help me and make me whole.

Lord, I believe; O cleanse me now, Wash me from every stain.

Gracious Lord, Thou canst make me clean; Lord, I am pleading still;

Now I hear from Thy lips divine, “Child, thou hast faith—I will;”

Joy to my soul, great joy has come, Mourning and tears are o’er;

Sweet are the words of Thy love to me, “Go thou, and sin no more.”

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HOME AT LAST.


1. Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zion! Weary days will soon be past; Joy's bright banner waving o'er us.
2. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking! Gloomy night will disappear; Christ will come with sweet awakening.
3. Cheer, O cheer, the morn is breaking! Bright its beams of promise rise; Sing, O sing, ye heirs of Zion!

Cho.—Cheer, O cheer, ye sons of Zion! Weary days will soon be past; Joy's bright banner waving o'er us.

Tells that Heaven is won at last; On that fair, celestial morning, Comes no cloud of Hap- pier days will soon be here; Long the pilgrim path we've wandered, Long we've hoped 'mid

Hear the welcome from the skies: Come, ye blessed of my Fa- ther, Faint no more 'mid

Tells that Heaven is won at last.

D. C. CHORUS.

grief or pain; In your peaceful tents a-biding, Sor-row ne'er shall come a-gain. doubt and fear, Hard we've pressed thro' many a battle—Now the day of peace is here. doubts and fears; Heaven's bright portal opes before you; Wait for you immortal years.

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Bethesda is Open.

Rev. F. Denison.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6.

W. H. Doane.

1. Bethesda is open, the angel has come, The Spirit is calling for Thee; The waters are troubled, behold, there is room; Salvation thro' Jesus is free.

2. Come press to the waters while mercy is here, Accept of a cleansing complete; O, hear the entreaty, dismissing your fear; Lo, judgment and mercy now meet.

3. The house of Bethesda for sinners was built, The pool is a fountain of love; The waters are troubled for canceling guilt, And still for our healing they move.

4. Then come to the fountain, ye needy and lost, Come now while the Saviour is nigh; This grace has been purchased at infinite cost, And they that reject it must die.

D.S. The waters are troubled, behold there is room, Bethesda is open for thee.

Refrain.

Salvation is free, Salvation is free, Salvation thro' Jesus is free;

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Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

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

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Beautiful valley of Eden! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; Over the hearts of the weary, Breathing thy waves of balm. Beautiful valley of Eden, Home of the pure and blest, How oft—en amid the wild billows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

2. Over the heart of the mourner Shineth thy golden day, Wafting the songs of the angels Down from the far away.

3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash’d throng, Over the highlands of glory Roll-eth the great, new song.

Refrain.

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1. When my weary hands are folded on my faintly throbbing breast, And my soul has
spread her pinions for the city of the blest; 'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones
bear his burden and have cheered him on the way; Oh! I'll praise His grace forever
form they follow to the dwelling of the dead; 'Twill be sweet if friends remember

2. But a greater joy 'twill give me if some toiling one can say, I have helped to

3. When the songs of earth are over, and my last "good by" is said, When my lifeless

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When my weary Hands are Folded. Concluded.

4 But if one poor weary wand’rer shall be guided home by me,
   ’Twere a grander, nobler monument throughout all eternity;
   And to Him shall be the glory, unto whom all praise is due,
   For the love that hath redeemed us, and hath made my Heaven two.

5 When among the ransomed millions by His grace redeemed I stand,
   Then my song shall swell the chorus of the glad triumphant band;
   Oh, how sweet will be the resting when my conflicts all are past,
   Oh, the mighty “Alleluia” of our victory at last!

Jesus, tender Shepherd.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Is. 40: 11.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb tonight; Thro’ the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.

2. All this day Thy hand has led me,
   And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
   Listen to my evening prayer.

3. Let my sins be all forgiven,
   Bless the friends I love so well;
   Take me, when I die, to heaven,
   Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.

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

1. Crowds are behind Thee, crowds are before, Life in a single moment Thou canst restore;
2. Only to touch Thee, Saviour, I know, Peace to my troubled spirit Thou wilt bestow;
3. Lord, I am sinful, Thou undefiled, Yet dost Thou love and even call me Thy child;

Only to touch Thee, spotless and pure, Only to touch Thy garment, faith brings the cure.
Only to touch Thee, this is my prayer, Longer my heavy burden I can not bear.
Great is Thy mercy, wondrous to me; Lord, 'tis my faith that saves me, glory to Thee!

Only Thy garment's hem, Lord, I implore; Only Thy garment's hem life will restore;

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Only Thy Garment's Hem. Concluded.

On-ly a touch will bring joy to my soul; Let me but touch Thy garment, I shall be whole.

My Rock.


P. P. Bliss.

1. Oh, strong to save and bless, My rock and righteousness, Draw near to me! My
2. My refuge and my rest, As child on mother's breast I lean on Thee! From
3. Descend, Thou mighty Love, Descend from heaven above, Fill Thou this soul! Heal

blessing, joy, and might, My wisdom, love, and light Are all with Thee.
fainting and from fear, When foes and ills are near, Deliver me!
ev-ery bruised part, Bind up this broken heart, And make me whole.

By Permission
Jesus, only Jesus.


R. Lowry.

1. Our Lord is crowned Immanuel King; His royal robes are gleaming; And thro' the pearly gates unbarred Love's golden morn is streaming. We trust alone in Christ our King, Our only hope is Jesus; We have no worth ourselves to bring; 'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

2. Our King Immanuel takes His throne; We cast our crowns before Him; His precious name our lips shall own, And every heart adore Him.

3. Our Lord is crowned Immanuel King, Immortal Prince and Saviour; We have no golden gifts to bring For Love's atoning favor.

Refrain.

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1. Forward, soldiers, bold and fearless, Hear the call of God; Prove your courage in the conflict,
2. Faith our shield and hope our helmet, Satan's host we face; Marshalled in the might of Jesus,

Refrain.

Tread where brave men trod. Lift aloft the cross of Jesus, Hold it high and strong;
Win we by His grace.

3. Catch the order of our Captain, Wield the Spirit's sword; Onward, fearless, press to conquer, Slaying with His Word.

4. Sharers in the glad hosanna, All who will believe, They who, joyful, hail His banner, Crowns of life receive.
Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

Come ye, buy and eat.—Is. 55: 1.

1. Beside the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say, "I want that living water, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pilgrim, But deeper is my need; I thirst for life even so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The gospel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of Chorus.

1. Beside the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say, "I want that living water, Give me to drink, I pray; The well is deep, O pilgrim, But deeper is my need; I thirst for life even so weak as I;" Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The gospel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of Chorus.

2. Beside the pool Bethesda, I hear a mournful cry; "No help, no hope is offered To mer-cy, For Christ the pool is here. 'Tis He, the great Physician, Can cure the sin-sick soul;

2. Beside the pool Bethesda, I hear a mournful cry; "No help, no hope is offered To mer-cy, For Christ the pool is here. 'Tis He, the great Physician, Can cure the sin-sick soul;

3 While seated on the hill-side, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most truly, "I am the living bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly manna, Who doth our souls restore; By faith of Him partaking We live for evermore.

3 While seated on the hill-side, The hungry ones were fed By Him who said most truly, "I am the living bread;" 'Tis He, the heavenly manna, Who doth our souls restore; By faith of Him partaking We live for evermore.

Ye blessed ones that hunger, Take, eat and never die. "Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Ye blessed ones that hunger, Take, eat and never die.

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Stand still, O Child of God!


P. P. Bliss, finished by Major D. W. Whittle.  
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Stand still and trust His might, Who bids your trembling cease; The Lord for you shall fight, And

2. Stand still, tho' Jordan's waves In gath'ring bil-lows roar; The Lord who sure-ly saves Leads

3. Stand still, and sing, and praise, The bat- tle is not thine; Stand still, while God displays His

Chorus.

ye shall hold your peace. Stand still, oh, child of God! Whatev-er ill betide; Stand still and trust His
on to Canaan's shore. grace and pow'r di-vine.

word, And in His love a-bide; Stand still and trust His word, And in His love a-bide.

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Is it There?

Mrs. F. V. Alstine.

"And another book was opened, which is the book of life."—Rev. 20:12.

W. H. Doane.

1. Is my hope on the Rift-ed Rock, Cleft by the Lord for me? Is my name in the
2. Do I walk with a steadfast eye Fixed on the heavenly land? Is my name in the

Refrain.

Book of Life? O that my faith could see! Is it there, is, it there, Bright on the page so
Book of Life, Graved by a Saviour's hand?

3 Can I say, with a trusting heart, Jesus, Thy will, not mine?
Is my name in the Book of Life, Sealed by His blood divine?

4 When in death I shall calmly sleep, Jesus, to wake with Thee,
There my name in the Book of Life Grant that my eye may see.

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Room for the Penitent.

"And yet there is room."—Luke 14:22.

1. Room for the pen-i-tent, burdened with sin, Room at the o- pen door—let him come in;
2. Room where the living stream flows at his feet, Room at the throne of grace—God’s mercy seat;
3. Room at the blessed feast God has prepared, Room where the bread of life millions have shared;

Wea - ry and tempest-tossed, where can he flee? Je- sus, thou Lamb of God, on- ly to Thee.
There may the broken heart lose all its grief, There may the contrite soul find sweet re-lief.
Room where the smiles of love ten- der-ly fall; Room in Thy arms, O Christ, room, room for all.

Refrain.

Room for the pen-i-tent; where can he flee? Je- sus, thou Lamb of God, on-ly to Thee.

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Do something for Jesus to-day, Re-member what He did for you; Let ev-ery be-
lie-er now say, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Do something for Je-sus to-
long-er de-lay? All work for the Mas-ter is sweet. To-morrow, the soul may be gone.
lost ones who say That no man doth care for their soul.
long led a-stray; To-morrow, the soul may be gone.

Refrain.

Do something for Je-sus to-day, Do some-thing to-day, Do to-day,
Do something for Jesus to-day. Concluded.

5 Do something for Jesus to-day,
    God blesseth the feeblest word;
Now earnestly labor and pray,
That hearts by His love may be stirr'd.

6 Do something for Jesus to-day,
    Each worker receives a reward;
And Christ in the judgment shall say,
    "Come, enter the joy of Thy Lord."

Why should I Wait?

P. P. Bliss.

1. Why should I wait? I can not flee To other refuge than to Thee; And vile and
2. Why should I wait? I look within, And nothing there I see but sin; And Thou a-

3. Why should I wait? while now, to-day, I hear Thy voice in mercy say,
    Sinner, I wash thy sins away;
O Lord, I come to Thee.

4. Why should I wait? I must not wait;
    To-morrow's sun may be too late,
    And death may seal my hapless state;
    O Lord, I come to Thee.

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Arise, go over Jordan.

FOR THE LORD THY GOD IS WITH THEE.—JOSH. 1: 9.

P. P. Bliss.

Allegretto.

1. "Arise, go over Jordan," The voice of grace obey; The law by Moses given.
2. All who, the call obeying, With Christ are crucified, Thro' death and resurrection.
3. Come to the cross at Gilgal, There leave the load of sin, And on the Lamb there feasting, The life of faith begin.
4. "Arise, go over Jordan," No longer doubting stand; By faith thy foe subduing, Possess the Promised Land.

Chorus.

"Arise, go over Jordan," O church of God, today! The Law, indeed, no more can lead, 'Tis Grace provides the way.

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**Blessed Home-Land.**

FANNY J. CROSBY

"There remaineth * * * a rest."—Heb. 4:9.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

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1. Gliding o'er life's fit-ful waters, Heavy surges sometimes roll; And we sigh for yonder
2. Oft we catch a faint reflection Of its bright and vernal hills; And, tho' distant, how we
3. To our Father, and our Saviour, To the Spirit, Three in One, We shall sing glad songs of
4. 'Tis the wea-ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease, And our longings and our

---

Refrain.

haven, For the Home-land of the soul. Blessed Home-land, ever fair! Sin can
hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
tri-umph When our harvest work is done.
yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

---

never enter there; But the soul, to life a-wak- ing, Ever-last-ing bloom shall wear.
Glory to Jesus.


1. Let us rally round the word, 'neath the banner of the Lord—Giving to Jesus all the glory—

2. There's a starry crown on high, and a kingdom drawing nigh—Giving to Jesus all the glory—

3. When the battle work is done, and the victory is won—Giving to Jesus all the glory—

In the name of Him who died, Him the Loved and Crucified—Giving to Jesus all the glory.
And we'll win the crown at last, when the battle days are past—Giving to Jesus all the glory.
We will sing a grander song, and the melody prolong—Giving to Jesus all the glory.

Chorus.

The Lord is before us, and victory will come; United forever, we'll gain the heavenly home;

And we'll crown the Lord above with our hallowed songs of love—Giving to Jesus all the glory.

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SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Eph. 3: 17.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in? Patiently knocking at
2. Shall I send Him the loving word? Shall I let Him in? Meekly accepting my
3. Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let Him in; Gladly I'll welcome Him

my sad heart, Oh! shall I let Him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
gracious Lord, Oh! shall I let Him in? He can infinite love impart; He can pardon this
ev-er-more, Oh, yes, I'll let Him in. Bless-ed Saviour, abide with me; Cares and trials will

all with-in: Christ is bidding me turn unto Him; Oh, shall I let Him in?
reb-el heart: Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
light-er be; I am safe if I'm only with Thee; Oh, bless-ed Lord, come in.
Too Late.

F. J. C. (Gently—may be sung as Solo).

"And the door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10.

W. H. Doane.

1. Too late? ah, no, the pulse of life Still throbs within thy breast; And while that blessed
   spark remains, Thy soul may find a rest. The Lord in mercy spares thee yet, His
   love to thee is great; But do not tempt that love too far, Or it may be too late.
   moment hangs thy fate; A-rise—admit thy heavenly guest, Or it may be too late.

2. He stands, He knocks, He calls, He waits, He tarry at thy heart; Canst thou re-ject His
   extended wide, Thy trembling form enfold. His mercy lengthens out thy days, His
   love to thee is great; O, do not tempt that love too far, Or it may be too late.

3. Behold His hands, His bleeding side, His crown of thorns behold! And let His arms, ex-
   pect thy heaven guest, Or it may be too late. Copyright 1877, by Biglow & Main.
TOO LATE. Concluded.

Refrain.

Too late, Too late, Soon 'twill be too late; Too late, Too late, Soon 'twill be too late.

GUIDE US HOME.

Rev. W. O. Cushing, 
"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11:16. 
Ira D. Sankey.

1. Fair is the morn on that radiant shore, Sorrow and weeping shall come no more;
2. Bright is that beautiful land so fair! Beautiful angels are walking there;
3. Sweet are the songs that the angels chime, Fair are the blooms in the Eden clime;

Toiling and weary, though far, far we roam, Saviour, dear Saviour, do Thou guide us home.
Fain would we rest where the still waters glide, Saviour, dear Saviour, do Thou be our Guide.
Seeking our father-land, weary we roam, Saviour, dear Saviour, do Thou guide us home.

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Watch and Pray.

Rev. A. Kenyon. "Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Mark 14: 38.

R. Lowry.

1. Jesus, keep me near Thee ever, For I'm tempted oft to stray; From the power of
2. In Thy vine-yard I would labor, And Thy welcome voice obey; Yet, with all my
3. If I e'er would turn a sinner From the error of his way, If of souls I
4. Would I gain the gates of Heaven, Growing stronger every day— While supplies of

Refrain.

cr

sin deliverer; Help me, Lord, to watch and pray. Watch and pray, watch and pray,
best endeavor, I must ever watch and pray.
would be winner, I must daily watch and pray.
grace are given, I must hourly watch and pray.

Help me, Lord, to watch and pray; Watch and pray, watch and pray, Help me, Lord, to watch and pray.
Let me Lean on Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. "Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble."—Psa. 102:2.

Hubert P. Main.

1. When my way is hedged about me, Hedged with thorns of care; When the cross I loved so dearly, Seems too hard to bear; When my heart is bowed with sorrow,

2. O, for Faith to cast behind me Ev - ery sad com - plaint—Faith to run and not be weary, Walk and never faint; Thou dost know and feel my weakness,

3. Clos - er let Thine arms en - fold me, Clos - er to Thy breast Draw my wea - ry, trem - bling spir - it, Calm its doubts to rest; Give me strength for ev - ery bur - den

And no light I see—Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee. Sav - iour, look on me; Now Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

Thou hast borne for me; Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

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Trust in the Promise.

Fanny J. Crosby.  "The Lord will give you according as he has promised."—Ex. 12: 25

Solo. 1st voice.  W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

1. Brother, is your face toward the Canaan of rest? Trust in the promise of the Saviour;
2. Brother, is your faith looking upward today? Trust in the promise of the Saviour;
3. Brother, persevere and be firm to the last, Trust in the promise of the Saviour;

Chorus.

Sister, are you bound for the home of the blest? Trust in the promise of thy Lord.
Sister, is the light shining bright on your way? Trust in the promise of thy Lord.
Sister, you shall rest when your labor is past, Trust in the promise of thy Lord.

Full Chorus.

He will walk beside us, In His mercy hide us; With His eye He'll guide us, Trust in Him.
He will give us pleasure, Joy we cannot measure, And in heaven a treasure, Trust in Him.
Soon beyond the river, We shall rest for ever, There no more to sever, Trust in Him.

D. S. Yes! we'll trust in Jesus, Yes! we'll trust in Jesus, He'll forsake us never, [Omit......] Trust in Him.

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There'll Be Joy by and by.  

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.  
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.  
R. Lowry.

Chorus.

light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near. There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy tears a-way, Turn thy darkness into day. 
glorious feast, Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

1. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Tho' the way be long and weary, Morn shall bring thee 

2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vigils keeping, God shall wipe thy 

3. Tho' thy spirit faints with fasting Thro' the hours so slowly wasting, Morn shall bring a 

by and by, In the dawning of the morning, There'll be joy by and by.

By Permission.
There's Room for Thee.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

"To you is the word of this salvation sent."—Acts 13:26.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. See, O see the shining angels Herald thro' the sky! Glory o'er the world is breaking,
2. See the signs of promise brighten, Glorious days foretold! Millions long in sin be-nighted
3. Hear the Gospel trumpet sounding; Mercy's waiting still; Sinners, haste and seek salvation,

Refrain.

Jesus passing by. Now the door of mercy's open; Now salvation's free;
Press to Zion's Fold. Who-so-ever will.

Room enough for all in glory; Haste! there's room for thee.

4.

Wake, O wake, ye souls in darkness! Wake! the day is nigh;
Glory on the hills is breaking,
Jesus passing by.
Refrain—Now the door, &c.

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Marching on to Battle.

Mrs. Georgia Hulse McLeod.

"Fight the Lord's battles."—1 Sam. 18:17. R. Lowry.

1. Faithful soldiers for the Lord, We but wait the Captain's word; We are "children of the day,"
2. Forward! when the cry we hear, On we march without a fear; Where our Captain leads we go,
3. Weak we are, but we be-long To an ar-my great and strong; Ev-er faithful for the right,
4. So our will-ing hands we give For His service while we live; In His ways our feet shall run

Refrain.

Jesus guides us all the way. Marching on to bat-tle, Marching on to bat-tle,
Safe be-cause He loves us so.
Till we die we mean to fight.
Till shall set life's lat-est sun.

5 Eyes will search His blessed word,
Ears will listen for our Lord,
Tongues His goodness will declare,
Lips will praise him everywhere.

6 Now we tread the heavenly way,
Getting nearer every day;
There we'll lay our armor down,
There we'll wear our starry crown.

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Speak the Truth.

"Speaking the truth in love."—Eph. 4: 15.

1. Speak the truth, be always truthful, Never with your lips deceive; In your every thought and action, Let a noble candor breathe. We will ever speak the truth.

2. Speak the truth, nor with it trifle To conceal a fault of yours; In the end the falsehood fails you; Nothing but the truth endures.

3. Speak the truth, tho' you should suffer Loss of friends or earthly gain; Christ, your Friend, with heavenly treasure Will repay you back again.

4. Speak the truth, stand up for Jesus! He will be your stay and guide; Never falter, face the danger, Trust in Him what-e'er betide.

Yes, we'll ever speak the truth; Never with our lips deceive, But will ever speak the truth.

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No Hope in Jesus.


1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No Rock, no Refuge nigh! When the dark days
   2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! How lone thy life must be! Like a sailor,
   3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No hand to clasp thy own! Thro' the dark, dark
   4. Now we pray thee, Come to Jesus; His pard'ning love receive; For the Saviour

Refrain.

round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky. Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!
lost and driven, On a wide and shoreless sea.
vale of shadows, Thou must press Thy way alone.
now is calling, And He bids thee turn and live.

No Friend, no Light in Jesus! Oh, to have no hope in Jesus! How dark this world must be!

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To be There.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—Phil. 1: 23. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have heard of a land far away, And its glories no tongue can declare; But its
2. There are fore-tastes of heaven below, There are moments like joys of the blest; But the

beauty hangs o'er the way, And with Jesus I long to be there. To be there, to be
splendors no mortal can know, Of the land where the weary shall rest.

To be there,

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

To be there, to be there; To be there,
3 In that noon-tide of glory so fair,
    In the gleam of the river of life,
There are joys that the faithful shall share;
    O how sweetly they rest from the strife!

4 There the ransomed with Jesus abide
    In the shade of the sheltering fold;
Ever more by Immanuel's side,
    They shall dwell in the glory untold.

**IN TIME OF NEED.**

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.  "Find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. 4: 16.  R. LOWRY.

1. Were it not for Thee, my Saviour,
   Were it not for Thee, Advocate and Intercessor,
   Where would I be?

2. Were it not that love and mercy
   With my Lord abide,
   When my conscience is o'ertaken,
   Where should I hide?

3. Were it not that Thou hast promised
   Freely to forgive,
   In the face of my transgressions
   How could I live?

4. If there were no cross uplifted
   High on Calvary,
   There would be no hope of pardon,
   No heaven for me.

Chorus.

How could I do without Thee, Saviour and Friend? Thou art my only refuge, Safe to the end.

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Come, Come and See.

P. P. Bliss.

"Philip saith unto him, Come and see."—John 1: 46.

James McGranahan.

1. Hear the gospel invitation, Come, come and see; Take a full and free salvation,

2. Come and see, 'tis Jesus calling, Come, come and see; Come and see, the shades are falling,

Chorus.

Come, come and see. Send a-broad the proclamation—Sing the song to every nation,

Come, come and see.

3 Ere the paths of life grow dreary,

Jesus Christ and His salvation; Come, come and see.

4 We have found Him and the glory,

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Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

Rev. Nathaniel Niles.

P. P. Bliss.

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

2. When temptations almost win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly, Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." In thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Calling, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Let this promise still be heard.

3. When thy secret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by, Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Calling, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

4. When the shades of life are falling, And the hour has come to die, Hear thy trust-y Pilot, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." In thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." By Permission.
Will the Angels come?

Fanny J. Crosby.

"And was carried by the angels."—Luke 16: 22.

W. H. Doane.

1. When I have finished my journey on earth, Ended my labor of love, When I am
2. When I am breathing my latest farewell, Parting from all that is dear, When on my
3. When, as I gaze from the threshold of time, Fainter and fainter the light, Softer and
4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sunny land, Come on their pinions so fair; Jesus will

wait-ing for Jesus to say, "Haste to thy mansion above;" Will they
pillow I wear-i-ly turn, Say, will the angels be near?
softer the voices I hear, Bidding my spirit good night;
send them its glory to tell, Angels will carry me there. Will the angels

come?...... Will they come?...... Say, will the angels come, And to
joy-ful-ly come? Will the angels joy-ful-ly come?

Je-sus car-ry me home? Will they come?...... Will they

Will the angels joy-ful-ly come? Will the angels

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Will the Angels come? Concluded.

Come? Say, will the angels come, And to Jesus carry me home?

joy-fully come?

Gentle and Lowly.

R. L.

"Obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—Phil. 2:8. R. Lowry.

1. Gentle and lowly, Loving and holy, Jesus descended to dwell among men;
2. Tender and gracious, With love most precious, Pardon He purchased at infinite cost;
3. Precious salvation! No condemnation! We are redeemed by the blood of the Son;

From sin to save us, Himself He gave us, And to our Father restored us again.
Took our transgression, Made our confession, Poured out His life to recover the lost.
Fall ye before Him; Love Him, adore Him; Give Him the glory for all He has done.

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Mrs. A. R. Cousin.  

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

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Is Jesus able to redeem A sinner lost, like me? My sins so great, so
2. Is Jesus willing to forgive A rebel child, like me? Who would not in His
3. Is Jesus waiting to relieve A wanderer like me, Who chose the Father's
4. Is Jesus ready now to save A guilty one, like me, Who brought Him to the

Refrain.

many seem! O sinner, "come and see." The blood that Jesus shed of old Was
favor live? O rebel, "come and see." House to leave? O wanderer, "come and see." cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.

shed for you and me; And there is room within the fold—O "come to Him and see."

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Mrs. S. A. Collins.

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

W. H. Doane.

1. Jesus, gracious one, call-eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!" Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly, "Now, O sinner, come." Words of peace and blessing, Christ's own love confessing; I thy grief have borne, "Come and rest in Me." Words with love o'er-flowing, Life and bliss bestowing; free-ly, tenderly, Wilt thou still a-buse? Come, for time is fly-ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy-ing;

2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patient-ly, Come, O come to Me!" "Heav-y-la-den one, Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare re-fuse? Mercy of-fered thee,

3. Words of peace and blessing, Christ's own love confessing, Words with love o'er-flowing, Life and bliss bestowing; free-ly, tenderly, Wilt thou still a-buse? Come, for time is fly-ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy-ing;

Refrain.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus, Full, full of love; Calling tenderly, calling lovingly, "Come, O sinner, come."
1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see. Oh, the grace, the precious grace, The grace that rescued me—
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!
3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.
5. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun forbear to shine; But God, who called me here below, Will be forever mine.


R. Lowry.
Whom have I in Heaven?

F. J. C.

"none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Ps. 73: 25.

W. F. Sherwin.

1. Whom have I in heav'n a-bove? On-ly Thee, my Sav-iour; Whom have I on earth to love?

2. Who has led me all my days? On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour; Who deserves my high-est praise?

3. Who my inmost tho'ts can read? On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour; Who for me doth in-ter-cede?

On-ly Thee, my Sav-iour; Who my wounded heart can heal, Who my ev-ery
On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour; In my weak-ness who is strong, Who has loved and
On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour; Who my se-cret tho'ts can know, Who such ten-der

lived me long, Who should claim my no-blest song? On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour.
mer-cy show, Who can make me white as snow? On-ly Thou, my Sav-iour.

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All the Days.

Rev. W. F. Crafts.

"Lo, I am with you all the days." (Literal translation.)—Matt. 28:20.

R. Lowry.

1. The Lord, on sacred Ol - i - vet, In His dis - ci - ples ears, A promise, great and precious, breathes, To quench their rising fears. Lo! I am with you all the days—The brightest days, the darkest days;

2. He took Himself from human eyes That loved His presence well, In sweeter, clos - er fel - lowship With their hearts to dwell. gladdening presence feels.

3. The Christ of Emmaus at our side The truth of God re - veals; Our eyes are holden, but our hearts His

Refrain.

4. When prosperous days would lead astray, He points us to the skies; In days of trial, as to Paul, "Fear not, fear not," He cries.

5. A morning void of clouds shall dawn, A day without a night, An endless day with Christ the King,— We'll walk with Him by sight.

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The Cross of my Lord.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6:14.

Rev. F. Denison.

W. H. Doane.

1. All world-ly wealth compared with Thee, Dear Saviour, is but dross; O how my heart with
2. Lord, rule my heart and ev-ery thought; All to the cross be-long; My soul, by such a
3. The di-a-dems of earth are dross, The glo-ry of a day; But crowns for those who
4. Thou King of earth and King of heaven, Who bore the cross for me, Ac-cept my song and

Refrain.

rapture glows, While gazing on Thy cross. The cross of my Lord, The cross of my Lord, My
ransom bought, Will nev-er cease its song.
love Thy cross Shall nev-er fade a-way.
serv-ice giv'n For-ev-er more to Thee.
boast and my glory shall ev-er be; O there with patience I'll wait Thy call, And then go home with Thee.

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Rev. George Duffield.

"According to his mercy he saved us."—Tit. 3:5.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Care-ful-ly, tear-ful-ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal-va-ry lift-ing mine eye;
2. Care-ful-ly, tear-ful-ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal-va-ry lift-ing mine eye;
3. Care-ful-ly, tear-ful-ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal-va-ry lift-ing mine eye;

Mer-cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer-cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. There would I
Mer-cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer-cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Beau-ti-ful
Mer-cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer-cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Ma-ny the

see all the Fa-ther revealed, Faithful and true, all the promis-es sealed, Gift of all gifts, the most
feet on the mountain that bring Tidings, glad tidings from Is-ra-el's King, Peace and sal-vation, and
conflict thro' which He has pass'd, Ended His sor-row-ful journey at last; Wounded His head, and His

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Carefully, Tearfully. Concluded.

loved and adored, Jesus, anointed, the Saviour and Lord.

pardoned divine, Joy of all joys, that salvation is mine.

hands and His feet, Finished! He cries, and His work is complete.

Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Altar, and victim, and priest to atone,
Treading the wine-press of vengeance alone;
Stained are His garments, with tears and with blood,
Jesus, Redeemer! my Lord and my God.

Requiem.

H. R. P.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14:13.

H. R. Palmer

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath recalled thee In thy youthful bloom;
2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But tis not cheerless, Hope dispels its gloom;
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleasures, But 'twas not thy rest:

Death's icy fingers Rest upon thee now; Still beauty lingers On thy pallid brow.
While we are weeping O'er the hallowed ground, Thou art but sleeping 'Till the trumpet shall sound.
Sin and temptation Were thy sorrow here, Then full salvation Is thy portion there.

By Permission.
MY REDEEMER.

P. P. Bliss.

"Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people."—Rom. 15: 10.

JAMES McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Redeemer And His wond'rous love to me; On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free. Sing, oh! sing............. of my Redeemer.

2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How, my lost estate to save, In His boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.

Chorus.

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

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

sing of my Redeemer, With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the

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My Redeemer. Concluded.

My Redeemer, concluded.

1. He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, cross

2. He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, Repeat pp after last verse.

3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant power I'll tell, How the victory He giveth Over sin, and death, and hell.

4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heavenly love to me; He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Lord, Come Away!

P. P. Bliss.

"He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10:37.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Hand and foot are weary, Brow and eye are weary, Heart and soul are weary: Lord, come away!

2. Years are swiftly flying, Heaven and earth are sighing, And Thy church is crying: Lord, come away!

3. Might the right is wronging, Sworded millions thronging, Earth's misrule prolonging: Lord, come away!

4. Lonely hearts are singing, Loyal souls are clinging To the hope upspringing: Lord, come away!

5. Sounds the last long thunder, Bursts the day of wonder, Glory, gladness, yonder: Lord, come away!

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1. Look unto me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say; And as by faith on Him I gazed, My
2. By His atonement reconciled, My Father's face I see; The empty tomb now intervenes Be-
3. Oh, glorious height of vantage ground! Oh, blest victorious hour! In Him to trust and ful-

chorus.

burden rolled away. I've passed the cross at Calvary, I'm on the Heaven side; The world is cruci-
tween the world and me.
resurrection power.

fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died, The world is crucified to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

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Blessed Cross of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Gently.

"Peace through the blood of his cross"—Col. 1:20

Hubert P. Main.

1. Wand’rer, come, there’s room for thee At the cross of Jesus; Come and taste salvation free
2. Come and bring thy burden now To the cross of Jesus; Lay thy burning, throbbing brow

Chorus.

At the cross of Jesus. Bless-ed cross! precious cross! There my hopes are twinning;
At the cross of Jesus.

3 O what comfort thou wilt find At the cross of Jesus; Love thy broken heart will bind At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow At the cross of Jesus; Come and tell thy every woe At the cross of Jesus.

There I see a Father’s love Thro’ a Saviour shining.

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SINKING OUT OF SELF.

Rev. W. F. Crafts.


1. Now crucified with Christ I am, The self within is slain; But still I live, and yet not I—Christ
2. Dead to the world with sin I am, Alive to God alone; The life I have I live by faith in
3. The throne of self within my heart The King of saints doth fill; My spirit crowns Him Lord of all, And
4. Hereafter “it is no more I” Nor “sin” that ruleth me; Reign, reign forever, blessed Christ, My

Chorus.

lives in me again. I am sinking out of self, out of self, into Christ, Sinking out of self into God's beloved Son.
waits to do His will.
all I give to Thee.

Christ; I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self, Sinking out of self into Christ.

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The Lord is on My Side.

Mrs W. R. Griswold ("Paulina").

Ps. 118: 6.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I know in whom I have believed, And bless Him for the trust That thrills my soul with grace received—The merciful and just; There is no room for fear indeed, When to His cross all from above By Him who cares for all; By Him who promises to be Our Saviour, Friend, and beyond control? He wipes away our tears; So, gently led by Him, thro' faith In promises ap-

2. 'Tis sweet to rest up-on His love, And know, what-e'er be-fall, The lot is ordered

3. Is there a shadow o'er the soul? He quiets all our fears; Is there a grief be-

lied, For in the Book of Life I read, "The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side." Guide—By Him who lived and died for me—"The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side."plied, Full well I know, in life or death, "The Lord is on my side," "The Lord is on my side."
The Blessed Feast.

F. J. C.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Lukr 14: 17.

W. H. Doane.

1. Come, poor sinner, to the blessed, blessed feast, O hear the call—thy Saviour's call;
2. Art thou weary? would'st thou lay thy weight aside? Then rest thee here, the cross is near;
3. Hark, He bids thee to the crimson fountain go, It flows so free, so pure for thee;
4. Come to Jesus, and thy burden He will bear, The feast is spread, lift up thy head;

Haste to meet Him, He will welcome thee His guest, O rejoice, there's room for all.
See where Jesus thy Redeemer bled and died, Come and taste His mercy here.
He will wash thee and will make thee white as snow, Thou His happy child shalt be.
Come, and rest thee in the Saviour's gentle care, By His love thou shalt be fed.

Refrain.

Who-so-ever will in that feast may share, In our Father's house there is bread to spare;

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Come to Jesus, He is waiting, waiting now. Come, O come, there's room for all.

What will it Matter.

1. What will it matter, by and by, Whether my path below was bright, Whether it wound thro' dark or light, Under a gray or golden sky, When I look back on it by and by?
2. What will it matter, by and by, Whether, unhelped, I toiled a lone, Dashing my foot against a stone, Missing, perhaps, the angel nigh Bidding me think of the by and by?
3. What will it matter? Naught, if I Only am sure the way I've trod, Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God; Questioning not of How, or Why, If I but gaze on Him by and by?
4. What will it matter? What the sigh, If, in my fear of slip or fall, Closely I've clung to Christ thro' all, Mindless how rough the path might lie, Since He will comfort me by and by?
Hiding in Thee.


1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul like a bird that is wounded would fly; So sinful, so weary, Oh, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm power; In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea, O blest "Rock of Ages," I'm woe; How oft when my trials like billows would roll, I have hidden in Thee, O Thou

2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temptation casts o'er me its 3. How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my

Refrain.


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No other name but Jesus.

Harry C. Ayer.

"A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2: 9.

W. H. Doane.

1. There is a name I love to hear, A name to me most sweet; It brings salvation
2. There is a name I love to speak, And thro' that name alone To God the Father

Refrain.

to the lost—Salvation full, complete. No other name but Jesus, No other name for me; I
reconciled, I venture near the throne.

3 There is a name I love to sing; And while my song I raise, I mount aloft on wings of faith— My soul is lost in praise.

4 That name, the dearest and the best, The name to mortals given, Shall be the last I breathe on earth, The first I breathe in heaven.

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1. Jesus, Saviour, great Example, Pattern of all purity, I would follow in Thy footsteps, Daily

2. Lest I wander from Thy pathway, Or my feet move wearily, Saviour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me

3. When temptations fiercely lower, And my shrinking soul would flee, Change each weakness into power,

4. When around me all is darkness, And Thy beauties none may see, May Thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,

5. When death's cold, and chilling finger Leaves its impress on my brow, May Thy life, within me swelling, Keep me singing then as now.

More like Thee, more like Thee; Saviour, this my constant prayer shall

More like Thee, more like Thee; steadfast: more like Thee.

More like Thee, more like Thee;

Chorus.

By Permission
Rest over Jordan.

On the other side of Jordan.—Josh. 20:8.

1. 'Tis a blessed hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and by over Jordan;
2. 'Tis a blessed hope which my Saviour gives, I shall rest by and by over Jordan;
3. With a steadfast faith I will labor on, I shall rest, sweetly rest over Jordan;
4. When my work is done and my crown is won, I shall rest, sweetly rest over Jordan.

When I rest, sweetly rest over Jordan.

O what joy 'twill be the redeemed to see, When I rest, sweetly rest over Jordan.

Refrain.

Over Jordan, over Jordan, I shall rest, Sweetly rest by and by; 'Tis a

precious hope, 'tis a blessed hope, I shall rest, sweetly rest over Jordan.
Another Year is Dawning.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.       "Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. 28: 20.          R. LOWRY.

1. An-oth-er year is dawn-ing! Dear Master, let it be, In working and in waiting, An-

2. An-oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faith-ful-ness and grace; An-oth-er year of gladness—The

3. Another year of service,
   Of wit ness for Thy love;
   Another year of train ing
   For holier work above;
   Another year of dawning?
   Dear Master, let it be,
   On earth or else in heaven,
   Another year for Thee.

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He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His flock, He shall feed His flock like a

shepherd: And He shall gather the lambs with His arm: And He shall gather the

carry them in His bosom.

lambs with His arm, And carry the lambs, and carry them in His bosom.
Love of Jesus.

W. S.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2:20. Wm. Stevenson.

1. Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus! Theme immortal, ever new; Hosts above its
2. Oh, the constant love of Jesus! More than brother, more than friend; Ever present
3. Oh, the boundless love of Jesus! Reaching all of human kind; Bearing hope to
4. Oh, the precious love of Jesus! Richest boon to mortals given; Raise to Him our

Refrain, Sing,

O sing,
praise are swelling, We would join the chorus too. We will sing, We will sing the
in our sorrow, Ever faithful to the end. We will sing, We will sing the
every nation, Peace to every troubled mind. We will sing, We will sing the
glad hosannas, Antedate the joy of heaven. We will sing, We will sing the

Sing,

love of Jesus; We will sing, We will sing of Jesus' love.

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Jesus Loves even Me.

P. P. Bliss.

"He first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

P. P. Bliss.

I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see, This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me; I am so glad that

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!
BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

GEO. F. Root.

1. I love to hear the story Which angel voices tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my blessed Saviour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mercy, My sweetest songs I'll raise, And though I can not

Glory Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sinful, But
holy His little ones might be; And if I try to follow His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kindly promised That

this I surely know, The Lord came down to save me, Because He loved me so.
footsteps here below, He never will forget me, Because He loves me so.
I shall surely go To sing among His angels, Because He loves me so.
Yes, He loves Me.

Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.

S. W.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him; Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;
2. If one should ask of me how I can tell, Glory to Jesus! I know very well;
3. In this assurance I find sweetest rest, Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;

Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree: Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree, Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

Yes! He loves me, His will I be; Oh! I am certain that Jesus loves me;

Yes! He loves me, His will I be; Oh! I am certain that Jesus loves me.

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Is it in Me?

The troubler of Israel, who transgressed in the thing accursed."—1 Ch. 2: 7.

P. P. Bliss.

1. There's sin in the camp, there is treason today! Is it in me? Is it in me? There's cause in our ranks for defeat and delay; Is it, O Lord, in me? Something of selfishness, garments or gold, Something of hindrance in young or in old, Something why God doth His Je-sus will give, Life ev-er-last-ing to all who believe, Oh, that His pow'r I may demption is done, Sure-ly the Fa-ther is pleased with the Son, Sure-ly the saved and the.

2. I come in my need to the life-giv-ing Word; Is it for me? Is it for me? By faith in its pow'r let my soul be restored; Is it, O Lord, for me? Par-don and pu-ri-ty rest to the soul that in Je-sus abides; Is it, O Lord, for me? Sure-ly the work of re-

3. There's peace in believ-ing, what-ev-er be-tides; Is it for me? Is it for me? There's
Is it in me? Concluded.

blessing with-hold—Is it, O Lord, in me? Is it in me? Is it in me? Is it, O Lord, in me?
ful - ly receive, Is it, O Lord, for me? Is it for me? Is it for me? Is it, O Lord, for me?
Sav - iour are one—Surely 'tis all for me! All for me! All for me! Surely 'tis all for me!

I am trusting Thee.

I. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Trusting only Thee! Trusting Thee for full sal-

2. I am trusting Thee for pardon, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and tender

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing In the crimson flood;

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me, Thou alone shalt lead,

5 I am trusting Thee for power; Thine can never fail;

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Never let me fall!

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In the Harbor.

Anon.

"He shall enter into peace."—Is. 57: 2.

GEO. H. THROOP.

1. In the harbor safe at home, Zion's stately ship shall come, And her crew shall proudly tell
   Dangers she has braved so well; Never more to tempt the wave, Never more the storm to brave,
   Safe from rock and breaker's crest, Anchored in eternal rest.
   Courage, then, ye faithful few! Weary, weather-beaten crew;

2. In the harbor safe at home, Zion's stately ship shall come; From the tropics fair and warm,
   From the Arctic ice and storm, Ocean isles and frozen Poles, With her priceless freight of souls,
   Shall we find the promised rest In the haven of the blest.
   Let no hardships be compared With the exceeding great reward; Soon life's tempest will be o'er—

3. 

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"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

1. O how light to the soul are its crosses, And how easy our burdens to bear,
2. O how light to the soul are its crosses, And the conflicts and trials we meet;
3. O how light to the soul are its crosses, O the mercy of Jesus, our friend!

When we think of that land o-ver Jordan, And the joy that will crown us there.
We shall soon lay them down o-ver Jordan, We shall lay them at Jesus' feet.
We will praise Him for all o-ver Jordan, In our beautiful home beyond.

Refrain.

O the bright morning land, The dear morning land, The land where all sorrow is o'er!

We shall sit beneath the ray of a golden summer day, Where the shadows will return no more.
Workers for Jesus.

W. S.

'The night cometh, when no man can work.'—John 9: 4.

Wm. Stevenson.

1. Workers for Jesus, a-rouse you, Labor while yet it is day; Soon may the night gather round you, Swiftly the hours pass away; Earnestly work then for Jesus, Urging poor sinners to come; He will receive the most worthless, Pardon the guiltiest one.

2. Zealously work for the Master, Care not what idlers may say; Some may unite to oppose you, Others fall out by the way; Stand in the pathway of duty, Jesus will stand near the throne; There, where there's rest for the weary, Resting forever at home.

3. When all your labor is ended, Jesus will speak the glad word: Servants so good and so faithful, Enter the joy of your Lord; There, with the blessed in glory, Workers will ever be near; With His strong arms round about you, You can have nothing to fear.
I say my fears,
And feelings too,
Mercy's cry;
He has done;
me; me.
Lo! an ever flowing fountain, Life and joy upon its tide, Making green the arid desert, Spreading blessing far and wide!

He invites us to this fountain, He is ready life to give; Whosoever will may take it, Whosoever will may live!

Oh, this precious, living fountain Of our Lord's undying love! I would hold it as my precious gift, so pure and free; Jesus gave it— I may take it, And forever happy be!

I will yield to Him today; I am sure that He'll receive me, No one yet was turned away.

Into desert places wild; I would listen while He calls me, I would ever be His child.

Preaching, so pure and free; Jesus gave it— I may take it, And forever happy be!

I will yield to Him today; I am sure that He'll receive me, No one yet was turned away.

Into desert places wild; I would listen while He calls me, I would ever be His child.
Out of Bondage.

Fanny J. Crosby.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from the hard bondage."—Isa. 14: 3.

W. H. Doane.

1. Arise, come ye forth, and forever break the chain That long had oppress'd you with sorrow and pain;
2. Arise, come ye forth; will ye spend your life for naught, When Jesus who loves you a ransom has bought?
3. Arise, come ye forth, and be slaves to sin no more, How oft your Deliverer has called you before;

Arise, come ye forth, hear the blessed Lord's command, And He himself will guide you with a strong, strong hand.
The price of His blood, O receive it while you may; Behold the promised time is now; O come a-way.
Come forth from your bonds, and your liberty receive, Your willing hearts to Jesus give; repent, believe.

Refrain.

Come forth, come forth, and shout the jubilee, Come forth, come forth, the Lord will make you free; Come

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forth from your bonds, hear the blessed Lord command, And He himself will guide you with a strong, strong hand.

**Softly, softly on my Ear.**

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

“*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*”—Heb. 13: 5.  
*Hubert P. Main.*

1. Soft-ly, soft-ly on my ear, Je-sus whispers, "I am near; 'Tis My hand that guides thy
2. Gen-tly, gen-tly, when a-lone, I can hear that lov-ing tone, Ten-der-ly its echoes
3. Sweet-ly, sweet-ly now I rest, Joy and com-fort in my breast; Not a sor-row, not a

**Refrain.**

way, I protect thee night and day." Trust in Me, yes, trust in Me, Ever, ev-er trust in Me.

fall, —"I am Je-sus, Lord of all."  

fear, While these loving words I hear.

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Peace in Jesus.


1. O the peace that in Jesus I find! How it cheers me amid all my care; It is sweet to the sorrowing mind, In this precious salvation to share. O the peace, O the peace That my Saviour has given to me!

2. Yes, I know that my Saviour is mine, That He never will leave me to die; Tho' in weakness I oft-en re-pine, He will fill all my soul by and by, worship I bow, It is sweet to submit to His will, need will He give, And receive me at home over there sweet peace, sweet peace,

3. By His Spirit He dwells with me now, And His voice is so gentle and still; As before Him in sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace,

4. Then still nearer to Him may I live; More and more of His love, is my prayer; Every blessing I Saviour has given to me! O the peace, O the peace That my Saviour has given to me!

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Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand.

Henry Alford, D. D. "The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5:11. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and thousand harps Bespeaks the triumph nigh! O day of which creation And all its tribes were friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of sin; Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-made! O joy, for all its former woes A thousand-fold repaid! late; Orphans no longer fatherless, Nor widows desolate.

2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky! What ringing of a

3. O, then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore! What knitting severed

Refrain.

lu-jah to the Lamb who once was slain! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to Him who lives again!
Fanny J. Crosby.

Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40:17.

W. H. Doane.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come; My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come.

2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come; One look from Thee would I’ve wandered far away o’er mountains cold, I’ve

give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come.

3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come.

4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition’s broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come; Re-gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come.

wandered far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv’rer, come.

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God is Love.

P. P. Bliss, finished by Paulina. "The God of love shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

P. P. Bliss.

1. What sound is this? a song thro' heav'n resounding: "God is love, God is love;" And now from earth I
2. 'Tis fit-ting earth should echo the sweet story, God is love, God is love; We learn it here, to
3. Be-loved, let us wake the blissful chorus, God is love, God is love; And sing, as all the

hear the sound re-bounding, God is love, God is love; Yes, while a-dor-ing hosts proclaim, "Love
sing for aye in glo-ry, God is love, God is love; The strain a-woke when starry beam So
saints have sung be-fore us, God is love, God is love; And while the blest refrain shall ring On

is His na-ture, Love His name," My soul in rapture cries the same: "God is love!"
soft-ly fell o'er Bethlehem's dream, And this shall be my song and theme: "God is love!"
to the home of Christ our King, Our hearts' thanksgiving let us bring, "God is love!"

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SITTING BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark 10: 47. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sitting by the way-side, sinful, weak and blind, Waiting in my darkness for the day,
2. Long in darkness waiting, weary, sad and lone, How I long Thy glorious face to see!
3. Weary with my blindness, waiting all the day, Weary with my sorrow and my pain,
4. Sitting by the way-side, sinful, weak and blind, Is there, is there hope for one like me?

O Thou Saviour, Jesus, merciful and kind, Hear me now and take my sins away.
O Thou blessed Jesus, make me all Thine own; Speak the word and Thou canst set me free.
O Thou Son of David! pass me not I pray, Leave me not in hopeless night again.
Something seems to whisper in my darkened mind, Christ has power to set the sinner free.

Refrain.

No one knows my sorrow, no one cares for me, Waiting in the darkness for the day;

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SITTING BY THE WAYSIDE. Concluded.

Hear a sinner pleading, pleading, Lord, with Thee, Jesus, come and take my sins away.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Prof. J. H. Gilmore.

Prof. J. H. Gilmore. "—the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. 12: 2.

R. Lowry.

1. My trembling soul to Jesus turned, Upon the fatal tree, To Him who bore our sins, Who
2. And all through-out my pilgrim way, Whate'er my sorrow be, My heart still turns to Him Who
3. Beneath temptation's fierce assaults, I bow the suppliant knee, And look to Him alone Who
4. Be-reft of friends, of wealth, of fame, From care my heart is free: I clasp the friendless One Who

gave His life for me; And so I trust in Jesus' blood, In Him who died for me.
suffered once for me; And hopes for sunshine after storm, Thro' Him who died for me.
conquered sin for me; And trust, thro' grace, to over-come—Thro' Him who died for me.
left His home for me; And hope at last to reign in heaven With Him who died for me.

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I Trust, O Lord, in Thee.

P. P. Bliss.

"How can I, except some man should guide me?"—Acts 8:31.

Earnestly.

1. I do believe that Jesus died To save a world from woe, That on the cross the crucified His mighty love did show; I do believe Thy gospel true, Would come at God's command; But I her joy might know; A look she gave of sad surprise—That I should doubting be; While the accepted time; Tell me, for I would come to-day, Show me the way, and how; He

2. I asked a little child, her face With angel light a-glow, How she obtained forgiving grace, That how to come, or what to do, I can not understand, But how to come, or tear-drops filled her wond'ring eyes, She answered "He loves me," While tear-drops filled her read the words "I am the way," And said, "Just trust Him now," He read the words "I

3. I would see Jesus, sir, said I, To one in man-hood's prime, For refuge to the rock would fly In

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I Trust, O Lord, in Thee. Concluded.

Dear aged pilgrim, drawing near
To death's dark, shadowy vale,
How dost thou "read thy title clear?"
Does saving grace avail?

He answered as he neared the shore,
And earth's lights grew more dim,
||: Forever and forever-more
I rest it all in Him. ||

Jesus, Thou Son of God, to Thee
I breathe this prayer sincere:
Thine, Thine forever would I be,
O save me now and here,

It was Thy plan and not my own
That Thou shouldst die for me;
||: Thine is the power, and Thine alone,
I trust, O Lord, in Thee. ||

I Believe.

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

1. My fears a-rise, And clouds obscure the way; With tear-ful eyes And aching heart I pray:
2. By sin oppressed, To Thy dear cross I flee; I smite my breast; Be mer-ci-ful to me;

Sav-iour, re-lieve; Thy presence brings re-lief; "Lord, I be-lieve; Help Thou my un-be-lief."
Let me not grieve; Thou canst dis-pel my grief; "Lord, I be-lieve; Help Thou my un-be-lief."

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Our Festive Song.

Fanny J. Crosby.  
"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Ps. 65: 11.  
W. H. Doane.

1. We welcome with delight Another happy day, Our hearts like merry bells Ring out their
   sil-ver lay; We catch the ros-y beams Reflect-ed from the eye Of Him whose wonders
   on the wing; And now, a mer-ry throng, We come as glad as they; Our banners wav-ing

2. Cold winter flies a-way, The blushing, fair-y spring Comes tripping o'er the lea, While birds are
   fill the earth, Whose glory fills the sky. An-oth-er year has gone, An-oth-er year begun; To
   in the air, We hail our fes-tive day.

D. S. We thank His ho-ly name For all His ten-der care, We praise Him for the

Fine. Refrain.

Sunday School, And faithful teachers there.

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Our Festive Song. Concluded.

Constrained by Love.

1. Constrained by love of Christ, I sing, Oh, love unbounded, free! His name, my
2. My Saviour from eternal woe He gave Himself to be; Eternity alone can show The price He paid for me.

3 My risen Lord, a precious name! I long have loved it well; But His eternal love for me Is more than tongue can tell.

4 My heavenly King before the throne, I in His name appear; My pray'rs He hears, my name will My song He loves to hear. [own,
The Sword of the Lord.

P. P. Bliss.

"And the three hundred blew the trumpets."—Judges 7:22.

1. It was midnight in the valley, and the camp was dark and still, Where the slumb'ring host of
2. Where the faint and fear-ful thousands had returned at God's command, By the chos-en few and
3. Christian soldiers, be not fear-ful; on-ward with your Captain go; Ev-er "looking un-to

Mid-ian lay a-long the slop-ing hill, When a blind-ing flash of torch-es, and a
faith-ful, vic-t'ry came to Gideon's band; Hear them giv-ing God the glo-ry, as a-
Je-sus," you shall con-quer ev-ry foe; He hath triumph'd—take your trumpets, let the

Chorus.

trump-et loud and shrill, Threw out the Battle Cry: Blow ye the trumpet, for the Lord hath made us free; Your
round the camp they stand And shout their Battle Cry:
world your vic-t'ry know; Sing loud your Battle Cry:

blazing lamps raise high! "The Sword of the Lord and of Gide-on," shall be Our conqu'ring Battle Cry.
raise high!
ROUND THE CROSS.

F. J. C.

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

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Only trusting in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave: He has suffered
2. Only trusting, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do; Every trial
3. There are breakers in the distance, Yet no danger will I fear; On the Rock my
4. Only trusting, only trusting, This is joy and life to me; Thou wilt never

Refrain.

to redeem me, And His word I now believe. Round the cross my faith is twining,
that befalls me He will safely bring me thro'.
feet are resting, Naught of harm can reach me here.
leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

Round the cross my arms I throw; Heeding not the clouds above me, Dreading not the waves below.

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Is it Well with Thee.

Mrs. F. J. V. A

"Is it well with thee?"—2 Kings 4:26.

W. H. Doane.

1. Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou felt the precious cleansing blood?
2. Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou laid thy every weight aside?
3. Are thy feet made fast on the solid rock, On the rock that never shall remove;
4. Is it well with thee? O rejoice in hope; Let thy soul with fervent rapture swell,

Art thou justified by a living faith? Hast thou peace and fellowship with God?
Art thou leaving all for thy Master's sake? To the world wilt thou be crucified?
Canst thou turn from self to the crimson cross, And be lost to all but Jesus' love?
If, before thy God, from the inmost heart, Thou canst truly answer, All is well.

Refrain.

Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee? Hast thou laid up thy treasure above?

With the eye of faith dost thou clearly see? Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?

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There's a City of Light.

W. S.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev. 21:25.

Wm. Stevenson.

1. There's a city of light, Where no shadow of night Ever falls on its streets made of gold;
2. There the glorified throng Sing the newly made song, Ever praising the Lamb that was slain;
3. To that home in the skies, With glad songs we shall rise, There to bathe in its sunlight of love;

For no storms ever rise In those heavenly skies, And no clouds dim its glories untold.
While the angels of light Harps and voices unite In repeating the rapturous strain.
With dear friends gone before We shall dwell evermore In those mansions of glory above.

Refrain.

Oh! we all may meet there, And its glories may share, In that beautiful city above;

Oh! we all may meet there, And its glories may share, In that beautiful city above.

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WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE.

“So shall we ever be with the Lord.”—1 Thess. 4:17.

R. L.

R. Lowry.

1. Soon will come the setting sun, When our work will all be done, And the weary heart at last be still; But the Lord, with loving cry, Will awake us by and by, dark the storm around our door; But the Lord will make a way To the shining realms of day, want and woe together here; But the Lord at length will come, In His love to take us home,

2. Deep the shadows in the vale, Fierce the howling of the gale, Long and

3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with passing years, Mingle

We'll meet again on Zion's hill. We'll meet each other there, Yes, we'll with the shadow and the storm no more.

And we'll never know a sorrow there.

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WE'LL MEET EACH OTHER THERE. Concluded.

meet each other there, And the Saviour's presence share When we meet each other there; We'll

meet each other there, Yes, we'll meet each other there, And a crown of glory we shall wear.

crown, a crown of glory we shall wear.

Now the Day is over.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."—Psa. 4: 8. Hubert P. Main.

Tenderly.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee, Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.
4. Thro' the long night-watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.
5. When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy Holy Eyes.

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Lean ing on Thee, my Guide and Friend, My gracious Saviour, I am blest; Though weary, Thou dost descend To be my rest. Leaning on Thee, Leaning on Thee,

1. Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith, To Thee the future I confide; Each step of life's untrod-den path Thy love shall guide.

2. Leaning on Thee, tho' faint and weak, Too weak another voice to hear, Thy heavenly accents comfort speak, "Be of good cheer."

3. Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms; Although I stand on death's dark brink, I'll feel the everlasting arms, I will not sink.

4. Lean ing on Thee alone; Leaning on Thee, Leaning on Thee, On Thee... alone.

Still I'm

By Permission.
My Refuge.

P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

"Your refuge from the avenger of blood."—Josh. 20:3.

My Refuge.

1. Jesus, Saviour, to Thy side From th' aveng-er I would flee; Let me safely there abide, Let thy grace my Refuge be. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, in Thee, in Thee.

2. Whereso'er my tent I spread There will I Thy name make known; Israel, by one Shepherd led, Ever-more in Him are one. power, Trustful ever, may I sing. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee.

3. To Thy lov-ing side each hour, Close and clos-er would I cling; Shielded by Thy might-y bide, Let me hide myself in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee, in Thee.

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I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS.


1. Come, talk to me of Jesus, That loving friend divine; For what on earth so precious To
this lone heart of mine? And if amid the careless My feet begin to rove, Then
soon be overpast; When, with their beams of glory, The heavens shall glow above, Then
join the choral band; And with the sweetest music That ever heart can move, Oh,

By Permission.
I Love to Hear of Jesus. Concluded.

love to hear of Jesus, I love to hear of Jesus, Of Jesus and His love.

Nearer to Me.

P. P. Bliss.

"He shall cover thee."—Ps. 91: 4.

P. P. Bliss.

Andante.

1. Be near, O God, to me, Nearer to me; So shall I truly be "Nearer to Thee."
2. Fold me beneath Thy wing, Saviour divine; There may I sweetly sing, "Jesus is mine."
3. Thy hand, in youth's wild way, Did me uphold; For-sake me not, I pray, When I am old;

Thy face I can not see, Still be Thou near to me, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
O'er all life's stormy sea, My guide and haven be, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
I put my trust in Thee, Now and eternally, Be near, O God, to me, Nearer to me.

By Permission.
My Soul Will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

R. Lowry.

1. Helpless I come to Jesus' blood, And all myself resign; I lose my weakness
2. 'Tis Jesus gives me life within, And nerves me for the fray; He spoiled the hosts of
3. Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong, In Jesus' name I'll

Refrain.

in that flood, And gather strength divine. My soul will overcome by the
death and sin, And took their pow'r away.
struggle thro', And enter heav'n with song.

blood of the Lamb, My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; overcome,
overcome,
overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

overcome, My soul will overcome,

By Permission.
Why waitest Thou?

Harry C. Ayers.

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

W. H. Doane.

1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst Thou yet reject Him? None so kind as He.

2. Tenderly He woos thee, Do not slight His call; Tho' thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all.

3. Jesus still is waiting; Sinner, why delay? To His arms of mercy Rise and haste away.

Do not grieve Him longer, Come and trust Him now; He has waited all thy days, Why waitest thou?

Turn to Him repenting, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart, Why waitest thou?

Only come believing, He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door, Why waitest thou?

Refrain.

Still His love would save thee, O receive Him now; He has waited all the day, Why waitest thou?

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I've heard the good news in the Gospel, It makes me so happy and free,—That Jesus re-
Occasionally when I walk in the darkness, My pathway I hardly can see; But trusting "Our
He tells me that soon I shall see Him, I wonder how long it will be; He's gone to pre-
members the children; I know He will care for me. I know He will care for me, for me, I
Father in Heaven," I know He will choose for me. I know He will choose for me, for me, I
pare me a mansion; I know He will come for me. I know he will come for me, for me, I

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THE GOOD NEWS. Concluded.

I know He will care for me; Yes, Jesus remembers the children; I know He will care for me.
I know He will choose for me; But trusting "Our Father in Heaven," I know He will choose for me.
I know He will come for me; He's gone to prepare me a mansion; I know He will come for me.

CHORUS.

I know He will care for me, for me, I know He will care for me;
I know He will choose for me, for me, I know He will choose for me;
I know He will come for me, for me, I know He will come for me;

Yes, Jesus remembers the children; I know He will care for me.
But trusting "Our Father in Heaven," I know He will choose for me.
He's gone to prepare me a mansion; I know He will come for me.

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Tell me more about Jesus.

P. P. Bliss.

"The chiefest among ten thousand."—CANT. 5: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Chorus.

Je - sus; Him would I know who loved me so; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
One Blessed Hour with Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"At the hour of prayer."—Acts 3:1.

W. H. DOANE.

1. One blessed hour with Jesus our Lord, One blessed hour to feast on His word; One blessed hour with
2. One blessed hour with Jesus to plead, One blessed hour to tell Him our need; One blessed hour re-
3. One blessed hour from labor to rest, One blessed hour to lean on His breast; Loving and loved, His
4. One blessed hour with Jesus our King, One blessed hour to speak and to sing; One blessed hour with

Refrain.

Jesus apart, One blessed hour to calm the troubled heart. One sweet hour of holy, calm de-light,
freshing and sweet, One blessed hour to sit at Jesus' feet.
favor to share, One blessed hour of soul re-viv-ing prayer.
Jesus, how dear! Surely 'tis Heav'n, and Heav'n itself is here.

One sweet hour of tender, melt-ing love; One sweet hour, O precious Saviour, One sweet hour with Thee.

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Paul and Silas.

P. P. Bliss.

"Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God."—Acts 16:25.

D. B. Towner.

1. Night has fallen on the city, And the streets at last are still, Where the noisy crowd, unceasing,
   Did the air with shoutings fill; And the weary, way-worn travelers, Preaching Jesus thro' the land,
   Were in deepest dungeon darkness, By the magistrate's command.
   Oh, there's not a cell so lonely
2. Many stripes to them were given; Many curses on them cast; Many bolts and bars surround them,
   In the stocks their feet are fast; While the cruel, Roman jailor, All securely sleeping on,
   Little dreams the mighty wonders Of the morrow's early dawn.
   Oh, there's not a night so cheerless
3. Hark, the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long! No, again, and louder, clearer,
   'Tis the voice of prayer and song! See, the prison walls are shaking, And the door wide open stands!
   Lo, behold the earth is quaking, Loosed are every prisoner's bands!
   But there's potency in prayer;
4. Oh, there's not a cell so lonely
   But a song may echo there;
   Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim,
   Pray, oh, pray, thou burdened prisoner,
   God will give thee sweet release.
At Last.

Josephine Pollard.

"He shall overcome at the last."—Gen. 49:19.

R. Lowry.

1. At last the chains are broken, At last the rock is rent, The glad confession
   Spoken Ere yet the day is spent. Be glad, with joy exulting, That
   Satan's reign is past, That in this heart my Saviour A welcome finds at last.

2. 'Twas Jesus, great Physician, Who sought my love to win, Who pitied my conscienceness,
   And broke the spell of sin. Where Satan kept me chained.

3. But for His loving kindness, I might have still remained Unconscious of mypleasure My Saviour set me free.

4. His words I did not treasure, His beauty did not see, Until from selfish
   Chorus.
My Spirit is Free.

1. I follow the footsteps of Jesus, my Lord, His Spirit doth lead me along; I
2. A leper He found me, polluted by sin, From which He alone can set free; He
3. A captive in woe to my prison of night, The Master hath opened the door; O
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full salvation is wrought For sinners from sorrow and woe; O

walk in the pathway made plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
spake in His mercy, "I will, be thou clean," And He instantly purified me.
shout of deliverance, ye angels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ever more.
sing of His grace who my pardon has bought, For His blood washes "whiter than snow."

Chorus.

Glory to God! my spirit is free, Glory to God! He purifies me; I'm

walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Jesus my Lord.
Wake a Song of Gladness.

P. J. C.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Psa. 106:1.

W. H. Doane.

1. Wake a song of gladness, Wake a song of praise, Sing of Him whose goodness Crowns our days;
2. Wake a song of gladness, Sing with loud acclaim; Rock of our salvation—Great His name;
3. Feeble though our voices, Humble though our lays, Jesus, our Redeemer, Hears our praise;

Tell of all His mercies Every morning new, How His loving kindness Falls like dew.
Wave the royal banner While we march a-long, Make the hearts around us Glad with song.
If to Him we're faith-ful, Crowns to us He'll give, And with Him forever We shall live.

D. S. He shall reign forever, He shall be adored; Praise Him every creature, Praise the Lord.

Refrain.

Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord our King, Loud hosannas let us joyful sing;
110

I COME TO THEE.

Hattie M. Conrey.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

R. Lowry.

1. O Lord, awakened by Thy word, I come to Thee; Oh, let my feeble prayer be heard—

2. Now let me hear Thy pard'ning voice; O Lord, for-give; Oh, bid my ach-ing heart re-joice;

3. Help now, O Lord, my un-be-lief; Now I be-lieve; Tho' of all sinners I am chief,

4. The remnant of my days is Thine; Oh, take me, Lord;

I come to Thee; I have no mer-it of my own, But by Thy blood Thou didst a-tone; Help
O Lord, for-give; Seal me this day for-ev-er Thine,And in my soul let glo-ry shine,And
Now I be-lieve; Now, Lord, what wilt Thou have me do? My path of du-ty plain-ly show,And
me to trust in Thee a-lone—I come to Thee.
tell me Je-sus Christ is mine—O Lord, for-give.
I will fol-low as I know—Now I be-lieve.

By Permission.
WHO WILL REPLY?

P. P. Bliss.

"White already to harvest."—John 4: 35.

JAMES McGranahan.

1. The fields are white, 'tis harvest time, But laborers are few; The Lord unto His

2. Faint heart, no longer idly stand, Nor yet an hour delay; The gathering clouds a

Chorus.

serv-ice calls The willing and the true. Hear ye the call, who will re- ply?

storm foretell; A- rise, go, work to-day!

earnest call, Oh, who'll reply?

Send me, O Master, here am I.

Send me, O Master, here am I.

3 Wait not for other hands to do The service of the Lord;

"To every man his work" is given, And each receives reward.

4 What wondrous grace, oh, Lord is Thine, Such servants to employ,

To make us partners in Thy toil, And sharers in Thy joy!

Cho.—I hear the call, I now reply, Send me, O Master, here am I.

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Calling for Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

"The master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11:28.

W. H. Doane.

1. How oft have I pictured, alone to myself, How full of delight I would be If
2. And yet in my spirit a voice I have heard, More soft than a whisper could be; It
3. I might have been faithful, more faithful to Thee, So kind and forbearing with me; My
4. O Saviour, forgive me, while yet there is time; Some fruit would I gather for Thee; If

some one should whisper, The Master has come, And now He calleth for thee. Calling for thee, calling for
spoke to my heart, and it lovingly said, The Master calleth for thee.
heart is reproved with the sad, touching words, The Master calleth for thee.
only a sheaf, and the weakest of all, Dear Lord, accept it from me.

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I am saved! I am saved! Jesus bids me go free; He has bought with a price Even me, even me. Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Hallelujah to my Saviour; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

1. I am saved! I am saved! Jesus bids me go free; He has bought with a price Even me, even me. Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Hallelujah to my Saviour; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am "whiter than snow;" He is mighty to save, This I know, this I know. Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Hallelujah to my Saviour; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

3. Wondrous love! Wondrous love! Now the gift I receive; I have rest in His word, I believe, I believe. Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Hallelujah to my Saviour; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

4. I was weak—I am strong In the power of His might; And my darkness He turns Into light, into light.

5. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Ye His saints everywhere; I shall join in the throng Over there, over there.
Wise to Win.

P. P. Bliss.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11:30.

C. C. Case.

1. God of wisdom, hear my cry, Heal this broken heart; Weak and sinful, Lord, am I,

2. To Thy work I gladly go, Master, lead me on; Of Thy grace the world must know,

Chorus.

Strength divine impart. By the water of Thy word, Wash me,

By the water, by Thy word,

By the water, by Thy word,

By the water, by Thy word,

Trophies must be won.

By Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,

By the Holy Spirit, Lord,

By the Holy Spirit, Lord,

3. Winning wisdom have I none, All must come from Thee; Thine the power, and Thine alone All the praise shall be.

Make me wise, yes, make me wise to win.

Make me wise, yes, make me wise to win.
Any One Here?

Mrs. F. J. A.

"Help thou me."—Ps. 119: 86.

W. H. Doane.

1. Is there any sad heart that is heavily laden? Any one here? Any one here? Any one here? Is there any poor soul who would love the Saviour? Come, and we will help you on your way.

2. Is there any who thirsts for the living water? Any one here? Any one here? Any one here? Is there any who sighs for the crimson fountain? Come, and we will help you on your way.

3. Is there any who would ask for a word of comfort? Any one here? Any one here? Any one here? Is there any who feels that our prayers would cheer you? Come, and we will help you on your way.

4. Is there any who longs to be owned by Jesus? Any one here? Any one here? Any one here? Is there any who will say, I believe this moment? Come, and we will help you on your way.

Refrain.

Just as you are the Lord will save you, Come without delay; Is there any poor soul who would follow Jesus? Come, and we will help you on your way.

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“Afterward.”

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

“Nevertheless, afterward—”—HEB. 12: 11.

P. P. BLISS.

1. What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord, For this dark and suffering night? Father, oh what shall Thine
2. What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord, For the moan that I cannot stay? Wilt Thou not turn it to
3. What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord, How long this chast’ning endure? “Afterward” cometh I

“afterward” be? Hast Thou a morning of joy for me, And a new and a joyous light? And a
anthems of praise, Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise, When the darkness hath passed away? When the
can not tell what; Fa- ther, ’tis well that I know it not, But I know that Thy word is sure! But I

new and a joy- ous light? What shall Thine “afterward” be? Oh, what shall Thine “afterward” be?
darkness hath passed away? know that Thy word is sure!

By Permission.
Blessed Saviour, Tarry with Us.


Theme suggested by Mrs. Boyd, Kittanning, Pa.

Rev. J. S. Boyd.

1. Blessed Saviour, tarry with us, Leave us not, we pray; Let Thy hallowed presence cheer us,
2. Make our hearts to burn within us As Thy truth we trace; Showing how by death Thou livest,
3. Since Thou now hast all things ready,—Having spread the feast, By Thy loving kindness drawing,
4. Granting still Thy gracious blessing, Open Thou our eyes; Let Thy light dispel our darkness,

Chorus.

All our pilgrim way. Tarry with us, tarry with us, Leave us not, we pray;
Saving us by grace.
Bring us all to taste.
Make us truly wise.

5. Tarry with us all life's journey,
Over Jordan guide;
Then with Thee we'll tarry ever
On the other side.

Cho.—Tarry with us, tarry with us,
Over Jordan guide,
Let Thy presence bless us ever
On the other side.

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1. Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, Have you not a word to say? Just a little word for Jesus? Speak it, speak it while you may; Ah, how soon the lips may whiten, sweet occasion, Once He gave His life for you; Yes, and now He sends the Spirit, till this moment Never yet have been unsealed; Speak the blessed "Who-so-ever,"

And the tongue refuse to tell How He sought you, how He saved you, How He loved you—oh, so well! Whisp'ring to your in-most soul; Speak for Jesus, speak for Jesus, Let His love your lips control. Bid the heavy laden come; Just these little words for Jesus Bring the weary wand'rer home.

By Permission.
MY FAITH STILL CLINGS.

Rev. H. F. Colby.

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

W. H. Doane.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path beset with snares; But Thou, O
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife To find Thy
3. Temptations lure and fears assail My frail, inconstant heart; But precious
4. Unfold Thy precepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes; Grant me to

Refrain.

Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers. To Thee, to Thee, the Crucifix
love a sweet relief; Thou art the light of life.
are Thy promises, And they new strength impart.
work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

fied, The sinner's only plea, Relying on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.
WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

1. See the gentle Shepherd standing Where the quiet waters flow; To the
2. Only by the door we enter, All who enter He will save; Life a-
3. Safe within the fold He leads us, He the Shepherd, we His own; And as

Chorus.

pastures green inviting, Hungry, thirsty, let us go. Where He leads, we will follow, Where He
bountifully bestowing, Tho' His life the Shepherd gave.
Him the Father knoweth, Precious tho'—of Him we're known.

leads, we will follow, Where He leads, we will follow, We will follow all the way.

By Permission.
"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

1. By and by, when the reapers come, And we hear the song of the harvest home, 'Twill be sweet to think of our labor done, Of the golden sheaves in the setting sun.

2. By and by, when at home we meet, When we cast our sheaves at the Master's feet, In the land of rest 'twill be joy to know, It was not in vain that we toiled below.

3. By and by, if we watch and wait, We shall enter in at the pearl-y gate; We shall sit us down with our friends a-bove, Mid the songs of joy in a feast of love.

By and by, when the angel reapers come, We will join the song of the harvest home; O by and by, when the angel reapers come, We will join the song of the harvest home.
1. By the sea-side stood the people, Hearing what the Saviour said; Seeing miracles of mercy,

Thinking not of rest or bread; But as evening shadows gathered, Jesus saw they had no meat;

And His loved Apostles questioned, "Where is food that these may eat?" O how wonderful His mercy,

And they seemed to be in vain; But the Saviour's blessing touched them, And they were enough for all;

So our words and pray'rs and offerings God can use, tho' few and small. O how wonderful His mercy,

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BY THE SEA-SIDE. Concluded.

Human souls with love to feed, And with home, and bread, and friendship, Still supply our every need!
Little hearts to save from sin, And to use our gifts and voices Oth-er souls for Christ to win!

ALONE.

P. P. Bliss.

"And yet I am not alone."—John 16: 32.

1. He was there a-lone when even Had ’round earth its mantle thrown; Holding
2. There His in-most heart’s emo-tion Made He to His Fa-ther known; In the

converse sweet with heaven, He was there a-lone a-lone.
spirit of de-votion Praying there a-lone a-lone.

So let us, from earth retiring, Seek our heavenly Father’s throne;
To His image e’er aspiring, Be with Him alone—alone.

So, when time its course hath ended, And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by holy ones attended, Shall not be alone—alone.

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1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, "Follow me, follow me," Softly thro' the silence falling, "Follow, follow me;" As of old He called the fishers at His bidding, "Follow, follow me;" Hark! that tender voice entertaining, hear Him calling, "Follow, follow me;" Turning swift at Thy sweet summons,

When He walked by Galilee, Still His patient voice is pleading, "Follow, follow me;" Mariners on life's rough sea, Gently, lovingly repeating, "Follow, follow me;" Ev ermore, dear Christ, would we For Thy love all else forsaking, "Follow, follow Thee."

By Permission.
WE WILL NOT DESPAIR.

P. W. Hill.

"Thou art my portion, O Lord."—Ps. 119: 57.

P. P. Bliss.

1. We will not despair, Tho' storms our bark may sever; Knowing every where, Jehovah can deliver.

2 When, in death's dark vale, By Jordan's rolling river, Earthly helpers fail, Jehovah must deliver.

3 Oh! let come what will, We'll trust our faithful Giver; And our song is still— Jehovah will deliver.

Spir It Divine.

P. P. Bliss.

"Grace to help in time of need."—Heb. 4: 16.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Spirit Divine, Spirit Divine, Be Thou the Day-star on my darkness to shine.


3. Spirit of Love, Spirit of Love, Be Thou the Leader to my mansion above.

4. Spirit of Power, Spirit of Power, Be Thine the praises of my song ever-more.

By Permission.
Bear the Cross for Jesus.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

"Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark 10:21.

R. Lowry.

1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it every day; Tho' the path be rugged,
   Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for Jesus, What-so-e'er it be;
   Bear it, and remember All His love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
   Just the one He gives you Is for you the best.
   We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.

2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
   What-so-e'er thy life; Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest;
   Bear it, and remember All His love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
   Just the one He gives you Is for you the best.
   We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.

3. Bear the cross for Jesus, Would you know the power Of His grace to save you—
   Save you hour by hour; Bear the cross for Jesus, Nev-er mind its weight;
   Bear it, and remember All His love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
   Just the one He gives you Is for you the best.
   We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.
Bear the Cross for Jesus. Concluded.

Bear it every day; Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it all the way.

Soon and Forever.

P. P. Bliss.

"Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness."—1 Pet. 1:6.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Only a few more years, Only a few more cares;
2. Only a few more wrongs, Only a few more sights;
3. Then an eternal stay, Then an eternal throng;

Only a few more smiles and tears, Only a few more prayers.
Only a few more earthly songs, Only a few good byes.
Then an eternal, glorious day, Then an eternal song.

By Permission.
Christ, the Lord, is Risen to-day.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Girls.

“He is risen.”—Matt. 28:6.

Chorus.

Girls.

Chester G. Allen.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, He is risen indeed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,

Chorus.

Full Chorus.

1. He is risen indeed; “He captive led captivity, He robbed the grave of victory,” He

2. Let every mourning soul rejoice, And sing with one united voice; The

3. The great and glorious work is done, Free grace to all thro’ Christ, the Son; Ho-

4. Let all that fill the earth and sea Break forth in tuneful melody, And

broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelu-

Saviour rose to-day, The Saviour rose to-day.

San-na to His name, Hosanna to His name.

swell the mighty song, And swell the mighty song.

By Permission.
Christ, the Lord, is Risen to-day. Concluded.

lu-jah, A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.


R. Lowry.

1. In some way or other, The Lord will provide; It may not be my way, It may not be my way, It may not be my way,

2. At some time or other, The Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It may not be my time, It may not be my time,

3. Despond, then, no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the token—No word He hath spoken Was ever yet broken—"The Lord will provide."

4. March on, then, right boldly; The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious With shoutings victorious, We join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

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Another Soldier Fallen.

In memory of P. P. Bliss. Chorus and Music by George F. Root.

Con moto.

1. Another soldier fallen In the rank and file of God; A life's grand record ended,
2. Oh, faithful armor bearer, How many eyes are dim, Because you join no longer
3. Oh, comrade in God's army, The battle trumpet ring; The dear old flag you fought for

An earth-ly pathway trod; Safe in the home he sung of Till hardest hearts were stirred,
Earth's mighty bat-tle hymn; True heart, loved as a broth-er, Your friend-ly hand we miss,
Up-on the winds we fling; The thought of you will strengthen The weak heart in the fray,

Chorus.

Among the songs e-ter-nal His own sweet voice is heard. Oh, no-ble christian sol-dier,
But think with heart ex-ult-ant, He knows what heaven is.
And this the word we send you, We'll "hold the fort" to-day!

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Another Soldier Fallen. Concluded.

Your mem'ry shall be dear; For while you sing the New Song there, Your own shall bless us here.

Sing, my Soul.


P. P. Bliss.

Joyously.

1. Sing, my soul, from bondage free; Israel's God thy God will be; In the dark and foamy sea
2. Fainting on the desert way, For my “daily bread” I pray; Bread of Life, Thy Life I need,
3. When the enemy is nigh, Lord, to Thee, to Thee I cry; Save me in the trying hour,

Refrain.

Pharaoh's host shall buried be. Sing, my soul, from bondage free; Israel's God thy God will be.
Let me ever on Thee feed.
Save my soul from Satan's power.

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1. O Spirit of Truth from the Father above, Come dwell in my heart, every idol remove; I need Thee to counsel, to comfort and cheer, I need Thee to warn me when dangers are near.

2. The riches of grace and its fullness unfold, And teach me to trust where I cannot behold; O why am I doubting and ready to fall, When Thou art so willing to answer my call?

3. O Spirit of Love! my Redeemer doth send My Teacher and Guide, my Protector and Friend; I see not before me one step by the way, But Thou art my Safeguard by night and by day.

Refrain.

O blessed Comforter, draw me to Thee; I need Thee, I need Thee, O dwell Thou with me.
1. O sin-ner, the Saviour is calling, In love He in-vites you to come; Turn not from the
2. The Spir-it, so earn-est-ly pleading, Now bids thee no long-er de-lay; With strivings and
3. Why longer re-fuse gracious pardon, And scorn to be saved by the blood? Why sport on the
4. There's only one way of sal-va-tion, One pow'r to redeem from the grave; In Je-sus a-

ark of sal-va-tion, But en-ter while yet there is room. Then haste! for the storm is dark'ning!
for groans in-ter-ced-ing, Would bring thee to Jesus to-day.

brink of per-di-tion, In-vit-ing the judgments of God?

lone is re-demption, He on-ly is “mighty to save.”

refuge to Cal-va-ry flee; Escape from the dan-ger that threatens, For the Master calleth thee.
This is the Victory.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." — 1 John 5:4

P. P. Bliss.

Vigorously.

1. March to the battle-field, March on with sword and shield; March on; the
2. Stand firm against thy foes; Stand, though a host oppose; Stand! well our
3. Fight, though thy foes increase; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the

foe shall yield To Christ our King; Onward, ye faithful band, Onward at
Leader knows Our conflicts all; "Fear not," He says to thee, "Fear not, but
war shall cease, Then shout and sing; Shout, then, triumphantly. Shout, shout the

His command; Onward, nor halting stand, But loudly sing.
valiant be, Fear not, but trust in Me; The foe must fall.
victory; Shout, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, our King!"

By Permission.
This is the Victory. Concluded.

This is the victory, This is the victory, This is the victory

We sing by the way; This is the victory, This is the victory

This is the victory, This is the victory, And faith gains the day.

By Permission.
THE GLAD FOREVER.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.
Solo or Chorus.

"They shall reign forever and ever."—Rev. 22: 5.

R. Lowry.

1. I sometimes think 'tis too good to be true, When they talk of Life's fair river—Of the land so bright, where there falls no night On the beautiful, the glad Forever.

2. I sometimes ask, when I think of the end, Will the Lord on me have pity? Will He bid me come to the dear, dear home In the beautiful, the holy city?

3. I sometimes wish, when I'm weary and sad, That the golden gates were nearer; But I still can wait for a joy so great, And I know the crown will be the dearer.

Chorus.

Oh, no matter what the world says, No matter for its frown, No matter for the storm, no,

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never; If to Jesus you are true, There's a glory waits for you In the beautiful, the glad Forever.

We praise Thee.

1. We praise Thee—we bless Thee our Father and Friend, O let our de-votions before Thee ascend;
2. We thank Thee for blessings received every day—For which Thou hast taught us unceasing to pray;
3. Protect us—defend us from sin and from harm, As the shepherd doth gather the lambs with his arm;

In youth and in childhood, together we come, To pray that Thy will in our hearts may be done.
But O, for the treasures Thy Word hath in store, Thy name, O our Father, we bless and adore.
O nourish and strengthen our souls now in youth, With Thy love and Thy wisdom, Thy goodness and truth.
JOIN THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." - Eph. 5:11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, join our noble temp'rance band, Battling for the right; Come, fill our ranks, like
he- roes stand, Bat- tling for the right; The cup of sin no long er drain, Of
ev- er yield, Bat- tling for the right; Our foes on ev'ry side we meet, Our
eroes of old, Bat- tling for the right; Our flag shall wave on ev- ery gale, A-
ev- ery joy the cru- el bane; 'Tis yours to break the tyrant's chain, Battling for the right.
cause they nev-er shall defeat; The temp'rance army scorns re-treat, Battling for the right.
gainst our foes we must prevail, For truth and jus-tice can-not fail, Battling for the right.

By Permission.
SING IT OUT WITH A SHOUT.

R. L. Vigorously.


R. Lowry.

1. Sing it out with a shout—Halle-lu-jah! On the plains of Bethlehem the angels sing; For the
2. Sing it out with a shout—Halle-lu-jah! Till the world shall listen to the angels’ song; Let the
3. Sing it out with a shout—Halle-lu-jah! For the world is waiting for the joyful sound; All the

Lord is come—Halle-lu-jah! And the heavens with gladness ring; O hear the music of the heav’ly host; They
seas be glad—Halle-lu-jah! And the hills the sound prolong; Go forth, ye heralds, and the tidings tell, That
angels sing—Halle-lu-jah! And the glory shines around; To every creature you may now proclaim A

Refrain.

bring good tidings to the sinner lost. Sing it out with a shout, For the
Christ the Saviour is Immanu-el.
free salvation in the Saviour’s name.

Sing it out with a shout,

Lord is come—Halle-lu-jah! Sing it out with a shout, For the Lord is come to reign.

Sing it out with a shout,

By Permission.
CROWN OF LIFE.

Rev. T. L. Baily.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

R. Lowry.

1. Press on, pilgrim, young tho' thou art; Firm be thy step, and brave thy heart; Believe the Lord, Obey His word,

2. Fight on, soldier, seek not for rest; Jesus will give when He thinks best; The battle o'er, To fight no more,

3. Cheer up, Christian, for "o-ver there" Glory is beaming clear and fair; Within the gate The angels wait,

CHORUS.

And from His counsels ne'er de-part. Press on, pilgrim; Fight on, soldier; Cheer up, Christian;
With peace and joy thou shalt be blest.
And thine the crown the ransomed wear.

Glory thou shalt see; To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be, And he shall reign to e-ter-ni-ty.

By Permission.
Sweet Moments of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Gently.

"There I will meet with thee and commune."—Exod. 25:22.

W. H. Doane.

1. Here from the world we turn, Jesus to seek; Here may His loving voice
   2. Come, Holy Comforter, Presence divine, Now in our longing hearts
   3. Saviour, Thy work revive, Here may we see Those who are dead in sin

Ten - der - ly speak; Jesus, our dearest friend, While at Thy
Grace - ously shine; Oh, for Thy mighty power, Oh, for a
Quick - ened by Thee; Come to our hearts to-night, Make every

feet we bend, Oh, let Thy smile descend; 'Tis Thee we seek.
bless - ed show'r, Fill - ing this hallowed hour With joy divine.
bur - den light, Cheer Thou our waiting sight, We long for Thee.

By Permission.
1. Is there trouble in your life? Cast your care on Jesus; Is there weakness in the strife?

2. Do you doubt His holy word? Cast your care on Jesus; Do you mourn your absent Lord?

3. Have you darkness when you pray? Cast your care on Jesus; Does the answer long delay?

4. Has the Saviour lost His charm? Cast your care on Jesus; Do you miss the sheltering arm?

Chorus.

Cast your care on Jesus. He bore it all for you, He bore it all for you—

Cast your care on Jesus.

Cast your care on Jesus.

Cast your care on Jesus.

5. Though your heart is full of ill, Cast your care on Jesus; There is One who loves you still Cast your care on Jesus.

Sin and sorrow, suffering too, Cast it all on Jesus.

6. Now return to mercy's door, Cast your care on Jesus; Love and joy will come once more, Cast your care on Jesus.

By Permission.
Ella Dale.

"A still, small voice."—1 Kings 19:12.

W. H. Doane.

1. In the silent watches of the night, Came a still, small voice that said, "Thorns and cross I bore for

2. In the busy labor of the morn, Whispered soft that voice of love, "Lay not up thy treasure

3. In the weary searching for the peace Earthly joy could not afford, Jesus whispered, "Come and

4. I will rest me, rest me ever there; Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine; In the calm and silent

Chorus.

thee, All thy sins on me were laid.” O my Saviour, I hear Thee still, Gently calling me, Sweetly

here, Set thy heart on things above.”

rest On the bosom of thy Lord.”

night, I shall hear Thy voice divine.

calling me To the narrow, narrow way, Leading on to endless day, Where the blest have gone before.

Copyright 1877, by Biglow & Main.
1. Will you meet me at the fountain, When I reach the glory-land? Will you meet me at the
2. Will you meet me at the fountain? For I'm sure that I shall know Kindred souls and sweet com-
3. Will you meet me at the fountain? I shall long to have you near When I meet my loving
fountain? Shall I clasp your friendly hand? Other friends will give me wel-
munion, More than I have known below; And the chorus will be sweet-
Saviour, When His welcome words I hear; He will meet me at the fountain,
Meet Me at the Fountain. Concluded.

Other loving voices cheer; There'll be music at the fountain; Will you, will you meet me there?

When it bursts upon my ear, And my heaven seem completer, If your happy voice I hear.

His embraces I shall share, There'll be glory at the fountain; Will you, will you meet me there?

Chorus.

Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain, At the fountain bright and fair, Yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll fair, yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll fair,

Oh, I'll meet you at the fountain,

meet you at the fountain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

Oh, I'll meet you at the fountain,

meet you at the fountain,
Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. Blackall.

“I press toward the mark.”—Phil. 3:14.

H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us.

2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth.

3. Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But Jesus dear to love us.

From on high, from on high; His loving tones are calling While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis

From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our Hope shall brighten ev'r, And

There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best endeavor, And praise His name for-ev'ry, Has

Chorus.

Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and

Faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh. Precious words can nev-er, Never die, nev-er die.
Triumph By and By. Concluded.

by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; By and by

by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

P. P. Bliss.

“The eyes of the Lord are in every place.”—Prov. 15: 3.

P. P. Bliss.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say; Knowing all my tho’ts and deeds, All my work and play.
2. God is always near me, In the darkest night He can see me just the same As by mid-day light.
3. God is always near me, Tho’ so young and small, Not a look, or word, or tho’t, But God knows it all.

By Permission.
Remembered.

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. 112: 6.

Dr. H. Bonar.

Con Espressione.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Fading away like the stars of the morning
2. So let my name and my place be forgotten,

Losing their light in the glorious sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,

Only my life-race be patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,

Only remembered by what I have done,
Only remembered by what I have done.

By Permission.
Remembered, Concluded.

Chorus. Soprano.

Ever remembered, for ever remembered, Ever remembered while the

Alto.

Ever-more remembered, ever-more remembered, Ever remembered while the

years are rolling on; Ever remembered, for ever remembered, Only re-

mem ber ed by what I have done.

mem ber ed by what I have done.

Ritard.

3.

So, in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown;
Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
I'm only remembered by what I have done.—Chorus.

4.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
So let my name be unhonored, unknown;
Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
Only remembered by what I have done.—Chorus.

By Permission.
1. O, what were life without Thy love, Or what were heav'n to me, if in that realm of vast delight I could not dwell with Thee? 'Tis heav'n with Thee, 'Tis heav'n with Thee, Thy voice to hear, which I live, 'Tis heav'n where'er Thou art. [Thy river flowed; A constant joy is mine. sovereign grace, For Thee a-lone to live. smile to see; Thy presence makes a heav'n for me, 'Tis heav'n with Thee.'Tis heav'n with Thee.

2. Thou art the sun whose genial beam Revives my drooping heart, Thou art the Heav'n in vast delight I could not dwell with Thee? 'Tis heav'n with Thee, 'Tis heav'n with Thee, Thy voice to hear, which I live, 'Tis heav'n where'er Thou art. [Thy river flowed; A constant joy is mine. sovereign grace, For Thee a-lone to live. smile to see; Thy presence makes a heav'n for me, 'Tis heav'n with Thee.'Tis heav'n with Thee.

3. Since first I found Thee at the cross, And felt Thy power divine, My peace has like a vast delight I could not dwell with Thee? 'Tis heav'n with Thee, 'Tis heav'n with Thee, Thy voice to hear, which I live, 'Tis heav'n where'er Thou art. [Thy river flowed; A constant joy is mine. sovereign grace, For Thee a-lone to live. smile to see; Thy presence makes a heav'n for me, 'Tis heav'n with Thee.'Tis heav'n with Thee.

4. Accept, O Lord, my humble praise, 'Tis all my heart can give; O help me, by Thy vast delight I could not dwell with Thee? 'Tis heav'n with Thee, 'Tis heav'n with Thee, Thy voice to hear, which I live, 'Tis heav'n where'er Thou art. [Thy river flowed; A constant joy is mine. sovereign grace, For Thee a-lone to live. smile to see; Thy presence makes a heav'n for me, 'Tis heav'n with Thee.'Tis heav'n with Thee.

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Saviour, again to Thy dear Name.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—Ps. 25: 20.

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Closing Hymn.
Welcome Tidings.

—I-No. 1—

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Ref. —Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?
Follow Jesus now.

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

—No. 2—

"Almost persuaded" now to believe,
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say:
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come today:
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wand'ring, come! I

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past !
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last !
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail:
Sad, sad, that bitter wall:
"Almost, but lost!"

P. P. Bliss.

—I-No. 3—

Take the name of Jesus with you
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Cho. — Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

—I-No. 4—

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here at our hearts He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Cho. — Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
Thee
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

Geo. F. Root.

—I-No. 5—

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Ref. — I need Thee, oh! I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

—I-No. 6—

Oh! a fountain full and free,
Overflowing ever;
Fainting heart, it is for thee,
Overflowing ever;
Gushing, sparkling, never still,
Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.

Ref. — Overflowing, overflowing ever,
Overflowing,
Flowing now for thee.

2 Blessed fount! the purest known,
Overflowing ever;
Stream of life from out God's throne,
Overflowing ever;
Sacred blood for sinners split,
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

E. F. C. II.

—I-No. 7—

More love to Thee, O Christ
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
Welcome Tidings.

—No. 10.—
SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

—No. 11.—
We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harp of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

Rev. John Atkinson.

—No. 12.—
MORE like Jesus would I be;
Let my Saviour dwell with me—
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide;
Born of Him, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 13.—
WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything 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.

H. Bonar, D. D.

—No. 14.—
HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow:
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

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

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

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

Alexander Clark, D. D.
Welcome Tidings.

—No. 15.—

TELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Cho.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."  
Kate Hankey.

—No. 16.—

I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.
Kate Hankey.

—No. 17.—

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

3 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
Fanny J. Crosby.

—No. 18.—

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest 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.

—No. 19.—

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Ref.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

S. F. Smith, D. D.

—No. 20.—

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
Chas. Wesley.

—No. 21.—

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'ringers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

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

3 To-day the Saviour 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.

2 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Fanny J. Crosby.
Welcome Tidings.

—No. 22.—

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy Grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

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

—Robert Robinson.

—No. 23.—

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.


—No. 24.—

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

—T. Dwight, D. D.

—No. 25.—

THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitent 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 Saviour’s blessing,—  
A nation in a day.

—S. F. Smith, D. D.

—No. 26.—

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E’en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I’d be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

—Sarah F. Adams.

—No. 27.—

AM I a soldier of the cross?  
A foll’wer 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 sail’d through bloody seas?

3 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

—Isaac Watts.

—No. 28.—

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there’s a cross for every one,  
And there’s a cross for me.

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

—John Mason.

—No. 29.—

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

2 Oh! 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 thy armor down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

—George Heath.

—No. 30.—

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

—Wm. Cowper.
WELCOME TIDINGS.

- No. 31. -

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.

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.

- No. 32. -

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Cavalry,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

Ray Palmer, D. D.

- No. 33. -

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; revive
us again.

- No. 34. -

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour 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.

- No. 35. -

Tune—"Hold the Fort."

Forward, brave men, to the battle;
Hear the call of God;
Prove your courage in the conflict,
Tread where worthies trod.

Cho.—Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,
Hold it high and strong;
Shout aloud the name of Jesus—
Swell the battle-song.

- No. 36. -

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

- No. 37. -

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Walter Shirley.

- No. 38. -

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.
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