

**GEMS  
OF  
PRAISE**

BY  
*JOHN R. SWENEY, M.B.*

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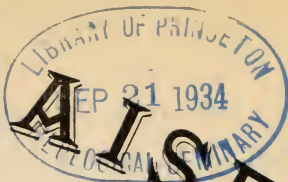
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GEMS OF PRAISE:



Choice Collection of Sacred Melodies,

✓✓ BY

JNO. R. SWENEY, M. B.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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# INTRODUCTION.

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For some time we have been publishing the musical productions of Prof. J. R. SWENEY in numbers, under the caption of "GEMS OF PRAISE Nos. 1, 2 and 3," and "GEMS OF PRAISE COMBINED." We now present to the religious public THE GEMS OF PRAISE in a completed form, embracing 176 pages of Words and Music suited for use in the Sunday School, the Class Room, the Revival Meeting, and the Social Gathering. And to add to the utility and popularity of this book, we have printed, and sent out with it, an edition of "GEMS OF PRAISE HYMNS," which will be sold at the low price of *ten cents per copy*, thus putting it in the power of every one to have a book of his own, and to join in the service of song.

Hoping that the completed book may find the same favor that greeted its earlier numbers, we send it forth on its mission of joy, praying God to give it whatever of success it may deserve.

J. B. McCULLOUGH, PUBLISHER.

# GEMS OF PRAISE

## THE OCEAN OF LOVE.

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, the love of my Saviour is boundless and free; Its tide is as deep as the fathomless sea; Its high rolling billows are laving each  
2. There are gems in this ocean, of value untold, Its treasures more precious than silver or gold, In Christ they are  
hidden, and only are

*Chorus.*  
shore, With blessings of sweetness from life's boundless store. Oh, this ocean of love, which bears me above, How calmly it flows  
found, By the faithful believer, in depths most profound. to the

pilgrim's repose; On its bo-som I ride; oh, how sweetly I glide, While Je-sus is mine, While Je-sus is mine.

3. While we gaze on this ocean with wonder and tears,  
Its unrivalled beauty in grandeur appears,  
While o'er its broad bosom in melody sweet,  
Loud anthems of praises we joyfully greet.

4. Oh, then come, heavy-laden, 'neath sin's weary load,  
In sorrow no longer pursue the broad road,  
Come, sail on this ocean of Infinite love,  
And join with the millions now landed above.

*Andante, with feeling.*

1. The har - vest is pass'd, and the reap - ers are gone; The sum - mer is end - ed, I

sor - row a - lone; God's mer - cies and judgments were slighted by me, And

now for de - liv - rance no hope can I see. The har - est is pass'd, and the

# THE HARVEST IS PAST. *Concluded.*

wheat all return'd, And now, with the chaff, I am doom'd to be burn'd; All

warnings of danger I mad - ly outraved,— The Summer is ended, and I am not sav'd.

2. The harvest is pass'd, and my soul, in despair,  
Must dwell with the lost, and their agonies share;  
In deep desolation I mourn at the last—  
All hopeless the future—the harvest is past.  
The harvest is pass'd,—I must part with my friends,  
Forever with them all my intercourse ends;  
With darkness around me, I feel the dread blast  
Of God's indignation,—the harvest is past.
3. Oh, that I could now all my lifetime forget;  
'Twill fill my poor soul with eternal regret,  
To think of the seasons of mercy and grace,  
When I with the people of God took my place.  
To think how the Spirit of strove with me then,  
And called me to Jesus again and again;  
I think of the promises oftentimes I made,  
Alas! to fulfil them I always delayed.

4. To think of prayers offer'd, and tears which were shed,  
That I, in my youth, to the cross might be led;  
To think of the loved ones who pleaded with me,  
Whose faces no more I'm permitted to see.  
To think of a heaven, and friends who are there,—  
Oh! mem'ry, why dost thou enhance my despair?  
If with those dear loved ones my lot I had cast,  
I now would be saved,—but the harvest is past.
5. Oh, sorrow of sorrows, eternally great!  
I'd now accept mercy, but now 'tis too late;  
God's justice on me is exerted at last,  
I have my reward, and the harvest is past.  
Though banished from God, in this torment to dwell,  
If prayer for the erring could rise up from hell,  
I'd groan out petitions for ages to come,  
To save one poor sinner, from this awful doom.

## LEAD ME TO JESUS.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, I'm tired of my sin, And wea - ry with fighting Pol - lu - tion with - in.  
2. Oh, lead me to Je - sus, I know he is love; To save err - ing children He came from a - bove.

In mer - cy now lead me Where I will find peace, And where all my sorrow For - ev - er will cease.  
He sure - ly will heal me And par - don my sin, Then graciously fill me With comfort with - in.

*Chorus.*

Oh, lead me so gen - tly, So gen - - tly to Je - sus,  
Lead me, oh, lead me so gen - tly, to Je - sus, So gen - tly, so gen - tly to Je - sus, to Je - sus,



# LEAD ME TO JESUS. *Concluded.*

Ten . . . . der - ly lead me A way un - to him . . . .

Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly lead me, Oh, lead me a - way, yes, a - way un - to him, un - to him.

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes G, B, and D.

For I am so wea - ry, So lone - ly and drea - ry,

For I'm so wea - ry, So lone-ly and dreary, So lonely, so lonely and dreary, so dreary.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff accompaniment remains consistent with quarter notes G, B, and D.

With bearing my bur - den of sin.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff melody ends with a half note G. The bass staff accompaniment ends with a half note G. Both staves conclude with a double bar line.

3. Oh, lead me to Jesus;  
Oh, show me the way;  
My soul in its blindness  
Has wandered astray.  
Then take me to Jesus,  
Who precious to see,  
The dear loving Saviour  
Who suffered for me.

## HOLD ON, MY HEART.

*Allegro.*

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hold on, my heart, in thy be - liev - ing, The stead-fast on - ly wears the crown ;

He who, when storm - y waves are heav - ing, Parts with his an - chor, shall go down ;

But he who Je - sus holds through all Shall stand, tho' earth and heav'n should fall.

2. Hold in thy murmurs, heaven arrainging,  
 The patient see God's loving face ;  
 Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,  
 'Tis they who win the Father's grace,  
 He wounds himself who braves the rod,  
 And sets himself to fight with God.

3. Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow ;  
 Hope from the dust shall conquering rise ;  
 The storm proclaims a sunnier morrow ;  
 The cross points on to paradise.  
 The Father reigneth ; cease all doubt ;  
 Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.

# OH, WHAT AM I DOING FOR JESUS.

9

Words by LOUIS EISENBISE.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. From the bright realms of glo-ry he came, He pitied my fallen es - tate; He carried my sorrow and  
2. How deep is his love un - to me, No pow-er of mine can ex-lore; So boundless, so gracious and

## Chorus.

shame, He groan'd 'neath the sor-row-ful weight. So gent - ly he bore it for thee, yes, for thee, The  
free, Tis a sea without bot - tom or shore. So gent - ly, etc.

Yes, for thee,

weight of thy sorrow and sin; So gent-ly he bore it for me, Oh, what am I do-ing for him.

Sorrow and sin for me.

3. He entered the dark chilling flood;  
He trod it alone undismayed;  
His sorrow was mingled with blood,  
For me in Gethsemene's shade.  
*Chorus.*—So gently etc.

4. I see him on Calvary's height,  
Transfixed on the rough rugged tree;  
The heavens are veiled at the sight,  
As he suffers for you and for me.  
*Chorus.*—So gently, etc.

## ONLY ASK HIM.

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Never fear to ask your Father, Ask for all you feel you need, For he tells us "ask ye largely" And he waits our call to heed.  
 2. If you have at heart a sorrow, If you have a pressing care, Come and tell him all about it, For he loves an humble pray'r.

## CHORUS.

On-ly ask Him, on-ly ask Him, Ask your Father without fear; He is waiting, he is waiting, Waiting, waiting, now to hear.

3. If you're toiling up the mountain,  
 Weary with the rugged way;  
 Ask, and he will send an angel  
 Guide to help you up the way.

4. Ask again, and fill your measure,  
 'Till 'tis pressed and running o'er;  
 And there yet are stores up yonder,  
 Greater, sweeter, than before.

## HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL.

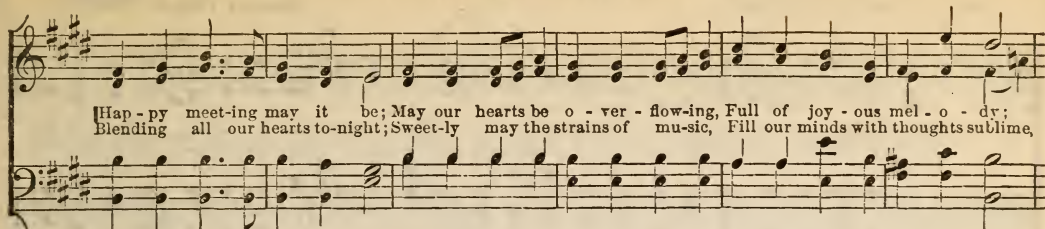
Words by R. C. FRAM.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Welcome, welcome, gladly welcome, To the childrens' Ju-bi - lee,  
 2. Welcome, welcome, sweetly welcome! Songs of joy, and beams of light,  
 Here we meet, with joy to greet you,  
 Gild the gold-en ties of friendship,  
 welcome all,

# HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL.

11



[Hap - py meet - ing may it be; May our hearts be o - ver - flow - ing, Full of joy - ous mel - o - dy;  
Blending all our hearts to - night; Sweet - ly may the strains of mu - sic, Fill our minds with thoughts sublime,



**Chorus.**

Each to each our love be showing, 'Tis the childrens' Ju - bi - lee. Welcome, welcome, wel - come, yes,  
Lift us high - er, make us pur - er, All our hearts in love combine.



welcome, Happy welcome to all, yes to all, Welcome, welcome, welcome, yes, welcome, Happy welcome to all, yes to all.

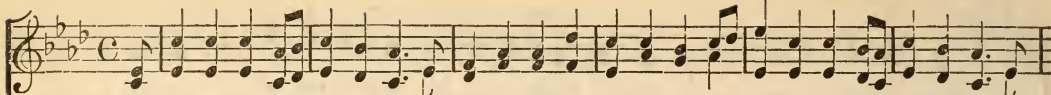
3. Welcome! welcome! Parents, Teachers,  
Freely join our songs of glee,  
Banish every thought of sadness,  
'Tis the childrens' Jubilee.  
Who may sing, if not the children?  
Let us join their merry song;  
Youthful hearts may utter praises,  
Glad'nug e'en the angel throng.

4. Welcome! welcome! singing welcome!  
Thanks we raise, O Lord, to Thee!  
Thou hast kindly, gently, led us,  
Brought us to our Jubilee.  
When we come to Jordan's river,  
Gazing on the other shore,  
May we find a hearty welcome,  
Welcome where we'll part no more.

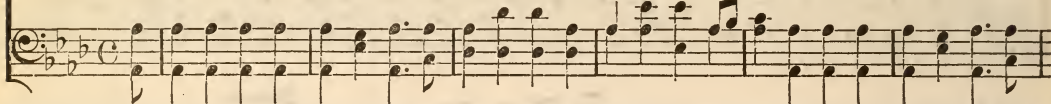
## WHOSOEVER.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

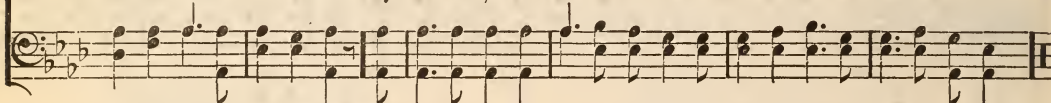
Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.



1. I praise the Lord that one like me, For mer-cy may to Je-sus flee; He says, that who-so-ev-er will, May  
2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Je-sus died my soul to save; He says, that who-so-ev-er will, May



seek and find sal - va-tion still. My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts me in the Who-so-ev-er.  
seek and find sal - va-tion still. My Saviour's, etc.



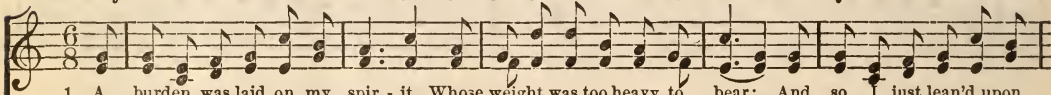
3. I look by faith and see this word,  
Stamp'd with the blood of Christ, my Lord,  
He says, that whosoever will,  
May seek and find salvation still.—*Cho.*

4. I now believe he saves my soul,  
His precious blood hath made me whole;  
He says, that whosoever will,  
May seek and find salvation still.—*Cho.*

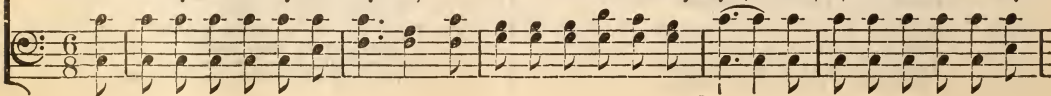
Words by FLOEA L. BEST.

## LEANING ON JESUS.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.



1. A burden was laid on my spir - it, Whose weight was too heavy to bear; And so I just lean'd upon  
2. The shadows of doubt gathered round me, While the skies a - bove me were dim; And I scarce could see thro' the  
3. Then wea-ry I sat by the way-side, And the tears fell fast from my eyes, When, lo, on the far - a - way



# LEANING ON JESUS. *Concluded.*

## Chorus.

Je - sus, And his loving heart heeded my pray'r. Leaning on Je - sus, my Re - fuge and Guide, Leaning on Je - sus, what  
darkness, The road that would lead me to him. Leaning on Je - sus, etc.  
mountains, I beheld the glad morning a - rise. Leaning on Je - sus, etc.

want I be - side? Earth's golden treasures seem nothing but dross, Since I have anchored my heart to his cross ;

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Lean - ing on Je - sus a - lone.  
Leaning, I'm leaning on Je - sus a - lone, Yes, I'm lean - ing on Je - sus a - - lone.

4. And its light came down from the hill-tops,  
And smiled on the valleys below,  
Till my heart sang aloud in its gladness,  
For the sunshine's bright, radiant glow.—*Cho.*

5. And I looked on the face of the Master,  
As it shone through the glory of day ;  
And leaning my spirit upon him,  
The burden slipped softly away.—*Cho.*

## LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

From the "GUIDING STAR," by permission.

Words and Music by I. L. ANDREWS.

*Joyously.*

1. Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me; Let the children come, Let the children come;  
 2. He the lambs will gath - er and fold in his arms; Let the children come, Let the children come;  
 3. Who - so - ev - er will, now may come un - to me; Let the children come, Let the children come;

## Chorus.

For of such the king - dom of hea - ven shall be; Let the chil - dren come. Bless - ed words of Je - sus,  
 Safe from ev' - ry dan - ger and free from a - larms; Let the chil - dren come. Bless - ed words of Je - sus,  
 Mer - cy's door is o - pen, sal - va - tion is free; Let the chil - dren come. Bless - ed words of Je - sus,

Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Let the lit - tle chil - dren come.  
 Bless - ed words, etc.  
 Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Bless - ed words of Je - sus, "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

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# MY GLORY BEYOND.

15

Words by PRISCILLA I. OWENS.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I look to the glo - ry be - yond, To the peace and joy un - fail - ing; And my  
 2. I look to the glo - ry be - yond, From this cup of sor - row bit - ter, From the

*Chorus.*

heart shall not de - spond, 'Midst the tempest's fierce as - sail - ing; Waiting in the glo - ry be - yond,  
 waste of mem'ries found, Where the sil - ver fountains glit - ter; Waiting in the glo - ry be - yond,

On the heav'n - ly shore, When the storms are o'er, Oh, look to the glo - ry be - yond.

3. I look to the glory beyond,  
 When snowdrifts my grave shall cover;  
 When broken each earthly bond,  
 I shall see the angels hover.  
*Cho.*—Waiting in the glory beyond, etc.

4. I look to the glory beyond,  
 From each scene of trial and sorrow;  
 My soul shall with joy respond,  
 Victory with Jesus to-morrow.  
*Cho.*—Waiting in the glory beyond, etc.

# SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOME.

Arr. from Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crim - son tide, open - ed for me;  
 2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine! No lon - ger in dread con - dem - na - tion I pine;

NOTE.—Use small notes only in first verse.

O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.  
 In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the smiles of His face.

Chorus. *Rit.*

Oh, sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His migh - ty love, Migh - ty to save.

3. Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
 No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;  
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
 No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

4. Oh, Jesus, the crucified! Thee will I sing!  
 My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!  
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,  
 And triumph in death in the mighty to save!

# MY JESUS AND I.

17

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by JNO. E. SWENEY.

1. While clinging to Je - sus with unyielding hold, How sweetly I dwell in his heaven-ly fold, Our u - nion is perfect, all  
2. The storms may be fearful, and trials se-vere; No bow in the heavens to comfort or cheer; Dark clouds of temptation may

## Chorus.

foes we de - fy; We cling to each other, my Je-sus and I. Je-sus and I, my Jesus and I, Wecling to each  
spread o'er the sky, We'll cling to each other, my Je-sus and I.

oth-er, my Je-sus and I; Since the world I've forsaken, and the cross I have taken, We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

3. Companions and friends, though most closely ailed,  
May sever their friendship, each other deride;  
Their long cherished union may suddenly die,—  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

4. Contention and strife in the world may prevail;  
True kindness and love may everywhere fail;  
In union immortal, continued on high,  
We cling to each other, my Jesus and I.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Be not faithless, but believing, Thus the Saviour speaks to thee, Those who trust his mighty power, Shall his great salvation see.

In the hour of deepest darkness, In the time of sore distress, Call by faith, and Christ will answer, He is always near to bless.

**Chorus.**

Ask for pardon ; he will give it, Ask for peace and pur - i - ty ; Ask, and then by faith receive it, All his gifts are full and free.

2. Be not faithless, but believing,  
Wherefore, Christian, dost thou doubt?  
He is waiting now to enter,  
Unbelief will keep him out.  
Take him as your present Saviour  
From the guilt and power of sin ;  
Trust in him this very moment,  
He can cleanse, and keep you clean.

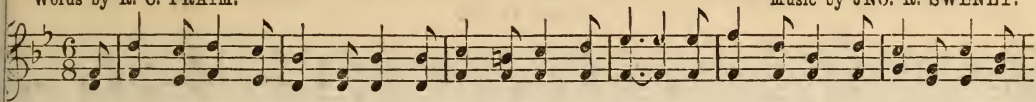
3. Be not faithless, but believing,  
Willing and obedient be ;  
Place your soul's immortal int'res  
In the Lamb of Calvary.  
Now present your soul and body,  
As a loving sacrifice ;  
Those who make this consecration,  
Jesus sweetly sanctifies.

# HAIL, THE DAY OF JUBILEE.

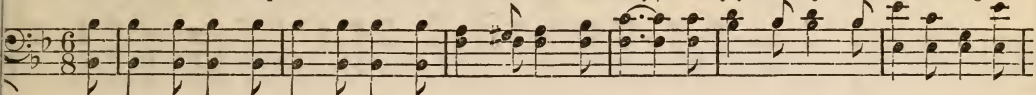
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Words by E. C. FRAIM.

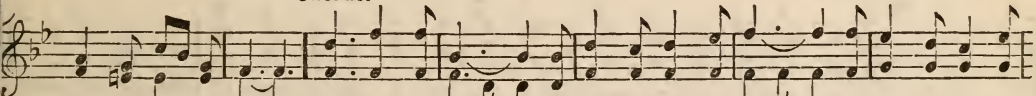
Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.



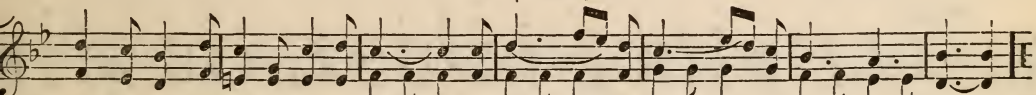
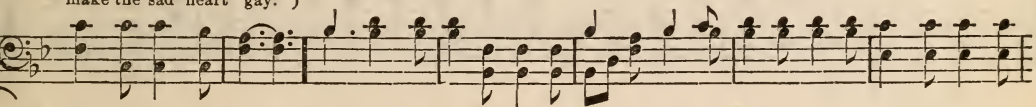
1. All hail the day of Ju - bi - lee, Our an - ni - versary day; Our blithest greetings we would bring, And  
2. We join as in the days of yore, In strains of mel - o - dy; With smiles we prof - fer one and all, The  
3. The wreath of friend - ship we have twined A - round our souls to - day; And joy - ful lips would raise a song To



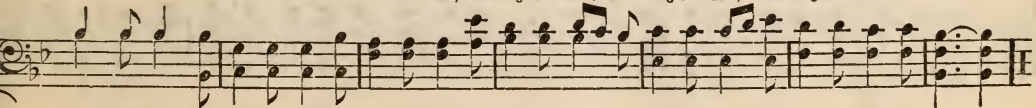
## Chorus.



- chant our sweetest lay. } Hail, hail, all hail, The hour of fes - tal glee, With joy we meet, Our  
joy of Ju - bi - lee. } all hail, all hail, all hail,  
make the sad heart gay. }



- friends to greet, And sing our Ju - bi - lee, And sing, and sing our Ju - bi - lee.  
all hail, and sing all hail, and sing all hail, And sing our Ju - bi - lee.



4. But sunny hours can never stay,  
The blight of care or pain,  
And death may come with mournful dirge,  
Ere we shall meet again.

5. Yet on the shores of living light,  
Beyond the narrow sea,  
May ev'ry voice, in notes of fire,  
Prolong Heav'n's Jubilee.

## THE LORD IS MY ROCK.

Words by LOUIS EISENBISE.

Psalm xviii. 2.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The Lord is my Rock, so stead-fast and sure, I am safe whilst I build on a Rock so se-cure; The  
2. The Lord is my Rock, the bliss of my mind! How sweet is the joy, which in safe-ty I find; Let

tem-pest may howl, and the hu-ri-cane shock, I am safe! I am safe! whilst I build on the Rock.  
sor-rows as-sail; let the earth fade a-way; The Lord is the Rock, which can nev-er de-cay.

*Chorus.*

I will build on the Rock, I will build on the Rock, I am safe, I am safe, whilst I build on the Rock.

3. The Lord is my Rock, there's a cleft in its side,  
From whence flows a stream, bearing life on its tide;  
Oh, its depth none can tell, it is boundless and free,  
Come, and drink, thirsty soul, its for you, and for me.  
*Chorus.*—I will build, etc.

4. The Lord is my Rock, ever here be my rest,  
Who build on this Rock, forever are blest;  
I will sing of its strength, of its power, and might,  
The Lord is my Rock, I am safe on its height.  
*Chorus.*—I will build, etc.

# THE SURE FOUNDATION.

T. C. O'KANE.

21

Words from S. S. Journal.

by permission.

1. { There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;  
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who find with-in this cleft a rest.

**Chorus.**  
Some build their hopes on the ev - er shift - ing sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land,

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

2. That Rock's a Cross, its arms outspread,  
Celestial glory bathes its head;  
To its firm base my all I bring,  
And to the Cross of Ages cling.—*Cho.*

3. That Rock's a Tower, whose lofty height,  
Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,  
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,  
Where saints find rest with Christ at home.—*Cho.*

# THE FOUNTAIN LIES OPEN.

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Behold a fountain deep and wide, Lies open ev'-ry day; 'Tis flowing from Immanuel's side, Come, wash your sins away.  
 2. Behold, how many seek its brink, To find a cure for sin; And all the world may wash and drink, And be renewed within.  
 3. Come, trembling soul, and find a cure For all your ills and woes; The promises of God are sure; For you the fountain flows.

## Chorus.

The foun - tain lies o - pen, The foun - tain lies o - pen, Mourn - er come and bathe your wea - ry soul.  
 The fountain lies o - pen, The fountain lies o - pen, Yes, mourner, come and bathe your weary soul.

# THERE I'M GOING.

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the land of peace and love, I am go - ing, go - ing, To the home of saints a - bove,



# THERE I'M GOING. *Concluded.*

23

There I'm go-ing, there I'm go-ing; To the mansions of the blest, To the pilgrim's promis'd rest, Where the

**Chorus.**

heart is ne'er opprest, There I'm go-ing, there I'm go-ing. Oh, the joy the prospect gives; Oh, the joy, Soon I

shall with Je - sus live, Je - sus live, Soon his welcome shall receive; Shall receive There I'm go-ing, there I'm go-ing.

2. To the land where loved ones dwell,  
I am going;  
Where is heard no sad farewell,  
There I'm going, there I'm going;  
Where the flowers ever bloom,  
Where is felt no wintry gloom,  
In that land there still is room,  
There I'm going, &c.—*Chorus.*

3. To the land of angel songs,  
I am going;  
To the land where praise belongs,  
There I'm going, there I'm going;  
Oh, the strains of music sweet  
There my raptured soul shall greet;  
There my joy shall be complete;  
There I'm going, &c.—*Chorus.*

# COME TO JESUS, LITTLE CHILDREN.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle children, —Every sin-ful heart; Je-sus' pre-cious blood can cleanse them, Make them new in ever part.  
 2. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle children, All your wants he knows; In his arms of love he'll bear you, Help you overcome your foes.

**Chorus.**

Come to Je - sus, lit-tle children, Now he calls you, come; He will fold you to his bosom, He will guide you safely home.

3. Come to Jesus, little children,  
 He hath died for you;  
 Come and tell him all about it,  
 He will tell you what to do.

4. Then make haste to come to Jesus,  
 Jesus calls you, come;  
 Look with trusting heart to Jesus,  
 Jesus soon may call you home.

## MY AIN COUNTRIE.

As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCABE.

Arr. by JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles, For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles,  
 2. I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King, To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring;

# MY AIN COUNTRIE. *Concluded.*

I'll ne'er be fu' content, un - til my een do see The gowden gates of heaven an' my ain countrie.  
 We' een an' wi' hear running owre we shall see "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.

The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay; The birdies war-ble blithely, for my father manded them sae;  
 My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair; But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.

But these sights an' these soons will as naething be to me, When I hear the angels singing in my ain coun - trie.  
 His bluid hath made my white, his hand shall dry my een, When he brings me hame at last to my ain caun - trie.

3. Like a batrn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
 I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,  
 For he gathers in his bosom witless lambs like me,  
 An' "carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.  
 He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,  
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me at what hour I dinna ken;  
 But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
 To gae at our moment to my ain countrie.

4. So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,  
 For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate;  
 God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,  
 That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie.  
 I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,  
 For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome  
 I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see [smile];  
 The gowden gates of heaven, and my ain countrie,

1. While wayworn and weary, I journey a-long, Dear Saviour, thy love is the theme of my song; Thy smile is my  
2. While burden'd with sorrow, And laden'd with woe, Dear Saviour, to thee 'neath thy cross will I go; I think of thy

**Chorus.**

beacon, as onward I move; Thy cross is my shel-ter, I rest in thy love. I rest in thy love, . . . . yes,  
sorrow and anguish for me, And yield at thy bidding, my sor-rows to thee. Rest in thy love,

*rit. pp*

rest in thy love, . . . Tho' wayworn and weary, I rest in thy love, Rest in thy love, - yes, rest in thy love.  
Rest in thy love, Rest in thy love,

3. While struggling for thee in the heat of the strife,  
Dear Saviour, thy truth is the shield of my life;  
My foes shall be vanquished,—shall die 'neath my feet;  
I'll rest from the conflict with victory complete.

*Chorus.*—I rest in thy love, etc.

4. And when—all the pangs of mortality o'er—  
I join with the blood-washed who sing on the shore;  
I'll dwell with the pure in thy temple above;  
Forever and ever I'll rest in thy love.

*Chorus.*—I'll rest in thy love, yes, rest in thy love,  
Forever and ever I'll rest in thy love.

In thy love.

# VICTORY THROUGH THE LAMB.

27

Words by FLOBA L. BEST.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. There dawns a gold - en vi - sion Up - on my lift - ed sight, The ar - mies of re -

Chorus.

demp - tion Ar - ray'd in liv - ing light. Cry - ing vic - to - ry, crying vic - to - ry, crying

Vic - to - ry, through the blood of Je - sus, Vic - to - ry, crying vic - to - ry, crying Vic - to - ry through the Lamb.

2. Through all the domes eternal  
I hear their choral ring,  
"Our Christ, the Prince of Glory,"  
Alone is Lord and King.—*Cho.*
3. The throng of holy seraphs  
Hush all their raptured strains,  
To list the lofty psalm  
That thrills the heavenly plains.  
*Cho.*

4. And ev'ry shining billow  
On yonder crystal sea,  
Awakes in mighty chorus  
To join the jubilee.—*Cho.*
5. Adown the distant ages  
The joyful notes shall flow,  
And every clime and nation  
Shall swell the song below.  
*Cho.*

6. Earth, with her myriad voices,  
Shall bear the joy so high,  
That heaven's starry legions,  
Shall echo in reply.—*Cho.*
7. Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna evermore,  
The Kingly son of David  
Is Lord of sea and shore.  
*Cho*

## LOVES ATTRIBUTES.

Words by A. W. LEVY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Love has a read-y ear: It catches each faint moan; It e-ven bends to hear The feeblest, weakest groan.  
2. Love has a feel-ing heart: It loves to sym-pa-thize; And hastes to bear a part Wherev-er trou-ble tries.

3. Love has an open eye:  
It slumbers not nor sleeps;  
Grief never passes by,  
But with the suff'rer weeps.

4. Love has a liberal hand,  
And giveth of its store;  
Waits not for a demand,  
But gladly aids the poor.

5. Love has a patient soul:  
It waiteth oft to long;  
Looks steadfast to the goal,  
And cheers the way with song.

## YE SHALL SHINE AMONG HIS JEWELS.

Words by LAMPHERE.

(From "Praise Songs," by per.)

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Ye shall shine as the stars, ev-er beau-ti-ful and bright, Ye who lead on the err-ing in  
2. Keep your light burn-ing bright-ly while you sojourn be-low, It will light up the path-way of

paths of truth and right, Ye shall shine a-mong his jew-els, when the Lord makes up his own;  
oth-ers as you go; Your re-ward will be in hea-ven, far be-yond these scenes of night;

# YE SHALL SHINE AMONG HIS JEWELS. *Concluded* 29

## Chorus.

1. Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry when you stand by the pear - ly throne. { Ye shall shine, ye shall  
 2. Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry; you shall dwell with the Lord of light. { Ye shall shine, ye shall

ye shall shine,

shine, Ye shall shine a - mong his jew - els when the Lord makes up his own;

ye shall shine,

Ye shall shine, Ye shall shine, Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry a - round the pear - ly throne.

ye shall shine,

ye shall shine,

3. Ye shall shine on forever in yonder region bright,  
 Ye who go forth with weeping to scatter seed and light;  
 Ye shall reap abundant harvest if you prayerfully have  
 sown,  
 Ye shall shine as stars in glory when the Lord shall make up  
 his own.—*Chorus.*

4. Ye shall shine in the future as evening stars do shine,  
 All who truly can say "Lord thy will be done," not mine,  
 When afflictions waves roll o'er thee, and thy faith is sorely  
 tried,  
 If thy soul will trust in Jesus, ye shall reign with the  
 crucified.—*Chorus.*

## A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

Words by FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Semi-Chorus.—1st Division.*

1. Who is this that cometh, who is this that cometh, who is this that cometh, from a far?  
 2. Shall He rule the nations, with a rod of iron, when they bow to his claims, prince - ly sway,  
 3. Shall the plains of earth be a desolation when His voice pro-claims them his own?

*Semi-Chorus.—2d Division.*

For the hills bow down, and the heavens [tremble 'neath the wheels of his conqu'ring car. 'Tis a King that cometh; but his royal robe, with  
 While the groans of the captive arise to [heaven, as he rolls on his radiant way? The loud trump of battle (the stain of the  
 Shall he pluck the fruitage which he hath [not planted— the harvest which he hath not sown? Nay, the desert places and the sigh of the  
 [smile at his coming, and the rose of

wine-press is red, And the only crown for this mighty one, is the light of the star o'er his head.  
 mourn-er shall cease; For beneath the wheels of his chariot, blos- (som the snow - white lil - ies of peace.  
 Shar - on shall blow, And the dawn shall descend from the Hill of [Zion, to shine in the val - ley be - low.

*S. Chorus.*

Hail, the King of Kings! Hall, the King of Kings! Bring your gifts from near, bring your gifts from far, To the



# A CHRISTMAS CHANT.—Concluded.

*Fine.*

Christ who is crown'd with the light of a star; Let the sad earth wake, and her fetters break, And bow to the King of Kings.

*Semi-Chorus.—1st and 2d Divisions.*

4. O-pen wide your hearts, oh, ye sons of men, Let the King of Glo-ry en-ter in, For the por-tals of light

He hath left a-jar To the vic-tor o'er death and sin. Let us claim this Christ as our Lord of Lords, While we

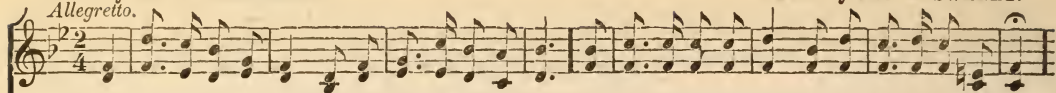
*D.C. to Chorus.*

kneel at his feet and a-dore, Tho' the earth de-cay, and the stars pass away, His throne shall endure ev-er-more.

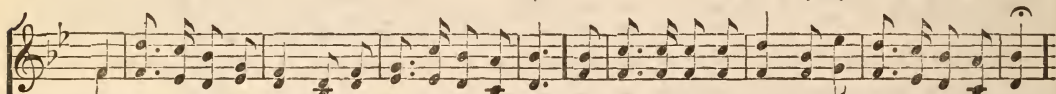
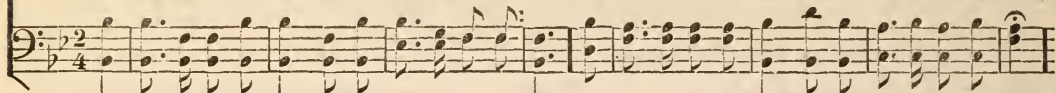
## COLD WATER IS OUR MOTTO.

Words by LOUIS EISENBEIS.

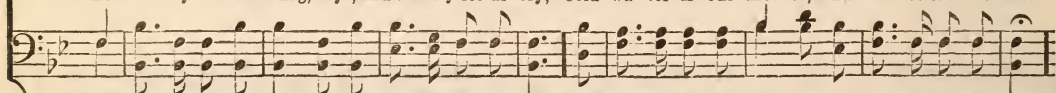
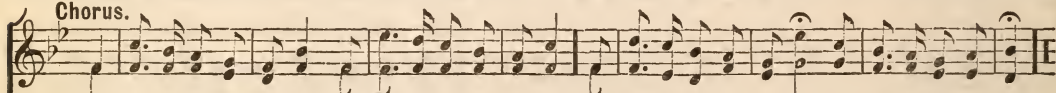
Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.

*Allegretto.*

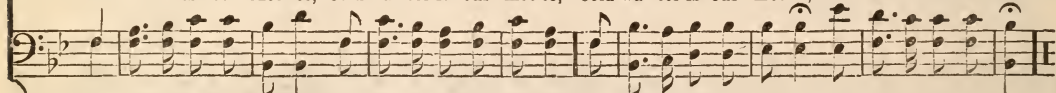
1. Come, swell the ranks of Temp'rance, let him that heareth come! Come, brave young men and maidens, march to the Tem-  
[p'rance drum;  
2. We'll raise aloft our banners; we'll fling them to the air; We'll plant them on the ramparts; we'll hoist them ev'rywhere;



We've list-ed in the ar-my, the Temp'rance flag we fly, Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, And shall be till we die.  
"Let's ral-ly round the flag, boys, and bravely let us cry, Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, And shall be till we die.

**Chorus.**

Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, and shall be till we die.



3. Come, Fathers, Sons, and Brothers, oh, hearken to the call,  
The bugle blast of Temp'rance, sounds loud and clear to all;  
We'll march in solid phalanx, and raise our banners high;  
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*
4. Too long the whisky demon, has belched his fiery breath,  
And hurled in maddest fury his red hot bolts of death;  
'Tis time we were awaking; to arms! to arms! we cry,  
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*
5. We'll buckle on the armor, the battle may be long;  
But Truth is ever mighty, and Right is always strong;  
Before our vallant legions, the foe shall fear and fly,  
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*
6. Then come, young men and maidens, come join our temp'rance  
Make war against the wine cup, expel it from the land; [band  
Resolve in truth and firmness, *I'll taste not, no not I!*  
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;  
2. Dear Je - sus, let no - thing un - ho - ly remain; Ap - ply thine own blood, and extract ev' - ry stain;

Break down ev' - ry idol, cast out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
To get this blest washing, I all things forego; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## Chorus.

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

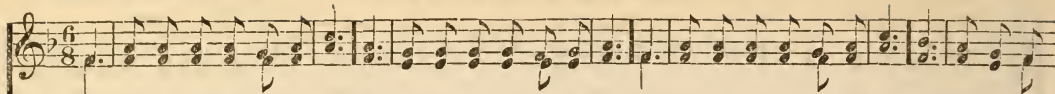
3. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow, etc.

4. Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

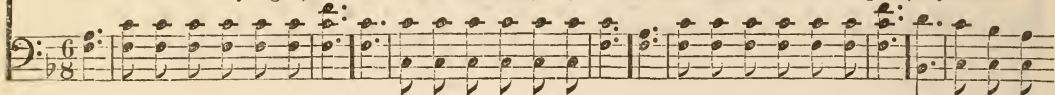
5. Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

6. The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;  
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;  
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know  
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.  
*Cho.*—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,  
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

## UNDER HIS WINGS.

ASA HULL.  
By permission.

1. In God I have found a retreat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide; No refuge, nor rest so complete, And here I in-  
2. I dread not the terror by night, No arrow can harm me by day; His shadows have covered me quite, My fears he has



## Chorus.



tend to reside, Oh, what comfort it brings, As my soul sweetly sings: I am safe from all danger While under his wings.  
driven away.



3.  
The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence, and power of God. *Cho.*

4.  
The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring;  
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Cho.*

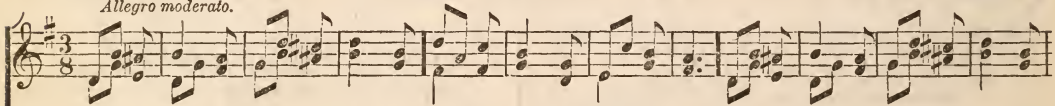
5.  
A thousand may fall at my side,  
And ten thousand at my right hand;  
Above me his wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Cho.*

FLORA L. BEST.

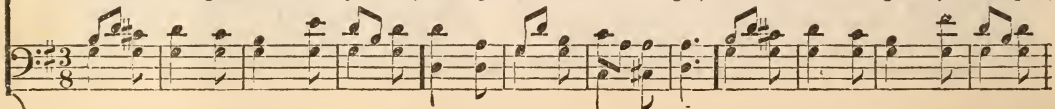
*Allegro moderato.*

## A NEW YEAR HYMN.

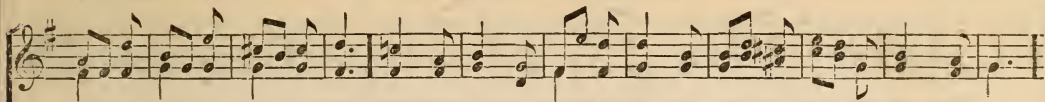
JNO. R. SWENEY.



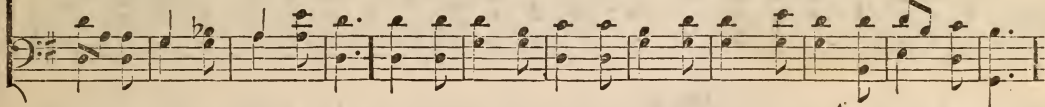
1. Midnight stars are look-ing downward, Day hath closed her wea-ry eye; But my spir-it hears the mus-ic,  
2. Tell me, angels home-ward hasting, Will ye raise a song of cheer, When ye gain the gates of Glory,  
3. But no an-gel voic-es greet me, Through the silence of the night; Yet the Mas-ter gent-ly whis-pers,



# A NEW YEAR HYMN—Concluded.



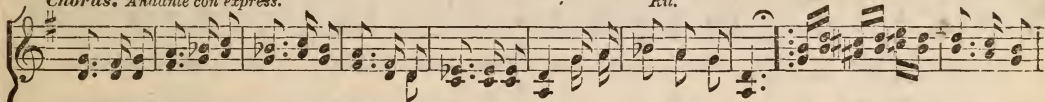
As of pin-ions float-ing by, Slow-ly, soft-ly upward bear-ing Earth-ly re-cords to the sky.  
 O'er the re-cords of the year, Or up-on the sul-lied pages, In your pi-ty drop a tear.  
 Leaning from the courts of light, "Hast thou kept the scroll I gave thee, Pure and spot-less in my sight?"



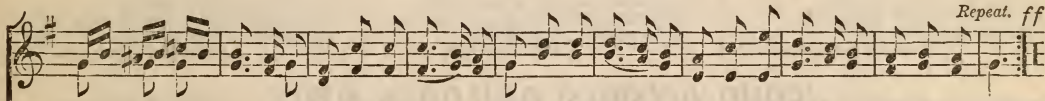
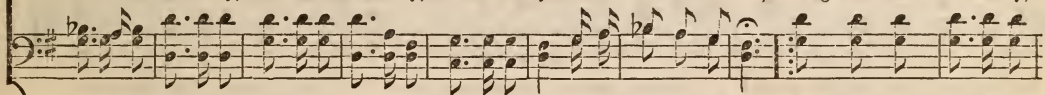
*Chorus. Andante con espress.*

*Rit.*

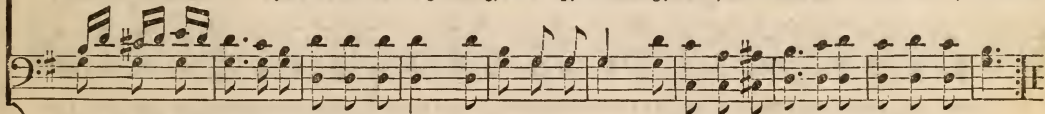
*a tempo.*



Toll the bells drear-ily, Let them sob wear-ily, O'er the dead year with its sorrow and sin; Ring the bells cheer-i-ly,



Let them chime merrily; Hearts that are grieving, Look up, believ-ing; Jesus, wilt thou with the New Year, come in.



4. Ah! the words my life hath written,  
 Bring me anguish and dismay,  
 And my soul can frame no answer,  
 I can only weep and pray,—  
 "Lay thy bleeding hand upon them,  
 Till the stains are washed away."—*Chorus.*

5. Let us toil with stronger courage,  
 Knowing that our Lord is near,  
 Till, beyond night's weary vigils,  
 Heav'nly domes of light appear,  
 And we list the chimes immortal,  
 Ringing in a glad New Year.—*Chorus.*

# NOTHING UNCLEAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Nothing un-clean can en-ter in Where God in glo-ry reigns; His eyes so pure, can-not en-dure  
 2. Nothing un-clean must stand be-tween The Ho-ly Ghost and me; Saviour from sin, the work be-gin;

**Chorus.**

The sight of spots or stains. Nothing un-clean, my gracious Lord; Nothing un-clean, nothing un-clean.  
 Wash me, till thou canst see

3 Nothing unclean can mortals screen |  
 From the All-seeing eye;  
 Spirit of God, apply the blood,  
 Until I hear thee cry,  
 Nothing unclean, etc.

4 Nothing unclean; oh, glorious scene!  
 My heart, washed in the blood,  
 With rapture thrills, as now it feels  
 The mighty power of God!  
 Nothing unclean, etc.

5 Nothing unclean doth intervene  
 To dim the Spirit's light:  
 It shines each day along my way,  
 Nor fails to shine at night,  
 Nothing unclean, etc.

MISS P. J. OWENS.

# JESUS BLESSES CHILDREN STILL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Does Je-sus bless the children now, As when they gather'd round him? The victor's wreath is on his brow, Long

# JESUS BLESSES CHILDREN STILL.—Concluded.

37

since the an-gels crown'd him. And does he keep that lov-ing voice Up-on his throne of power, Which

made each mother's heart rejoice, To come in that blest hour. Je-sus loves children for-ev-er,

**Chorus.**

His good-ness changes nev-er; O, precious, glorious Saviour, We praise thee ev-er-more.

2 Yes, Jesus blesses children still,  
A faithful friend abiding;  
The young may learn his holy will,  
And feel his Spirit guiding.  
He lifts them to his home above,  
Each bright immortal flower;  
Around them wraps his arms of love,  
To shield till life's last hour.—*Cho.*

3 Will Jesus bless the young to-day?  
O come, and gather round him;  
Come, seek his grace, and you may say,  
"Rejoice, for we have found him."  
To-day obey his gracious voice;  
Come, trust his love and power;  
His service be your happy choice,  
To bless in every hour.—*Cho.*

## TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. E. SWENEY.

1. Sim-ply trusting every day; Trusting, tho' a stormy way; Even when my faith is small,

Chorus.

Trusting Je-sus, that is all. Trusting him while life shall last, life shall last, Trusting him till earth is

past— Till with-in the jas-per wall— Trusting Je-sus, that is all.  
earth is past; jas-per wall,

2.  
Brightly doth his Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While he leads, I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—*Cho.*

3.  
Singing, if my way is clear;  
Praying, if the path is drear;  
If in danger, for him call—  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—*Cho.*

4.  
Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by,  
Trusting him, whate'er befall—  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—*Cho.*



1. I stand be-side the crim-son stream That flows from Cal - v'ry's mount, And long to wash a-

**Chorus.**  
way all sin, With - in its cleansing fount. Now wash me, now wash me, And

cleanse me from sin; Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

- 2 The blood of Christ alone will save  
From guilt, and fear, and care;  
His blood will sweetly purify,  
When sought in earnest prayer.—*Cho.*
- 3 I claim the promised blessing now,  
Freedom from ev'ry sin,  
The pow'r to lead a holy life,  
With Christ in God, shut in.—*Cho.*

- 4 I sink into the crimson stream,  
Christ's blood is now applied?  
I rise again, redeemed by him,  
And wholly purified.  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
I'm washed from all sin,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Yes, now I am clean.

## NO CRUMB FOR ME?

Rev. Wm. P. BREED.

J. E. GOULD. By per.

Duet.

Chorus.

1. { Passing, Lord, by vale and mountain, Highway, by way, thro' the land, } None for me? Drop one pitying crumb for me!  
 { Bringing wine from Cal'ry's fountain, Bread from God's free-giving hand: } None for me?

- 2 On, dear Lord, pursue thy mission  
 To the lost of Israel:  
 Yet give ear to my petition,  
 Pitying Immanuel!—*Chorus.*
- 3 “Not to dogs, the bread of children”—  
 No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;

- But to dogs the crumbs are given,  
 Is there then no crumb for me?—*Chorus.*
- 4 Wretched, wayworn, grief-o'ertaken,  
 Low at thy kind feet I bow,  
 Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,  
 Jesus, feed me—feed me now!—*Chorus.*

## THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST.

*Moderato.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;  
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;

But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.  
 But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

## Chorus.

O the new, O the new, new song, new song, O the new, O the new, new song, new song; I can

sing I can sing it now With the ran som'd throng: Pow-er and do-  
just now, With the ransom'd, the ran-som'd throng:

min-ion to him that shall reign; Glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.  
that shall reign;

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,  
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?  
When he points where the many mansions be,  
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee?"

*Chorus.*—O the new, new song, &c.

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall,  
When I come to the gloom of the even-fall,  
For I know that the shadows dreary and dim,  
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

*Chorus.*—O the new, new song, &c.

# ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?

J. E. GOULD. By per.

1. Have you any room for Jesus? When we gath-er shall we say, That the foll'wers of the Master  
Of re-joicing at his coming.

*Fine.* *D.S.*

Have no time for prayer to-day? He was cradled in a manger; His own an-gels sang the hymn  
Yet there was no room for him.

2 O my brothers, are we wiser,  
Are we better now than they?  
Have we any room for Jesus  
In the life we live to-day?  
Room for pleasure, doors wide open;  
And for business; but for him,  
Only here and there a manger,  
Like to that at Bethlehem.

3 Have you any time for Jesus?  
O, my brothers, you and I,  
When a few more days are ended,  
Must have room and time to die.  
Room for Jesus,—King of Glory!  
Time for him all times obey;  
Love for him who came to save us,—  
Let us ask these things to-day.

# SWEETLY I'M RESTING IN JESUS.

By per. of E. M. BRUCE.

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly I'm resting in Je-sus, Trusting my Saviour and Lord; Casting my soul on his mer-cy,  
2. Sweetly I'm resting in Je-sus, Plunged in the life-giving flood, Bathed in the sea of re-demption,

# SWEETLY I'M RESTING IN JESUS.—Concluded.

Leaning up - on his word;      Bearing the cross through toil and pain, Counting as loss all earth - ly gain;  
Washed in the cleans - ing blood;      Passive - ly ly - ing at his feet, Learning the bliss of love complete;

Knowing the faith - ful a crown shall ob - tain,      Sweet - ly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus.  
Wait - ing his plea - sure, what ev - er is meet,      Sweet - ly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus.  
*D.S.* Blessed as - surance, his name be a - dored,      Sweet - ly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus.

**Chorus.**      *D.S.* **ƒ**  
Sweet - ly rest - ing, Firm - ly trust - ing his word;  
Sweetly I'm rest - ing in Je - sus, my Lord, Firmly I'm trusting, be - lieving his word;

3 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus;  
Glory-light beams on my way,  
Bright'ning my path thro' the darkness,  
Chasing the clouds away,  
Feeding in pastures green and fair,  
Drinking from fountains flowing there,  
Tenderly guarded by his loving care,  
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—*Chorus.*

4 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus,  
Safe on his bosom reclined;  
Tokens of perfect salvation,  
Fulness of joy I find,  
Purer and clearer all the way,  
Shineth the light of perfect day,  
Holy the rapture, triumphant the lay,  
Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus.—*Chorus.*

## SAVIOUR COMFORT ME.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee away, And the last hope will not stay, Saviour, comfort me.  
2. When the secret idol's gone, That my poor heart yearned upon, Desolate, bereft, alone, Saviour, comfort me.

3. Thou who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in thy love confide,  
Saviour, comfort me.

4. Comfort me; I am cast down;  
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;  
I deserve it all, I own;  
Saviour, comfort me.

5. So it shall be good for me,  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If thou wilt but tenderly,  
Saviour, comfort me.

## OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Words by LOUIS EISENBISE.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. We hail this hap - py Christmas day, Our hearts with joy o'erflow-ing, We'll sing for you our sweetest lay, For

Christ his love is show - ing. 'Tis he, 'tis he whose birth we sing; How great the boon he gave us; Our

# OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING.—Concluded.

45

## Chorus.

rich - est trophies we will bring To him who came to save us. We'll sing, - - we'll sing - - our  
we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll

sweet - est lay, - - We'll sing, we'll sing our sweetest lay, To each our Christmas greeting; We hail, - - we  
sing our sweetest lay to you, we hail,

hail - - this mer - ry Christmas day, - - We hail this mer-ry Christmas day, 'Tis one of hap - py meet - ing.  
we hail, we hail,

2 How sweet this merry Christmas time,  
Its mem'ries, how endearing;  
Let youth and age their voices chime  
To sing of joys so cheering.  
But sweeter far than all the rest  
Of earthly charms that please us,  
Is that dear name we love the best,  
The precious name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

3 Then let us sing both loud and long  
Our merry Christmas story:  
The love of Jesus be our song,  
And his be all the glory.  
And when life's fleeting days are past,  
And death our forms shall sever,  
Oh, may we sweetly meet at last,  
And sing with Christ forever.—*Cho.*

# JESUS' LOVE.

Words and Music by J. J. HOOD,

1. Je-sus long his love has offer'd,— Fain would dwell within thy heart; Earnestly he seeks an entrance, Can you  
 2. Je-sus' love is love unbounded,—Your lost soul he came to save; Shunning not, for its redemp-tion, Pains more

*Chorus.*

bid him thence depart? Now your waiting Lord receive, Now his gracious word believe; Trust your soul unto his keeping,  
 fearful than the grave.

Who can cleanse from ev'ry sin; From all dan-gers he'll de-fend you, Till in heav'n you dwell with him.

3 Naught on earth is half so precious |  
 As the gift he offers thee;  
 Human merit ne'er can buy it,—  
 Wondrous love! 'tis offer'd free.—*Cho.*

4 Why then, sinner, do you linger?  
 Now is the accepted time;  
 God is waiting to be gracious,  
 Now obey the call divine.—*Cho.*



1. We have met in thy name At the al-tar a-gain, At the feet of the cross do we bow; Oh! meet us we pray, And no

**Chorus.**  
long - er de-lay, But give us thy blessing just now. For this we have come, And now at the throne Of

mercy so humbly we bow, The promise we claim, Having met in thy name, Oh! give us thy blessing just now.  
humbly bow;

2.  
Be strength to the weak,  
Help, now, while we seek,  
And with favor our efforts endow;  
In darkness be light,  
Oh! come in thy might,  
And give us thy blessing just now.—*Cho.*

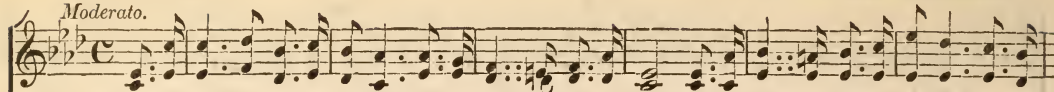
3.  
We are seeking thy face,  
We are asking for grace,  
We are knocking; dear Saviour, wilt thou  
The promise unfold,  
And let us behold  
How sweet is thy blessing just now.—*Cho.*

4.  
We surely are heard;  
We cling to thy word;  
How precious, how sweet is the vow  
That makes thee so dear,  
For we know thou art here,  
And thy blessing is coming just now.—*Cho.*

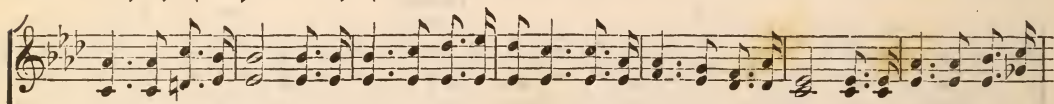
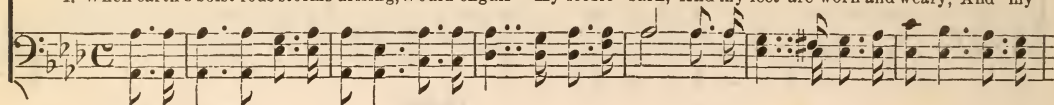
## 'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

W. B. COOPER.

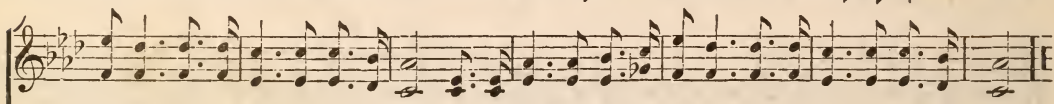
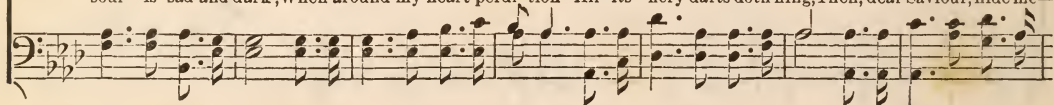
JNO. B. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

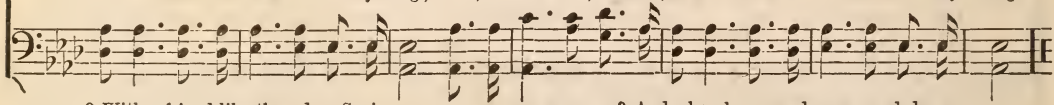
1. When earth's boist'rous storms arising, Would engulf my feeble bark, And my feet are worn and weary, And my



soul is sad and dark; When around my heart perdition All its fiery darts doth fling, Then, dear Saviour, hide me—



hide me 'Neath the shadow of thy wing; Then, dear Saviour, hide me, hide me 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.



2 With a friend like thee, dear Saviour,  
I should never feel alarm,  
For, no matter what the danger,  
Thou canst keep me from all harm.—  
But, oft doubts and fears surround me—  
Life to all some cares will bring;  
To the end, O Saviour, keep me,  
'Neath the shadow of thy wing;  
To the end, O Saviour, keep me,  
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

3 And when here my days are ended,  
When life's cares and fears are o'er,  
To that land where dwell the angels,  
Take my spirit evermore.  
Where, with heavenly joys enraptured,  
All my soul shall sweetly sing  
Praises unto thee, while resting  
'Neath the shadow of thy wing;  
Praises unto thee, while resting  
'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

49

S. BARING GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

*f* Briskly.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's armies flee: On, then, Christian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry.  
 3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the Saints have trod.

Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.  
 Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise: Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.  
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

## Chorus.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

4. What the Saints established  
 That we hold for true:  
 What the Saints believed  
 That believe we too.  
 Long as earth endureth  
 Men that Faith will hold—  
 Kingdoms, nations, empires,  
 In destruction rolled.

Onward, etc.

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

Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye faithful,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices,  
 In the triumph-song:  
 Glory, laud, and honour,  
 Unto Christ the King:  
 This, through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.

Onward, etc.

## EVEN ME.

From Teachers' Inst. Glee Book. By per.

Music by E. O. LYTE.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;  
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some droppings fall on me, E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.  
Let thy mercy fall on me, E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy mer-cy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to thee;  
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,  
Even me, even me,  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Pass me not; thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
Whilst the streams of love are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me,  
Even me, even me,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

FLORA L. BEST.

## ARISE AND SHINE.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Wake, O Zi-on, wake to gladness, From thy gloomy night of sadness, Let thy harp no more be dumb;  
2. Famed in ancient song and sto-ry; See the Christ, thy Prince of Glory, Bids the midnight shadows flee,

# ARISE AND SHINE.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Rise and shine, thy light is come. Rise and shine, Rise and shine, Lo! 'tis the morning's glad and  
 Sets the wea-ry cap-tive free. A- rise and shine, A- rise and shine, glad, the morning's

gold - en ray. Put on thy beauti-ful gar - ments, Put on thy beauti-ful gar - ments.  
 glad and gold-en ray.

Put on thy strength, thy strength to - day, Put on thy strength, thy strength to-day.  
 Put on thy strength, thy strength to-day, Put on thy

3 Tune thy lyre to mighty numbers,  
 Breaking sin's unhallowed slumbers,  
 Let the tide of music roll  
 Unto ev'ry burden'd soul.  
 Rise and shine, &c.

4 Hail the Nazarene so lowly,  
 Hail the Christ-King, great and holy,  
 Bowing at his cross divine,  
 In its light arise and shine.  
 Rise and shine, &c.

## JESUS WHOM I LOVE.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Je - sus, will it, can it be, Shall I walk in white with thee? I who scarce can keep from sin,  
2. True, I give thee all my heart, But thou great and migh - ty art; Lord, then, what is that to thee,

## Chorus.

Wilt thou, canst thou take me in? Tell me, Je - sus, whom I love, Shall I dwell with thee a - bove? .  
Such a gift from such as me.

3 Strange that in God's word I read,  
That for sinner's thou did'st bleed;  
Was it, then, for such as I,  
Blessed Saviour, thou did'st die?  
Tell me, Jesus, whom I love,  
Shall I dwell with thee above?

4 Yes, the Spirit tells my heart  
That with thee I have a part;  
Jesus, this is then my plea,  
Make me more and more like thee.  
Make me, Jesus, whom I love,  
Fit to dwell with thee above.

5 Every day and every hour  
Let me feel the Spirit's power,  
Come, thou gentle, wooing dove,  
Fill me with my Saviour's love.  
Make me, Jesus, whom I love,  
Fit to dwell with thee above. :

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Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

## SAVED.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. How sweet - ly my soul rests on Je - sus to - day, I have his bequeath - ment of peace;

# SAVED.—Concluded.

53

His smile drives each mur-mur-ing thought far a-way, My joys ev'-ry moment in-crease.

**Chorus.**

O, should I not love such a Saviour as he, So mer-ci-ful, gra-cious and good, O, so good, Who

par-don'd a poor gul-ty sin-ner like me, And cleansed me with his pre-cious blood.

- 2 My sorrows take flight at the sound of his name,  
I rise at the touch of his love;  
By faith I do now all his promises claim,  
By faith all his promises prove.—*Cho.*
- 3 His riches in glory on me are bestowed,  
No riches like these can be found;  
A joint-heir with Christ, and an heir of my God  
In heavenly wealth I abound!—*Cho.*
- 4 O yes, I am rich in his faith and his love,  
And yet greater riches remain,

- And I shall enjoy their fruition above,  
When brought with my Saviour to reign.—*Cho.*
- 5 I know in his presence is fulness of joy,  
And pleasures which last evermore;  
A blissful eternity I shall employ,  
In serving the God I adore.—*Cho.*
- 6 A little while longer and I shall remove  
To where my inheritance stands;  
My title, the Saviour, this moment doth prove,  
By marks in his side and his bands.—*Cho.*

## RESTING AT THE CROSS.

Wm. J. KIBKPATRICK.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour, I had brought my weary soul, Bur-den'd, faint, and bro-ken-heart-ed, Praying,  
2. At the cross, while meekly bowing, Jesus, smiling, bade me live; I have died for your trans-gres-sions, And I

## Chorus.

"Je-sus make me whole" Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross, I have found a full sal-free-ly all for-give,"

va-tion, I am resting at the cross; I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross.

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

At the cross I'm calmly resting,  
Every moment now is sweet;  
I am tasting of his glory,  
I am resting at his feet.  
Glory, glory be to Jesus, etc.



# THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

55

Words by E. JOHNSON.

Written for my Friend, Miss Sibbie Simpson.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like

Chorus.

tempests down o-ver the soul. O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than

I: high-er than I, O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how weary my feet;  
But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!  
O, then, to the Rock let me fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3. O, near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;  
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vail,  
Then, quick to the Rock can I fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I.

## TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Music by  
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Unison.

Unison.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Man - y I know who have  
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens; bright, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Though like the ru - by it

quaffed from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not. Lit - tle they thought that the de - mon was there;  
shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not. Th' fangs of the ser - pent are hid in the bowl,

Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare; Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware! Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Deep - ly the poi - son will en - ter thy soul, Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3.

Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride;  
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,  
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;  
Think that perhaps you may share in their doom;  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

4.

Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop;  
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Stop, for the home that to thee is so near;  
Stop, for the home that to thee is so dear;  
Stop, for thy country, the God that you fear;  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Suggested by the testimony of REV. ALFRED COOKMAN, who, when dying, exclaimed:—"I am sweeping through the gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of two systems of vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the remaining three lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. I soon shall reach the golden gate, The gold - en gate, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Or the Lamb, To

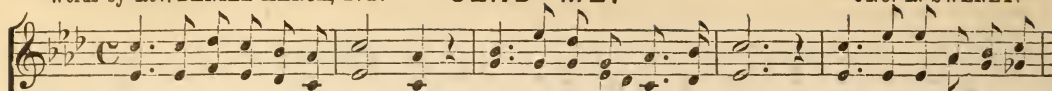
wel-come me my lov'd ones wait, my lov'd ones wait. Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. of the Lamb.

The Gold-en Gate, The gold - en gate, the Gold-en Gate, The gold - en gate, My Saviour calls beyond the

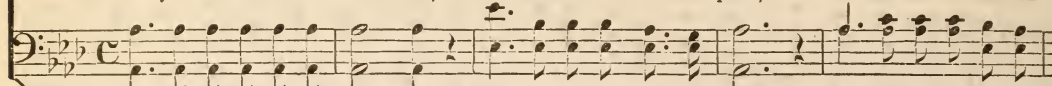
gate, The gold - en gate, The gold-en gate, The gold-en gate, My Saviour calls beyond the gate.

2. I'm hast'ning to the Land of Light,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
I soon shall pass beyond the night,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
The Golden Gate, the Golden Gate,  
I'm pressing to the Golden Gate.
3. I'm nearing now the City bright,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
Where I shall join the saints in white,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
The Golden Gate, the Golden Gate,  
I almost see the Golden Gate.

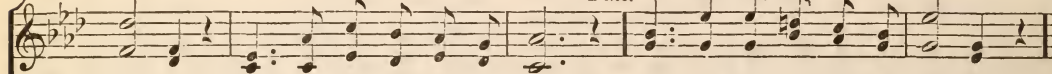
4. I'm entering now,—the bliss to share,—  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
My friends, I'll wait your coming there,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
The Golden Gate, the Golden Gate,  
I'm sweeping thro' the Golden Gate.
5. The heavenly City, now I've gained,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;  
My longed-for home at last obtained,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
The Golden Gate, the Golden Gate,  
I've passed beyond the Golden Gate.



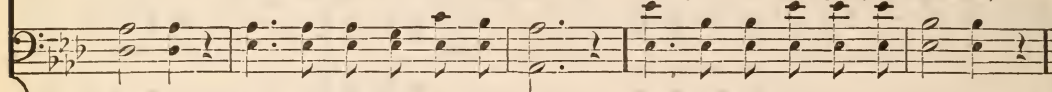
1. Hark, the voice of Je-sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, and harvests  
 2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex - plore, You can find the heathen



*Chorus.*—Hark, the voice of Je-sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, and harvests  
*Fine.*

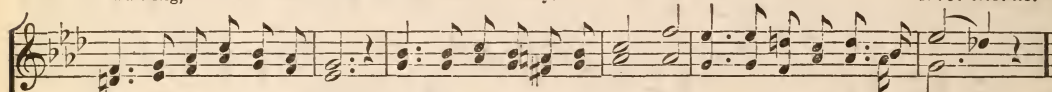


wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way. Long and loud the Mas-ter call - eth,  
 near - er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not give your thousands,

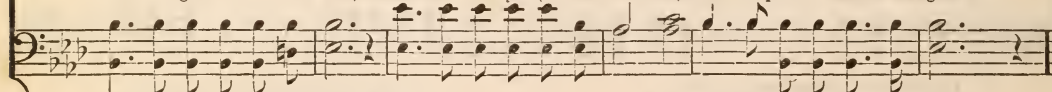


wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way.

*D.C. chorus.*



Rich rewards He of-fers free: Who will answer, glad-ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me.  
 You can give the widow's mite, And the least you give for Je - sus, Will be precious in His sight.



3. If you have not gifts and graces,  
 If you cannot preach like Paul,  
 You can tell the love of Jesus,  
 You can say he died for all.  
 If you cannot rouse the wicked,  
 With the judgment's dread alarm,  
 You can lead the little children  
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task he gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth:  
 "Here am I, send me, send me!"

# DIE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

59

Words by Rev. ROBT. W. TODD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. List-ed for God in the conflict of life, Struggling for truth in the midst of the strife; Marshall'd with angels, our  
2. Forward! the voice of our Captain commands, March! charge the foe! where, defying he stands Glad, at his word who is

Chorus.

ranks march a-way; Liv-ing or dy-ing, we gain the glad day. Then I'll die on the field of bat-tle,  
mighty to save, Scale we the ramparts, and shout with the brave. Then I'll die on the field of bat-tle,

Die on the field, die on the field, Then I'll die on the field of bat-tle, With glo-ry in my view.

3. Flashing, the sword from its scabbard now leaps,  
Steadily, grandly, the host onward sweeps;  
"Jesus and victory!" we shout the glad cry,  
Dying in battle, we *never shall die*.—Chorus.

4. Glory to Jesus, victorious King,  
Angels and men join the anthem to sing;  
Fighting for him, we have *peace in the strife*;  
Dying for Jesus, we *live in his life*.—Chorus.

## TOILING UP THE WAY.

Arr. by JNO. B. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. We are toil-ing up the way, Nar-row way, nar - row way; We have jour-ney'd many a day T'ward the T'ward the dis-tant shining land, Golden land, gold - en land, Where the heaven-ly harp - ers stand In the

FINE. Chorus.

king-dom; } Still we sing, Christ, our King, Walks with us the wea - ry way, And the king-dom. }

shin-ing an-gels wait, an-gels wait, an - gels wait, To un - bar the gold - en gate Of the king - dom.

2.

Though the journey may be long,  
Hard and long, hard and long,  
We will cheer it with a song  
Of the kingdom;  
We shall enter by the cross,  
Blessed cross, blessed cross;  
Gaining gold that hath no dross,  
To the kingdom.—*Chorus.*

3.

We shall gather home at last,  
Sorrow past, sorrow past;  
We shall hold our jewels fast,  
In the kingdom;  
We shall dwell in perfect light,  
Holy light, holy light,  
Never dimm'd by tears at night,  
In the kingdom.—*Chorus.*

4.

We shall know each other there,  
Over there, over there,  
When our angel robes we wear,  
In the kingdom;  
All that's purest, holiest here,  
Grows more dear, grows more dear  
In the mansions drawing near,  
In the kingdom.—*Chorus.*

# THE HEALING FOUNTAIN.

61

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Now I've found the heal - ing foun - tain, Where my soul ob - tains the cure; Down it flows from

*Chorus.*  
Calv'ry's mountain, Making all my na - ture pure. O, the precious blood of Jesus, Free - ly flow - ing

from his side; O, how per - fect - ly it clean - seth, Now I feel its crim - son tide:

2. Now my soul is sweetly bathing  
In the sea of perfect rest,  
Lost are all its fears and cravings,  
O how sweetly I am blest.—*Cho.*
3. All my inbred foes subduing,  
Jesus reigns supreme within;  
All my ransom'd powers renewing,  
Now "He cleanseth from all sin."—*Cho.*

4. O how sweetly now I'm resting  
On the promise of his word;  
Ev'ry moment now I'm testing,  
Th' cleansing virtue of his blood.—*Cho.*
5. Soon with dear ones, now in glory,  
I shall be with Christ at home;  
There I'll tell the wondrous story,  
How the world was overcome.—*Cho.*

## THE PRECIOUS NAME.

W. H. DOANE.

And blessed be his glorious name forever

By permission.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe— It will joy and comfort  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from eve - ry snare; If temp - tations'round you

## Chorus.

give you, Take it then where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of  
 gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer. pre-cious name, O how sweet!

earth of joy and heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet.

3.

Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
 How it thrills our soul with joy,  
 When his loving arms receive us,  
 And his songs our tongues employ!  
*Chorus*—Precious name, &c.

4.

At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at his feet,  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,  
 When our journey is complete.  
*Chorus*—Precious name, &c.



# "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED."

Wm. B. BRADBURY, By permission.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm  
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved,  
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day,

When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do?  
 From the earth are removed And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do?  
 Like a cloud roll away, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I do? what shall I do?

O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 O! what shall I do to be saved?

4.  
 O! Lord look in mercy on me,  
 Come, O come and speak peace to my soul:  
 Unto whom shall I flee,  
 Dearest Lord, but to thee,  
 Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole,  
 That will I do! that will I do!  
 To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## TELL IT TO JESUS.

W. H. DOANE  
By Permission.

Hymn Chant.

1. Broken in spir - it And lad - en with care, Sweet is thy re - fuge, Find it in prayer.  
 2. Art thou ne - glect - ed And sighing to know Joys that in friendship Ten - der - ly flow?  
 4. Art thou re - call - ing The years that have fled? Weeping in sor - row, Mourning the dead?  
 4. Bear thy af - flic - tion, What - ev - er it be, Je - sus thy Sa - viour, Bore it for thee.

## Chorus.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will give re - lease,

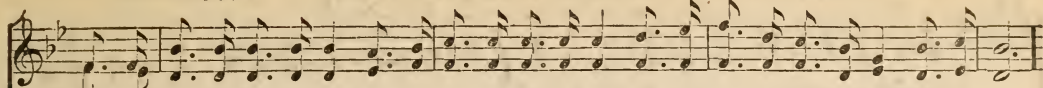
Words from "S. S. Advocate."

## THE "NEW OVER THERE."

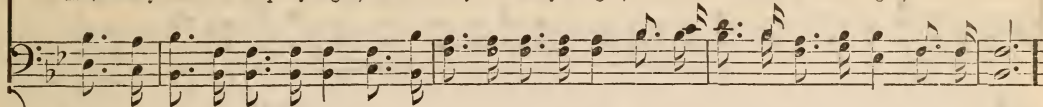
Music by W. A. OGDEN.  
By permission

1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more, All their grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there;

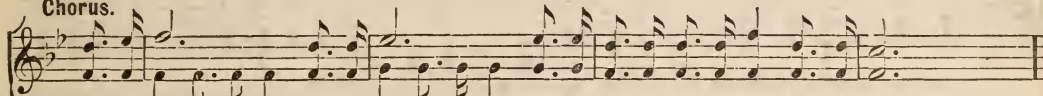
# THE "NEW OVER THERE."—Concluded.



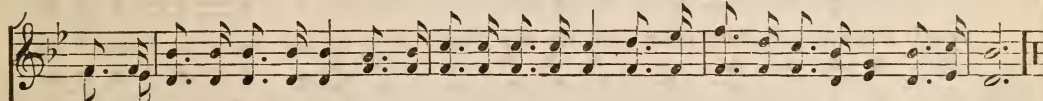
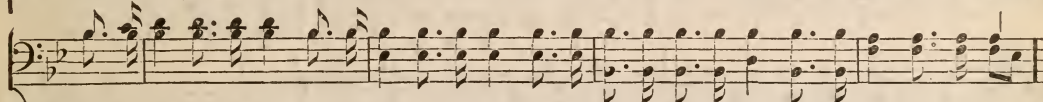
And they need no lamp by night, For their day is always bright, And their Saviour is their light, O-ver there.



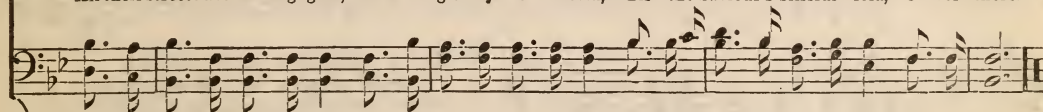
## Chorus.



O - ver there, - - - - o - ver there, - - - - They can nev - er know a fear, O - ver there;  
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there o - ver there, O - ver there



All their streets are shining gold, And their glo - ry is untold, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold, O - ver there.



2. Now they feel no chilling blast,  
For their winter time is past,  
And their summers always last,  
Over there;  
They can never know a fear,  
For the Saviour's always near,  
And with them is endless cheer,  
Over there.

3. They have fought the weary fight,  
Jesus saved them by his might,  
Now they dwell with him in light,  
Over there;  
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,  
But we'll wait our Lord's command,  
'Till we see his beck'ning hand,  
Over there.

## BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.  
By permission.

1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-

*Chorus.*

va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my

song, Praising my Sa-viour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my

song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,  
Angels descending, bring from above,  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.—*Cho.*
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.—*Cho.*

# WE WILL WALK IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY.

67

Rev. A. FLAMMAN.

Dr. T. H. PEACOCK.

1. When we reach the gold - en cit - y, When we pass the pearly gate, Where our friends, who went be -  
 2. Here our hap - py hearts al - read - y Taste by faith the bliss of heav'n; To our hungry souls the

**Chorus.**

fore us, For our com - ing watch and wait. We will walk in the streets of the cit - y, With our  
 man - na From above is free - ly giv'n.

lov'd ones gone be - fore; We will sit on the banks of the riv - er, We will meet to part no more.

3 But how great will be our pleasure,  
 When we, free from sin and pain,  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 See each other there again.—*Chorus.*

5 Then we'll gladly wait a little,  
 Gladly still our burdens bear;  
 Soon we'll get a crown of glory,  
 Soon we'll Jesus' "welcome" hear.—*Chorus.*

1. There is a glorious world of light, A - bove the starry sky, Where saints de-part-ed, cloth'd in white,  
2. And hark, a - mid the sa-cred songs Those hear'nly voices raise, Ten thousand thousand in - fant tongues,

*Chorus.*

A-dore the Lord most high. O, that beau - - - ti-ful world of light, Where saints and angels  
U-nite in perfect praise. beautiful beautiful, world of light, world of light, and an - gels

*Rit.*

dwell; In that beau - - - ti-ful world of light, There you and I may dwell.  
dwell, angels dwell; In that beautiful, beautiful world of light, world of light, There you and I may dwell, we may dwell.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey;  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.

4. Soon will our earthly race be run,  
Our mortal frame decay;  
Children and parents, one by one,  
Must die and pass away.

# SAVE ME NEXT.

A little girl stood on the deck of a sinking ship. The passengers were being taken away by the boats. No one seemed to think of, or care for the little, lone one. When at last she frantically leaped from the vessel into the roaring waves, crying: "Save me next," and sank beneath the wild, stormy billows.

E. F. STEWART.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The storm is wild - ly rushing by, But o'er the an - gry bil - lows high Is heard the mournful, pleading cry:—  
 2. A sin - ner, toss'd on life's rough sea, Before thy cross I urge my plea; Oh, hear the prayer I of - fer thee:—

## Chorus.

"Save me next; save me next." Save me next; save me next; Save me, oh, my Saviour; Now I plunge in—  
 "Save me next; save me next."

to the flood; Wash me in thy precious blood; Save me next; save me next; Save me, oh, my Saviour.

3 Long I've walked the downward road,  
 And scorned the offers of thy word;  
 But now I plead, crushed by sin's load;  
 "Save me next; save me next."—Chorus.

4 Mercy, I know, is full and free,  
 For Christ, my Saviour, died for me;  
 Oh, now I would forgiven be:—  
 "Save me next; save me next."—Chorus.

## OVER AND OVER, AGAIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, No mat - ter which way I turn, I al - ways find in the

CHO.—O - ver and o - ver a - gain, No mat - ter which way I turn, I al - ways find in the  
Fine.

Book of Life Some lesson I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden  
at the mill,

Book of Life Some lesson I have to learn.

grain; I must work at my task with a res-olute will, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.  
golden grain, D.C.

2.  
We have no power to stay  
The forces of sunshine or shower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.—*Cho.*

3.  
Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And leaps with joy as it hears men say,  
"The ponderous mill-wheel goes;"  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain,  
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.—*Cho.*

4.  
The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet,  
And tasks which children once have  
Are never so hard to repeat. [learned  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depth be driven,  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for heaven.—*Cho.*



# CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

71

Rev. B. M. ADAMS. By per.

E. T. COFFIN.

1. Sad and weary with my long - ing, Fill'd with shame, because of sin; As I am in conscious weak - ness,

## Chorus.

Here I would sal - va - tion win, All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,

*Rit.*  
I am coming to the Master, I am clinging to the cross; Clinging, clinging, Clinging to the cross.

2 O the joy of knowing Jesus,  
It is dawning on my soul;  
I am finding his salvation,  
And the power that makes me whole.—*Cho.*

3 O refine me by thy spirit,  
Make my earthly life sublime,  
With my heart a home for Jesus,  
Till I'm done with earth and time.—*Cho.*

## I AM SATISFIED WITH THEE.

P. J. OWENS.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. I am sat - is - fied, my Sa - viour, I am sat - is - fied with Thee, For thy lov - ing grace and  
2. I was friend - less, lost and lone - ly, But Thy good - ness reached to me, Now Thy love doth keep me

fa - vor Have o'er - flowed the cup for me. In the night as in the day, My soul shall sing al -  
on - ly, I am sat - is - fied in Thee. From the midnight des - erts cold, Thou didst lead me to the

3 I have laid my burdens dreary,  
At the feet once pierced for me;  
No more I wander weary,  
I am satisfied with Thee.  
Let me be the last and least,  
Thy promise is my feast,  
The world may frown—not Thee,  
The Saviour loveth me.

way, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Thee, My Sa - viour lov - eth me.  
fold, I have found my rest in Thee, My Sa - viour lov - eth me.

4 I am satisfied, my Saviour,  
On Thee my sins were laid,  
And I know thou livest ever,  
And I need not be afraid.  
When earth's strong foundations fall,  
Thou art still my all in all,  
And thus I make my plea,  
My Saviour loveth me.

5 I am worthless, undeserving,  
But Thy love is boundless free,  
All patiently, unswerving,  
Has thy mercy followed me.  
Yes, my soul is satisfied,  
And death shall not divide,  
But bring me nearer Thee,  
My Saviour loveth me.

# REJOICE AND SING.

73

Words revised from H. HOLMAN.

(A CHRISTMAS SONG.)

Rev. D. C. JOHN, by per.

1. Illustrious morn, when Christ was born, 'Tis hailed along the a - ges; Of lowly birth, his precious worth, Was  
2. When Beth'lem's star was seen a - far, An - gel - ic hosts were bending; And glory bright dispelled the night, Where

**Chorus.**

sung by ancient sag - es. On this glad morn, when Christ was born, His glorious triumph sing; Let  
Shepherd's flocks were tend - ing.

glo - rious triumph sin

ev - ry voice a - loud re - joice, And sweetest off'rings bring, And sweetest off'rings bring.  
loud re - joice and sing,

Sweet - est off rings bring,

3 The shining host still make their boast,  
Of him who came from heaven;  
With joyful lays we too will praise,  
The Lord, our ransom given.—*Chorus.*

4 To thee we bow in glory now,  
Our precious, risen Saviour;  
Oh, hear our prayer, and bring us where  
Thy children sing forever.—*Chorus.*

## YET THERE IS ROOM.

By permission of the Author.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hasten to the Gospel Feast, From the greatest to the least; Every one may be a guest, "Yet there is  
2. Hither come, ye poor and blind, Here a hearty welcome find; Christ hath bidden all mankind, "Yet there is

## Chorus.

room." There's room enough for you, There's room enough for me, Yes, room enough for all, Salvation's free.  
room." enough, oh,

3 From the hedges and the street,  
Hither come with eager feet;  
Christ is waiting each to greet,  
"Yet there is room."—*Cho.*

4 Weary wand'ers, cease to roam  
From your Heavenly Father's home;  
All invite you now to come,  
"Yet there is room."—*Cho.*

EDGAR PAGE.

## BREAK FORTH AND SING.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We press towards the gold-en shore, The great and blest for-ev-er - more; And shout our praise to  
2. 'Tis he who gives us Sabbath days, 'Tis he who fills our hearts with praise; 'Twas he sal - va - tion

# BREAK FORTH AND SING.—Concluded.

Chorus.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Je - sus' name, While an - gels sing it back a - gain. To him who wash - es our  
 to us gave, 'Twas he who died our souls to save. To him, to him who

sins . . . a - way; To him so pre - cious to us . . . to - day; To  
 wash - es our sins, our sins a - way, To him, to him so pre - cious to us, to - day, to - day,

him our heart's best song we bring, To him our heart's best song we bring, Break forth and  
 Break forth,

sing, Break forth, break forth and sing.

3  
 break forth,

3

3 When Christ was born, with sweetest lays  
 The angels sang our Saviour's praise;  
 We bring to-day this song of heaven  
 To earth—"to earth a Saviour's given."—*Cho.*

4 This song they sing to-day on high;  
 This song we'll sing till we shall die;  
 When we have pass'd beyond the tide,  
 We'll shout it still on Canaan's side.—*Cho.*

1. Though clouds may rise in the dis-tant skies And cov-er the light of the day, Tho' seas may rage, and the  
2. On the bliss-ful strand of that far-off land, There springeth a beautiful tree; While a liv-ing stream, that is

loud winds moan As the mar-i-ner speeds on his way, Yet his voice rings clear in a song of cheer, While he  
crys-tal clear, From the throne of our God flows free; Oh, those fragrant leaves on the heart that grieves Drops

sweeps thro' the gath'r-ing gloom, For he sees beyond all the wild wave's strife, The land with its hills of bloom.  
ev-er their heal-ing balm, And the' sun-lit wave of its fount of life Laves the soul in its lim-pid calm.

# ANCHORED.—Concluded.

77

*Chorus.*

An - chored, An - chored, Anchored, though the storms may roar, When the  
to the shore, to the shore, Storms may roar,  
skies grow dim we will sing to him Who hath an - chored our bark to the shore.

3 In the long bright years all our human tears  
Shall fade as the dew 'neath the sun;  
For our Captain and King is Lord evermore,  
And we'll sing o'er the vict'ries won;  
While the angel-lyre, with its notes of fire,  
Shall echo the jubilant strain,  
Till the joy shall float from the heav'nly hill  
To the reach of the farthest plain.—*Cho.*

4 We shall gain our home o'er the billow's foam,  
When the sunset flames o'er the sea,  
And our hearts shall hail in the crimson west,  
The tokens of glory to be;  
And as softly the day is drifting away,  
From the moorings that held her fast,  
We shall greet the light of the fadeless morn,  
On the shore where our anchor is cast.—*Cho.*

EDGAR PAGE.

## STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Who is here to en - ter the ar - my,— The ar - my to fight against sin;  
2. It is true the toil may be heav - y, And we may be press'd by the foe;

# STAND FOR THE RIGHT.—Concluded.

Who is here to fight against Sa - tan, For Je - sus the battle to win.  
But we're sure we can - not be van - quish'd, For Je - sus is for us, we know.

**Choru**

Stand, stand for the right, Though hard be the fight, Yes, this we all will do,

The prize will be sure To those that en - dure, That press their wea - ry way through.

3 Then, why should we fear, if the Saviour  
Has promised to bring us safe through;  
We'll sing, though the way may be stormy,  
And trust while our best we shall do.—*Chorus.*

4 And when at the end of the journey,  
We're bidden to lay the cross down,  
We know that our Captain, King Jesus,  
Will give us a beautiful crown.—*Chorus.*



# "IT IS I! BE NOT AFRAID."

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER.

Music by WM. FISCHER. 79  
Dr. E. TOURJEE. By per.

1. Fear not the gloom of the midnight,  
2. Fear not the heat of the furnace,

Dread not the storm of the sea; 'Tis I, who am coming to  
The Master is speaking to thee; 'Tis I, who am cooling the

**Chorus.**

save thee, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me? Trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee: I'll  
foot - steps, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me?

doubt thee no more, my Redeemer, Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee, I'll ever be trusting in thee.

3 Heed not the wrath of the tempter,  
My presence thy shelter shall be;  
'Tis I, who am keeping thy spirit,  
'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me?—*Chorus.*

4 Fear not the chill of the valley,  
For death but a shadow shall be;  
My rod and my staff shall support thee,  
'Tis I! keep on trusting in Me.—*Chorus.*

*I AM LOOKING, LORD, TO THEE.*By permission of  
E. M. BRUCE.

1. I am looking, Lord, to thee, I am waiting at thy feet, Faint and weary though I be, Thou canst make me all complete.  
2. I am looking, Lord, to thee; Tired of self and hating sin; Give me per-fect lib-er-ty, Give me grace and peace within.

**Chorus.**

I am looking, Lord, to thee; I am coming, thine to be; Wash and cleanse me in thy blood, Plunge me deep beneath the flood.  
*For 5th verse.* Hallelujah, Lord, to thee; Hallelujah, I am free; Washed and cleansed in Jesus' blood, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

3. I am looking, Lord, to thee;  
Every promise I believe;  
Yes, I know they're all for me,  
While I ask, I do receive.

4. I am looking, Lord, to thee;  
Every idol I resign;  
Take them all, and let me be,  
From this moment, wholly thine.

5. I am looking, Lord, to thee;  
Now I feel thy blood applied;  
Precious blood, it cleanseth me,  
Glory to the lamb that died.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD, in S. S. Times. **ONLY BELIEVE.\***

Music by T. O. O'KANE.

1. Oh, it is joy to be - Here, Joy to be - Here, joy to be - Here, Je - sus will  
2. Ne'er can the fountain run dry; Nev - er run dry, nev - er run dry; Con - stant and

\* By permission of the author.

# ONLY BELIEVE.—Concluded.

sinners receive,  
rich the sup-ply,

Sin - ners re - ceive;  
Rich the sup - ply!

When un - to him in con - tri - tion they go,  
Je - sus in lov - ing com - pas - sion bestows,

When in deep sorrow their tears overflow,  
Strength for our weakness and balm for our woes,

They shall the won - der - ful counsel receive,  
This for his kindness is ample return,

Be not afraid, sinner,  
This is the lesson his

on - ly believe, On - ly believe, on - ly believe, Je - sus your ransom is, On - ly be - lieve.  
children must learn, On ly believe, on - ly believe, Faith is the conqueror, On - ly be - lieve.

Jesus, &c-

3 Angels will gladly receive,  
Gladly receive, gladly receive;  
Those who in Jesus believe,  
Only believe:  
Laying their sorrows and sins at his feet,  
Striving their tremulous doubts to repeat;  
Weary at last of the storms they have braved,  
Hear the cry, "What shall I do to be saved,"  
Only believe, only believe,  
Haste to repent, and then only believe.

4 Oh, it is joy to believe,  
Joy to believe, joy to believe!  
Jesus will sinners receive,  
Sinners receive.  
He is our strength, and on him we rely,  
Out of the depths unto him we may cry;  
Freely and fully the promise he gave,  
Sinners to ransom from death and the grave,  
Only believe, only believe.  
Help us, dear Saviour, thy word to believe.

## THE GATE AND THE WAY.

Words and Music  
by H. S. PERKINS. By per.

1. Beau - ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate, Standing wide o - pen all day; Peau - ti - ful gate,  
 2. Beau - ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate, Sor - row and pain pass a - way; Beau - ti - ful gate,  
 3. Beau - ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate, Man - y thy por - tals have pass'd; Beau - ti - ful gate,

## Chorus.

cheerful we wait To pass at the end of the way. Standing wide open, thou beau-ti - ful gate,  
 humble and great Are pass - ing thy threshold to - day.  
 blessed the fate To meet with our dear ones at last.

Standing wide open all day; Passing the trav-el-ler, ear-ly or late, To his home at the end of the

*(Finale after last stanza, pp.)*

way. Beau - ti - ful gate, love-ly the way, Pass - ing from earth to our home in the skies;

# THE GATE AND THE WAY.—Concluded.

83

Beau - ti - ful gate, bright - er the day, Chant - ing sweet hymns as our spir - its a - rise.

LOUIS EISENBISE.

## THE BLOOD IS ALL MY PLEA.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To Je - sus' blood I owe My soul's supremest good; It brought redemption down to me, It  
2. I wandered far from God, The road was rough and wild; I call'd, and Jesus answer'ing, said: "Come

Chorus.  
led me up to God. The blood is all my plea, The blood is all my need, The blood of Je - sus  
un - to me, my child."

cleanseth me, His blood is life in - deed.

3 I looked, and lo! I saw  
The blood-besprinkled door,  
'Twas open, and I hasten in,  
To wander forth no more.—Chorus.

4 How happy now my lot,  
I've found my long-sought rest;  
The blood, the blood my only plea,  
Makes me serenely blest.—Chorus.

## WE SHALL WIN.

1. Loud is the voice of the trumpet, Wild is the din of the fray; Fierce are the legions a-  
 2. Mark how their sabres are gleaming, Bright with the light of the sun; Lift up your shields and your

**Chorus.**

round us, Je - sus will keep them at bay. We shall win, we shall win, Thro' his blood we shall conquer the  
 ban - ners, Strike till the vic-to-ry's won.

We shall win, we shall win,

foe, Let us keep our armor bright, And for Je - sus bold - ly fight, Singing his praise as we go.  
 we shall win,

3 Trusting the arm of our Captain,  
 Strong in the strength of our King;  
 Victors through him who hath loved us,  
 "Praises and honors" we bring.—*Cho.*

4 High on the watch-towers of glory,  
 Angels look lovingly down;  
 Waiting, O warriors, to circle  
 Your brows with the light of a crown.—*Cho.*

1. Be in earnest, life is fleeting As the bird of ra - pid wing, As the pear - ly  
2. Be in earnest, souls are dy - ing,— Souls for whom the Sa - viour died; Sa - tan with his

dew of morning, Or the rill from mountain's spring; Hastes the bird thro' skies of a - zure,  
wiles is try - ing To increase the fear - ful tide, Which by night and day is tend - ing

Dew ex - hales in morn - ing sun, Swift - ly to the grand old o - cean, Mountain streams unceasing run.  
Downward to the gates of death, Where the wail of woe dis - tress - ing, Upward float on ev' - ry breath.

3 Be in earnest, hourly nearer,  
Comes the solemn judgment day,  
When with vision purer, clearer,  
We'll review life's wandering way.  
Vain all effort then to borrow  
One excuse for sloth while here,  
Still more vain remorse or sorrow,  
Just one sentence will appear.

4 Be in earnest, it is glorious  
On life's battlefield to stand,  
With the spirit's sword victorious,  
In our waiting, willing hand.  
Soon the fierce and fiery struggle,—  
Soon the war with sin shall cease,  
Close upon the dew of battle,  
Dawns the day of rest and peace.

## MY SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When press'd with guilt and anxious fear, I trembling bow the knee, I know that God my  
 2. When gloom - y darkness shrouds my soul, And I no light can see, I'll cry, tho' loud - est

**Chorus.**

pray'r will hear, For Je - sus died for me. He died for me, My Saviour died for me.  
 thunders roll, My Saviour died for me.

for me, he died,

3 When death's dark vale I'm drawing near,  
 And earthly comforts flee,  
 This only thought my soul shall cheer,  
 My Saviour died for me.—Chorus.

4 And when I reach the blissful shore,  
 From sin and sorrow free,  
 Blood-wash'd I'll sing for evermore,  
 My Saviour died for me.—Chorus.

## O LAMB OF GOD, I COME.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And  
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot; To



# O LAMB OF GOD, I COME.—Concluded.

87

that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
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.

4 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## COME TO JESUS.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

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

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

2 He will save you just now, &c.  
3 Oh, believe him just now, &c.  
4 He is able.  
5 He is willing.  
6 He'll receive you.  
7 Call upon him.  
8 He will hear him.

9 Look unto him.  
10 He'll forgive you.  
11 He will cleanse you.  
12 He will clothe you.  
13 Jesus loves you.  
14 Don't reject him.  
15 Only trust him.

## WE'LL BEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY CROSBY.

From Y. M. C. A. of Phila., by per.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. No love to give, no tears to weep, No cross for him to bear, Whose an-guish lav'd in  
 2. Shall Je-sus wear the cru-el thorns, And yet no pain be ours; Must he a path of

Chorus.

drops of blood That lone-ly midnight prayer. Oh, wel-come sor-row, toil, reproach, What-suff'r-ing tread, And we a path of flowers.

e'er our cross may be, With joy, thou precious Lamb of God, We'll bear that cross for thee.

3 Dear Saviour in thy glorious name,  
 Our every foe we'll face;  
 We'll fight like soldiers in thy cause,  
 And conquer by thy grace.—*Chorus.*

4 Yet, till our latest moment come,  
 Thy cross on earth we'll bear;  
 Then rise victorious through thy blood,  
 A heavenly crown to wear.—*Chorus.*

# THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

89

By permission of the Author.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where  
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And

**Chorus.**

my pos - ses - sions lie. We will rest in the "fair and happy" land, Just a - cross on the evergreen  
scat - ters night a - way. We will rest in the "fair and happy" land, Just a - cross on the evergreen  
by and by,

shore . . . Sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb," by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.  
evergreen shore.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest.—Chorus.

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.—Chorus.

# TAKE UP THY CROSS.

Chorus and Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

*With feeling.*

1. Take up thy cross! the Saviour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be; Take up thy cross with willing  
2. Take up thy cross! let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - lar-n; My strength shall bear thy spirit

**Chorus.**

heart, And humbly fol - low af - ter me. Take up thy cross, "Stand up for Je - sus," Show to the  
up, And brace thy heart, and nervethy arm.

world to him thou art true, Take up thy cross, "Stand up for Je-sus," Thy blessed Saviour bore it for you.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,  
And let thy foolish pride be still;  
Thy Lord did not refuse to die  
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross! then, in his strength,  
And calmly, sin's wild deluge brave;

'Twill guide thee to a better home;  
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow me,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross,  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

# REST IN THEE.

91

H. S. PERKINS. By per.

1. Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st thy - self for me; Leave me not in sin to  
2. Hope of all the meek and low - ly, Thou my hope and joy shall be; Blessed Je - sus, blessed

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 9/8. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C' above the staff. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a common time signature 'C' above the staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

**Chorus.**  
wan - der, Bid me come and rest in thee. Rest in thee, rest in thee, Bid me  
Je - sus, Bid me come and rest in thee.

The second system of music begins with the word 'Chorus.' above the vocal line. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

come and rest in thee; Rest in thee, rest in thee, Bid me come and rest in thee.

The third system of music continues the chorus. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

## THE ARK FLOATETH BY.

Chorus and Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door, Hast - en to gain that

Chorus.  
blest a - bode, And rove my soul no more. Oh, come, come to - day, do not lon - ger de - lay, The

ark, precious bark, floateth by; The waves as they roll, shall not cover thy soul, For Jesus, thy Saviour, is nigh.

2 There safe shalt thou abide;  
There sweet shall be thy rest;  
And every wish be satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.—*Chorus.*

3 And when the waves of wrath  
Again the earth shall fill,  
Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
And rest on Zion's hill.—*Chorus.*

# A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

93

Y. M. C. A. of Phila., by per.

By W. G. FISCHER.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged road! How it seems to help me  
 2. Ah, this is what I'm want - ing, His love - ly face to see; And I'm not a - afraid to

on - ward, When I faint beneath my load; When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, And my  
 say it, I know he's wanting me. He gave his life a ran - som, To

eyes with tears are dim, There is nought can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with him.  
 make me all his own, And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.

3 I cannot live without him,  
 Nor would I if I could;  
 He is my daily portion,  
 My medicine and food.  
 He is altogether lovely;  
 None can with him compare;  
 Chiefest among ten thousand,  
 And fairest of the fair.

4 So I'll wait a little longer,  
 Till his appointed time,  
 And along the upward pathway  
 My pilgrim feet shall climb.  
 There, in my Father's dwelling,  
 Where many mansions be,  
 I shall sweetly talk with Jesus,  
 And he will talk with me.

## NOW JESUS SAVES ME.

1. Come, my Saviour, and my King, Help me now thy praise to sing; Thou who didst my sins remove, Now with all my  
2. Sins, and doubts, and fears I've brought, With my ev'ry wish and thought, Nothing back from Christ I've kept, Noth-  
[ing less would

**Chorus.**

heart I love. Now Je-sus saves me, Now Je-sus saves me, Now Je-sus saves me, The Spirit tells me so.  
he accept.

3 All the guilt of sin is gone;  
Christ in me the work hath done;  
I have joy and perfect peace;  
Jesus is my righteousness.—*Chorus.*

4 Earth no joy like this can give,  
Here in Christ I walk and live;  
In my heart I feel the flame;  
Glory, glory to his name.

## COME, WITH HEARTS ALL LIGHT.

*A tempo. March.*

Chorus and Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When his sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood singing, Ho - sanna to his name Nor



# COME, WITH HEARTS ALL LIGHT.—Concluded.

did their zeal offend him, But, as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

**Chorus.**

Come, with hearts all light, Come, with faces bright, Make the heavenly arches ring, yes, make them ring,

In a song of praise, as our voice we raise To God and Christ, our King, to Christ, our King.

2 And since the Lord retaineth,  
His love for children still;  
Though now as King he reigneth,  
On Zion's heavenly hill;  
We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well hosanna raise;  
But shall we only render,  
The tribute of our words?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

## PARTING AND MEETING.

J. NICHOLSON, by per.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

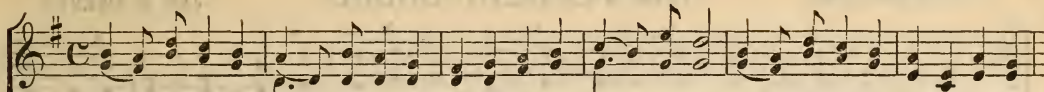
1. "We will meet beyond the riv - er," Let this thought your spirit cheer, When from well-springs of af-fec-tion  
2. "We will meet beyond the riv - er;" How de-light-ful is the thought, When, from conflict up to crowning,

There shall flow the silent tear. Through the precious blood of Je - sus, By and by we shall u - nite,  
All the faithful shall be brought. O how sweet will be our greet-ing In the light of heavenly day,

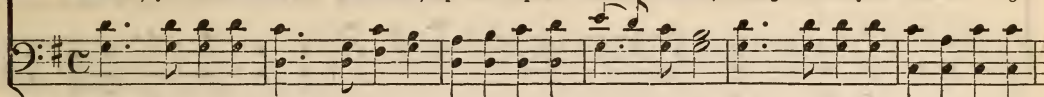
**Chorus.**

Where, through fields of changeless beauty, We shall "walk with him in white." We may weep sad tears at part - ing,  
When our sorrow and our sighing Shall for-ev-er flee a - way.

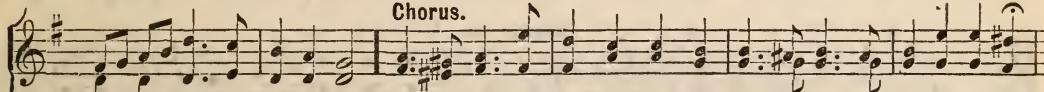
But the hour is coming when We will meet beyond the riv - er, And shall never part a - gain.



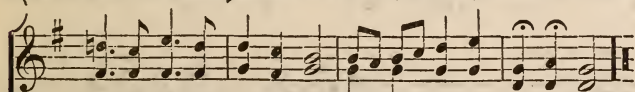
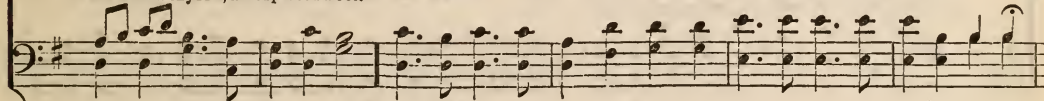
1. Strike your harps to rich - er music, Angels in the choir a - bove, Tell a - gain the "old, old sto - ry,"  
 2. Come, ye saints of earth adore him, Spread the palm be - fore his feet, Bring to him your richest off'ings



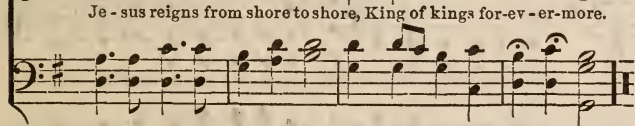
Chorus.



Of our Lord's re - deem - ing love. Je - sus reigns, lo! he has ris - en, Breaking from his gloomy prison;  
 Balm and myrrh, and spices sweet.



Je - sus reigns from shore to shore, King of kings for - ev - er - more.



3 Lift on high your loud hosannas,  
 Sinners ransomed by his grace;  
 Hail the glory of his presence,  
 Seek the brightness of his face.—Chorus.

4 Rise, ye nations once in bondage,  
 Through the mighty victor free;  
 Hasten forth with songs of gladness,  
 Chant the day of jubilee.—Chorus.

Words concluded from opposite page.

3 "We will meet beyond the river,"  
 And shall know, as we are known;  
 There in triumph we will worship  
 With our loved ones round the throne.  
 There no thought of separation  
 Can disturb the tranquil breast;  
 We'll go out no more forever,  
 When we gain that heavenly rest.

4 "We will meet beyond the river,"  
 And remember "all the way"  
 In which God, our Father, led us  
 By his providence each day.  
 Yes, we know that our afflictions  
 Work for us, through grace divine,  
 An exceeding "weight of glory,"  
 Which eternally shall shine.

1. Why should we weep when friends have pass'd From earth a cross the riv - er, To dwell among the  
 2. Why should we mourn that they are free From sor - row, pain, and sad - ness, Are tuning harps and

**Chorus.**  
 chosen ones, 'Mid joy and peace for-ev - er. Safe o - ver on the flow'ry shore, Of the great for - ev - er -  
 singing songs Of rapture, praise, and gladness.

With harps of gold, 'Mid joys un - told, Safe o - ver on the flow'ry shore.  
*Rit.*  
 more, With harps of gold, 'Mid joys untold, Safe o - ver, safe o - ver on the flow'ry shore.

3 Why should we weep that they've escaped  
 The risk of dark temptation;  
 That they are now forever safe,  
 And sure of their salvation.—*Chorus.*

4 We would not wish their joys the less,  
 Nor bring them back from glory;  
 But rather live that we may meet,  
 To sing redemption's story.—*Chorus.*

# LIE STILL AND SLEEP.

JNO. R. SWENEY. 9

*Andante.*

1. Oh, lit-tle child, lie still and sleep, Je-sus is near, thou need'st not fear,  
lie still and sleep, thou need'st not fear;

keep, By day or night, By day or night,  
No one need fear whom God doth keep, By day or night by day or night By day or night by day or night  
whom God doth keep,

deep, Till morning light till morning light morning light.  
Then lay me down in slumber deep, Till morning light till morning light morning light.  
in slum-ber deep,

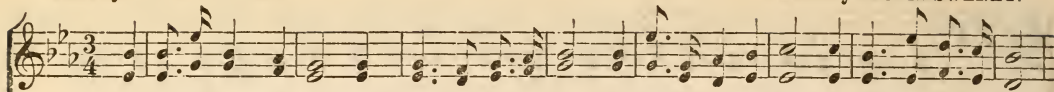
2 Oh, little child, be still and and rest ;  
He sweetly sleeps  
Whom Jesus keeps,  
And in the morning wake so blest,  
:| His child to lie. :|  
Love every one, but love him best,  
He first loved thee.

3 Then, when thy work on earth is done,  
Thou shalt ascend  
To meet thy friend ;  
Jesus the little child will own  
:| Safe at his side, :|  
And thou shalt live before the throne,  
Because he died.

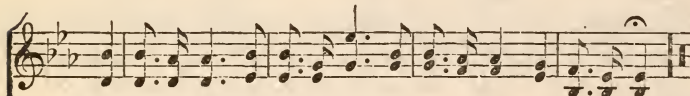
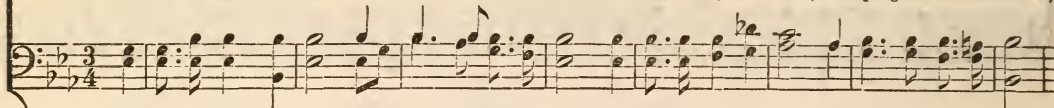
## THE WONDERFUL CURE.

Words by JAS. NICHOLSON.

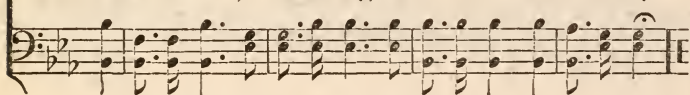
Music by JNO. E. SWENEY.



1. When sick of in - bred sin, For health I vainly sought, Till Jesus Christ came in, And then the cure was wrought.  
 2. By works of righteousness, I tried in grace to grow; For one, in my dis - tress, The progress was too slow;



O, wondrous pow'r! O, wondrous cure! Which makes my sinful nature pure.  
 But faith in Christ, I now can say, I found to be the better way.

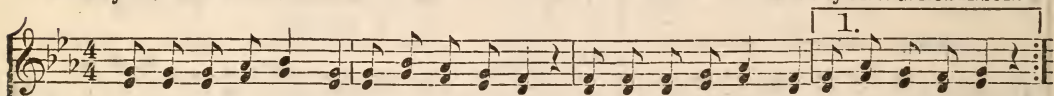


3. I could not touch his clothes;  
 But I have touched his blood.  
 And on my heart it flows,  
 An ever-healing flood.  
 It takes away the stains of sin;  
 It cleanses, and it keeps me clean.
4. O, what a wondrous cure  
 Hath Jesus wrought in me!  
 By blood divine made pure;  
 By power divine made free!  
 The Holy Ghost doth now control,  
 And fully sanctify my soul.

## JESUS IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Words by Rev. E. W. TODD.

Music by JNO. G. ROBINSON.

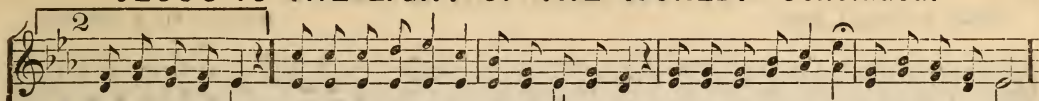


1. O - ver Eden's bowers, once so fair and bright, O'er her fragrant flowers fell the with'ring blight, }  
 Shadows dark and dreary gather'd on the air, Mortals, sad and weary, - - - }  
 2. Down thro' all the a - ges sped the hopeful ray, To the eastern sages, lighting up their way, }  
 Star of man's blest morning, emblem fair of rest, Jew - el of a - dorn - ing }  
 1.

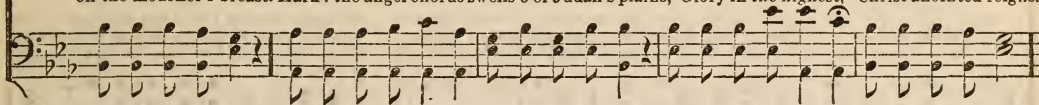


# JESUS IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. *Concluded.*

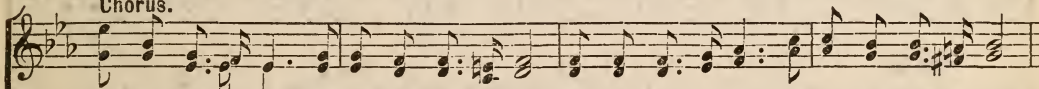
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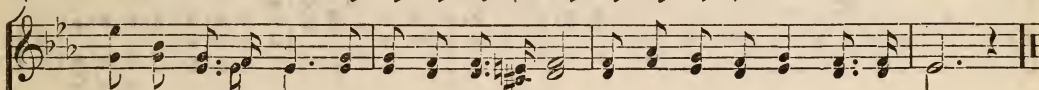
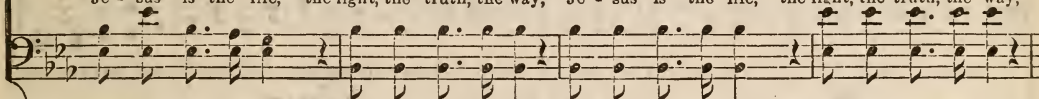
helpless, languish'd there; But amid the darkness, glimm'ring far away, Dawn'd the star of Bethl'hem, herald of the day.  
on the mourner's breast. Hark! the angel chorus swells o'er Judah's plains, "Glory in the highest." Christ anointed reigns.



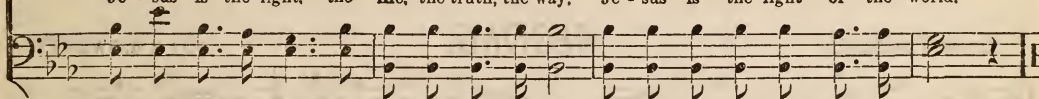
## Chorus.



Je - sus is the life, the light, the truth, the way, Je - sus is the life, the light, the truth, the way,



Je - sus is the light, the life, the truth, the way. Je - sus is the light of the world.



8. In Bethab'ra's waters kneels the King of kings;  
Judah's sons and daughters throng the wondrous scenes.  
"Lamb of God!" Behold him! Hope of all that stray,  
Prophets have foretold him, the light, the truth, the way,  
List! the Holy spirit, hov'ring like a dove,  
Seals his royal Sonship, and the Father's love.—*Cho.*

4. See him on the mountain, standing in the height,  
Bathing in the fountain of his native light;  
Earth and heaven meeting, mingle in the scene,  
World and ages greeting, praise the holy King.  
Blest transfiguration! we would ling'ring stay,  
Till his beaming glory shines our guilt away.—*Cho.*

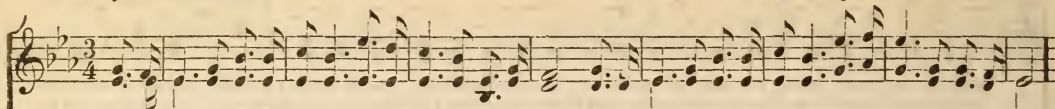
5. See the shadows falling dark o'er Calv'ry's brow;  
Father, hear him calling, "why forsaken now?"  
See his foll'wers weeping, veiled in hopeless gloom,  
Jesus now lies sleeping; *God within the tomb.*  
Lo! the King awaking, rises in his might,  
Works a new creation; Speaks, "Let there be light.—*Cho.*

6. From the mount ascending, "heav'nly gates give way;"  
Angel choir attending, chant the joyous lay.  
From his throne in glory sounds the welcome "come,"  
Shout the wound'rous story as we're marching home;  
Lost were heaven's brightness but for Jesus love  
Calvary the glory, "th' Lamb the light thereof"—*Cho.*

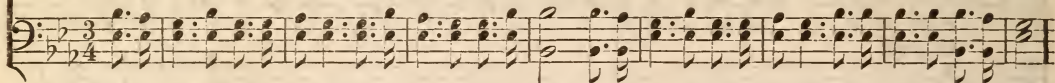
## OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL.

Words by FLOA L. BEST.

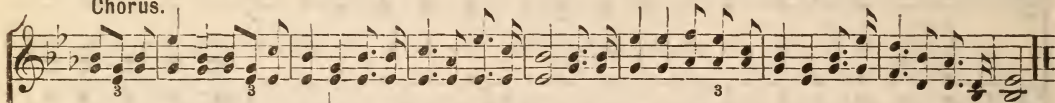
Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.



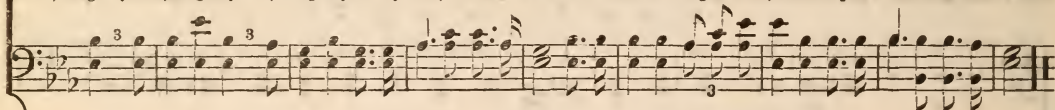
1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my refuge and my plea; Matchless is thy loving kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust aside thy grace; Yet, O boundless condescension, Love is shining from thy face.
3. Love eternal, light eternal, Close me safely, sweetly in; Saviour, let thy balm of healing, Ever keep me free from sin.



## Chorus.



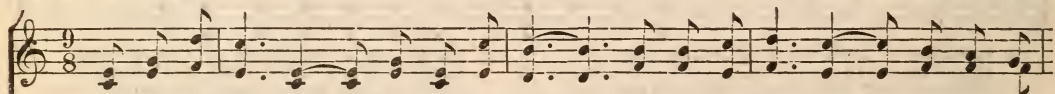
Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory in my soul, For I've touched the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.



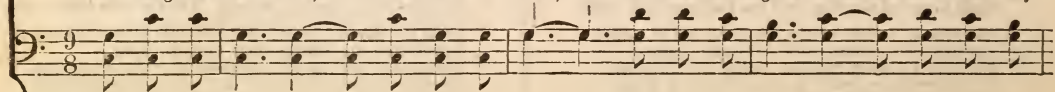
LOUIS EISENBISE.

## RESTING.

JNO. R. SWENEY



1. Rest - ing in Je - sus, all the day long, Sweetly the time glides o - ver my
2. Rest - ing in Je - sus, let sor - rows as - sail, I am re - signed to the will of my





head; Day un - to day 'tis my joy and my song; Oh, how delight - ful the path that I tread.  
 God, Know - ing his prom - is - es ne - ver can fall, Calm - ly I rest in the might of his word.

**Chorus.**

Rest - ing in Je - sus, rest - ing in Je - sus, Sweetly he sav - eth from sor - row and

sin; Rest - ing in Je - sus, rest - ing in Je - sus, I am delight - ful - ly resting in him.

3 Resting in Jesus, oh, what a delight,  
 Loving the Lord, and doing his will,  
 Whate'er he sends me I'm sure will be right,  
 Gladly his counsel I'll try to fulfil.—*Cho.*

4 Resting in Jesus, he'll bear me safe through,  
 When to death's shadowy vale I have come;  
 The mansion of glory shall open to view,  
 Then I'll be resting with Jesus at home.—*Cho.*

## THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

NED BUNTLINE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Nail our ban - ner to the mast, Nail it strong, and keep it fast; Ours a just, a

ho - ly cause, Based on God's and Nature's laws; Bat - tle firm - ly for the right, Soon our foes will

take to flight, Bat - tle firm - ly for the right, Soon our foes will take to flight.

2 Temperance is our motto, brave;  
 Ours to rescue passion's slave;  
 Ours to foil the niggard knave,  
 Who his race would fain deprave;  
 :||: Ours to succour and to save  
 From the drunkard's gloomy grave. :||:

3 Nail the old flag to the mast,  
 Nail it strong, and keep it fast;  
 Men may hate, and men may frown,  
 But we ne'er will haul it down.  
 :||: On to victory, one and all,  
 Never falter, never fall. :||:

# A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

JAMES NICHOLSON. By per.

JNO. R. SWENEY,

1 mo. 2d mo.

1. A brand from the burning, I can now de-clare, No sin-ner re-tur-ning need ev-er des-pair;  
When I, a poor reb-el, sal-va-tion could gain, My [Omit] Je-sus will  
2. I ask'd him for mercy, he said, I for-give; By faith I received it, by faith I still live;  
And now can re-joice in a sin-pardoning God, Who [Omit] gave me for-

## Chorus.

nev-er the vil-est dis-dain. Je-sus, my Je-sus, my own loving Saviour, He pardoned my sins, and he set my soul  
giveness, instead of the rod. Je-sus, my Jesus, etc.

free, And now thro' life's journey I'll tell the glad sto-ry, What Je-sus has done for a sin-ner like me.

3. The sins of the past I can never recall,  
But the mercy of Jesus hath covered them all;  
When he found me insolvent, with nothing to pay,  
He signed my release, and he sent me away.—*Cho.*
4. The flood of salvation that ran from his veins, [stains];  
Hath cleansed my transgressions, and washed out their  
I see it, I see it flow down from his side,  
I feel it, I feel it, the blood is applied.—*Cho.*

5. Oh, where was there ever found blood such as his,  
It washes us white, what a wonder it is:  
The world may call it both foolish and strange,  
But I know that in me it has wrought a great change.—*Cho.*
6. All glory to Jesus, the Friend of mankind,  
In him every sinner salvation may find;  
The fullness of ocean can never portray  
The fountain where I had my sins washed away.—*Cho.*

## BEAUTIFUL DAY.

By per. of E. M. BRUCE.

Words and Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau - ti - ful day, love - ly thy light; Ho - ly each ray, noth - ing like night; Cloudless thy sky;  
 2. Beau - ti - ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joy - ous the lay, bless - ed the morn, When in my heart,

**Chorus.**

peace - ful my stay Here in the sunlight of beau - ti - ful day. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day,  
 o - ver my way, First shone the noontide of beau - ti - ful day. beau - ti - ful, beautiful day,

Ev - er - more shine on my way, Saviour pray, keep me al - way, Safe in this beau - ti - ful day.  
 Ev - er - more shine on my way, Beau - ti - ful day.

3 Beautiful day; perfectly bright,  
 Jesus always; boundless delight.  
 Bliss all around, heav'n by the way,  
 Shining in fullness, oh, beautiful day.—*Cho.*

4 Beautiful day; haven of rest,  
 Every one may come and be blest;  
 Glory to God, naught can dismay;  
 Christ is the light of this beautiful day.—*Cho.*

# THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

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WM. H. CLARK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

By per. E. M. BRUCE.

1. See where the liv - ing wa - ters glide, From Dav - id's house they sweet - ly flow; Who wash - es in the  
 2. It flows an ev - er run - ning stream, Pure as the foun - tain of his grace, Who died that he might  
 3. Down through the a - ges flow - ing wide, Its vir - tue is to - day the same, As when from out his

**Chorus.**  
 cleans - ing tide, Is whit - er than the driv - en snow. Then come to the Roy - al foun - tain,  
 thus re - deem The fall - en sons of A - dam's race.  
 pierc - ed side, The min - gled tide of be - ing came.

Ev - er in its stream a - bide; Come to the Roy - al foun - tain, Opened in the Saviour's side.

4 Whoever will, may drink and live;  
 New life the healing draught inspires:  
 From those who nothing have to give,  
 The royal bounty naught requires.—*Cho.*

5 All over Canaan's goodly land,  
 Where saints enjoy such sweet repose;  
 'Mid pastures green on every hand,  
 King David's royal fountain flows.—*Cho.*

# ANCHORED FAST.

Wm. P. BREED, D.D.

"Songs of Gladness," by permission of GARRIGUES BROS.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Toss-ing on the bil-low,      Rocking in the blast, Sick'ning on the pil-low,      Verging t'ward the last.  
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble,      Storm-clouds scudding past, Clinging to the ca-ble,      I am anchored fast.

**Chorus.**

*f* While the tempest ra-ges, To the Rock of A-ges, I am anchored fast, I am anchored fast.

1st.      2d.

3 Gone each earthly treasure,  
Cut away each mast,  
Vanished earthly pleasure,  
Still I'm anchored fast.

4 Sorrows multiplying,  
Prospects overcast,  
Weeping, groaning, sighing,  
Still I'm anchored fast.

5 Swiftly to my grave-bed  
I am making haste!  
Trembling 'neath the death-dread,  
Still I'm anchored fast.

FLORA L. BEST.

# NEARING PORT.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Night and tempest are around us, And the seas are roll-ing high, Yet the eye of Faith up-lift ed, Sees a

glo - ry in the sky; And she hears the distant music Of a fair celestial shore, Floating through our Father's

**Chorus.**

homestead, With its ev - er o - pen door. Oh! the light is growing clearer, Oh! the port is coming

nearer, For we see the Master standing On the bright and blessed landing, Near the ev - er o - pen door.

2 Holy faces smile a welcome  
 To our storm-encompassed bark,  
 And a song of greeting ringeth  
 Through the shadows drear and dark;  
 Wild the breakers dash around us,—  
 Shall we find an ocean grave?  
 Nay; the arm of love eternal,  
 Reaches e'er the highest wave.—*Chorus.*

3 Come to us, O gracious Master,  
 Walking on the wrathful deep,  
 And the winds shall die in silence.  
 And the waves shall sink to sleep;  
 Then, with pealing shouts of triumph,  
 With the ransomed host we'll stand,  
 While an angel pens the record,  
 "And the ship was at the land."—*Chorus.*

# JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

From Songs of Salvation. By Per.

T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com-[Omit.] } mo - tion, say? In ac - cents hush'd the

2. { Who is this Je - sus? Why should he The cit - y move so migh - ti - ly? }  
A pass - ing stranger, has he skill To move the mul - ti - [Omit.....] } tude at will? A - gain the stir - ring

throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass eth by;" In ac - cents hush'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of  
tones re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by;" A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply: "Je - sus of

Naz - a - reth, pass - eth by."  
Naz - a - reth, pass - eth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe:  
And burden'd ones, where'er he came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place,  
His holy footprints we can trace.  
He pauseth at our threshold--nay,  
He enters--condescends to stay.  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

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



# EVERY MOMENT I NEED THEE.

111

MARY D. JAMES.

*Without Me ye can do nothing.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Exhaust - less Source of blessing— of light, and life, and love! With thee, all good possess - ing, " in

whom we live and move," Without thy smiles to brighten, how dark would be my way! No cheering ray to

**Refrain.**  
lighten, my feet would go astray. I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee, precious

Je - sus, ev'ry moment I need thee.

2 The crimson "fountain opened" in thy dear, wounded side,  
Oh, how I need each moment, that cleansing blood applied!  
What could I do without it? polluted so by sin!  
That ever-flowing fountain—to cleanse and keep me clean.  
*Refrain.*—I need thee, etc.

3 And while on earth, surrounded by hosts of wily foes,  
How much I need thy power those legions to oppose!  
With such a guard attending, though myriad foes be near,  
Omnipotence defending—my heart could never fear.  
*Refrain.*—I need thee, etc.

## YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

*May be sung as a duet by two voices or by the whole school; all voices, except the Alto, singing the higher part.*

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For weakness is sin; Each vict'ry will help us, Some oth - er to win.  
 2. Shun e - vil companions, — Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev'ence, Nor take it in vain.  
 3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer, The' oft - en cast down.

Fight manful - ly onward, — Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 He who is the Saviour, Our strength will re - new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

**Chorus.**

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, — He will carry you through.  
*Tenor.*

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, — He will carry you through.  
*Bass.*

# "HEAVEN'S NICE."

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THOS. E. BOACH.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

Dedicated to the Infant Class.

*Little Allie Roach died in Washington, aged two years and a half. Allie was a sweet singer. A few days before he was taken sick he sang a verse of a hymn, and then said "Less pay," and, kneeling devoutly, repeated twice, "O God! HEAVEN'S NICE—THANK YOU."*

1. I sing of Heav'n, that world of light Beyond the az - ure skies, Where nev - er comes the gloom of night, Where  
2. That Heaven must be "nice" indeed, — No sor - row, pain, nor care, Nor death, shall cast a blighting shade, — No  
3. The Heav'nly cit - y I behold, In grandeur bright and clear, With pearly gates, and streets of gold, And

## Chorus.

grandest glories rise. O, "Heaven's nice!" I know it is All beau - ti - ful and fair; — A brighter, bet - ter  
sin can en - ter there.  
walls of jewels rare.

world than this, And I've a man - sion there.

- 4 There, shining ranks of angels stand,  
And children there I see —  
O, what a bright seraphic band!  
When will they come for me?
- 5 Some day, on radiant wing, they'll come  
And bear me to the skies,  
To join them in their happy home,  
And prove that "Heaven's nice."

# A WHISPER TO JESUS BRINGS REST.

MARY D. JAMES.

*"He inclineth His ear and heareth me."*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Amid the world's tumults, its toils and its strife, With sorrow and labors oppress'd, All weary and worn with the conflicts of  
2. When feeble and prostrate from sickness and pain, With anguish and suff'ring distress'd, We whisper to Jesus, and quickly a-

## Chorus.

life, A whisper to Jesus brings rest. A whisper to Jesus brings rest to the soul, A whisper to Jesus brings rest. gain Comes back to the spirit sweet rest.

3 In pitying love "He inclineth his ear  
And heareth" each humble request;  
So tenderly waiting sad spirits to cheer,  
And give his beloved ones rest.—CHORUS.

4 Yes, even a whisper is heard up in Heaven,  
As fainting we send our desire;—  
And quicker the answer of mercy is given  
Than flash of electrical fire.—CHORUS.

# THERE'LL BE REST BY AND BY.

T. W. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, how sweet is the soul-cheering thought! There is rest for the pure and the good; 'Tis the  
2. He has gone, as He said, to pre- pare, For the tempt-ed, the tried, and the true, A man-

# THERE'LL BE REST BY AND BY. *Concluded.*

Chorus.

rest that the Sa-viour has bought By the shedding of his pre-cious blood. There'll be rest by and  
sion more glo-ri-ous and fair Than the children of earth ev-er knew. There'll be rest

by, With the saints in their glo-ri-fied home. There'll be  
by and by, With the saints in their glo-ri-fied home by and by, There'll be

rest by and by, With the saints in their glo-ri-fied home.  
rest, there'll be rest by and by, by and by, With the saints in their glo-ri-fied home.

3 Now we walk through a valley of tears,  
And our spirits are burdened and sad;  
But the end of our pilgrimage nears,  
So we lift up our heads and are glad.—CHORUS.

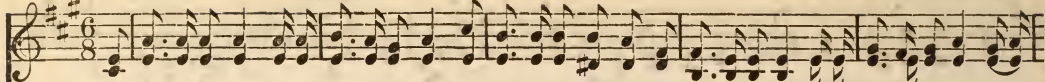
4 Then our loved ones who've passed on before,  
We shall meet in the land of the blest;  
And our conflict with sin will be o'er,  
And we soon in fair Zion will rest.—CHORUS.

# THE MASTER HAS COME.

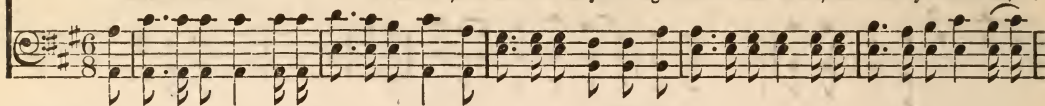
WM. H. CLARK.

DEDICATED TO WHARTON ST. M. E. SABBATH SCHOOL.

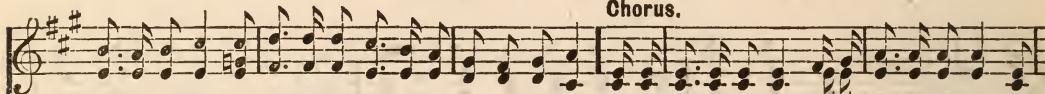
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



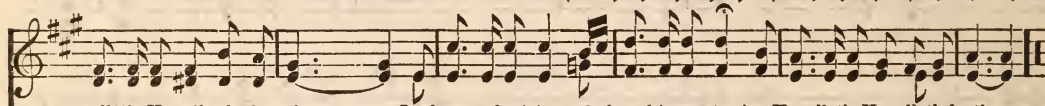
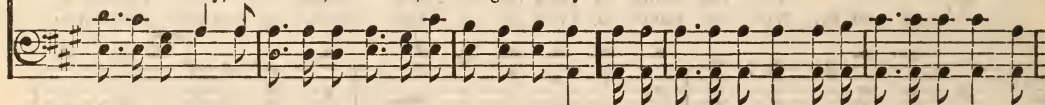
1. The Master has come and He calleth for thee; He waits at the threshold,—is waiting to see If His wonderful call thou wilt  
 2. The Master has come and He calleth for thee; From sin's dreary bondage to turn and be free; He invites you to come,—no



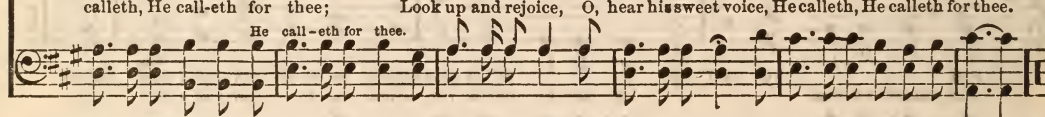
## Chorus.



glad-ly o-bey, Or if thou art turning all heedless a-way. O, the Master has come, O, the Master has come, He  
 far-ther to stray, He call-eth, He calleth, no lon-ger de-lay.



calleth, He call-eth for thee; Look up and rejoice, O, hear his sweet voice, He calleth, He calleth for thee.



- 3 The Master has come, and He calleth for thee;  
 Look out o'er the fields the white harvests to see;  
 There is work to be done in the vineyard to-day,  
 There is work to be done, O, then turn not away.—CHO.

- 4 The Master has come, and He calleth for thee;  
 To hasten the year of the world's jubilee;  
 When the nations shall gather from far and from near,  
 The voice of the Master, that's calling, to hear.—CHO.

- 5 The Master has come, and He calleth for thee;  
 If thou my own faithful disciple would be,—  
 The sheep that are wand'ring bring into the fold,  
 And shelter the lambs from the tempest and cold.—CHO.

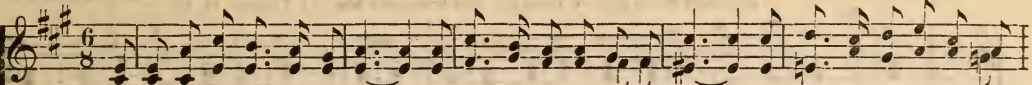
- 6 The Master has come, and He's calling for thee,  
 To gather the children and bring them to Me;  
 Invite them to come, for lo, I have given,  
 To children a share in the kingdom of heav'n.—CHO.

# SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

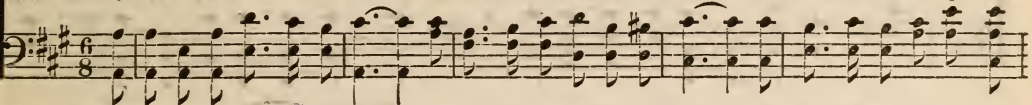
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THOS. E. ROACH.

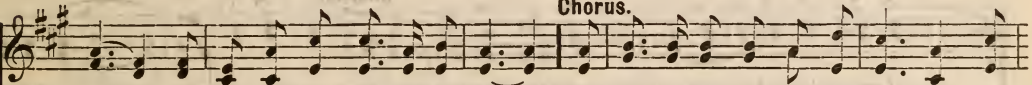
JNO. E. SWENEY.



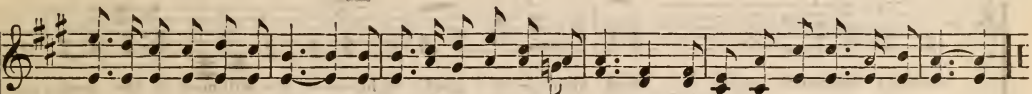
1. I'm yearning from sin to be free, Too long has it fetter'd my soul; To whom should I go but to
2. My tears can-not can-cel the stain, My sighs cannot purge out the dross; I come to the Lamb that was
3. By works I can nev-er a-tone,— O Saviour! my hope is in thee, Who'st trod-den the wine-press a-



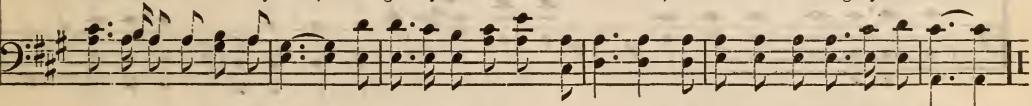
## Chorus.



thee, O Je-sus, whose blood maketh whole. To Je-sus, the on-ly name giv-en, By  
 slain, I bow at the foot of the cross.  
 lone, Who died, and now liv-eth for me.



which we sal-va-tion may have, Be glo-ry on earth and in Hea-ven, For Je-sus is mighty to save.



4 I yield to be sav'd by thy grace,  
 I wait for the touch of thy pow'r;  
 Now show me the smiles of thy face,  
 Thine image within me restore.  
*Chorus.*— To Jesus, etc.

5 He comes! and my fetters are riv'n:  
 He speaks with the voice of a God;  
 And now I'm a sinner forgiv'n,  
 And now I am wash'd in his blood.  
*Chorus.*— To Jesus, etc.

6 The darkness gives place to the light,  
 My blindness is gone— I can see;  
 My spirit now thrills with delight,  
 I'm pardon'd, I'm cleans'd, I am free.  
*Chorus.*— To Jesus, etc.

## WE WILL MEET IN THE MORNING.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.— 1. THESS." iv, 14.

1. Good night, good night, we will meet in the morn - ing, At dawn of the heav - en - ly day, The  
 2. Good night, good night, we will meet in the morn - ing, When sick - ness and dy - ing are o'er, Where

**Chorus.**

morn of redemption and glory, When night-shades have all pass'd away. Good night, good night,— We will  
 bright scenes celestial shall greet us, And loved ones who passed on before. Good night, good night, good night;

meet in the morn - ing; Good night,— good night,— We will meet in the morn - ing.  
 good night, good night, good night, good night.

3 Good night: we will meet in the morning,  
 When tears will be all wiped away;  
 And recompense rich for earth's sorrow  
 Will Jesus bestow in that day.  
 Chorus.— Good night, etc.

4 Good night: we will meet in the morning;  
 How quickly will pass the brief night!  
 And gladly we'll hail the blest dawning  
 Of glorious eternity's light.  
 Chorus.— Good night, etc.



1. O Je - sus, my Sa - vior, at last, at last, I yield to thy sweet con - trol; Now

Chorus.

en - ter my wea - ry, con - trite heart, Oh, cleanse me, and make me clean! I'm yielding, dear Sa - vior, at

last, at last, I'm yield - ing to thy con - trol, Come, Je - sus, and wash all my

sins a - way, Oh, cleanse me, and make me whole!

2.  
I long have withstood thy love and grace,  
And hindered thy sweet control;  
I yield me at last to thy embrace,  
Oh, cleanse me, and make me whole!  
*Chorus.*

3.  
In humble submission I bow at last,  
And yield thee my life and soul;  
Now wash me from all my stains of sin,  
Oh, cleanse me, and make me whole!  
*Chorus.*

## HAPPY HOME.

E. F. STEWART.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

Happy home, Happy home, I sigh for thee, I sigh for thee; I would  
 Happy home, Happy home, Thy gold-en streets I then would see, Ev - er -  
 sweet home, sweet home,

soar, I would soar, And be for - ev - er free, Homewhere Je - sus ev - er dwells,  
 more, ev - er - more, To rest beneath his love. There the crystal fountain flows,  
 I would soar, I would soar,

Mak - ing in - ter - ces - sion; Where th' angelic anthems wells, And song of full redemption. Yes,  
 Teem - ing with sal - va - tion; And the Tree of Life there grows, For heal - ing ev' - ry na - tion. Yes,

# HAPPY HOME. *Concluded.*

hap-py home, Yes, hap-py home, Longing for the shininshore; I would fain hear the strains Of hap-py home, Yes, hap-py home, An-gels sing around the throne; And a-gain, still a-gain, They

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line consists of chords and single notes.

**Chorus.**

saints more loud and clear. Oh, hap-py home, Oh, hap-py home, I long to see thy beck-on me to come.

The chorus section begins with the word "Chorus." centered above the staff. It continues with two staves of music. The melody in the upper staff includes a prominent dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, and a final measure with a fermata. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

shin-ing shore; Oh, hap-py home, Oh, hap-py home, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

The final system of music concludes the piece. It features two staves of music. The upper staff ends with a fermata and a "Rit." (ritardando) marking above the final notes. The bass line continues with sustained chords and a final cadence.

## NEARER THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. V.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Near - er the cross, my heart can say, I'm com - ing near - er, Nearer the cross from day to day,

I'm com - ing near - er; Nearer the cross where Je - sus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,

Near - er my Sav - iour's wounded side, I'm com - ing near - er, I'm com - ing near - er.

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,  
 I'm coming nearer;  
 Feasting my soul on manna sweet,  
 I'm coming nearer:  
 Stronger in faith more clear I see  
 Jesus who gave Himself for me,  
 Nearer to Him I still would be,  
 ♯: Still coming nearer. :‡

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,  
 I'm coming nearer;  
 Deepening the love my soul desires,  
 I'm coming nearer:  
 Nearer the end of toil and care,  
 Nearer the joy I long to share,  
 Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,  
 ♯: I'm coming nearer. :‡

THOS. E. ROACH.

JNO. E. SWENEY.

1. Oh, wondrous thought, and can it be, That I, of A-dam's fall-en race, Who now with dark-en'd  
 2. I shall be-hold the bless-ed Lord, Whose blood can ev'-ry sin ef-face; My great High Priest be-  
 3. How sweet 'twill be my friends to meet, Whom death has called from my embrace; Oh, hap-py thought!—but

**Chorus.**

vis-ion see, Shall view the Fa-ther, face to face. Oh, boundless love! Oh, matchless grace! I  
 fore the throne, Yes, ev-en I shall see His face.  
 far more sweet,—To gaze on my Re-deemer's face.

shall behold Him face to face; Yes, face to face, Yes, face to face, I shall be-hold Him, face to face.

4 When safe within that heav'nly home,  
 I stand amid its golden blaze;  
 No gilded street, nor burnished dome,  
 Shall hide the brightness of His face.—*Chorus.*

5 To God, the Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Join every heart in loudest praise;  
 We soon shall worship at His throne,  
 We soon shall see Him face to face.—*Chorus.*

## WORKING FOR THE SAVIOUR.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. A lit - tle work for Jesus, How sweet the thought to me; When ev'ning shades do gather, Something I've done for thee.  
 2. It may have been but lit - tle, The good that I have done; But still thou wilt accept it, Though from a little one.  
 3. Oh! it is such an hon - or, To do for Christ the Lord; To do an act to please him, Or speak for him a word.

**Chorus.**

Work - ing for the Sav - iour—What a pre - cious thought! Do - ing for the Mas - ter, Who my pardon bought.

Sav - iour I will praise Thee, Thou hast made me free; Now I'm do - ing something, ev' - ry day, for Thee.

4 I may not do as others,  
 A mighty work of grace;  
 I may not bring a thousand,  
 To seek the Saviour's face:—*Chorus.*

5 But I can tell a sinner,  
 Of Jesus's precious love,  
 And point him to the Mansion,  
 That's waiting up above.—*Chorus.*

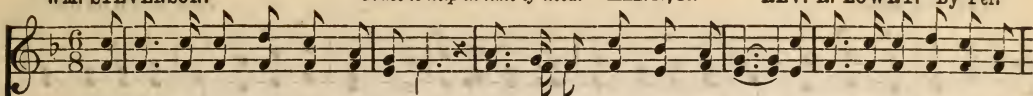
# JESUS WILL HELP YOU.

125

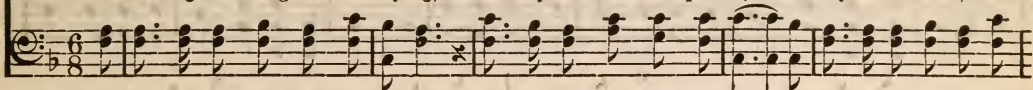
WM. STEVENSON.

"Grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv, 16.

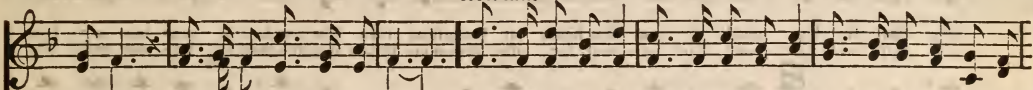
REV. R. LOWRY. By Per.



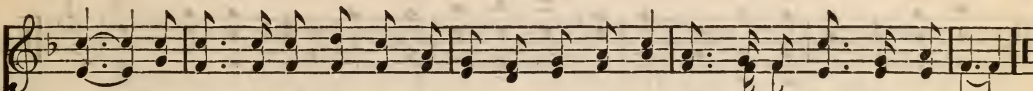
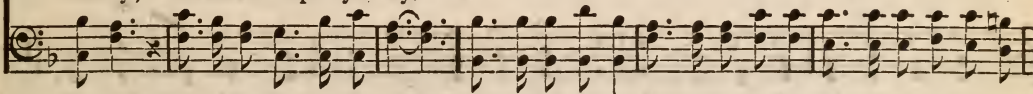
1. The Saviour is call-ing you, sinner— Urg-ing you now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re-
2. Thro' Him there is life in be-lieving; Sin-ner, oh, why will you die? Accept Him by faith as your
3. The Saviour is call-ing you, wanderer—Points you to man-sions on high; Return to the path that leads
4. There's danger in long-er de-laying, Swift-ly the moments pass by; If now you will come, there is



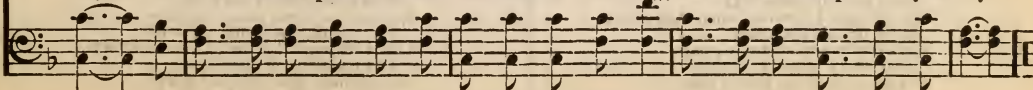
## Refrain.



ceive him; Je-sus will help if you try. Je-sus will help you, Je-sus will help you, Help you with grace from on  
Saviour; Je-sus will help if you try.  
homeward; Je-sus will help if you try.  
mer-cy; Je-sus will help if you try.



high; The weak-est and poor-est the Sa-viour is call-ing; Je-sus will help if you try.



## LORD HELP ME.

"Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me."—MATTHEW XV. 25.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. And did He hear that lit - tle pray'r? And did the Lord give heed To that poor suppliant woman there, And  
2. Did ev - er He a sufferer spurn, Or once re - fuse to hear? Did Je - sus ev - er pass by one Whose

help her in her need? O, yes! that heart of boundless love Was touched to hear her cry: Her  
cry fell on his ear? No! ne - ver! for his hu - man breast Was touched by hu - man grief: He

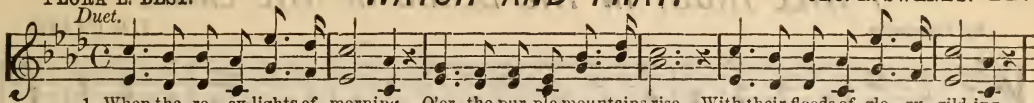
sor - row did his pit - y move; He could not pass her by, He could not pass her by.  
loved to give the wea - ry rest, The brok - en heart re - lief, The brok - en heart re - lief.

3 And is He not the same to-day?  
Does not our Jesus hear  
His suffering followers, when they pray?  
Is He not always near?  
Yes, ever does his listening ear  
Hear every plaintive cry:—  
No piteous look, no falling tear  
:: Escapes the Saviour's eye.::

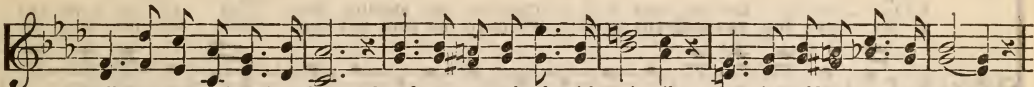
4 Poor sufferers, with grief oppress'd,  
That load ye need not bear;  
Just send to Jesus your request—  
That simple, heart-felt prayer—  
"Lord help me!" How he loves that cry!  
And loves that help to give:  
No suppliant will the Lord deny:  
:: "Ask, and ye shall receive."::



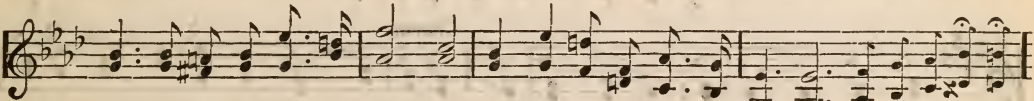
*Duet.*



1. When the ro - sy lights of morning, O'er the pur - ple mountains rise, With their floods of glo - ry gild - ing  
 2. In the burning heat of noontide, 'Mid the conflict fierce and strong, When the pilgrims have grown weary,  
 3. When the ev'ning shadows lengthen O'er the bus - y strife of earth, Fall - ing 'mid the notes of sor - row,

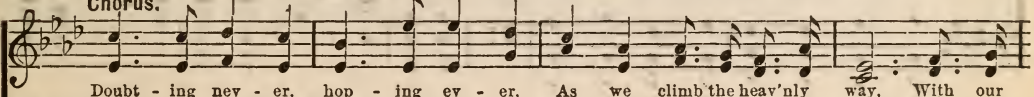


All the gray and sombre skies, Stands an an - gel pale with vig - ils By the golden gates of day,  
 And the journey seemeth long, Cometh then the bless - ed ang - el, Fear - ful, lest their feet may stray,  
 'Mid the joy - ous songs of mirth, Ten - der - ly his ac - cents wak - en Mu - sic in the twi - light gray,

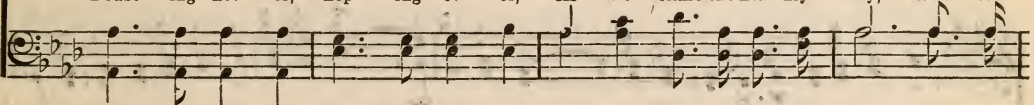


And he cries, with hand up - lift - ed, "Earth - ly pilgrims, watch, and pray."  
 Cheers them with his lov - ing glan - ces, Soft - ly whisp'ring—"watch and pray."  
 While he breathes, with fold - ed pin - ions, "Pil - grims, ev - er watch and pray."

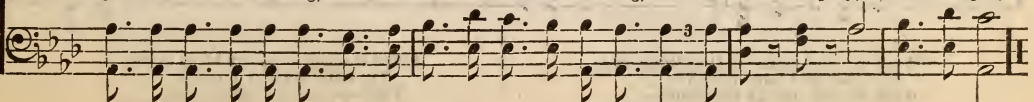
**Chorus.**



Doubt - ing nev - er, hop - ing ev - er, As we climb the heav'nly way, With our



lights for - ev - er burning, And our fa - ces homeward turning, Let us "watch and pray,"—watch and pray.



# I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

By Permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This all my hope and  
 2. My dy - ing Sa - viour and my God, - Foun - tain for guilt and sin; Sprin - kle me ev - er

**Chorus.**

all my plea, - For me the Sa - viour died. I will trust, I will trust, I will  
 with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.

trust in the blood of the Lamb; I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb,

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:  
 Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart. - *Chorus.*

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love. - *Chorus.*

1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made fully whole, And thy perfect salvation to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be  
 2. O, how long have I tried To re-sist nature's tide, All in vain have I sighed to be free; In myself, all undone, Neath the

## Chorus.

washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Sa-viour, to Thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee, I am  
 waves sink-ing down, I am coming, dear Sa-viour, to Thee.

coming, dear Saviour, to Thee; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

3 I thy promise believe,  
 That in Thee I shall live,  
 Through thy blood shed so freely for me  
 To obtain a pure heart,  
 To secure this "good part,"  
 I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.—CHORUS.

4 To be thine, wholly thine,  
 Precious Saviour divine;  
 With my all consecrated to Thee;  
 To be kept ev'ry hour,  
 By thy love's wondrous power,  
 I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.—CHORUS.

## CHRIST INTERCEDING.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. S. LOBENZ.

1. Christ in - ter - ced - ing with God a - bove! For me he's plead - ing, O, wondrous love;

Stand - ing be - fore the throne, His blood doth now a - tone, He will preserve his own; For me he prays.

## Refrain.

O, how great the love That now is in - ter - ced - ing For a sin - ner, Sin - ful, vile as I.

2 Christ interceding, He cannot fail;  
His matchless pleading, Now doth prevail:  
Father, for these I pray,  
And all who seek the way,  
Oh, may they never stray—  
Keep thou thine own.—REFRAIN.

3 Hear Jesus pleading, "All mine are thine,"  
Tenderly pleading, "All thine are mine,"  
Oh, may they all be one  
United in the Son  
And bright above the sun  
Dwell evermore.—REFRAIN.

1. There's a gen - tle knock at the door of thy heart, The Sa - vior is wait - ing to en - ter in; He's

## Chorus.

waiting, his peace and love to impart, And cleanse thee from guilt and sin. Knocking, . . . knocking, Ev - er knocking, ev - er knocking,

Calling thee o'er and o'er, o'er and o'er; Op - en, and let the Sa - vior come in, Then go, and sin no more.

2. There's a gentle voice that is calling to thee,  
To turn from the pleasures of sin away;  
Oh, haste to obey the Savior's kind voice,  
And yield him thy heart to-day.

Chorus.

3. With the dews of night on his hallowed brow,  
He knocks, and is calling thee o'er and o'er;  
O sinner, relent, and yield him thy heart!  
He'll enter the open door.

Chorus.

## FAREWELL.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Fare - well! fare - well! fare - well! We meet no more on this side heav'n; The  
 2. Fare - well! fare - well! fare - well! My soul will weep while mem' - ry lives; From

part - ing scene is o'er; The last sad look is giv - en. Fare - well! fare - well!  
 wounds that sink so deep, No earth - ly hand re - lieves. Fare - well! fare - well!

3 Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
 My stricken heart to Jesus flies;  
 From him I'll never part;  
 On him my hope relies.  
 Farewell! farewell!

4 Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
 And shall we meet in heaven above  
 And there, in union sweet,  
 Sing of a Saviour's love.  
 Farewell! farewell!

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

MARY D. JAMES.

From "Songs of the Cross" by per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Christian, tell me is thy light Burning with a stead - y ray; Shin - ing 'mid this world's dark night,  
 2. On life's dangerous stormy deep, Ma - ny souls imperiled glide; Lo! their eyes on thee they keep,

# LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE. *Concluded.*

133

Guid - ing travelers on their way? Is it beaming out a - far, Like the brilliant even - ing star?  
Trust - ing in thy light to guide: May they safe - ly trust in thee, On this fear - ful rock - bound sea?

Let your light - - - - shine, Let your light - - - - shine, keep your  
Ev - er let your light brightly shine, ev - er let your light brightly shine, keep your

lamps well trimmed and burn - ing bright, Let your light, Christian, bright - ly shine.

3 Dost thou trim thy lamp each day?  
Is it always bright and clear?  
Can the loved ones round thee say—  
"By thy light we'll safely steer  
To the blessed port above,  
To the Heaven of peace and love?"—*Cho.*

4 Oh! if all our lamps would burn,  
With a brighter, steadier light;  
Soon would the Millennial Morn,  
Burst in splendor on our sight;  
Girdled with its golden rays,  
Earth would all be filled with praise. *Cho.*

## JESUS CALLS US.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus calls us, List - en, List - en, See the lov - ing Saviour's charms; Let the child - ren come, He's say - ing,

Chorus.

Now we'll has - ten to His arms. O, come let us go, let us go, let us go, Hark! how He's calling us,

Hark! how He's call - ing us, Come let us go, let us go, let us go, Come let us go to Je - sus.

2 Jesus loves us—how He's longing  
 Now to fold us to His breast,  
 Let us go to our dear Saviour,  
 In His arms we'll sweetly rest.—CHORUS.

3 He will take us to those mansions,  
 Beautiful, prepared on high;  
 There we'll live with Him forever,  
 Far above the azure sky.—CHORUS.



1. My soul in pri-son lay, Held fast by galling chains, Shut in from light of day, And all the gos-pel  
2. While in this wretched state, God's mes-sage came to me, "It is not yet too late" To seek your lib-er-

claims; No hu-man arm to save, Was man-i-fest to me; No res-cue from the grave, No hope of lib-er-ty.  
ty; Rise up, and knock, and call, His help at once implore, Prostrate be-fore him fall, He is the o-pen door.

## Chorus.

Je-sus the o-pen door, Je-sus the way to heav'n; Je-sus now and ev-er-more; To him all praise be given.

3 I saw the bleeding Lamb,  
The wonders of the Cross,  
I prayed the great "I am"  
To seek and save the lost;  
He pardoned all my sin,  
He gave me boundless store;  
Yes, Jesus let me in  
The great and open door.—CHORUS.

4 Within that door I stand  
A child of God and free,  
Bound for the glory-land  
Of immortality;  
What comfort do I find,  
What prospects lie before,  
What promises are mine,  
Pleasures for evermore.—CHORUS.

1. In the might of the Lord is our trust, With His help none can falter nor fail; For the foes shall He smite to the  
 2. In the truth of our God will we trust, For His sure word of promise we claim; His pa-vil-ion is ov-er the

Chorus.

dust, Who the ranks of His hos-en as-sail. A-wake, a-wake, our no-blest song, He  
 just, And in-fin-i-ty meas-ures His name. A-wake, our noblest song, awake, our no-blest song, He

comes, He comes,  
 comes, he comes, he comes, he comes, to whom all realms be-long, To shield the right, subdue the wrong, And

seal His saints to vic-to-ry.

3 In the love of our Lord we shall trust—  
 Love of Christ, all unchanging and true;  
 Life from death, by the Cross, is our boast,  
 And a kingdom immortal in view.

4 Evermore, then, we cling to this trust,  
 Its foundations unshaken shall stand;  
 For though dying, yet triumph we must,  
 And possess our Immanuel's land!

# COUNT THE MERCIES.

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MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Count the mercies! count the mercies! Number all the gifts of love; Keep a dai - ly, faithful re - cord Of the  
2. See! oh, see the countless beauties In the charming scenes of earth! Think of all the untold blessings, Clust'ring

comforts from a - bove. Look at all the love - ly green - spots In life's wea - ry des - ert way; Think how many cool - ing  
round our home and hearth. Think of friends and precious kindred, To our hearts so dear, so sweet; Think of heav'n's unnumber'd

fountains Cheer our fainting hearts each day: Count the mercies, count the mercies, See them strewn along the way.  
bless - ings, Can you all the list re - peat? Count the mer - cies, count the mer - cies, Making bright paths for our feet.

3 Count the mercies, though the trials  
Seem to number more each day;  
Count the trials too, as mercies,  
Add them to the grand array.  
Trials are God's richest blessings,  
Sent to prompt our upward flight;  
As the eagle's nest—all broken,  
Makes them fly to loftier heights.  
Count them mercies—count them mercies  
That bring heaven within our sight.

4 Let us number all our jewels,  
Let us estimate their worth;  
Let us thank the Gracious Giver,  
Strewing blessings o'er the earth;  
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,  
Let us tell the wonders o'er,  
Till our multiplying treasures  
Seem a countless, boundless store;  
Then let praises—grateful praises,  
Be our language evermore.

THOS. E. ROACH.

JNO. E. SWENEY.

1. Live for Je - sus by day and night; Let ev' - ry word and act be right; And find in Christ your  
 2. Work for Je - sus while yet you may, For time is speed - ing fast a - way; And soon will come the

true de - light. Live, O, live for Je - sus!  
 close of day. Work, O, work for Je - sus!

3 Sing for Jesus! a tribute bring,  
 In sweetest anthems to our King,  
 Let earth with loud hosannas ring.  
 Sing, O, sing for Jesus!

4 Speak for Jesus! tell of his love:  
 A word some stony heart may move—  
 May lead some soul that love to prove.  
 Speak, O, speak for Jesus!

5 Die for Jesus, who died for thee,  
 Sooner than with his foes agree:  
 To die for Christ is victory.  
 Dare to die for Jesus!

## PLENTY TO DO.

Mrs. S. M. I. HENRY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is plen - ty to do in this world of ours: There are weeds to pluck from a -  
 2. There are fountains of sin and of sor - row to seal; There are fountains to o - pen, — the

mong its flow - ers; There are fields to sow; there are fields to reap, There are vineyards to set on the  
na - tions to heal; There are brave words to speak, there are songs to be sung; There are doors to be opened and

mountain steep; There are forests to plant, and forests to fell, And homes to be builded on hill-side and dell.  
bells to be rung; There's a conflict to wage with the armies of sin; There's a fortress to hold, and a fortress to win.

O, there's plen - ty to do, there's plen - ty to do; There's plen - ty a - round us to do.

3 There is plenty to do all over the land:—  
Work, crowding the brain, the heart, and the hand;  
There are millions to feed in the world's busy hive;  
There are railroads to build, and engines to drive;  
There are pathways to mark over mountain and lea;  
There are harps to be hung in the depths of the sea.

4 There is plenty to do: there are children to teach;  
An evangel of love and of mercy to preach;  
The fallen to lift, the proud to abase,  
To bring right and wrong to their own fitting place;  
There's an ensign to plant on the heights by the sea:  
There's work for the million—for you and for me.

# JESUS LOVES ME.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By Per.

1. Now I may come to my Sa- viour dear; This is my plea, Je- sus loves me; He my pe- ti- tion will

**Chorus.**

sure-ly hear; Mer-cy is free for all. Je- sus loves me, Je- sus loves me, O, what a com- fort that

Je- sus loves me; Ev- en a sin- ner so vile as I be, Je- sus loves me, Je- sus loves me.

2 He hath redeemed me from sin and death,  
Yes, on the tree, suffered for me;  
Died, and how bitter his dying breath;  
Died on the tree for all.—CHORUS.

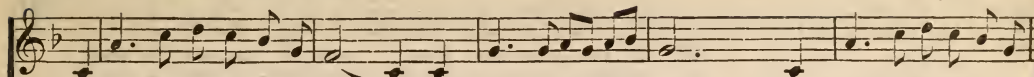
3 Now I may look to the world above,  
There I've a home, then I may come;  
Jesus is there, and His heart is love,  
Even for worthless me.—CHORUS.

# MA NEVER TOLD A LIE.

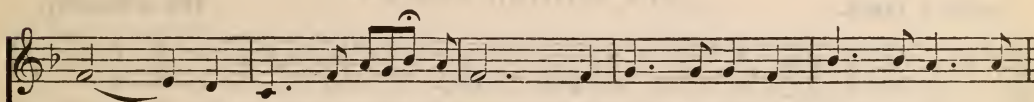
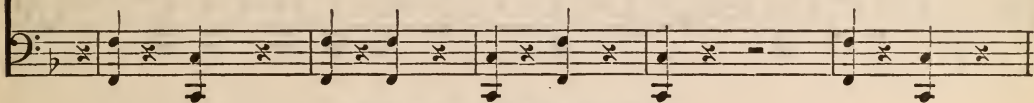
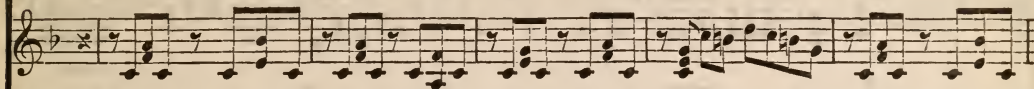
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Selected by WM. H. FITZSIMMONS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. While passing through the busy street, One cold De-cem-ber day, A stranger saw two lit-tle  
2. I'm wait-ing, sir, for God to come; I wait-ed all the day; I have no Pa, no Ma, no  
3. Now should you meet with God, please say, That Ben-ny's sick and cold; And that he's waited all the



feet, Too cold to run or play. Com-pas-sion for the boy quick led The  
home, No where my head to lay. But sir, I know that God will see And  
day To gath-er in his fold. But oh, it seems so long to be With-



# MA NEVER TOLD A LIE. *Concluded.*

stran - ger to his side,— “Pa, Ma, and brother Billy’s dead, And I am sick,” he cried.  
 hear me when I cry, For Ma said, God would care for me,— Ma nev - er told a lie.  
 out a home, I cry,— But Ma said, God would care for me,— Ma nev - er told a lie.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 2/4 time, with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

MARY D. JAMES,

## THE SINNER SAVED.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

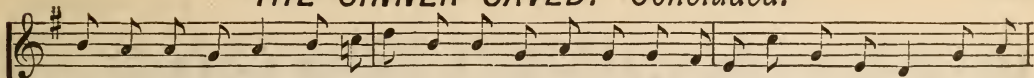
1. Long in sin's dark, dreary prison, Bound with Satan's galling chain,— Helpless, hopeless, pin - ing, dy - ing,— All my  
 2. As a bird uncaged,— so joyous!—Using my glad spirit's wings, Mounting up,— I find my glo - ry In his  
 3. In the sunlight of his presence, I am now supremely blest: In his ser - vice is sweet free - dom, In his  
 4. Since my doubts and fears have vanished, Since my sins were washed away, Life and light, and joy and gladness, Brighten

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in D major, C time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in D major, C time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is the bass line in D major, C time, with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

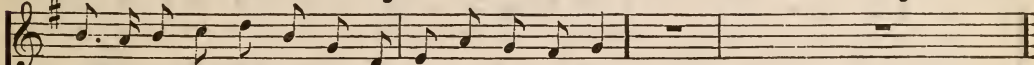
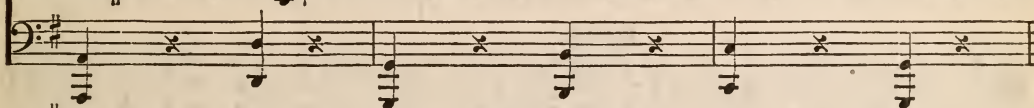
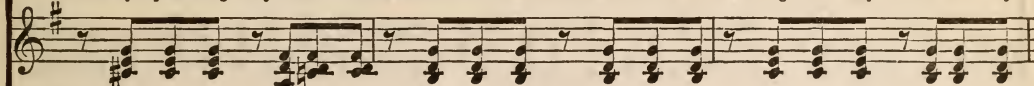


# THE SINNER SAVED. *Concluded.*

143

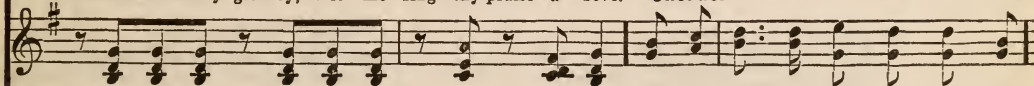


tears and pray'rs seemed vain. Sudden - ly the door flew o - pen,—Then my great Deliver - er came, Broke my smiles,—the King of kings. How en - raptured my freed spir - it! Bounding in - to life and light;—Soaring work most per - fect rest. Now my voice and lips I'm us - ing To ex - alt Im - man - u - el:— All his ev' - ry pass - ing day. Pre - cious Saviour! I a - dore thee! How a - maz - ing is thy love! Let my

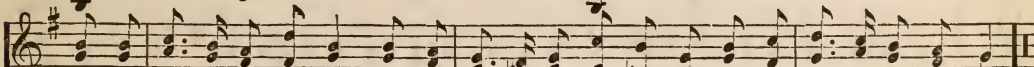
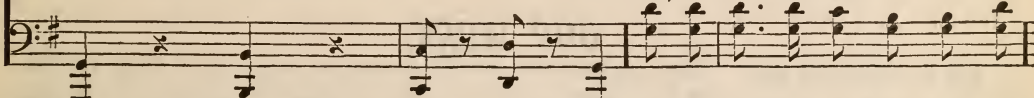


bonds, and gave me free - dom! Je - sus is his bless - ed name.  
up to realms ce - les - tial;—Glorious is my heavenward flight!  
ut - termost sal - va - tion How my soul ex - ults to tell!  
life show forth thy glo - ry, Let me sing thy praise a - bove.

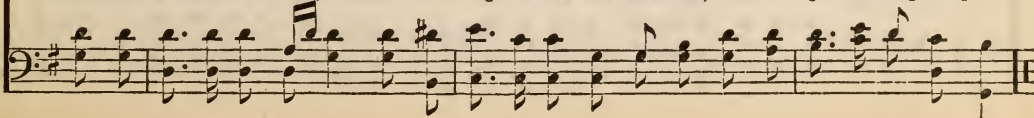
## Chorus.



Oh, I love the name of Je - sus!



Wondrous, matchless is his grace! I will sing of his sal - va - tion,—I de - light to sing his praise.



## SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus; Oh, what words I hear him say! Hap - py peace! so near! so pre - cious!  
 2. Sitting at the feet of Je - sus: Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and sor - rows,

## Refrain.

May it find me there each day. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet.  
 And, when wea - ry, find sweet rest.

3 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,—  
 There I love to weep and pray;  
 While I from his fullness gather  
 Grace and comfort every day.—REFRAIN.

4 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,  
 I there learn his will divine;  
 See his smile and catch his sweetness,  
 As he whispers, "Thou art mine."—REFRAIN.

## OUR WORK.

WM. H. RUDDIMAN, Esq.

*There is work to be done. What wilt thou have me to do?*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is work to be done, by the Mas - ter ap - pointed; The harvest is great, but the laborers are few; Oh,  
 2. There are gra - ces to cher - ish, and fruits of the Spir - it To ren - der, a sac - ri - fice grateful and true; Oh,

let ev - ry soul in his ser - vice a - noint - ed, Say, "What wilt thou have me, dear Saviour, to do?"  
 then, at the cross, in full sense of its mer - it, Say, "What wilt thou have me, dear Saviour, to do?"

**Chorus.**

In his love let us toil; By his grace let us toil; In his  
 In his love, in his love, let us toil, let us toil; By his grace, by his grace let us toil, let us toil; In his

love and his grace shall our toil nev - er cease 'Till we en - ter the man - sions of peace.

3 There are souls to present at the life-giving fountain;  
 The feeble and erring to blessedness woo:  
 We'll bear them in faith, and, ascending the mountain,  
 Say, "What wilt thou have me, dear Saviour, to do?"  
*Chorus.*—In his love, etc.

4 The reward is assured, and the rest everlasting,  
 When labor's rough foot-ways no more we pursue:  
 Glad thanks we shall give, at his feet our crowns casting,  
 That Jesus our Lord, gave us something to do.  
*Chorus.*—In his love, etc.

To my friend JOHN A. HARDY, Esq., of N. Y.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis ea - sy to stand on a ves - sel's deck, On a ves - sel snug and trim; And to watch the foam from the  
2. 'Tis an - oth - er thing in the murk - y night, By the snak - y lightning's glare; To climb and stand on the

plash - ing wake, And the rain - bow bub - bles swim; It is ea - sy e - nough to climb the mast When  
diz - zy height When the tempest's arm is bare; When the masts are bend - ing low with the strain, And the

hushed the bil - lows' roar, And the Ze - phyrs play with the pen - non gay That floats from the highest spar.  
can - vas all is riven, And the an - gry blast goes whirl - ing past, And the fly - ing clouds of hea - ven.

3 'Tis easy enough to be brave and true,  
With nothing to set us wrong;  
When the sky above is a cloudless blue,  
And the heart is full of song.  
'Tis another thing when the stormy clouds  
Are dark'ning over head,—  
When the angel of wrath steps o'er our path,  
And all above is lead.

4 Oh! the Christian who stands through his fiery youth,  
When the tempter's power is strong,  
And who will not barter God's holy truth  
For the proffered hire of wrong,  
Oh! bring not to him the warrior's meed,  
'Tis a fading wreath and dim;  
Earth has no gem for the bright diadem,  
The Lord will give to him.

1 { Rouse thee, soul, the day is fleeting : Look, life's sands are almost run ; Rouse thee now, go forth to battle, List, the  
Twilight shades the earth are greeting, And the stars shine [Omit.....] one by one ;

foeman's tramp is near ; Hear ye not the war-whoop's rattle Marshalling both van and rear ? Then awake, then a-  
awake

Chorus.

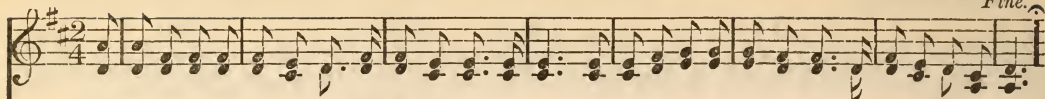
wake, Then awake, put on thy strength, O Zion ; Rouse thee now to arms, Fear no dread alarms, Zi - on, now a - wake.  
awake. Zi - on, a - wake.

2 Round thee ( as the walls of Zion,  
Do the holy city stand, )  
Israel's Chi-ftain—Juda's Lion  
Stretches forth his saving hand ;  
Who shall harm thee—who defeat thee,  
Who shall triumph o'er thy fall,  
While the " Lord of lords " shall greet thee,  
And ye answer to his call?—CHORUS.

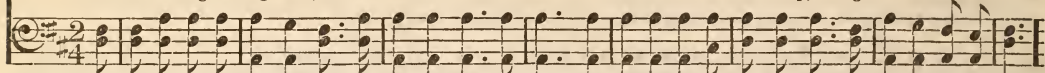
3 See salvation's standard flaunting  
Proudly o'er the clash and din,  
With her bulwarks round thee vaunting  
And defiant hosts of sin ;  
Israel, rally—never falter,  
Forward press in steady line,  
God hath promised—he'll not alter—  
Thou shalt conquer, thou art mine.—CHORUS.

## THE LITTLE GLEANERS.

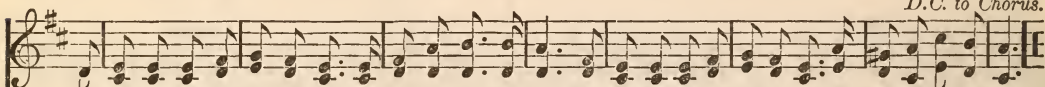
JNO. E. SWENEY.

*Fine.*

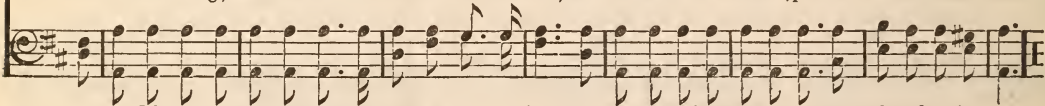
1. We are a little gleaning band, We cannot bind the sheaves, But we can follow those who reap, And gather what each leaves.



Chorus. We are a little gleaning band, We cannot bind the sheaves, But we can follow those who reap, And gather what each leaves.

*D. C. to Chorus.*

We are not strong; but Jesus loves The weakest of His fold, And in our feeblest efforts, proves His tenderness untold.



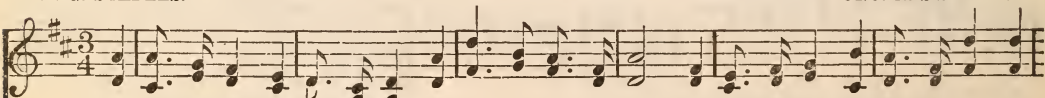
2 We are not rich, but we can give  
As we are passing on,  
A cup of water in His name  
To some poor fainting one.  
We are not wise; but Christ our Lord,  
Revealed to babes His will,  
And we are sure, from His dear Word,  
He loves the children still.—CHORUS.

3 We know that with our gathered grain,  
Briers and leaves are seen,  
Yet, since we tried, He smiles the same,  
And takes our offering.  
Dear children, still Hosannas sing,  
As Christ doth conquering come,  
Casting your treasures, as He brings  
The Heathen nations home.—CHORUS.

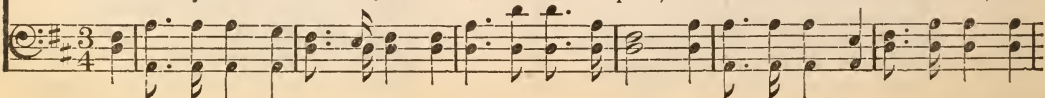
## I ONLY WISH TO KNOW.

R. G. STAPLES.

JNO. E. SWENEY.

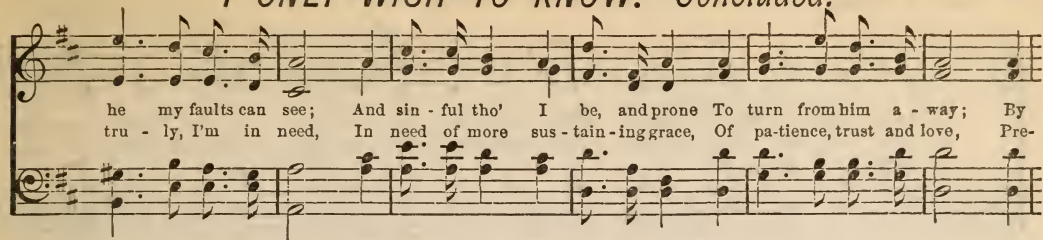


1. I on - ly wish to know this truth, 'Tis all the world to me, That Je - sus loves me, ev - en me, Tho'  
2. I on - ly wish to feel that Christ Doth with the Fa - ther plead, For me the vil - est of the vile, For



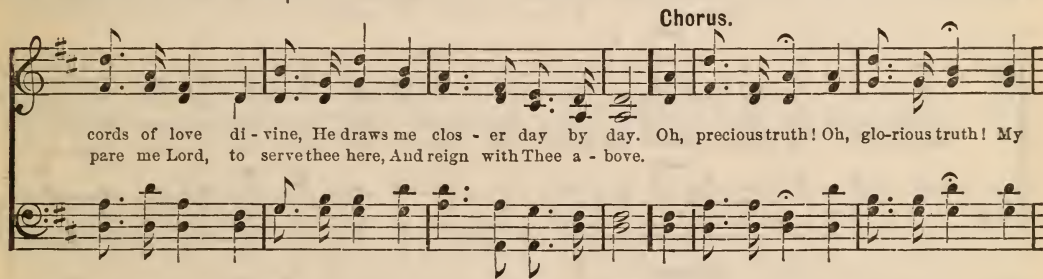
# I ONLY WISH TO KNOW. *Concluded.*

149

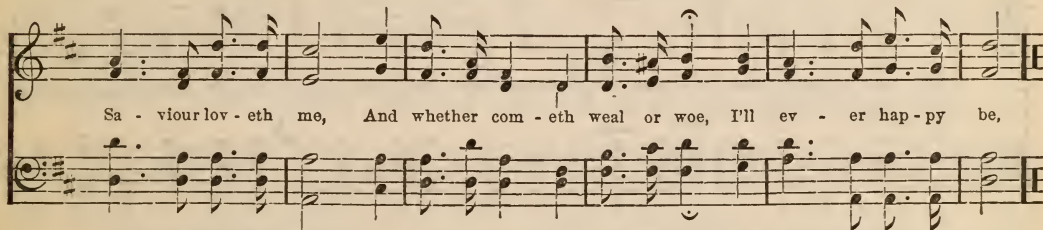


he my faults can see; And sin - ful tho' I be, and prone To turn from him a - way; By  
tru - ly, I'm in need, In need of more sus - tain - ing grace, Of pa - ti - ence, trust and love, Pre -

**Chorus.**



cords of love di - vine, He draws me clos - er day by day. Oh, precious truth! Oh, glo - rious truth! My  
pare me Lord, to serve thee here, And reign with Thee a - bove.



Sa - viour lov - eth me, And whether com - eth weal or woe, I'll ev - er hap - py be,

3 I only wish to know this truth  
That Christ my pardon bought;  
When leaving Heaven, He came to earth,  
And rebel sinners sought;  
Then if hope's star but sheds its ray  
Across my pathway here:  
And I can trust my God each day,  
I've nothing else to fear.

4 I only wish to know this truth,  
God's hand is under me,  
And 'round about me are his arms,  
When I no danger see;  
That Jesus loved me with a love  
So strong that He could die;  
To gain for me a home above,  
A mansion in the sky.

# PRODIGAL, COME BACK.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Oh, wea - ry wandering one, From home so far a - stray; A - las, that thou hast  
 2. Ah! thou art starving there, For earth can - not af - ford The rich pro - vi - sion

gone From thy best Friend a - way! Poor prod - i - gal! wilt thou not come Back to thy  
 where, Thy Fa - ther spreads His board: Oh, cease to eat those husks, and come Back to thy

**Chorus.**

Fa - ther's happy home? Oh, prodi - gal, come back, come back! Back to thy Fa - ther's hap - py home.  
 lov - ing Father's home!

3 Now say, "I'll rise and go,"  
 Dear contrite weeping one,—  
 Lift up thine eyes, and lo!  
 Thy Father starts to run!  
 He'll clasp thee in His fond embrace,  
 And give to thee His richest grace.

4 Thy Father's yearning heart,  
 So longs for thy return!  
 He's waiting to impart  
 Rich gifts to His loved son:  
 The kiss,— His seal of love to set,  
 And all thy wanderings forget.

5 Oh, what a festal sight,  
 Thy chastened soul shall greet!  
 What words of pure delight  
 That *welcome home! how sweet!*  
 How the glad song will then resound,  
 "*The dead's alive, the lost is found!*"



# I ONLY KNOW THAT JESUS DIED.

151

FLORA B. HARRIS. Hakodate, Japan.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. My soul is blind, thro' paths of night She treadeth, grop - ing for the light; She walks a - lone in  
2. My soul is sick with doubt and fear, She finds no liv - ing cor - dial here; And yet the Heal - er's  
3. My soul is la - den ver - y sore, She pines for peace un - felt be - fore; O, heav'nly rest that

**Chorus.**  
guilt - y pride, And yet I know that Je - sus died. I on - ly know, I on - ly know, My  
by her side; Look up, my soul, for Je - sus died.  
doth a - bide, De - scends on her, for Je - sus died.

*Rit.*  
lov - ing Lord was cru - ci - fied; And 'tis the sweetest thing to know, That Je - sus died, that Je - sus died.

4 I cannot stay away from Thee,  
Thy love and mercy compass me;  
I come, I come, O, Crucified,  
In faith I come, for Thou hast died.—*Cho.*

5 No golden gift is mine to bring,  
This little life, my offering;  
Thrice sweet to toil, what'er betide,  
Beneath that cross where Jesus died.—*Cho.*

## WE'LL SING OUR TRIUMPH.

B. G. STAPLES.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. Our days are swiftly glid - ing by, The night of death draws near; But Je - sus lights the dark - some way, And

naught have we to fear; There is no gloom with - in the vale, For Christ is with us there; And

## Chorus.

soon up - on yon bliss - ful shore, We shall His glo - ry share. We'll sing our tri - umph o'er, We'll  
We'll sing, yes, we'll sing, our tri - umph o'er, We'll

# WE'LL SING OUR TRIUMPH. *Concluded.*

153

sing, our triumph o'er, When we have pass'd beyond the vale, We'll sing our triumph o'er.  
 sing, yes, We'll sing our triumph o'er, When we have pass'd beyond the vale, We'll sing our triumph o'er.

2 We shall behold our risen Lord,  
 And view His hands and side,  
 From which His blood so freely shed,  
 Flowed as a crimson tide;  
 Our debt of sin was fully paid,  
 When Christ was crucified;  
 And ne'er was sacrifice so great,  
 As that, when Jesus died.—CHORUS.

3 Then though the earth seems beautiful,  
 And verdure clothes the plain;  
 To fall asleep in Christ, is bliss,  
 And our eternal gain;  
 Within those pearly gates we'll stand  
 Relieved of every pain,  
 And walk the streets of glory-land,  
 Never to part again.—CHORUS.

## PRAYER.

R. G. STAPLES. By Per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Fa - ther be - hold me now, Meek - ly be - fore Thee bow, Search Thou, my heart;  
 2. By Thine own coun - sel guide, And shel - ter'd near thy side, May I find rest;

Oh! hear my fer - vent pray'r, Ban - ish each doubt and fear, Thy grace im - part.  
 Wher earth shall pass a - way, And dawns e - ter - nal day, A - mong the blest.

# "LET THE MEETING GO ON."\*

Words by WM. HUNTER, DD. "Let me die at my post!" "Let the meeting go on!"—"All is well!" Music by T. C. O'KANE.

Lines suggested by the last utterances of REV. G. D. KINNEAR.

1. An old sol - dier I stand, With my sword in my hand, Till I catch the glad sum-mons di-vine!—  
2. "Let the meet - ing go on!" I will short - ly be gone! Let an-oth - er the mes - sage re - peat,

Lo! the sig - nal I see! He is wait - ing for me! "All is well!"—I am his!—He is mine!  
"In the blood that was shed, There is life from the dead. O, ye ransomed, come bow at His feet!"

## Refrain.

"Let the meet - ing go on!" "Let me die at my post!" Let me fall in the van of the con - quer - ing host!

# "LET THE MEETING GO ON." *Concluded.*

155

"Let the meet - ing go on!" "Let me die at my post!" All is well! All is well!

3 "Let the meeting go on!"  
When the conquest is won,  
And the Lord from the opening skies,  
Shall in glory come down  
With the long promised crown,  
All the sleepers in Christ shall arise.—REFRAIN.

4 When He cometh to reign,  
We shall come in His train;—  
To His saints shall the kingdom be given,  
With our last labor done,  
And our last battle won,  
We shall shine as the stars in the heaven.—REFRAIN.

## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Mrs. M. D. JAMES,  
*Moderato.*

DANIEL G. NORRIS, Jr.

1. "Our FA - THER" said that pre - cious word, And I will trust it ev - er: I'll nev - er leave thee,  
2. 'Twas thrice re - peat - ed by our Lord, That word so bless - ed ev - er, Oh, I'm so sure it  
3. Though all my cher - ished joys de - part, And from loved ones I sev - er, *My lov - ing Fa - ther*

nor for - sake, "No, nev - er—nev - er—nev - er,"  
can - not fail, "No, nev - er—nev - er—nev - er,"  
"will not leave," "No, nev - er—nev - er—nev - er."

4 So strong His love, so rich His grace,  
To help each weak endeavor,  
And when I fail he never chides  
Nor frowns on me, "no, never!"

5 My failures and infirmities  
Oft make me weep, but ever  
He sweetly whispers, "I forgive;  
Fear not, I'll leave thee never."

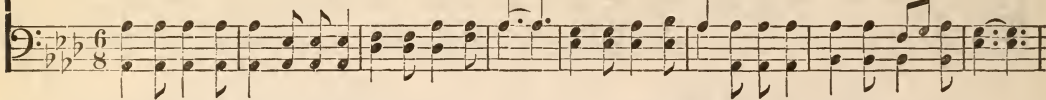
6 I've placed my feeble hand in His,  
From Him no power can sever,  
While His strong hand is holding me—  
No, NEVER—NEVER—NEVER."

\* Small notes for 4th and 5th verses.

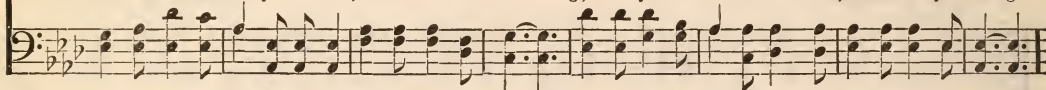
## ALL THE WAY ALONG.



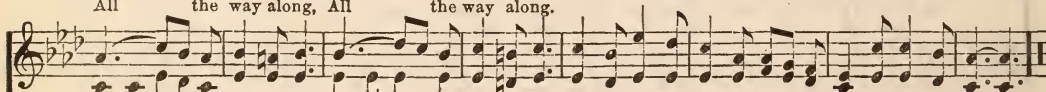
1. True the path of life is rugged, Mountains high and steep; Still I press me onward upward, While the way I keep.  
2. When the tempests round me gather, When I feel I'm small; Then I cling the tighter, closer, So I may not fall.



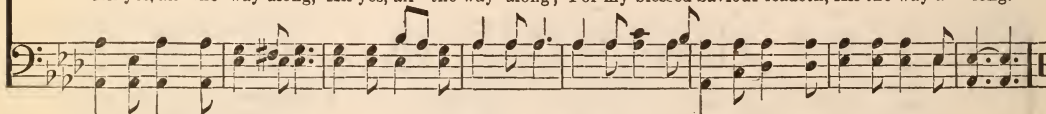
Oft - en in my darkest seasons I break forth in song, For my blessed Saviour leadeth, All the way a - long.  
In the midst of ve - ry weakness, Christ doth make me strong; For my blessed Saviour leadeth, All the way a - long.

**Chorus.**

All the way along, All the way along.



All yes, all the way along, All yes, all the way along; For my blessed Saviour leadeth, All the way a - long.



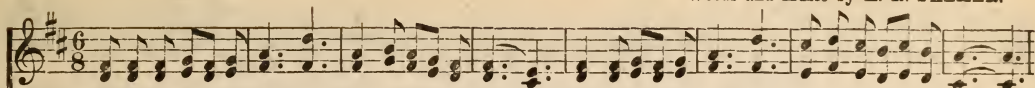
3 Dangers of the road are many,  
And I dare not try;  
Undertake alone the journey,  
So I to him fly.  
When I walk in perfect safety,  
Though temptations throng;  
For my blessed Saviour leadeth,  
All the way along.—*Chorus.*

4 I have trusted him so often,  
And have found a friend,  
That I know, that he will guide me,  
Even to the end:  
Till I on the shores of glory,  
Praise to him prolong;  
For the blessed Saviour leadeth,  
All the way along.—*Chorus.*

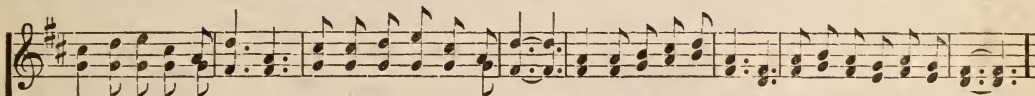
# BEAUTIFUL HOME.

157

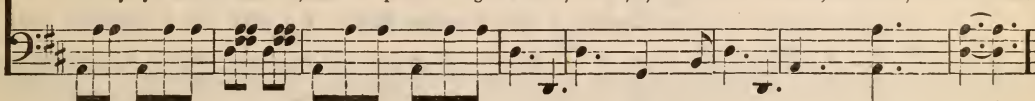
Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.



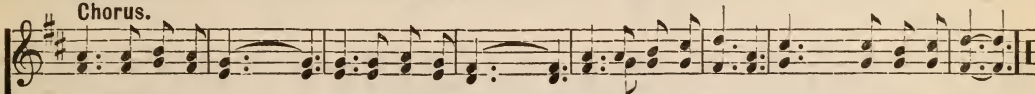
1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beauti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys super - nal Never are dimm'd by night ;
2. Flowers for - ev - er are springing, In that home so fair, Thousands of children are singing Praises to Je - sus there ;
3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far beyond the sky ; Je - sus became my ran - som, — Why should I fear to die ?



White-robed angels are singing Ever around the bright throne ; When, O, when shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home.  
How they swell the glad anthem Ever around the bright throne ! When, O, when shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home.  
Soon my eyes will behold him, Seat - ed upon the bright throne ; Then, O, then shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home.

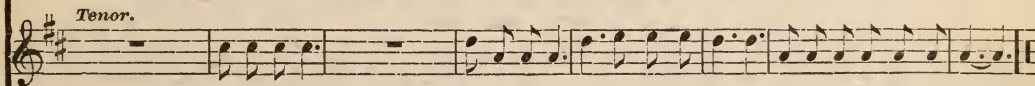


## Chorus.



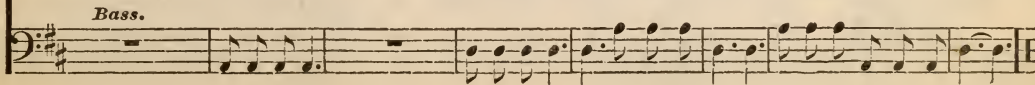
Home, beauti - ful home, Bright, beautiful home ; Home, home of our Saviour, Bright, beauti - ful home.

### Tenor.



Beautiful home, Beautiful home ; Home, home of our Saviour, Beautiful, beautiful home.

### Bass.



## SONG OF BETHLEHEM.

JOHN J. HOCD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "Glory be to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good-will to men," Sang the bright angel-ic cho-rus, Long a-

SOLO--Soprano.

Glo - ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God in the high - est,  
 CHORUS. *mp.*

go at Beth-le-hem. Hark! hark! the strain of ho-ly rapture, First a - woke o'er Beth'hem's plain,

Glo - - ry, glo - - ry, glo-ry be to God in the high - est, Peace on

Still re-echoes thro' the ages, Join we now the glad re-frain; Hark! hark! the strain of



# SONG OF BETHLEHEM. *Concluded.*

159

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The second system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The third system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

earth, . . . peace on earth, peace on earth, good-will to men.

ho-ly rapture, First awoke on Beth'hem's plain, Still re-echoes thro' the ag-es, Join we now the glad refrain :

Glo-ry be to God, on high, Glo-ry be to God, on high, Glory be to God in the high-est,

Peace on earth, good-will, good-will to men, Peace on earth, good-will to men, good-will to men.

2 From the realms of ancient glory,  
From the Fount of love and grace,  
Jesus comes, the meek and lowly,  
Champion of a ruin'd race.  
*Solo and Chorus.* Hark! hark! etc.

3 Long expected, long fore-shadowed,  
Seen by prophets from afar,  
Hail we now thy glorious advent,  
Welcome, Bright and Morning Star!  
*Solo and Chorus.* Hark! hark! etc.

## O PRAISE THE LORD.

JNO. B. SWENEY.

O, praise the Lord! all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple.

The first system of the musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a more varied rhythm, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

*Solo.*

O . . . . give thanks . . . . un - to . . . . the Lord,

The third system is marked 'Solo' and features a more melodic vocal line with long notes and slurs. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and a simple bass line. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

# O PRAISE THE LORD. *Continued.*

161

O . . . . give thanks . . . . un - to . . . . the Lord,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a half note 'O', followed by a dotted quarter note 'give', a quarter note 'thanks', a dotted quarter note 'un-', a quarter note 'to', a dotted quarter note 'the', and a quarter note 'Lord,'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Sound . . . . his praise from shore . . . . to shore, . . .

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a half note 'Sound', a dotted quarter note 'his', a quarter note 'praise', a dotted quarter note 'from', a quarter note 'shore', a dotted quarter note 'to', and a quarter note 'shore,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Praise him, O praise him for - ev - er - more.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line starts with a half note 'Praise', a quarter note 'him,', a dotted quarter note 'O', a quarter note 'praise', a dotted quarter note 'him', a quarter note 'for -', a dotted quarter note 'ev -', a quarter note 'er -', and a quarter note 'more.' The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

O PRAISE THE LORD. *Continued.*

O praise the Lord all ye na-tions, Praise him, praise him all ye peo - ple,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major. The treble staff contains a vocal melody with lyrics, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Praise him, praise him all ye peo-ple, Praise him, praise him all ye na-tions.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff has a piano accompaniment. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests.

For his mer-ci - ful kindness, For his mer-ci - ful kindness, For his mer-ci - ful kindness is

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff has a piano accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

O PRAISE THE LORD. *Concluded.*

163

great towards us; And the truth of the Lord, And the truth of the Lord, And the truth of the

Lord en - dur - eth for - ev - er, A - - men, A - - men, Hal-le-

lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

## STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Tenor Solo.*

Stay, stay, stay, thou in-sult-ed spir - it, stay, Stay, though I've done thee such despite,

Though I've done thee such de - spite, Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine

ev - er - last - ing flight, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight, thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

*Rit.*

*p*

*Rit.*

# STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY. *Continued.* 165

*Duet, Soprano and Alto.*

Though I have most un-faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-

ceived, Ten thou-sand times thy goodness seen, Ten thou-sand times thy goodness grieved.

*Alto Solo. Andante.*

Though I have most un-faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-ceived.

## STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY. Continued.

Chorus. *Marcato.*

Ten thou - - - sand times thy good - - - ness seen, Ten  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, thy goodness seen

thou - - - sand times, ten thou - - - sand times thy good - - - ness grieved.  
 ten thousand times ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

*Soprano Solo.*

Yet oh, the chief of sin - - ners spare In hon - - or



STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY. *Continued.*

of my great High Priest, Nor in thy right - eous

*f*  
an - - ger swear I shall not see - - - thy peo - - ple's rest.

**Chorus**

*Cres* - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.*

Now, Lord, my wea - ry soul re - lease, Up - hold me with thy gra - cious

# STAY, THOU INSULTED SPIRIT, STAY. *Concluded.*

hand; Guide me in - to thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the prom - ised land.

## THOU ART WITH ME

E. R. LATTA.

*From "Songs of the Cross," by per.*

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Thou art with me, O my Sa - vour; In each dark and troubled hour, When the tempest loudly ra - ges, With me

**Chorus.**

in Thy love and power. Thou art with me, thou art with me; In each scene of earthly ill, And in loving voice dost

whis - per 'to my spir - it peace be still,

2. Thou art with me, blest Redeemer,  
Where soever I may be;  
As thou wast with thy disciples,  
On the wildly-rolling sea.—*Chorus.*
3. Thou art with me, blessed Jesus,  
In the darkness and the day;  
Gentle Shepherd ever lead me,  
All my doubts and fears allay.—*Chorus.*

INTRODUCTORY TO  
WORSHIP.

155.

C. M.

*General invitation to praise the Redeemer.*

**O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—The Name that charms our  
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

156.

C. M.

*The Lamb worshipp'd on earth and in  
heaven.*

**C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

157.

L. M.

*The creation invited to praise God.*

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

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

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;  
In songs of praise divinely sing;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;  
To every land the strains belong:  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

158.

L. M.

*Grateful adoration.*

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we  
stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful  
songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding  
praise.

4 Where as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

159.

5th P. M. 4 lines 7.

*For a general blessing.*

**L**ORD, we come before thee now;  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O, do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee, a gracious God and kind:  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

160.

19th P. M. 664, 6664.

*Invocation of and praise to the Trinity.*

**C**OME, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing.  
Help us to praise:  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made;  
Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

THE INCARNATION AND  
DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

161. 9th P. M.

*Peace on earth—good-will to men.*

- H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo! the' angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—  
Glory in the highest, glory,  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing;  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—  
Glory be to God most high!

162. C. M.

*His amazing love.*

- P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace,  
Beheld our helpless grief:  
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.

163. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

*It is finished.*

- H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See! it rends the rocks asunder;  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;  
It is finish'd:—  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
It is finish'd:—  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name;  
It is finish'd:—  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

164. C. M.

*His sympathizing love.*

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In every trying hour.

165. C. M.

*Godly sorrow at the cross.*

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

166. C. M.

*Crown Him Lord of all.*

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!—  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

167.

C. M.

*The minister's only business.*

- J**ESUS, the Name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky;  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—  
 The Name to sinners given;  
 It scatters all their guilty fear;  
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head;  
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of his grace;  
 The arms of love that compass me,  
 Would all mankind embrace.

## THE CHURCH.

168.

S. M.

*Love for Zion.*

- 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 For her my tears shall fall;  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways;  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

## THE SABBATH.

169.

S. M.

*Delight in ordinances.*

- W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to-day;  
 Here we may sit, and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,  
 Where thou, my God art seen,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss.

PROVISIONS OF THE  
GOSPEL.

170.

C. M.

*Efficacy of the atoning blood.*

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd 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.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
 Lies silent in the grave.

171.

L. M.

*Love which passeth knowledge.*

- O**F Him who did salvation bring,  
 I could forever think and sing,  
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;  
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;  
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;  
 He closed his eyes to show us God:  
 Let all the world fall down and know,  
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan;  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

172.

C. M.

*The gospel feast.*

- L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
 And every heart rejoice;  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
 That feed upon the wind,  
 And vainly strive with earthly toys  
 To fill an empty mind:—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared  
 A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die,  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join;  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

## AWAKENING.

173.

*The danger of delay.*

**H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

174.

S. M.

*The horrors of the second death.*

**O** WHERE shall rest be found,—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
**O** what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
Forevermore undone.

## INVITING.

175.

8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

*The invitation.*

**C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

176.

C. M.

*The resolution.*

**C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 I can but perish if I go—  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

## PENITENTIAL.

177.

7th P. M. 8 lines 7s.

*The only Refuge.*

**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

178.

6th P. M. 6 lines 7s.

*Clinging to the cross.*

**R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—  
Could my zeal no languor know,—  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

179.

*Happy Day.*

L. M.

- O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:  
With Him of every good possess'd.

180.

C. M.

*O for a heart to praise my God.*

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;—  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me:—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

181.

4 6s. &amp; 2 8s.

*Arise, my soul.*

- A RISE, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead,  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 My God is reconciled;  
His pard'ning voice I hear:  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

182.

C. M.

*The Christian Soldier.*

- A M 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 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

183.

C. M.

*Heavenly rest anticipated.*

- WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,—  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

184.

L. M.

*Living to serve Christ.*

- MY gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,—  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—  
To him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honour give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

185.

87, 87, 87, 87.

*The Fount of every Blessing.*

- 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 fix'd upon it;  
Mount of thy redeeming love!

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

186.

C. M.

*The full assurance of hope.*

- HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place;  
I seek my place in heaven;  
A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, O, by faith I see;  
he land of rest, the saints' delight,—  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly  
powers,  
And ante-date that day:  
We feel the resurrection near,—  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow!  
And when the vessels break,  
Let our triumphant spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek;  
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me:  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity.

\* The author was at different times Calvinist, Socinian, Baptist, Independent, Methodist; and, lastly, irreligious. His attention having been called to this hymn, he said: "I would give a thousand worlds to enjoy the feelings I then had."

187.

*At Home in Heaven.*

- FOREVER with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Forever with the Lord!  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

188.

*Nearer, my God, to thee.*

6s. &amp; 4s.

- 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 a wanderer,  
Day-light all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven:  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

S. M.

189.

*America.*

4s. &amp; 6s.

- MY country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died;  
Land of the pilgrim's pride;  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong!
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!
- 190.
- I need thee every hour.*
- I NEED thee every hour, Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
- REF.—I need thee, O! I need thee Every hour I need thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.
- 2 I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.—*Ref.*
- 3 I need thee every hour, In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.—*Ref.*



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