



OF  
*Sacred Song,*

FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings, Gospel Meetings, Etc.

—BY—

John R. Sweney  Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

"HOOD'S NOTATION" IS INTRODUCED,  
*consisting of Improvements, NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED, in the  
method of representing Musical Notes.*

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THE

# QUIVER OF SACRED SONG,

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—BY—

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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## PREFACE

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THE purpose of *THE QUIVER* is set forth in the title page: keeping in view the high objects therein expressed, we have endeavored to the utmost of our ability to provide suitable and excellent hymns and music. We trust that this humble effort to advance the work of the Master will obtain His approval and blessing.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

---

TAKE the Arrows from the QUIVER,  
Bright with truth's immortal ray,  
Bend the Bow, and at a venture  
Speed them to their mark away.  
May they wake the cold and languid,  
And the foolish ones that sleep  
With their lamps untrimmed and empty,  
When their souls a watch should keep.

May they rouse to earnest labor  
In the vineyard of the Lord,  
And receive a power and quickness  
From the Spirit's mighty sword.  
Swift their flight and unresisting,  
Such as every one may feel,  
Leaving precious wounds behind them  
Only Jesus' love can heal.

FANNY J. CROSBY.



# HOOD'S NOTATION.

A HELP TO STUDENTS OF MUSIC IN OBSERVING THE CONSTRUCTION AND PROGRESSION OF CHORDS.

IN order to assist the musical student in observing the special characteristics of the notes of the scale, and their relationship to each other in the combinations of melody and harmony, HOOD'S NOTATION marks each note by an appropriate sign. The following table explains the meaning expressed by the signs, gives the laws of correct harmony governing the resolution of the notes represented, and tries to describe the mental quality most prominent in each note.

## NOTES OF THE SCALE, THEIR CHARACTERISTICS, ETC.

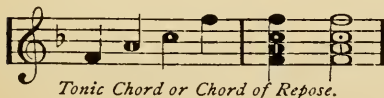
NAME.	NOTATION SIGN.	TENDENCY.	MENTAL QUALITY.	INDICATING SIGN.
DO		Repose. . . . .	Firm, solid. . . . .	{ A circle, or plain note-head.
SI		Leads to DO. . . . .	Acute, restless. . . . .	{ Acute, or upward sloping line.
LA		Leads to DO or SOL. . . . .	Mournful. . . . .	{ Two contrary sloping lines, at angle.
SOL		Repose. . . . .	Bright, ringing. . . . .	{ Circle or note with centre dot
FA		Leads to MI. . . . .	Grave, sombre. . . . .	{ Grave, downward sloping line.
MI		Repose. . . . .	Mild, calm. . . . .	{ Perpendicular line.
RE		Leads to DO or MI. . . . .	Rousing, cheerful. . . . .	{ Two contrary sloping lines, forming cross.
DO		Repose. . . . .	Firm, solid. . . . .	{ A circle, or plain note-head.

### EXPLANATORY.

In the above diagram notes of repose are placed on the right side, these form the TONIC CHORD, on the left side are placed notes of motion. All chords that have one or more notes of motion must be resolved, at or before the close of the piece, into the Tonic Chord.

### OBSERVE,

1. The absence of sloping lines in a chord or combination of notes indicates the Tonic Chord, or "chord of repose."



2. The presence of one or more sloping

lines in a chord indicates that it is a "chord of motion."

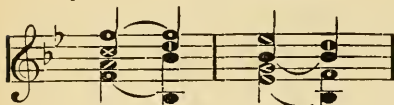


3. The direction in which the line slopes shows the most satisfactory progression for resolving the note indicated.



4. When a chord consists of notes represented by mixed (sloping and other) signs,

only such as are represented by sloping lines resolve as indicated in the diagram, those represented by signs belonging to notes of the Tonic Chord remain stationary, and form a portion of the succeeding chord.



*Usual treatment of non-resolving notes.*

When, as in the above example, non-resolving notes are doubled, while one remains stationary the other commonly goes to the root of the following chord.

5. A positive change of Key, lasting several measures, requires a new signature and signs corresponding. (*See page 92.*)

#### EXCEPTIONS.

The most frequent and satisfactory apologies for the progression of parts in a contrary direction to that indicated by the signs are the following:—

1. The occurrence of an Accidental.
2. A passing or brief Change of Key.

3. The avoidance of moving in parallel octaves or fifths between parts.

4. The avoidance of doubling the Third of a chord.

5. The resolution may be Delayed or suspended.

6. When it is desired to strengthen the succeeding chord, or when a figure of melody seems to demand it, resolution can be accomplished by proxy, the note being taken by a different part.

7. While the chord remains unchanged, parts can move in any direction.

In pursuance of this delightful subject, let the musical student carefully examine the construction, tendency, and mental quality of Chords, let him become familiar with each both by hearing and seeing; observe whether or not the parts move as indicated by the signs, if they do, note their smoothness, if they do not so move, try to discover which of the above apologies will meet the case. By practice of this kind all the advantages to be derived from Object Teaching will be secured for this hitherto most difficult of subjects,—the laws of musical harmony.

### MAJOR SCALES.

Key of C.



Key of G.



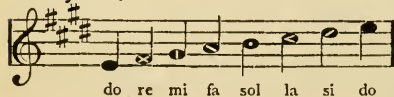
Key of D.



Key of A.



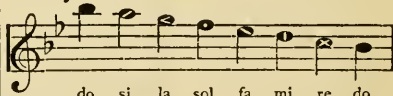
Key of E.



Key of F.



Key of Bb.



Key of Eb.



Key of Ab.



Key of Db.



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JOHN J. HOOD,  
Proprietor and Publisher.

# THE QUIVER.

## There is None like Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

OPENING HYMN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, while we gath-er In thy pre-cious name,  
2. Thro' an-oth-er *week* de-part-ed Thou hast been our stay;  
3. Thou hast led us, kind-ly led us, From our in-fant years;  
4. Blessed Sav-iour, keep, O keep us In thy fold di-<sup>e</sup> vine;

Help us all to lift our voic-es In the glad ac-claim,  
We have shared thy gifts and mercies, New with ev'-ry day.  
Heal-ing all our pains and sorrows, Calm-ing all our fears.  
May thy beams of love so ten-der Round our pathway shine.

### CHORUS.

Thou . . . a-lone art good and ho-ly, There is none like thee;  
Thou a-lone, O Lord,

Now . . . and ev-er-more ex-alt-ed, Lord, . . . thy name shalt be.  
Now, yea, now and Lord, thy name,

## Mighty Deliv'rer.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hope of the des-o-late, Lord o-ver all, Heed while I sup-pli-cate,  
 2. Leave me not com-fortless, pleading in vain, With thine a-bundant grace  
 3. Faith in thy prom-is-es, trust in thy love, (Ten-der, compas-sion-ate),  
 4. And when my earth-ly life near-eth its close, O may I peace-ful-ly

hear when I call; O thou most mer-ci-ful, fain would I be Near to thy  
 my soul sus-tain; Strengt-nen my fainting heart, lead me aright, Out of sin's  
 draws me a-bove; From ev'ry bond of sin Let me be free, From the great  
 sink to re-pose; As thy be-lov-ed sleep, trusting in thee; Out of death's

## CHORUS.

fount of grace, near un-to thee. Might-y De-liv-'rer, to thee I flee;  
 night of gloom, in-to thy light.  
 Tempter's power deliv-er me.  
 solemn hour de-liv-er me.

Mighty De-liv-'rer, my refuge be! From sin's cap-tiv-i-ty

Haste to de-liv-er me, Mighty De-liv-'rer, my trust is in thee.

# More like Jesus.

Rev. F. MERRICK, D.D.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus in sub-mission,  
2. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus, true and steadfast,  
3. Blessed Jesus, come and make me all like thee; All like thee, O blessed Jesus,

Like him trustful, un-re-pin-ing, Patient like him, like him in hu-mil-i-ty.  
Like him striving, ev-er do-ing, Earnest like him, like him in fi-del-i-ty.  
In the glo-ry of thy manhood, In the beauty of thy spotless pur-i-ty.

## CHORUS.

More and more, more and more, more and more, More and  
more and more,

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

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



# We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chr. xx. 17.

Mrs. FLORA B. HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish  
2. Things to come or present, Whatsoe'er be-tide us,— Life nor death shall ever

Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distress-es, Fier-y tri-als  
From our Lord di- vide us; Angels, powers, domin-ions, These shall fall be-

prove us; Yet am I per-suad-ed, None of these shall move us.  
fore us; Clothed in his sal-va-tion, With his ban-ner o'er us.

## CHORUS.

We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,  
More, yea, more, more, yea, more,

More, yea, more; We are more than conquer-ors, We are more than  
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

conquer - ors, We are more than conquer - ors, Thro' him that lov'd us.

3 Depths that are beneath us,  
Heights that are above us,  
Have no power to sunder,  
Since He stooped to love us,

Prince of our Redemption,  
Sons to glory bringing,  
Thou hast made from sinners  
Victors, crowned and singing.—*Cho.*

### Present Salvation.

C. E. P.

"Rejoicing in the fulness of God."

CHESTER E. POND.

1. I'll praise the Lord for joy be-low, That fills my soul to o-ver-flow;  
2. I'll praise the Lord for love that glows; For peace that like a riv-er flows;  
3. I'll praise the Lord for his con-trol; For love di-vine, that saves the soul;  
4. I'll praise the Lord yet more and more, While pressing t'ward yon shining shore;

*Fine.*  
I'll praise the Lord for grace di-vine To feel and know that he is mine.  
I'll praise the Lord for grace and power To live like Je-sus ev-ry hour.  
For love that guards from all my foes, For love that bears my griefs and woes.  
Life's troubles sore are past and gone, I'm rest-ing now in Christ the Son.

*D.S.* E - ter - nal life's be - gun be-low; His joy and peace thro' grace I know.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Praise ye the Lord, while a - ges roll, From sea to sea, from pole to pole!



# What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me." Ps. l. 5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will  
 2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall  
 3. At the great and fin-al judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the  
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, *crystal sea*, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, *gladly see*, Then to meet again together, on the Lord in all his glory we shall see, *we shall see*; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye umphant strains the glorious jubilee, *jubilee*;" Then to meet and join to sing the song of

waiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

## CHORUS.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the  
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth - er,

sounding of the glorious jubi-lee! ju-bi-lee! What a gath - 'ring,  
 ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

11

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Jesus.

J. R. S.

1. There is a word whose magic thrill Can bid the troubled heart be still; A  
 2. There is a name that charms the ear, A name a-bove all oth-ers dear, The  
 3. There is a Friend whose constant love 'Tis ours by trusting faith to prove; A  
 4. That magic word, and thought, and Friend In one eternal source do blend,—The

word whose gently whisper'd tone Can soothe affliction's deepest moan, That precious word  
 only name to mortals giv'n By which the soul can enter heav'n, That precious name  
 friend that never will depart, Nor leave the tender, clinging heart, That precious friend  
 source of life's unfailling spring, The rock from whence our joys they bring! And O that rock

CHORUS.

is Je-sus:—The meek and lowly Je-sus, The sin-for-giv-ing Je-sus;

The Christian's hope, the Christian's light, The ev-er-pres-ent Je-sus.

## The Swing of Conquest.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. They come, the war - scarred vet'rans come, With bugle  
war-scarred vet' - rans come, they come,  
2. They come, the war - scarred Christian host, From mountain,  
war-scarred Chris - tian host, they come, they come,

blast and beat of drum, With hearts of flame,  
With bugle blast and beat of drum, With hearts of flame,  
vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame,  
From mountain, vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame,

and flashing eye, Their measured steps go firm-ly by.  
and flashing eye, and flashing eye, go firm-ly by, go firmly by.  
and flashing eye, They throng the path- - ways to the sky.  
and flashing eye, - ways to the sky, to the sky.

CHORUS.

While banners float a - bove their heads, And swing of  
While banners float a - bove their heads,

con - - quest marks their tread : While banners float . . . above their  
And swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread : While banners float

heads, . . . The swing of con - quest marks their tread,  
a - bove their heads, . . . The swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread.

## Saviour Mine.

EMMA S. STILWELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;  
2. Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;

*D. C.* Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;

*Fine.*

To sing a song of sa-cred glee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine:  
A song of ho - ly ex - ta - cy, Saviour mine, Saviour mine:

To sing a song of sa-cred glee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine.

A song of thanks, a song of praise, Of thanks and praise, of thanks and praise;  
A song of peace, a song of love, Of peace and love, of peace and love;

*D. C.*  
For, oh, thou lead'st thro' devious ways Thine own, dear Lord, thine own!  
A song the wand'rer's heart to move T'ward home, dear Lord, t'ward home



# Are You Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you  
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you  
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the  
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you  
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

# Companionship with Jesus.

15

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bles - sed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - preme - ly sweet! Com -  
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The  
 3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, A - long life's wear - y way; My  
 4. I know his shelt' - ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And

pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete. In  
 soft - est whisp - ers of his love, In fel - low - ship so dear, And  
 path, il - lum - ined by his smiles, Grows bright - er day by day. No  
 tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.  
 feel his great, al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.  
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.  
 peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.

Oh, wond - rous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time,

Oh, wond - rous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

## Ere the Sun goes down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kindred  
 2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be  
 3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's commands I must o-  
 Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

too, Ere the sun goes down. Every idle whisper stilling, With a  
 heard Ere the sun goes down; Every cry of pity heeding, For the  
 bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need confessing, There are

purpose firm and willing All my daily tasks fulfilling, Ere the sun goes down,  
 injured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the sun goes down!  
 wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.  
 Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

## CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

I must do my dai-ly du-ty Ere the sun goes down,  
 goes down.



# Reap To-day.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Be - hold all a-round, what a won - der - ful sight! The fields to the  
 2. Ye loit'-rers, a-wake! for on ev - 'ry hand The white fields are  
 3. The wheat that should now in the gar - ner be stored, And read - y for  
 4. Oh, Christian, look out on that num - berless throng, To cer - tain de -

har - vest al - read - y are white, And Je - sus is say - ing to  
 wav - ing all o - ver the land; No long - er stand i - dle, but  
 use in the house of the Lord, Is stand - ing un - reaped, and may  
 struction they hast - en a - long; And if in that mul - ti - tude

me and to you, The har - vest is plenteous, the lab'ers are few.  
 work as you pray, Oh, Lord of the harvest, send lab'ers to - day,  
 per - ish at last! Ye reapers for Je - sus, make haste, oh, make haste!  
 loved ones you see, Now save them, and thus a true la - bor - er be.

## CHORUS.

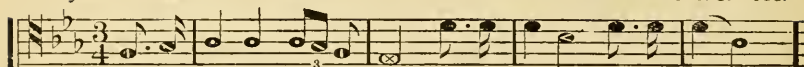
Reap to-day, reap to-day, Go reap to-day, for the fields are all white;  
 Go reap go reap

Reap to-day, reap to-day, For no one can work in the on - coming night.  
 Go reap go reap

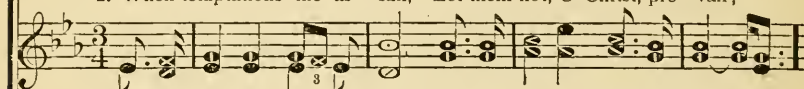
## Bind Me closer every Day.

Rev. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

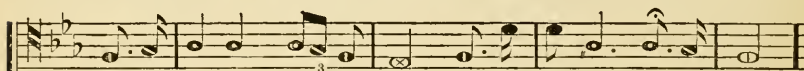
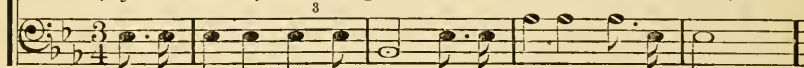
GEO. C. HUGG.



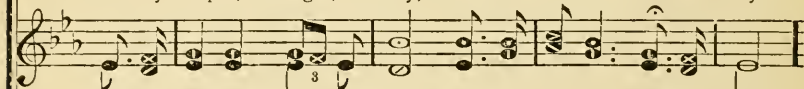
*Slowly.* 1. Je-sus, pre-cious un-to me, I am cleav-ing, Lord, to thee;  
2. When tempta-tions me as-sail, Let them not, O Christ, pre-vail;



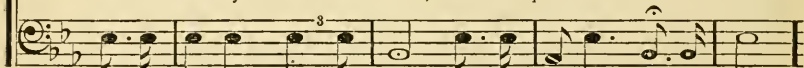
3. Make me vic-tor o-ver sin, Doubts and fears, and lusts with-in;  
4. Je-sus, be my con-stant guide, Till I cross to Canaan's side,



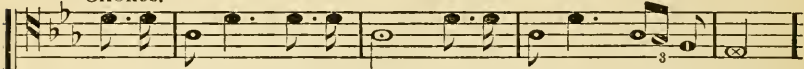
Dear-er far than all be-side, Keep me, Sa-viour, near thy side,  
Be my helper, strength, and stay, Lead me in the nar-row way.



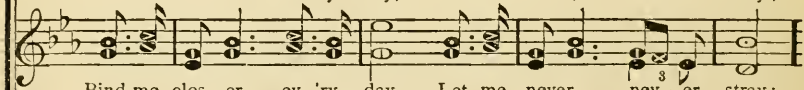
All my foes with shame con-found; Let me be with triumph crowned.  
Land me safe-ly on its shore; I will praise thee ev-er-more.



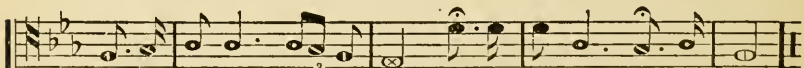
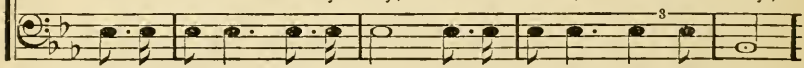
## CHORUS.



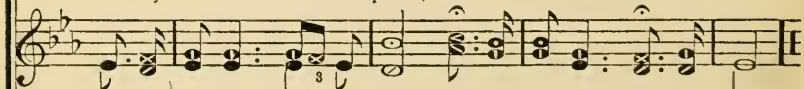
Bind me clos-er ev-'ry day, Let me never, nev-er stray;



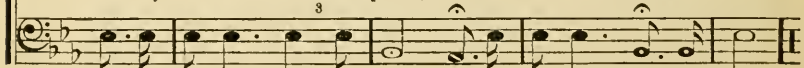
Bind me clos-er ev-'ry day, Let me never, nev-er stray;



Let my heart more steadfast prove, Fill me full of faith and love.



Let my heart more steadfast prove, Fill me full of faith and love.



# Jesus has died for Me.

19

From "Little Sower."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' oft' mine eyes with wond'ring gaze The works of God may see,  
2. When burden'd with a sense of sin, I to his cross will flee,

3. The world may lure me with its smiles, Its shal - low - ness I see;  
4. On God I'll cast my ev - 'ry care, To him I bow the knee,  
No work can e'er with this compare, Je - sus has died for me.  
And plead for grace, and peace with-in, For Je - sus died for me.  
Its snares shall ne'er my soul be-guile, Since Je - sus died for me.  
To him my ev - 'ry want de-clare, For Je - sus died for me.

## REFRAIN.

Je - sus has died for me, Suf-fer'd up - on the tree; I'm  
Je - sus has died for me, Suf-fer'd up - on the tree; I'm

saved by his blood, redeemed unto God, For Je - sus has died for me.  
saved by his blood, redeemed unto God, For Je - sus has died for me.

## A handful of Leaves.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What! sit - ting at ease when there's work to be done! The best of the  
 2. What! sit - ting at ease, leaving oth - ers the toil Of training the  
 3. What! sit - ting at ease, when a burden of care Our brother has  
 4. No long - er at ease we are folding our hands, But, willing to

day half its cir - cuit has run; Yon orb to its zen - ith rides  
 vineyard and till - ing the soil; This truth in our mind let us  
 borne we might help him to bear; Oh, let us be earnest, and  
 do what the Saviour commands, We'll work till the har - vest, then

forth in the sky; What! sitting at ease and the har - vest so nigh!  
 con - stant - ly keep, From seed that we scat - ter the fruit we shall reap.  
 work while we may, The Mas - ter is call - ing, a - rise and a - way.  
 gath - er the sheaves, And bring to him more than a hand - ful of leaves.

## CHORUS.

O look on the fields, that al - read - y are white; The Lord hath com -

mand - ed to work in the light; Be - ware lest, in - stead of the



bright, golden sheaves, We bring to him on - ly a hand-ful of leaves.

### Guard the Entrance.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sen - try, at the port-al keep Care - ful watch while others sleep,  
 2. Migh - ty is the tempter's power, Watch and pray through peril's hour,  
 3. Keep the in - ner tem - ple fair, Guard it well by constant prayer;

Through the long and weary night, Till the morning's wel - come light.  
 Lest th' in - vad - ing host of sin At the gate should en - ter in.  
 Trust in God, whate'er be - tide, So shalt thou in peace a - bide.

CHORUS.

Dan - ger lurk - eth ev - er nigh, Dead - ly foes in am - bush lie;

Guard the entrance, all is lost If you slumber at your post.

Mrs. HELEN E. BROWN.

ROBERT EDWARDS.

1. Day and night my heart is shouting, Hea-ven is be-gun; No more  
 2. Glo-ry to the blood of Je-sus, Hea-ven is be-gun; Plunged be-  
 3. Sa-tan all in vain de-fies me, Hea-ven is be-gun; Christ him-  
 4. All around me light is shining, Hea-ven is be-gun; No more

fears and no more doubting, Christ and I are one. He has touch'd my wounded spirit  
 neath the blood so precious, Christ and I are one. Once unclean I am now whiter  
 self with strength supplies me, Christ and I are one. He de-liv-ers from temptation,  
 wear-isome re-pin-ning, Christ and I are one. On my soul the sun has ris-en,

Healed my sin-sick soul; By his all-suf-fi-cient mer-it Made me clean and whole.  
 Than the driven snow; Faith and sweet affections brighter eve-ry moment grow.  
 Sin's a conquered foe, Christ my song and my sal-va-tion, Everywhere I go.  
 That shall set no more; In a pal-ace or a pris-on I have bliss in store.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hea-ven is be-gun; . . .  
 is begun.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Christ and I are one. . . are one.

5 Peace flows through me like a river,  
 Heaven is begun;  
 For the King, the royal giver,  
 Christ and I are one.

All he has is mine forever,  
 Nothing is denied,  
 From the Bridegroom nought can sever  
 The accepted bride.

# Almost Saved.

23

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Al - most saved, al - most saved, So near sal - va - tion's o - pen gate; Where  
2. Al - most saved, al - most saved, Within the sight of Christ and heaven, With  
3. Al - most saved, al - most saved, But lost while love beams from on high! While

mer - cy calls, in tones of love, Come in, no long - er wait!  
gracious helps and woo - ings oft' By God's own Spir - it given.  
Je - sus pleads, in tend - er tones, Oh, soul, why wilt thou die?

Almost saved; why perish? why? When Christ and heaven are so nigh? One

step and end - less life's be - gun; One step and heav - en's bliss is won!

Oh, take that one step now! Oh, take that one step now!

4 Almost saved, almost saved,  
Thy feet so near the threshold wait;  
The gracious invitation sounds  
Still from the open gate.

5 Almost saved, almost saved,  
Come in, imperil not thy soul;  
Oh, do not linger on the brink,  
And fail to reach the goal.



# How can I live without Jesus.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MARK xxviii. 20.  
 "Without me ye can do nothing."—JN. xv. 5.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How can I live without Je - sus? My Rock and my Fortress is he; I'm  
 2. How can I bear without Je - sus The storms that encompass me here? For  
 3. How can I hope without Je - sus, For he is my bright Morning Star? His  
 4. How can I die without Je - sus? He'll be with me un-to the end; He

trusting a-lone in his mer - cy; He ev - er my Saviour will be,  
 tho' in the darkest mid - o - cean, He speaks, "It is I, do not fear."  
 blood that hath bought my salvation, Brought me nigh who once was a-far,  
 nev - er will leave nor forsake me, My loving, un - chang - a - ble Friend.

How can I live, how can I live, How can I live without Je - sus?  
 How can I live? how can I work? How can I bear, without Je - sus?  
 How can I hope, how can I hope, How can I hope without Je - sus?  
 How can I die, how can I die, How can I die without Je - sus?

He is my Rock, He is my Hope! How can I live without Je - sus?  
 He is my Strength, Comfort and Song! How can I bear without Je - sus?  
 His blood alone can guilt a - tone; How can I hope without Je - sus?  
 Je - sus, my Rock! Je-sus, my Hope! How can I die without Je - sus?

# Beulah Land.

25

EDGAR PAGE.

*"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart,"*

JNO. R. SWENEL.

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

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.  
He gen - tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav-en's border - land.  
And flowers, that never - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.

## CHORUS.

O Beau-lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,

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

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

*From "Goodly Pearls," by per.*

# We're Marching to Zion.

I. WATTS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

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

in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And  
 children of the heavenly King, But children of the heavenly King, May  
 fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or  
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

# The whole wide World for Jesus.

27

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, Jesus for all the world, Speed, message, o'er the  
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, This be our glorious aim, Rest not and keep not  
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, Our toil shall never cease, Till o'er the voice of

bil - low By o - cean breez - es curled; Lo, where his step is shak - ing, The  
si - lence, But still his truth pro - claim O'er eve - ry land shall bright - en The  
tu - mult His voice shall whis - per "peace," Till eve - ry heart is own - ing His

Key of C.

idols downward hurled! The distant lands awaking, Pray, Christ for all the world,  
cross our flag unfurled, And all the gloom enlighten With Christ for all the world,  
seep - tre, love imperaled, And every voice intoning Sing, Christ for all the world.

CHORUS.

Key of F.

The whole wide world for Je - sus, Hail, hail the ap - proach - ing day,

When all be - low the Lord shall know And own his sovereign sway.



# Panting for Thee.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

PSALM xlii. 1.

L. A. JONES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. As doth hart, in thirst - y lands, Quick - ly to the brook - lets flee,  
 2. When my soul is bow - ed down, And thy waves come o - ver me,  
 3. When my days are full of joy, Love, and hope, and health - ful glee;  
 4. When I come to heav - en's gate, Where my Saviour I can see;

So my soul in des - ert stands, Panting, my God, for thee.  
 Let me ev - er - more be found Panting, my God, for thee.  
 Keep me then, lest plea - sures cloy, Panting, my God, for thee.  
 Let me share that bless - ed state, Panting, O God, for thee.

## REFRAIN.

Pant - ing for thee, Pant - ing for thee;  
 Panting for thee, panting for thee, Panting, O God, for thee;  
 Pant - ing, yes, panting for thee;

Here my thirst - y spir - it waits, Pant - ing, O God, for thee.

# As pants the Hart.

PSALM xlii.

LYTE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,  
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, And thy refreshing grace.

2. { For thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;  
Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou Ma-jesty Di-vine?

CHORUS.

As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, . . . So pants my  
As pants the hart for cooling streams,

soul, . . . O Lord, for thee; . . . As pants the hart . . . for cooling  
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee; As pants the hart

streams, So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.  
for cooling streams, So pants my soul,

3 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,  
When ev'ry heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, and thou shalt sing  
His praise again, and find him still  
Thy health's eternal spring.

# My Shepherd.

Rev. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

Psalm xxiii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - - herd, my keep - - - er and  
2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . . the true

1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my  
2. When-ev- er I wander, and leave the true way, When- ev- er I wan- der, and

guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for  
way, . . . And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the

keeper and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My  
leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And

me . . . he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . . of green  
flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re -

wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he  
like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he re-stores to the

pas - tures he makes . . . me to lie, . . . Be  
stores . . . to the path . . . that is right, . . . He  
makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be -  
path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He



side . . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by.  
 leads . . . me in safe - - ty, I walk . . . in his light. . .  
 side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by. . .  
 leads me in safety, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light. . .

CHORUS.

My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be - tide; I am se -

cure, for his prom - ise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.

- 3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,  
 And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,  
 The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,  
 With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.  
     With gladness dispelling its gloom
- 4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;  
 And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;  
 My cup with abundance and joy overflows;  
 He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.  
     He heals all my woes, all my woes.
- 5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,  
 My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;  
 I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,  
 And sing evermore of his grace and his love.  
     And sing of his grace and his love.

### Angels hovering round.

1. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are an - gels hov 'ring round,  
 2 To carry the tidings home,  
 3 To the New Jerusalem.  
 4 We are on our journey home.  
 5 Poor sinner are coming home,  
 6 And Jesus bids them come.  
 7 Let him that heareth come,  
 8 And he that is thirsty come,  
 9 And whosoever will may come.  
 10 There's glory all around!

# Full Surrender.

"We have left all and followed thee."—Mark x. 28.

Rev. C. W. L. CHRISTIEN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, I make a full sur-render, All I yield to thee ;  
 2. Lord, I bring my whole af-fec-tion, Claim it for thine own ;  
 3. Lord, my will I here pre-sent thee, Now no long-er mine ;  
 4. Lord, my life I lay be-fore thee, Hear the sa-cred vow !

For thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift of me.  
 Safe-ly kept by thy pro-tec-tion, Fixed on thee a-lone.  
 Let no e-vil thing pre-vent me Blending it with thine.  
 All thine own I now re-store thee, Thine for-ev-er now.

## CHORUS.

Dear Sav-iour, re-ceive me ; Thou, Ho-ly One, bless me :

Here I ful-ly sur-ren-der All, all to thee.

5 Blessed Spirit, thou hast brought me  
 Thus my all to give ;  
 For the blood of Christ has bought me,  
 And by faith I live.

6 Show thyself, O God of power,  
 My unchanging Friend ;  
 Keep me till, in death's glad hour,  
 Faith in sight shall end.

# My Pathway grows Brighter.

33

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

PROV. iv. 18.

CHESTER E. POND.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The light on my pathway grows brighter and brighter, And warmer and warmer the  
 2. My peace like a river grows deeper and deeper, And greater and greater my  
 3. My faith in my Saviour grows stronger and stronger, As closer and closer I  
 4. My vis-ions of glo-ry grow clearer and clearer, As fuller and full-er I'm

love in my soul; My cares and temptations grow lighter and lighter, And  
 trust in the Lord; My joy-ful communion grows sweeter and sweeter, And  
 walk by his side; My song of thanksgiving grows longer and long-er, As  
 filled with his love; The mu-sic of heaven grows nearer and near-er, As

*D.S.* Oh, prais-es for ev-er! my path-way grows brighter, As

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 dear-er and dear-er my Sav-iour's control. Yes, life-work grows easy, and its  
 rich-er and rich-er the mine of the Word.  
 far-ther and far-ther I follow His guide.  
 high-er and high-er I'm looking a-bove.  
 ra-pid-ly on-ward to glo-ry I go.

*D.S.* ℆:  
 burdens grow lighter, As dai-ly thro' Je-sus I con-quer each foe;

# More and more it Shineth.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

MARY D. JAMES.

PR. IV. 18.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Yes, more and more it shin-eth, more . and more, The path that leads to  
 2. Oh, blest, re - ful-gent Sun! oh, glo - rious light, That sheds its lus-tre  
 3. Sometimes the way is rough, but al - ways bright, Made cheerful by the  
 4. The path il - lumined thus by Christ— the Light of earth and heav'n—is

yon- der bright E-lys - ian shore ; For more and more celes - tial sunbeams  
 down on us from Zi - on's height ! It pierces thro' the clouds of grief and  
 Sun's un-fail - ing, hallowed light, As upward hap - py pil - grims journey  
 ev - er growing still more bright, Till time, and earth, and clouds have passed a-

shine, From Him, the source of end-less life and light di - vine.  
 tears, And gloom is brightened when this radiant Sun ap - pears.  
 still, With songs of ev - er - last - ing joy, to Zi - on's hill.  
 way, When merged at last in heaven's unending Per - fect Day !

## CHORUS.

Oh! the path grows brighter all the heav'nward way ; Oh, the path grows

brighter, While on earth we stay ; More and more it shineth, more and more it



# More and more it Shineth.—CONCLUDED. 35

shin - eth, More and more it shin - eth, to the per - fect day.  
perfect, perfect day.

REV. W. H. BURRELL.

## Wonderful Grace.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! This great salva - tion brings!  
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! That saves the soul from sin;  
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Its streams are full and free;  
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;

The soul, de - liv - er'd of its load, In sweet - est rapture sings.  
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.  
Are flow - ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow to me.  
The light which gleams from Je - sus' face Is rapture, peace, and love.

### CHORUS.

'Tis grace, 'tis grace, wonderful, wonderful grace!  
'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis won - der - ful grace, wonderful grace!

'Tis grace, 'tis grace, Flowing still, freely for me.  
'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis won - der - ful grace!

# The Stranger at the Door.

*With feeling.*

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks,—has knocked before; Has  
 2. O love-ly at-titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands; O  
 3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need: The  
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his en-e-my and thine; That  
 5. Ad-mit him ere his an-ger burn,—His feet, departed, ne'er return; Ad-

wait-ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.  
 matchless kind-ness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.  
 friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.  
 soul-de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heav-en-ly stranger in.  
 mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *his* door re-ject-ed stand.

## CHORUS.

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

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

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Poor souls that from Jesus are go - ing away Still farther and farther, from  
 2. Your hopes are delusive, and light - er than air, No Saviour to help you, your  
 3. What joy you are losing! re - flect and be wise; The faithful are promised a  
 4. With hearty re - pentance be - lieve on the Lord, Believe, and sincere-ly, the

day un - to day; Say, where is your com - fort when sad and oppressed? And  
 bur - dens to bear; You ask what de - light in his ser - vice can be; God  
 home in the skies; And true to his promise the Sav - iour will be; Then,  
 truth of his Word; Re - solve from this mo - ment his child you will be, And

CHORUS.

where is your ref - uge, your ha - ven of rest? Ac - cept the re - demption now  
 grant you the Spirit! oh, try it, and see!  
 let me be - ceach you, oh, try it, and see!  
 he will receive you; come, try it, and see!

of - fer'd so free, And you will be hap - py, oh, try it, and see!

## The Wanderer.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Clouds robed in blackness stretch'd out across the sky, Storms are forebod - ing and

2. Deep are the footprints thou'st made along the way, Tired of the journey, O

3. Friends have forsaken, no welcome voice is heard, Though thou art houseless no

danger fills the air; Out in the night wind a lonely wand'rer stays, Turning a-

wand'rer, thou must be; Wet are thy garments with cold and drenching storm, Christ will a

door swings open wide; Je - sus is friendly, and still says Come to me, I am the

## CHORUS.

way from all that bids so fair. O wand'rer, list, above thee Jesus speaks and

home and shelter be to thee. O wand'rer, list, above thee Jesus speaks and

way, the truth in me a - bide.

says, " I love thee, I will never leave thy side, I will be thy faithful guide."

says, " I love thee, I will never leave thy side, I will be thy faithful guide."



# My Father's Welcome.

39

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My pil - grim path from day to day May be a dark and toil - some  
 2. A - bove my head the storm may beat, A flint - y path be - neath my

3. Though now I walk a wea - ry land, My place is kept at his right  
 4. The an - gel harps shall greeting ring, The saints in raptured tones shall

way ; But where the journey's end shall be, A Father's welcome waits for me.  
 feet ; But pressing on, my song shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.

hand ; Tho' per - ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Fa - ther's welcome waits for me.  
 sing ; But sweeter mu - sic there shall be, My Fa - ther's welcome waits for me.

REFRAIN.

It waits for me, My Fa - ther's wel - come waits for me ;  
 It waits for me, yes, waits for me, My Fa - ther's wel - come waits for me ;

Where'er the jour - ney's end shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.  
 Still pressing on, my song shall be, — My Father's welcome waits for me.

Tho' per - ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Father's welcome waits for me.  
 Far sweeter mu - sic there shall be, — My Father's welcome waits for me.

# In a Land fair and bright.

W. H. RUDDIMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In a land fair and bright, Where the amber-hued light Never cloud nor decline hath known,  
 2. In that region of song, Where the glory-clad throng Are attuned to the chords of love,  
 3. Where no dangers appal, Where no tears ever fall, And the weary shall sigh no more,

When the night shades are past, We shall gather at last, In the blaze of the royal throne.  
 The rich measures we'll know, As their cadences flow, In the in - fin - ite bliss a - bove.  
 Oh, how safe - ly we'll rest, How ineffably blest, In the joy of that farther shore!

CHORUS.

Then for pinions to fly O'er the circling sky, When the call from our Lord shall come,

To his treasures untold, And the streets of gold, We shall soar, and have welcome home.

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## BY AND BY.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 We speak of the land of the blest,<br/>         A country so bright and so fair,<br/>         And oft are its glories confest,<br/>         But what must it be to be there.</p> <p><i>Cho.</i>—In the sweet by and by,<br/>         We shall meet on that beautiful shore;<br/>         In the sweet by and by,<br/>         We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p> <p>2 We speak of its pathways of gold,<br/>         Its walls decked with jewels so rare,<br/>         Its wonders and pleasures untold,<br/>         But what must it be to be there.</p> | <p>3 We speak of its peace and its love,<br/>         The robes which the glorified wear,<br/>         The songs of the blessed above,<br/>         But what must it be to be there.</p> <p>4 We speak of its freedom from sin,<br/>         From sorrow, temptation and care,<br/>         From trials without and within,<br/>         But what must it be to be there.</p> <p>5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,<br/>         For heaven our spirits prepare,<br/>         Then shortly we also shall know,<br/>         And feel what it is to be there.</p> |
|--|---|

# The Bible.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou best of books, the Word of God, How bright thy pages shine;  
 2. The warn - ing, Flee the wrath to come, The prom - ise of re - ward;  
 3. Thy coun - sels, judg - ments, and re - proofs A - like are just and good;

*D. S.* art a lamp to guide our feet, A light to guide our way

*Fine.*

'Tis sweet to read and sweet to hear Thy sa - cred truth di - vine;  
 To all who meek - ly bear the cross And fol - low Christ the Lord;  
 Oh, may we read with prayer - ful souls And love thee as we should;

Be - yond this fleet - ing, chang - ing world To one of end - less day.

Thou hast a word for eve - ry one, What - e'er their state may be;  
 The Who - so - ev - er will may take The stream of life so free,  
 Thou best of books, the Word of God, How sad our lives would be

CHORUS.

To mines of nev - er - fail - ing wealth Thou art the prec - ious key. Thou  
 And, Bles - sed are the pure in heart, We learn and learn from thee. *D. S.*  
 With - out the peace, the hope, the joy That on - ly springs from thee.

# Lost but Found.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, the joy that fills my heart! Oh, the grateful tears that start, When I  
2. Lost but found, oh, wondrous thought! To his fold in mercy brought; Saved by

think, . . . of Je- sus' love! . . . How he came that he might bear All my  
When I think of Je- sus' love! Jesus' love!  
grace, . . . his grace di- vine; . . . Heir with him of bliss untold, Soon his  
Saved by grace, grace divine;

weight of sin and care, How he came . . . from heav'n a-bove.  
How he came from heav'n a-bove.  
glory I'll behold, What a bless- ed hope is mine!  
What a bless- ed hope is mine, What a blessed hope is mine

CHORUS.  
Endless praise, endless praise To the Lord . . . my soul shall raise;  
To the Lord, my soul shall raise!

Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now . . . I live a- gain.  
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live again, live again.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing  
Vict'ry through my Saviour King,  
||: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :||  
Vict'ry still will be my song  
When I join the ransom'd throng,  
||: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :||

4 O that all the world would prove  
How a pard'ning God can love,  
||: How he waits for all who come! :||  
O that all the world might see  
What his grace hath done for me!  
||: How he welcomes wand'ers home.:||



# Beautiful Valley of Eden.

43

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Key Ab.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

Tune in THE GARNER, p. 60.

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

Chorus.—Take me as I am,  
 Take me as I am;  
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,  
 And take me as I am.

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

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

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

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

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

# In the Strength of Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi. 10.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the strength of Je - sus Bravely meet the foe, With the word of prom - ise,  
2. In the strength of Je - sus Onward to the fight! Forth to glorious bat - tle!  
3. In the strength of Je - sus Tread the Tempter down, By the grace he giv-eth

Fear not o - ver-throw; Lift the gos - pel stand - ard, Set thy ban - ner high,  
Strong in Je - sus' might; Thou shalt surely con - quer, Help he al - ways gives,  
Wear the vic - tor's crown; To the end en - dur - ing, Ev - en death is gain!

CHORUS.

In the strength of Jesus Satan's hosts de - fy! In the strength of Je - sus,  
None shall be de - feated, For our Saviour lives.  
Since our Saviour liveth We with him shall reign.

Armor all divine, For the battle girded, Shout! the vic'try's thine: In the strength of

Je - sus, Ar - mor all divine, For the bat - tle girded, Shout! the vic'try's thine.

# Satisfied By and by.

45

Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. En-throned is Je - sus now Up - on his heav'nly seat, The  
 2. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There,  
 3. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that immor - tal state, The  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're

king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.  
 from the riv - ers of his grace Drink end - less pleasures in,  
 thoughts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate,  
 marching through Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

## CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sav - iour's side,

We shall be sat - is - fied By and by; By and by,  
 There, there, with the glorified,

By . . and by; We . shall be sat - is - fied By and by.  
 Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

# O Sinner, come Home.

Rev. ENOCH STUBBS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sin-ner, come home, the banquet is waiting; Re - turn to thy  
 2. Thy sins have been great, thy wan-derings far; But great-er his  
 3. He will not upbraid thee with sins of the past; The Lord will for -

Fa - ther, sin's fol - ly for-saking; That Fa - ther still loves thee, and  
 mer - cy; then fol - low yon star, That leads thee to him, whom\* the  
 give; he is true to the last: The law of his mer - cy can

*D. S.* worst are in - vit - ed, all

waits to em-brace His pen - i - tent child, when re - turning through grace.  
 an - gels a - dore; And be hap - py at home, Thence to wan - der no more.  
 not be re-pealed, It stand - eth for - ev - er, with blood it is sealed.

wel - come will be; Re - turn, then, there's room at this ta - ble for thee.

*Fine.*

CHORUS.

Then, sinner, come home; the feast is all ready; Pre - pared for the blind, the

*D. S. :S:*

4 Thy robe shall be white, as tho' never by sin  
 A spot or a stain of uncleanness had been;  
 The angels shall boast not a holier wing  
 Than sinners who songs of salvation may sing.

5 There's famine around thee, and sorrow within;  
 Thy master is cruel; there's no hope in sin;  
 But, coming to Jesus, the feast of his love  
 Will fill thee with rapture, like that felt above.



# Keep me ever close to Thee.

47

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the streams of mercy Like a riv - er flow to me,  
 2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul  
 3. There, in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,  
 4. Close to thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shin - ing shore,—

With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.  
 When the clouds hang dark-ly round me, And the dis-tant surg - es roll.  
 Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my rap - tured soul a - way.  
 Till I join the raptured ar - my, Shouting joy for ev - er - more.

## REFRAIN.

Keep me ev - er close to thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With thy

cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev - er close to

thee, Blessed Sav-our, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

# The Great Salvation.

"He is a whole Christ,—a full Saviour! Glory to God for such a salvation!"—  
Last words of BISHOP HAVEN.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He is a whole Christ,—He is a full Saviour! He saves to the  
2. Sal - va - tion from sin, from its guilt and do - minion, Sal - va - tion from  
3. Oh, won - der - ful Christ! a - dor - a - ble Saviour! How vast is thy  
4. Sal - va - tion that causeth us al - ways to triumph; That giv - eth us

ut - termost all who be - lieve; His arms of com - passion are ev - er ex -  
Sa - tan, from ru - in, from hell; Oh, such a sal - va - tion our Je - sus has  
mercy! how matchless thy love! To sinners ex - tend - ing for - giveness and  
vic - t'ry o'er death and the grave; That makes glad the soul when the body is

*D. S.* Unmeasured its blessings, un-count-ed its

tended, The contrite and pen - i - tent souls to re - ceive. Oh, glo - ry to  
brought us! Its pow - er and glo - ry we nev - er can tell.  
favor! To reb - els a crown and a kingdom a - bove!  
failing; All glo - ry to him who is mighty to save!

treasures! And this great sal - va - tion has reached ev - en me.

God for such a sal - va - tion! So rich and so precious! so full and so free!

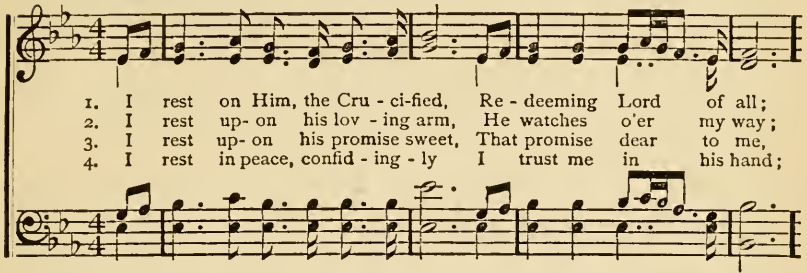
# Resting on the Lord.

49

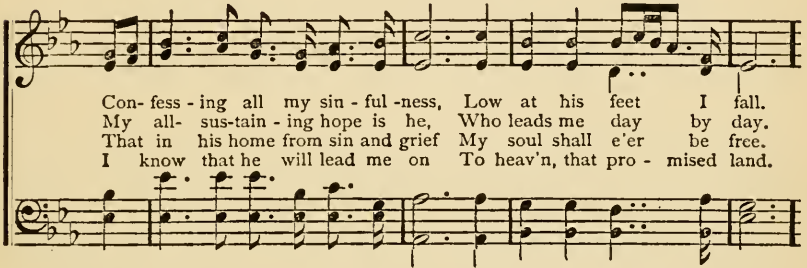
"Help us, O LORD our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name go against this multitude."  
2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

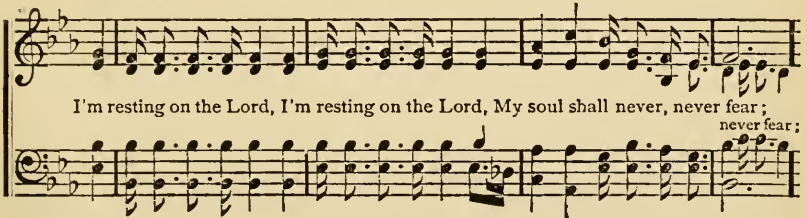


1. I rest on Him, the Cru - ci - fied, Re - deem - ing Lord of all;  
2. I rest up - on his lov - ing arm, He watches o'er my way;  
3. I rest up - on his promise sweet, That promise dear to me,  
4. I rest in peace, confid - ing - ly I trust me in his hand;

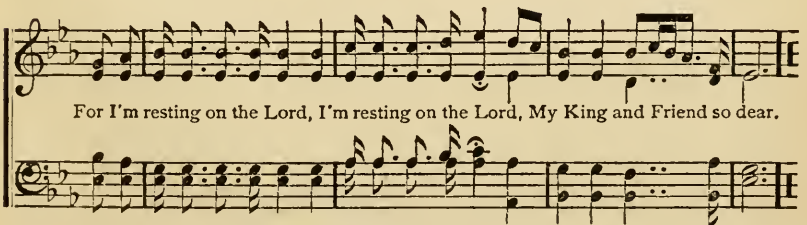


Con - fess - ing all my sin - ful - ness, Low at his feet I fall.  
My all - sus - tain - ing hope is he, Who leads me day by day.  
That in his home from sin and grief My soul shall e'er be free.  
I know that he will lead me on To heav'n, that pro - mised land.

## CHORUS.



I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My soul shall never, never fear;  
never fear;



For I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My King and Friend so dear.

## 'Tis Well with Me.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My hope has found an an - chor, A sure, a - bid - ing home,  
 2. I bless thy word that taught me My lost es - tate to see;  
 3. 'Tis well where'er thou ledest, For thou art with me still;

Up - on the Rock of A - ges, Where storms can nev - er come;  
 And since the hap - py mo - ment I gave my all to thee,  
 'Tis well, whate'er thou do - est, Be - cause my Saviour's will;

And though I hear the tu - mult Of o - cean sur - ges swell,  
 The way I thought so drea - ry With light and beau - ty glows,  
 And where my hope has anchored, There faith and love shall dwell;

My soul is calm and peace - ful, — 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.  
 And all a - long its wind - ings A cool - ing fountain flows,  
 And what - so - e'er be - fall me, I'll an - swer, Lord, 'tis well.

## REFRAIN.

O Thou whose blood has cleans'd me, My joy I can - not tell; But



this my thank-ful heart can say,— 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

## On to the Field.

W. H. RUDDIMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol-diers of Zi-on, pre-pare for the charge, Firm in your bat-tle ar-ray;
2. Raise high your banner, the flag of the con- Full in the con-flict dis-play;
3. Press on with ardor, the tread of the brave, Foes are made bold by de-lay;
4. Sin-ners are turning, the end is se-secure, Fears and misgivings al-lay;

He who doth lead you your help will enlarge, Glo-ry shall her-ald the way.  
 Un-der its shel-ter dis-as-ter and loss Bring not their shame and dismay.  
 Strike in the name of the Mighty to Save, Conquest is theirs who o-bey!  
 Crowns shall reward you if still you endure, Cease not to watch and to pray.

On to the field! Breastplate and shield Shining and strong for the fray:

Think not to yield, For Je-sus doth wield Weapons of tri-umph to-day!

## Tell me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'-ry word,  
 2. Fasting, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,  
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

CHORUS.—Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'-ry word,

*Fine.*

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;  
 How for our sins he was tempt-ed, Yet was tri-umphant at last;  
 Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard,

Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—  
 Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,  
 Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

*D.C.*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.  
 He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.  
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

# The Love that Redeemed.

53

Mrs. FLORA B. HARRIS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Of the peo-ple none were with him, None to heed his dy-ing moan,  
 2. Of the peo-ple none were with him, Suff'ring Saviour, what a thought!  
 3. Of the peo-ple none were with him, That my guil-ty soul might be  
 4. Of the peo-ple none were with him, Now in countless hosts they throng,

For the Mas-ter trod the wine-press, In his mor-tal grief, a-lone.  
 By such cost-ly price of an-guish Was this glad redemp-tion wrought?  
 Clad in raiment white and stain-less, Lord, for ev-er-more with thee.  
 Out of ev-ry tongue and kindred, Singing one im-mor-tal song.

## CHORUS.

O the love that re-deemed, O the love that re-deemed, O the

love of the cru-ci-fied one! He hath come in our stead, And with

garments made red Hath trod-den the wine-press a-lone. [*a-lone.*]

## The Home beyond the River.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. A home in those mansions of light, Pre - paring just o - ver the river;  
 2. The gates of that ci - ty are pearl; It stands just o - ver the river;  
 3. O say, shall we meet over there? With Je - sus, just o - ver the river?

Where saints in their brightness, In garments of whiteness, Shall live with our Jesus forever.  
 A key that is golden By faith may be holden, Unlocking those portals forever!  
 His word shall invite you, Its joys shall incite you, To gaze on its beauties forever.

## CHORUS.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful land's so fair, Where the  
 Oh, that beau - ti - ful land's so fair, so fair!

ran - som'd their prais - es are sing - ing! Hear the sweet sounding cho - rus Of

those gone be - fore us! Thro' heav - en their praises are ring - ing!



# At the Golden Landing.

55

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Friends of yore have flown to heav- en, Springing from the house of clay ;  
2. Oft - en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,  
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - lstial love,  
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,  
5. Brother, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,

Glad to gain their joyful free - dom, Borne by an - gel bands a - way.  
One by one I count them ov - er, They who are in glo - ry blest.  
Shin - ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White-robed, with the saints a - bove.  
While I seem to hear them say - ing, " Pilgrim, heaven is waiting thee."  
What shall be our joy - ous rap - ture When we at the land - ing meet !

## CHORUS.

While on Pisgah's moun't I'm standing, Looking to the ver - nal shore,

There I seem to see them banding, Just be - side the Golden Landing,

Waiting to re - ceive me o'er, Precious ones who went be - fore !

# Fount of Bliss.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Love of God, amazing love! Height above all other height, Depth no creature thought can  
 2. Love of Christ, amazing love! Vast as his e - ter - ni - ty, Theme of angel choirs a -  
 3. O these tongues that falter so When we sing of love like this! O these songs that, faint and

prove, Boundless, endless, in - fi - nite! Hows'oe'er I sink or rise, Stretch my  
 bove, Theme of souls redeem'd like me! Outward to creation's bound, Up to  
 low, More than half their sweetness miss! Saviour, lift our music higher Till the

powers beyond, abroad, Pierce the depth or climb the skies, Find I still the love of God,  
 heaven's serenest height, Un - i - versal space around, Swells the chorus day and night,  
 strains to rapture spring, Touch our lips with hallow'd fire From thy altar while we sing.

## CHORUS.

Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free, Ev - er - more unsealed for me!

Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free, Ev - er - more unsealed for me!

# To see My Saviour There.

57

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. It is not that the cit - y is glorious to be - hold, Her  
 2. I know God's emerald rain - bow is shining round his throne, I  
 3. I've friends across the riv - er, they watch me from the shore, I've  
 4. I want to see the fore - head, once crown'd with thorns for me, I

walls of lu - cid crys - tal, her ver - y pavement gold, All  
 know the harps of glo - ry have mu - sic's sweet - est tone; But  
 wear - ied for their voic - es, I'm wait - ing ev - er - more; But  
 long to see the hands that bled up - on the shame - ful tree; They

shrined in dazzling splendor, beyond de - scription fair, But I am pressing  
 brightest there and fair - est, O joy be - yond com - pare! I'd give the wealth of  
 when I meet and claim them, the sweetest joy we'll share Will be to praise to -  
 beck - on me to meet him, then let me bold - ly dare Death's billows, crossing

on - ward, to see my Saviour there. To see my Saviour there, to see my  
 heav - en, to see my Saviour there.  
 geth - er, to see our Saviour there.  
 o - ver, to find my Saviour there.

Saviour there, And I am pressing on - ward, to see my Saviour there.

## All to Thee.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.  
Chorus arr. for this work.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.  
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, on - ly, for my King.  
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev'-ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

## CHORUS.

All to thee, All to thee, all to thee, Now I con - se - crate my

all, dear Lord, to thee; Lord, to thee; All to thee, all to

thee, Ful - ly con - se - crate my life, my all, to thee.



5 Take my will, and make it thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is thine own,  
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.

### Perfect Peace.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.” Isa. xxvi. 3.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

1. O sweet and won-drous gift!— In per-fect peace to rest,—  
2. We are so help-less, Lord, Thou art all pow'r and might,  
3. Thy promise is our hope, Thy presence is our light;

A - mid life's storms to be By God's love blest, By God's love blest:  
Our path is oft-en drear, Be thou our light, Be thou our light:  
Without thee all is dark, The noon day night, The noon-day night:

A joy all joys a - bove! Sweet heav'nly peace, unknown Ex-cept to  
We have no hope but thee; Oh, leave us not a - lone, Till life's brief  
Then stay our minds on thee; Save us, thou God of love, Let thy hand

those who trust In God a - lone, In God a - lone.  
day is o'er, Still guard thine own, Still guard thine own.  
lead us on To joys a - bove, To joys a - bove.

## Into His Image.

E. R. LATA.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In - to his im - age to grow Ev - er my purpose shall be  
 2. In - to his im - age to grow, Ev - er re - sembling him more,  
 3. In - to his im - age to grow, Out of the likeness of sin ;

Who from the courts of the sky Came as a ran - som for me :  
 As in his footsteps I tread, Seeking the heav - en - ly shore :  
 Trusting, thro' merits of his, Glo - ry e - ter - nal to win :

Like as a servant he came, Bearing my guilt and my shame ;  
 Yea, I will earnest - ly plead, Plead to be like him in - deed,  
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for his kingdom a - bove :

Bearing my bur - den of woe ; Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so !  
 Who, upon cal - va - ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per - fect - ly whole.

## REFRAIN.

Lov - - ing and suf - fer - ing so, Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so !  
 Loving, yes, loving, Loving, yes, loving  
 Pur - chased sal - va - tion for me, Pur - chased sal - va - tion for me,  
 Purchased salvation, Purchased salvation,  
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for his kingdom above ;  
 Perfect, yea, perfect, Meet for his kingdom,

Bearing my burden of woe, . . . Loving and suffer- ing so.  
 Bear - ing my burden of woe, . . . suffer- ing so.  
 Who, up- on Calva- ry's tree, Purchased salvation for me.  
 Who, . . . upon Calvary's tree, sal- vation for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be - rectly whole.  
 This . . . the dear wish of my soul, perfectly whole.

Fount of Mercy.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Fount of Mercy, stream di- vine, Sprinkle this vile heart of mine;  
 2. O- ver my poor sin- ful soul, Fount of Mercy, do thou roll,  
 3. Fount of Mercy, full of grace, I can never nev- er trace  
 4. Fount of Mercy, in thy flow All the depths of pi- ty show,

Though 'tis cov- er'd o'er with sin, Wondrous wa- ters, flow ye in;  
 Free my soul from doubts and fears, Wash mine eyes from stains of tears;  
 All the channels of the tide Which proceed from Je- sus' side;  
 May thy streams ex- tend to me, Cleanse from all im- pur- i- ty:

Guilt and sor- row wash a- way, Now thy sav- - ing power dis- play.  
 Through and through my spirit lave, For thy streams have power to save.  
 But my heart can reach the brink, And from Mer- cy's Fountain drink.  
*f* I thy praises will ex- tol, For thy streams now reach my soul,  
*rit. ad lib.*

## Abundantly Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Crucified One, Who-ev-er be-  
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the  
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes every sin, And opens his

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

va - tion shall have, For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.  
 demption shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.  
 va - tion shall have, For Jesus is rea - dy this moment to save.

## CHORUS.

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

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



sinner he gave, And he is a - bun - dantly able to save,  
ransom for sinner he gave, And he is abundantly able to save.

### The Lay of the Heavenly Land.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. List to the lay of the heav'nly land, Ye who its mu - sic love;  
2. List to the lay of the blood-wash'd throng, Ye who have hearts to sing;  
3. List to the symphony round the throne, Ye to whom Christ is dear;

Lo! it sweeps in a chorus grand Down from the heights a - bove.  
Lo! the swell of their joyous song Comes like the voice of spring.  
Lo! the song is our own, our own, And heav'n and earth shall hear.

CHORUS.

Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb that was slain; And  
the Lamb that was slain;

lo, as its mel - o - dy floats to earth, We echo it back a - gain.

# Eye hath not Seen it.

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

1. I have reas- on of a land whose in- hab- it- ants say, " I am  
 2. I know there are realms where the voic- es of song, Nev- er  
 3. I have heard of " a riv- er of wa- ter of life," Flow- ing  
 4. Oh, that land a- far off, with its wa- ters of life, Thou hast

sick, I am wea- ry," no more, And I pine, 'mid the bur- den and  
 cease 'neath a bur- den of tears, And I seek, 'mid earth-discord, the  
 clear on its beau- ti- ful way; He that drinks of that stream nev- er  
 veiled, loving Lord, from my ken; But I know, when I rest in the

heat of the day, For a glimpse of that life- giv- ing shore.  
 sound of a strain, Falling sweet from those rad- i- ant spheres.  
 thirsteth a - gain, And his joy is a well- spring for  
 light of thy face, I shall drink and be sat- is- fied then.

## CHORUS.

Eye hath not seen it, and ear hath not heard, Yet all my spirit with longing is stirred; Oh,

glory exceeding My heart's utmost pleading! Eternal, eternal the weight of thy bliss!

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,  
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor  
 3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Though the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eyes; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,  
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,  
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,  
 bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoic- { 1. ing, bringing in the sheaves, }  
 { Omit second time, . . . } -ing, bringing in the sheaves.

## THE BEST FRIEND.

- 1 One there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
 Could, or would, have shed his blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled, in him, to God.

- 3 When he lived on earth so lowly,  
 Friend of sinners was his name;  
 Now enthroned among the holy,  
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above.

1. There's a precious song that my heart doth sing, And its sweet notes ever with pleasure ring;  
 2. When the clouds hang dark o'er my homeward way, And the light dies out of the fading day,  
 3. In the morning bright, in the evening lone, This undying song will my griefs atone;  
 4. In his mansions fair, when I reach my home, I before his throne with this theme shall come;

It is full of joy to the weary soul, And it cheers him on to the shining goal,  
 Then this precious song lights the dark'ning gloom, And the path makes plain to my heav'nly  
 For it brings my Lord closer to my side, As it it tells me how for my sins he died. [home.  
 And forever there, with the saved and blest, I shall sing his love in his home of rest.

## CHORUS.

'Tis a song of Je - sus, O the joyous strain! Coming down from a - bove

to this life of pain; It has made my soul so happy, so con-tent and free,

That the journey thro' the des-ert seems a heav'nly walk to me!



# No other Name.

67

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jesus! the only name that's given, Through which salvation we can claim!  
 2. No oth - er name! when skies are bright, And sunshine glows on field and flow'r;  
 3. No oth - er name! when, drooping low, O'erburdened by sin's heavy load,

This, this alone, we breath to heav'n, For God ac - cepts no oth - er name.  
 No oth - er name when, dark as night, The hea - vy clouds tempestuous low'r!  
 The contrite spir - it pines to know The way to hope, to heav'n, to God!

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

No other name, no other name,  
 No oth - er name, no oth - er name,  
 no oth - er name,

Through which salva - tion we can claim; This, this a - lone we

breathe in prayer to heaven, Je - sus, Je - sus, — no other name.

4 No other name! when, like a flood,  
 Temptations beat upon the soul;  
 Faith, breathing that one name to God,  
 The raging billows shall control!

5 In peace or conflict, toil or rest,  
 In wealth or want, in praise or blame,  
 I'll wear it graven on my breast,  
 And dying, plead no other name!

## The City of Refuge.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. Fly, fly to the ci-ty of ref-uge! Wide open for you is the gate;  
 2. That ci-ty of ref-uge is Je-sus, Your Saviour so loving and true;  
 3. Oh, fly to the ci-ty of ref-uge, For there you in safety may dwell;  
 4. Yes, fly to the ci-ty of ref-uge, To Je-sus, the Lamb that was slain;

Nay, trust not the dawn of the morrow; Ere sunrise it may be too late.  
 Make haste to the arms of his mer-cy, Wide o-pen and waiting for you.  
 What-ev-er your sin, if re-pen-tant, Tell Je-sus, and all will be well.  
 No soul ev-er sought him in earnest And failed its request to ob-tain.

## CHORUS.

A- rise and a- way, a- rise and a- way, 'Tis love bids thee

on- ward, its warn- ing o- bey; A- rise and a- way, a-

rise and a- way! While mercy is of- fer'd, oh, do not de- lay.

# Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

69

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pe. v. 7.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Weary pil - grim on life's path-way, Struggling on beneath thy load;  
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un - stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?  
3. Are the ties of friendship sev - ered? Hushed the voices fond - ly heard?

Hear these words of con - sol - a - tion,—“Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.”  
Is thy cross to great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.  
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

## CHORUS.

*f* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *Cres.* And he will

*p* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; *Ad lib.* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?  
Does thy mind forget his word?  
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,  
He will guide thy steps aright;  
He will strengthen each endeavor;  
He will keep thee by his might.

## Hallelujah to Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! his praise let us sing; Our Re-deem-er, our  
 2. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! though trials are nigh, Hal-le-lu-jah! the  
 3. Hal-le-lu-jah! the mountains of danger shall sing; Hal-le-lu-jah! the  
 4. Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! no strength is our own; But we draw our sup-

Help-er, our Lead-er, and King; We fol-low his guid-ing, we  
 voice of our faith shall re-ply; He is with us, he leads us, in  
 fields of life's bat-tle shall ring; And the val-ley of shadows, the  
 plies from the King on his throne; Ev-'ry sin shall be vanquished, each

trust in his might; We live by his pow-er, and walk in his light.  
 him we con-fide, We will-scat-ter sin's legions with God on our side!  
 lone pass of death, Shall e-cho in mu-sic the shout of our faith,  
 tempter shall flee; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! he gives vic-to-ry.

## CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus! His goodness make known; All glo-ry, and

hon-or, and praise be his own; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, our



Saviour is he; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! he gives vic-to-ry.

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## I will not Fear.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. While out on life's dark, stormy sea How sweet to know that Christ is near;  
 2. The an-gry waves may round me roll, The storm may rage, the night be drear,  
 3. Je - sus con-trols the winds and waves, The storm will cease at his command,

*rit. Fine.*  
 What comfort does it give to me, When I his loving voice can hear,  
 Peaceful and calm shall be my soul, If Christ assures me he is near.  
 A - mid the dang-er Je - sus saves, He holds me by his lov - ing hand.

*D.S.* Far, far a - bove the tempest wild I hear him say, "Fear not my child."

CHORUS. *D.S.*  
 I will not fear, I will not fear, For Christ my lov - ing Saviour's near;

4 I'll trust in his almighty power,  
 Since he has bid me not to fear;  
 I know that in life's darkest hour  
 Jesus my Saviour will be near.

5 My little bark he'll safely guide  
 Into the port of endless rest,  
 And there with him I shall abide  
 And naught my soul shall e'er molest.

# I am Glad there is Cleansing.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, Where love divine and mercy blends;  
 2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;  
 3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv'ry's Mount;

How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.  
 Who gives up all,—who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without de - lay.  
 The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in redemption's fount.

## CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is  
 there is cleansing in the blood,

cleansing in the blood, Tell the world, All the  
 there is cleansing in the blood, there is cleansing,

world, There is - cleansing In the Saviour's blood.  
 there is, cleansing,

4 Why need we struggle on in self,  
 We cannot make one black spot white;  
 'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,  
 Can change and cleanse the heart aright.

5 I come! I come! and glad I am  
 That Jesus calls the lost and vile;  
 There thousands have a cleansing found,  
 I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

By permission.

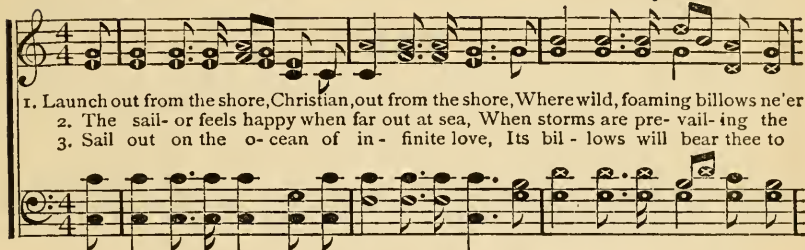
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# Out from the Shore.

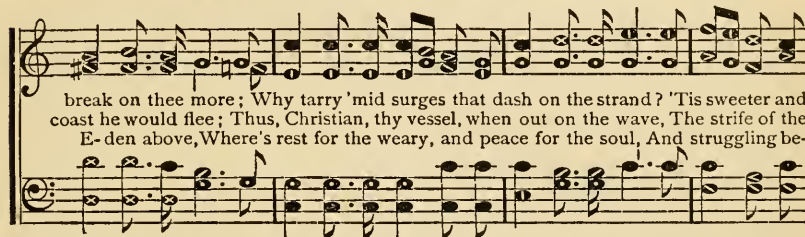
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Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

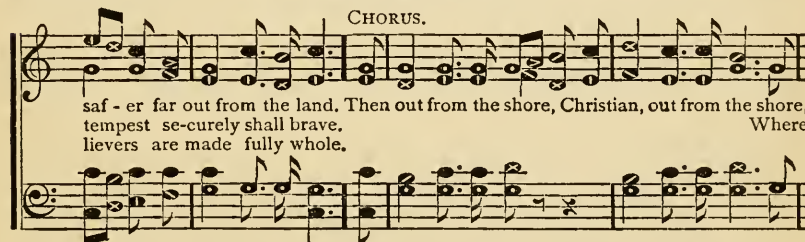


1. Launch out from the shore, Christian, out from the shore, Where wild, foaming billows ne'er  
2. The sail- or feels happy when far out at sea, When storms are pre- vail- ing the  
3. Sail out on the o- cean of in- finite love, Its bil- lows will bear thee to

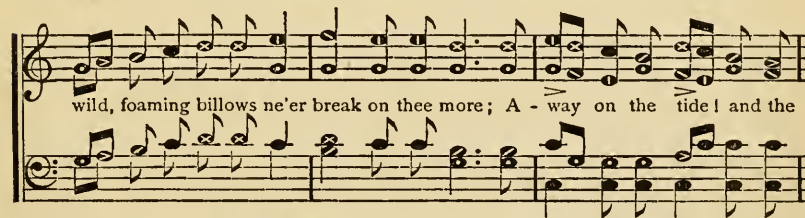


break on thee more; Why tarry 'mid surges that dash on the strand? 'Tis sweeter and  
coast he would flee; Thus, Christian, thy vessel, when out on the wave, The strife of the  
E- den above, Where's rest for the weary, and peace for the soul, And struggling be-

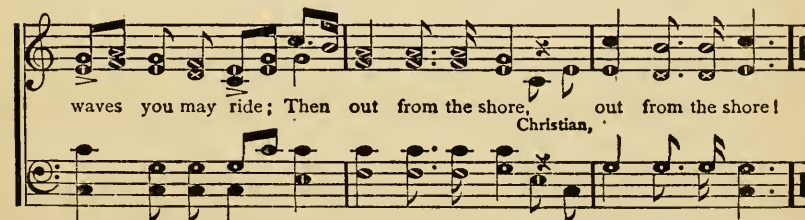
CHORUS.



saf- er far out from the land, Then out from the shore, Christian, out from the shore,  
tempest se- curely shall brave, Where  
lievers are made fully whole.



wild, foaming billows ne'er break on thee more; A - way on the tide! and the



waves you may ride; Then out from the shore, out from the shore!  
Christian,

# 74 Marching Home to Canaan's Shore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Now wave the standard of the Lord, Press on with helmet, shield, and sword A -  
 2. Press on through conflicts deep and dire, Press on! with one intense desire, To  
 3. Press on! re-joicing ev'ry day; Press on! and trusting, watch and pray; Not  
 4. Press on! be faithful un - to death; Let praise be heard on ev'ry breath, And

gainst the hosts of sin; . Fear not, but still the promise claim, That  
 reach the prom - ised land; Those bright and sunny hills to see, Where  
 long the strife will last: Not long, for soon, with glad surprise, Our  
 love in ev' - ry song; Press on! till safe at Je - sus' feet, We'll

we shall triumph through his name, And crowns of glo - ry win. .  
 more than conquerors we shall be, And with our Lead - er stand.  
 raptured souls will cleave the skies, And shout, our tri - als past!  
 rest, in righteousness complete, A - mong the ran - somed throng.

We're marching home to Canaan's shore, We're marching home to Canaan's shore,

Singing, vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Glo - ry ev - er - more!



We're marching home to Canaan's shore, We're marching home to Canaan's shore,

Singing, vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Glo - ry ev - er - more!

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**Faith.**

"The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear Saviour, tho' our mortal eyes Have never looked on thee, Yet we can trust each
2. 'Tis faith's strong arm that lifts our souls These earthly joys above, And points to thee, our
3. We know thou dwellest in our hearts, We feel thy presence there, We know thou hearest
4. Thus step by step, through simple faith, Thy guiding hand we'll trace, Till where thou art we

sacred truth That in thy book we see. That they are blest who have not seen and precious Friend, Whom, tho' unseen, we love. when we pray, And thou dost answer prayer. CHORUS. too shall come, And see thee face to face.

yet on thee believe, Thou, Lord, hast said; and from thy words What comfort we receive.

## Jesus our Light.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is a calm, and stea - dy light, That cheers our pil - grim way,  
 2. The humblest soul that trusts in God That heav'nly light can trace,  
 3. That light is Je - sus, bless - ed truth! He comes our path to cheer;  
 4. Through all our journey here be - low Still shines that peaceful light,

More pure than morning's crim - son blush, And brighter far than day.  
 And, through its beams, the precious love That 'lumes our Fa - ther's face.  
 His presence fills our hearts with joy, And casts out ev' - ry fear.  
 No cloud can veil its gen - tle rays, Or keep them from our sight.

## CHORUS.

O the light, beau - ti - ful light, beau - ti - ful light, In the  
 beau - ti - ful light, O the light, beau - ti - ful light,

dark - est hour its smile we view; its smile we view; And

where it points our long - ing eyes We press with vig - or new.

Where, oh, where? A hundred years to come?

**Rise and follow Me.**

ANNIE E. THOMSON.

And he said to another, Follow me.—Lu. ix. 59.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Days bright beams are falling On the shore and sea; List, a sweet voice calling,  
 2. Shades of eve are fall-ing On the shore and sea; Still that voice is calling,  
 3. Death's dark door is falling, Life's soon done for thee; Sweet that voice is calling,

"Rise and follow me!" Leave thy cares and du-ties, Leave thy race un-run;  
 "Rise and follow me!" Leave thy joys and pleasures, Tho' full bright they glow;  
 "Rise and follow me!" Scale yon mount of glory, Which by faith you've won;

REFRAIN.

Christ will show new beauties, When his will we've done, a sweet voice calling,  
 Christ hath countless treasures of his love to show.  
 Soft-ly walks be-fore you God's most blessed Son, List!

*Repeat pp.*

"Rise and fol-low me;" List, a sweet voice call-ing, "Rise and follow me."

## Nearing our Home.

W. H. RUDDIMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Onward we tread to the ci - ty of God, Nearing our home, nearing our home ;  
 2. Short is the race, and the prize is at hand, Nearing our home, nearing our home ;  
 3. Soon will the sword yield its place to the palm, Nearing our home, nearing our home ;

Full in the path which the Master hath trod, All bright with life's glory and bloom :  
 Firm be our step to the soul's freedom-strand, Tho' passing thro' sorrow and gloom ;  
 Soon ev'ry sigh find its glo - rified psalm, In yonder sweet land of per - fume :

Hopeful and songful our mel - odies rise, Nearing our home, nearing our home,  
 Clouds will disperse at the Presence divine, Nearer our home, nearer our home,  
 Golden the streets, and of crystal the stream, Flowing at home, flowing at home ;

Wafting their incense of praise to the skies, While ever we're nearing our home.  
nearing home.  
 Wonders unuttered around us will shine, And tell we are nearing our home.  
 Welcome us, Lord, to the ne'er-setting beam Of splendor immortal at home.  
yes, at home.

## CHORUS.

*1st time*, Beau - ti - ful home! beau - ti - ful heav'nly home!  
 Beau-ti - ful home! beau-ti - ful home! Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav'nly home!  
*2d time*, Near - ing our home! near - ing our heav'nly home!  
 Nearing our home! nearing our home! Nearing, we're nearing our heav'nly home!



1.

Naught there of tri - al, of sin, or of gloom ;  
 Naught there of trial, of sin, or of gloom, Naught there of tri - al, of sin, or of gloom ;

2.

Je - sus is guid - ing, we'll soon be home.  
 Je - sus is guiding us, Je - sus is guiding us, Je - sus in safety is guiding us home

## The God of Abrah'm praise.

*Fine.* *D. S.*

- 1 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love:  
 Jehovah, great I Am,  
 By earth and heav'n confessed;  
 I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 Forever blest.
- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand:  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
 And him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me, all my happy days,  
 In all his ways;  
 He calls a worm his friend,  
 He calls himself my God!  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on his oath depend;  
 I shall, on eagle wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend;  
 I shall behold his face,  
 I shall his power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace  
 For evermore.

1. Tho' tempted and tried we may be, The tempter we boldly de - fy; . A  
2. Tho' here we have sorrow and care, We nev - er are left all a - lone; For

Friend that is stronger than he . Is ev - er con - venient - ly by: His  
Je - sus hath promised to share, And make all our troubles his own: The

grace all - suf - fi - cient we find; . . . His pres - ence so sav - ing - ly  
Sav - iour! he stands by our side, . . . A Friend ev - er watchful and

near, And ev - er so loving and kind, He's bidding us be of good cheer.  
near; And whilst in his love we a - bide, He's bidding us be of good cheer

CHORUS.

The Saviour says, "Be of good cheer," The say-ing we glad-ly re - ceive;

'Tis mu-sic to all who will hear, Sal - va - tion to all who be - lieve.

3 Oh, who can be fearful, or fall,  
Or fail to be earnest and brave,  
Whilst He is salvation to all  
Who'll trust in his power to save?

Then be of good cheer and go on;  
Your Saviour the path will make clear,—  
His voice, in sweet whispers, anon,  
Is bidding us be of good cheer.

J. M. WIGNER.

Lost One.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lost one! wand'ring on in sadness, None to guide or comfort thee,  
2. Peace I of - fer, and sal - va - tion, Par-don,—blood-bought, full and free.  
3. Long I've watched thee blindly straying; Long have I been call-ing thee;

Vain-ly seek-ing rest and gladness, Far, far from me. Far from me,  
Spurn no more my in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come to me. Come to me,  
Time flies swift-ly, cease de - lay - ing, Haste, haste to me. Haste to me.

far from me, Far, far from me.  
come to me, Come, come to me.  
haste to me. Haste, haste to me.

4.  
Lord, I come, my sins confessing;  
Jesus' blood my only plea:  
Keep me in the path of blessing,  
Close, close to thee.

5.  
Then, when I am called to sever  
From the friends so dear to me,  
I shall dwell in heaven forever,  
Blest, blest, with thee.

## Come and See.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ho! ye seekers aft-er pleasures, Craving ease and worldly gain,  
 2. Come and see these stores of blessings, Richer far than gems or gold;  
 3. Come and see thy own dear Saviour, Full of grace, and love, and pow'r;  
 4. Hungry soul, earth cannot feed thee; On-ly husks can it af-ford;  
 5. Come and see the glorious banquet; Seeing thou wilt long to taste:

What have all earth's gilded treasures Yielded you but toil and pain?  
 More to be desired than ru-bies, Joys divine and bliss untold;  
 Wait-ing to extend his fa-vor, Proff'ring thee his love this hour;  
 Come and see what great pro-vis-ion Crowns thy loving father's board;  
 Then thy soul will bound with gladness: Come now, to the ta-ble haste!

Here are riches vast and free: Weary wand'ers, come and see!  
 These are offered now to thee, Wand'rer, come, oh, come and see!  
 Hear his tender words to thee: "Wayward one, oh, come to me!"  
 Lo, he waits and calls for thee, Starving sinner, come and see!  
 Come, his welcome guest to be; Tar-ry not! oh, come and see!  
 come and see.

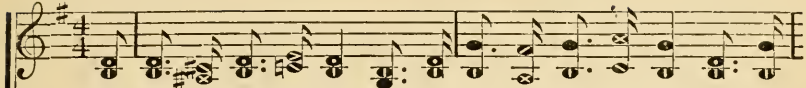
Here are riches vast and free: Weary wand'ers, come and see!  
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 Come, his welcome guest to be; Tar-ry not! oh, come and see!  
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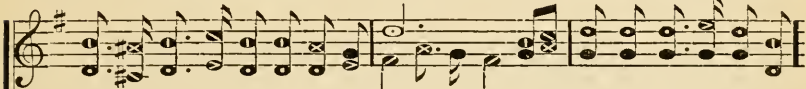
# Triumph By and by.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

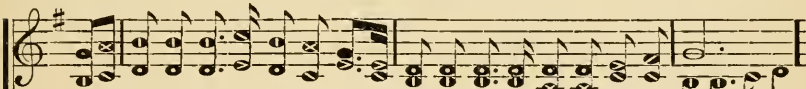
H. R. PALMER.



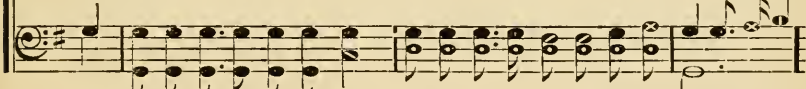
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, his words implore us, The  
 2. We'll fol - low where he lead-eth, We'll past-ure where he feed-eth, We'll  
 3. Our home is bright a -bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But



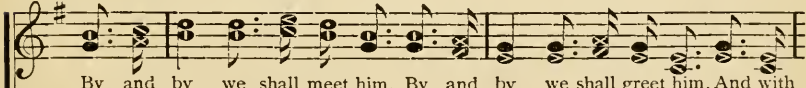
eye of God is o'er us, From on high, *from on high*; His loving tones are calling,  
 yield to him who pleadeth From on high, *from on high*; Then naught from him shall sever,  
 Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, *there on high*; We'll give him best endeavor,



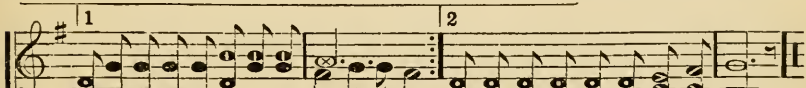
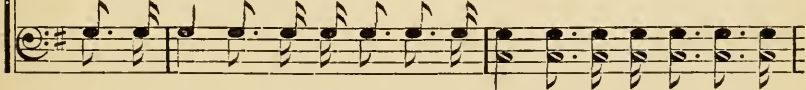
While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, *he is nigh*.  
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, *he is nigh*.  
 And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Nev-er die, *never die*.



CHORUS.



By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with



Jesus reign in glory, By and by, *by and by*; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.



# The Beautiful Gate.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O youth in the spring - time Of gladness and joy, . .  
 2. O wayworn and wea - ry, By sorrow op - presst,  
 3. Oh, waste not the mo - ments, No longer de - lay; . .

Turn not to the pleas - ures Which lure to de - stroy: .  
 There's balm for the wound - ed, Peace, pardon, and rest:  
 Lay hold on the prom - ise While yet it is day;

The an - gels of prom - ise Thy com - ing a - wait, . .  
 Thou'rt welcome, thrice wel - come, Al - though thou art late, . .  
 While Mer - cy is plead - ing, Be - fore 'tis too late, . .

Oh, hasten to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate! . .  
 Then hasten to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate! . .  
 Oh, hasten to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate! . .

## CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful gate, . . Beau - ti - ful gate! . . It  
 Beau - ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beautiful gate!

leads to the kingdom of glory above; It leads to the Father of in-finite love;

Beau-ti-ful gate, beau-ti-ful gate, Beau-ti-ful gate! Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful gate!

Little Ones like Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je-sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his  
 2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And to  
 3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay, Suffer'd  
 4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To re-deem them from the grave, Jesus

CHORUS.

mercy passed not by Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones,  
 him the children brought, Lit-tle ones like me.  
 none to turn a-way Lit-tle ones like me.  
 now will gladly save Lit-tle ones like me.

"Suffer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the little ones, Little ones like me.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."—Song of S., vi. 10.

*D.C. 1.* Beau - ti - ful Zi - on! strong old Zi - on! Won - der - ful

2. On, blessed Zi - on! soul-conqu'ring Zi - on! Peace-making  
3. Oh, ho - ly Zi - on! world-conqu'ring Zi - on! Thy splendor with

Zi - on, with pal - a - ces grand! Triumphant Zi - on! laurel-crown'd

Zi - on, march bloodlessly on! Bulwarks of Zi - on, tow - ers of  
light is fill - ing the air: Joy-giv - ing Zi - on! song-making

*Fine.*

Zi - on! Thy conquests ex - tend o'er . . sea and land:

Zi - on! Glow in the light of mil - len - ni - al sun!  
Zi - on! The chime of thy bells brings hope to de - spair:

No more in sad - ness, go forth in glad - ness, Gran - deur of

On in thy glo - ry, tell the glad sto - ry, Je - sus is  
Lo, life for - ev - er comes like a riv - er, Surg - ing and



na-tions, with banners on high! Glo-ry now flash-es, sackcloth and  
 tak-ing the sor-row-ing in; From thy high tow-ers ring, thro' the  
 swelling thy channels all through; Heart, feel no tremor, God thy Re-

*Use the first four lines as Chorus. D.C.*

ash-es Pass like the clouds from the face of the sky. Oh!  
 hours, . . . God thy Re-deem-er is sav-ing from sin. Oh!  
 deem-er Is mak-ing the world, thro' Zi-on, a-new. D.C.

## Glory to the Lamb.

Rev. B. W. GORHAM. By per.

1. The world is o-ver-come, By the blood of the Lamb. :|  
 2. My sins are washed a-way In the blood of the Lamb. :|  
 3. I've washed my garments white In the blood of the Lamb. :|  
 4. The martyrs ov-er-came By the blood of the Lamb. :|  
 5. I soon shall gain the skies, Thro' the blood of the Lamb. :|

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb!

## The Flowing Fount.

Arranged by C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Wa - ters from the smit - ten rock, Ev - er sweet - ly flow - ing,  
 2. Je - sus ev - er sweet - ly calls, "Thirsty souls, come hith - er,  
 3. Bles - sed Fount of sav - ing love! All who will may en - ter;

To re - fresh the thirst - y flock Through the des - ert go - ing;  
 Liv - ing wa - ters flow for thee, Drink, and live for - ev - er;  
 All in Christ may find a hope, - In this glorious cen - tre;

See ex - haust - less streams a - rise For the faint and dy - ing,  
 From the Rock the wa - ters rise, O - pen'd is the Foun - tain,  
 Sav - ing mer - cies now abound, Je - sus is the giv - er;

Sparkling to their longing eyes, Ev - 'ry want sup - ply - ing.  
 Je - sus of - fers full supplies, Come to Zi - on's Mountain.  
 I his pard'ning love have found, Praise his name for - ev - er!

## CHORUS.

'Tis flow - ing flow - ing, 'Tis flow - ing for you and for me; . .

'Tis flow - ing, 'Tis flow - ing, A foun - tain full and free.

The Solid Rock.

EDGAR PAGE.

"That Rock was Christ."

S. J. ROBSON.

1. Standing on the sol - id rock, Safe from ev - 'ry tem - pest shock,  
 2. Founded by a promise sure, That for - ev - er shall en - dure,  
 3. In the fort - ress, safe from sin, With the ho - ly One shut in,  
 4. O the qui - et, wondrous rest Of the soul that thus is blest!

Safe from all the winds that blow, Safe from all the waves that flow.  
 Tho' the world may rock and fall, I shall not be moved at all!  
 All I do is trust and wait, Till he o - pen heaven's gate.  
 What if rich or ne'er so poor, If at last our heav'n is sure.

CHORUS.

Christ is my Founda - tion, Rock of my sal - va - tion! This shall fail me

nev - er, But shall save for - ev - er; Sure is his word, Praise, praise the Lord!

# He is Risen.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He is ris-en! Christ the ho-ly, He the Christ who once was slain;  
 2. He is ris-en! men despis-ing Truths of God, revealed in time;  
 3. Ris-en! ris-en! ev'-ry na-tion, Join the un-i-ver-sal joy;  
 4. Ris-en! ris-en! joy for-ev-er, Christ is vic-tor, death in chains;

He the earth-born, lone and low-ly, Bursts the tomb, and lives a-gain.  
 Ris-en! to his foes sur-prising, To his friends a joy su-blime;  
 Let the song fill all cre-a-tion, Men and an-gels' tongues employ,  
 Grave shall gain domin-ion nev-er, Je-sus lives! Mes-si-ah reigns!

Key of E b.

Grace di-vine to men a-bounded, Grave, sin, hell are all confound-ed.  
 Ris-en? yes, a-live for ev-er, Christ of endless life the giv-er.  
 Sad-den hell and gladden heaven,—Death is conquer'd, Christ is ris-en!  
 Thrill the earth with the glad sto-ry, We shall reign with him in glo-ry.

Key of A b.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is ris-en from the dead.



# The Children's Blessing.

93

Arranged.

FOR THE INANT-SCHOOL.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

1. Je - sus loved the lit - tle children, Laid his hand up - on each head;  
2. Je - sus blessed the lit - tle children With the blessings of his love,  
3. Blessed Saviour, kind Redeem-er, Lay thy hand up - on my head;

In his arms he gent - ly raised them, And these lov - ing words he said:  
And it seems he still is say - ing, While he rules the world a - bove:  
Give to me the children's blessing, When those loving words were said:

## CHORUS.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, And for -

bid them not, and for - bid them not; Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to

come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heav - en.

## Mystic Star.

Arranged by J. A. DANKS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a song, thrilling song, in the air;      There's a star, mystic  
 2. There's a tu - mult of rap - tur - ous joy;      O'er the promised, yet  
 3. In the light of that magnet - ic star      Lie the a - ges, like  
 4. We re - joice here to - day in the light;      And we ech - o, thrice

star, in the sky;      There's a vir - gin mother's deep prayer,  
 won - der - ful birth;      For the vir - gin mother's sweet boy  
 dewdrops im - pearled;      And the ser - aph's song from a - far  
 ech - o the song,      That comes down thro' the si - lent night

And a help - less in - fant's low cry; . . . Lo, his star flashes out, while the  
 Is the Lord of Heaven and earth; . . . Lo, his star flashes fire, while the  
 Has swept swiftly o - ver the world; . . . Every hearth is a - flame, and the  
 From the heavenly an - gel - ic throng, . . . And we shout to the heav'nly e -

beau - ti - ful sing, And the man - ger of Beth'hem now cradles a King.  
 beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger at Beth'hem now cradles a King.  
 beau - ti - ful sing, In the homes of the Nation, that Je - sus is King.  
 van - gel they bring, While we greet in his cra - dle our Saviour and King.

# The Angels' Story.

95

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. List! list! 'tis the an - gels singing Sweet-est chants on Christmas morn;  
 2. See! see! with all beau-ty teeming, O - ver yon - der east-ern sky,  
 3. Then, then the a - dor-ing shepherds Shouted forth the glad re - frain,

Hark! hark! 'tis the mu - sic ring - ing, O'er the sol - emn still - ness borne.  
 Yes! yes! 'tis the bright star gleaming, Shin - ing pure - ly from on high.  
 Now! now! let us bow be - fore him, Sing - ing o'er the same sweet strain.

SOLO, or SEMICHORUS: (*May be omitted.*)

Glory in the high-est, glo - ry! Glory in the high-est, glo - ry!  
 CHORUS.  
 Chant it now, the angels' sto - ry: Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry!

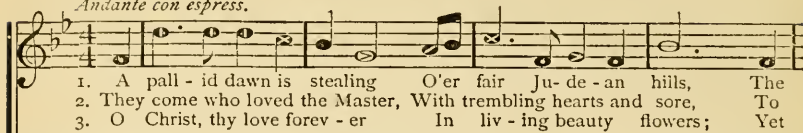
Peace on earth, to men . . . good-will,  
 Hark! the an - gels sing it still, Peace on earth, to men good - will.

# A pallid Dawn is stealing.

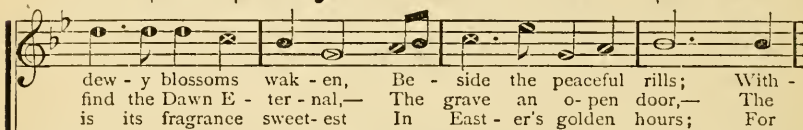
Mrs. FLORA B. HARRIS.

AN EASTER SONG.

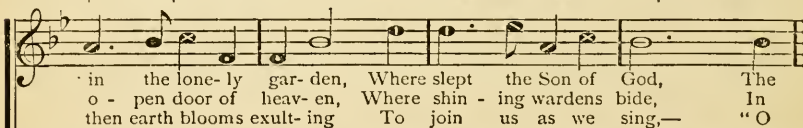
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante con espress.*


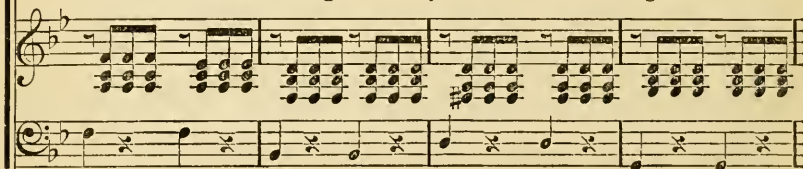
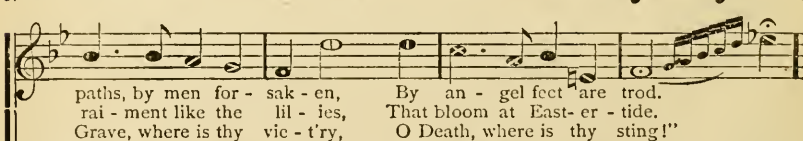
1. A pall - id dawn is stealing O'er fair Ju - de - an hills, The  
 2. They come who loved the Master, With trembling hearts and sore, To  
 3. O Christ, thy love forev - er In liv - ing beauty flowers; Yet

dew - y blossoms wak - en, Be - side the peaceful rills; With -  
 find the Dawn E - ter - nal, — The grave an o - pen door, — The  
 is its fragrance sweet - est In East - er's golden hours; For

in the lone - ly gar - den, Where slept the Son of God, The  
 o - pen door of heav - en, Where shin - ing wardens bide, In  
 then earth blooms exult - ing To join us as we sing, — "O

paths, by men for - sak - en, By an - gel feet are trod.  
 rai - ment like the lil - ies, That bloom at East - er - tide.  
 Grave, where is thy vic - t'ry, O Death, where is thy sting!"





CHORUS. *Allegro.*

The stone, the stone is roll'd a-way! For Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day;

The stone, the stone is roll'd a-way, The seal is broken now for aye! Since

Christ the Lord, since Christ the Lord, Since Christ the Lord hath ris'n to-day.

**In the Cross of Christ I glory.**

Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide,

5 In the cross of Christ I glory, etc.

## Touch not nor Taste.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain, That  
2. But lift, with ten-der, pit-ying hand, Its vic-tims from the dust; Re-

wound-eth like a ser-pent's fangs, Destroy-ing heart and brain: Touch  
proach them not, nor chide their wrong, Be kind as well as just: A

not nor taste the sparkling cup, Nor in its rev-els share; A-  
word may touch a sleep-ing chord Of mem'-ry pure and sweet, And

*Cres - - - cen - - - do.*

way! a-way! Re-mem-ber this,— God's blessing is not there,  
bring them, sor-ry for their sins, To bow at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain; That  
to grief and pain,

wound-eth like a ser-pent's fangs, De-stroy-ing heart and brain.

3 Go, seek them out,—poor, wand'ring sheep,  
That, on the mountain cold,  
Are hungry,—starving now for bread,—  
Go, lead them to the fold :

There comes a cheering thought to those  
Who toil in patient love,—  
Each soul reclaimed shall be a star  
To deck their crown above.

God is Love.

Tune, BARTIMEUS, 8, 7.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But his mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove  
From the gloom his mercy streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Every-where his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

## Peaceful Rest.

Old Melody, arr. by Ed.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv-en;  
2. There is a home for wea-ry souls By sin and sorrow driven,

There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev-'ry wounded breast,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o-cean rolls,

*p*  
"Tis found a-lone in heav-en.  
And all is drear but heav-en.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

## Cling to Jesus.

E. R. LATTA.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. When the clouds of doubt o'ershadow, And thy path seems dark as night,  
2. When the billows rage a-bout thee, And the tempest rude-ly blows,  
3. In the sil-ence of thy clos-et, When no oth-er hears thy prayer,

Go to Je-sus, Cling to Je-sus, He will give thy spir-it light,  
Christ can speak the wild commo-tion In a moment to re- pose,  
Thy Re-deem-er will re-gard thee, He will ev-er meet thee there.



# Cling to Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

REFRAIN.

Go to Je - sus, he will help thee; Cling to Je - sus, he will save;

When tempta - tions fierce be - set thee, Cling to Je - sus, he will save.

102

## Wash Me white as Snow.

WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. My God, my God, to thee I cry, Thee on - ly would I know;  
2. Touch me, and make the lep - er clean, Purge my in - i - qui - ty;  
3. Be - hold, for me the vic - tim bleeds, His wounds are o - pen wide;

Thy pur - i - fy - ing blood ap - ply, And wash me white as snow.  
Un - les thou wash my soul from sin, I have no part in thee.  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads, And speaks me jus - ti - fied.

*D.S.* O cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry sin, And make me pure with - in.

REFRAIN.

*D.S. :§:*

O Sav - iour, wash me in the foun - tain That flows from Calv'ry's moun - tain;

1. The night of sin, long and gloomy, Is pass - ing fast a - way!  
 2. Fresh courage take, light is breaking, More bright - ly glows the ray!  
 3. The darkness flies, day is dawning, And none its course may stay!  
 4. The Lord shall reign o'er the people; They will his voice o - bey!

The gos - pel, blessed gos - pel, Is her - ald - ing in the day.

CHORUS.

The gos - pel, blessed gos - pel the gos - pel, blessed gos - pel! The

glo - rious, bless - ed, gos - pel, Is her - ald - ing in the day.

1. O the bitter || shame and sorrow, || That a time could || ever be, || When I let ||  
 2. Yet he found me, || I beheld him || Bleeding on the a - cursed tree, || Heard him pray, ||  
 3. Day by day his || tender mercy, || Healing, helping, || Full and free, || Sweet, and strong, ||  
 4. Higher than the || highest heaven, || Deeper than the || deepest sea, || Lord, thy love ||

# The Altered Motto.—CONCLUDED.

the Saviour's pity || Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.  
 forgive them, Father, || And my wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.  
 and, oh, so patient, || Brought me lower while I whisper'd, Less of self and more of thee.  
 at last has conquer'd, || Grant me now my soul's desire, None of self and all of thee.

105

## Balm in Gilead.

Old Melody arr.,

Music of Chorus by J. R. S.

1. How lost was my con - dition Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Phy-  
 2. Next door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave, To tell to all a-

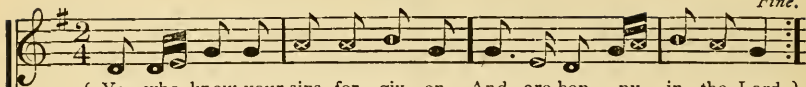
### CHORUS.

si - cian Can cure a sin-sick soul. There's a balm in Gil-ead to  
 round me His wondrous power to save.

make the wounded whole, There's power enough in Jesus To cure a sin - sick soul.

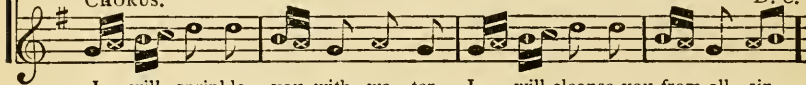
- 3 The worst of all diseases  
 Is light compared with sin ;  
 On every part it seizes,  
 But rages most within.
- 4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
 And madness, all combined ;  
 And none but a believer  
 The least relief can find.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith,  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death.
- 6 Come then to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give ;  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only, Look and live.

**I will Sprinkle.**Old melody,  
arr. by Ed.*Fine.*

I. { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord, }  
 { Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord? }  
 D. C. Sanc - ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign within. D. C.

CHORUS.



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

- 2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,  
 Greater things you yet may find,—  
 Freedom from unholy tempers,  
 Freedom from the carnal mind,
- 3 Be as holy, and as happy,  
 And as useful here below,  
 As it is your Father's pleasure;  
 Jesus only Jesus know.

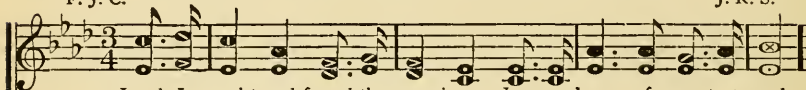
- 4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,  
 Tell, O tell what God has done,  
 Till the nations are conform-ed  
 To the image of his Son.
- 5 O may ev'ry soul be fill-ed  
 With the Holy Ghost to-day;  
 He is coming, he is coming;  
 O prepare, prepare the way.

107

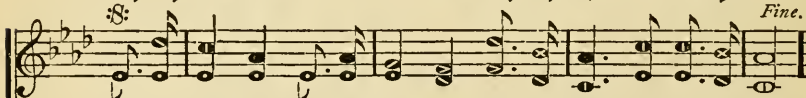
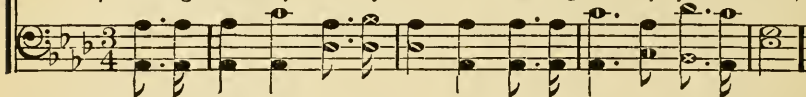
**Thou hast Rescued even Me.**

F. J. C.

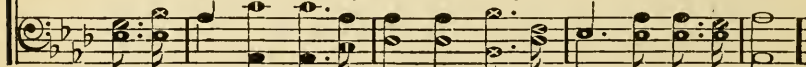
J. R. S.



1. Lord, I sought and found thee precious, In my hour of greatest need;  
 2. Thou hast brought me out of darkness, And mine eyes beheld the day;  
 3. Leaning calm - ly on thy bo - som, What have I to fear or dread?  
 4. Leaning calm - ly on thy bo - som, Learning still thy yoke to bear;

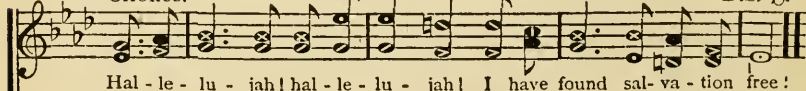
*Fine.*

Though un - worthy, thou hast taught me How by faith thy name to plead.  
 How my heart in song was lift-ed When its bur - den rolled a-way.  
 I am feast-ing at thy ban-quet, With thy ban - ner o'er me spread.  
 I am hap - py, O my Saviour, Naught of ill can reach me there.

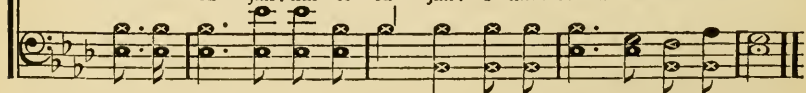


D. S. In the ful - ness of thy mer - cy Thou hast res - cued e - ven me.

CHORUS.

D. S. *S*:

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I have found sal - va - tion free!





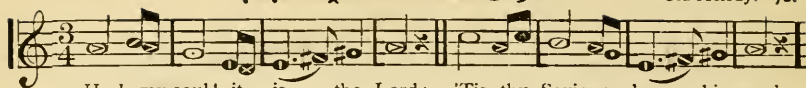
1. Heav'n and earth and rolling o-cean, Praise ye the Lord! Strike the lyre with  
 2. Hills and dales and lofty mountains, Praise ye the Lord! Purling rills and  
 3. Followers of a ris-en Saviour, Praise ye the Lord! Ye who now en-  
 4. Ev'-ry soul redeem'd by Je-sus, Praise ye the Lord! He from sin and

warm de-vo-tion, Praise ye the Lord! Bird and beast, and ev'-ry creature,  
 sparkling fountains, Praise ye the Lord! Evening ves-pers softly dying,  
 joy his fa- vor, Praise ye the Lord! While with en-e-mies contend-ing,  
 Sa-tan frees us, Praise ye the Lord! Praise him for our first cre-a-tion,

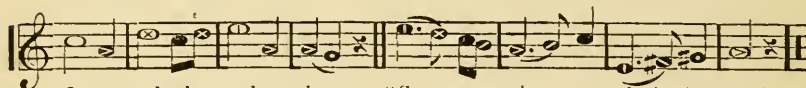
All ye wondrous works of nature, Celebrate your great Creator, Praise ye the Lord!  
 Balmy breezes gent-ly sighing, Ev'ry voice in nature crying, Praise ye the Lord!  
 On his arm and grace depending, He's surrounding and defending, Praise ye the Lord!  
 Praise him for our preservation, Praise him for a great salvation, Praise ye the Lord!

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 One there is above all others,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         His is love beyond a brother's,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Earthly friends may fail or leave us,<br/>         One day soothe, the next day grieve us;<br/>         But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!</p> <p>2 'Tis eternal life to know him,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Think, oh, think how much we owe him,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         With his precious blood he bought us,<br/>         In the wilderness he sought us,<br/>         To his fold he safely brought us,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!</p> | <p>3 Blessed Jesus! would you know him?<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Give yourself entirely to him,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Think no longer of the morrow,<br/>         From the past new courage borrow,<br/>         Jesus carries all your sorrow,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!</p> <p>4 All your sins shall be forgiven,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Backward all your foes be driven,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!<br/>         Best of blessings he'll provide you,<br/>         Nought but good shall e'er betide you,<br/>         Safe to glory he will guide you,<br/>         Oh, how he loves!</p> |
|--|---|



1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:



Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 "Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

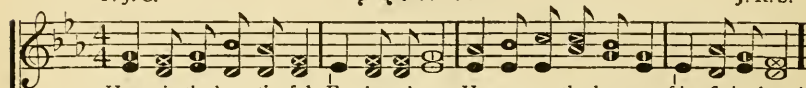
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
O for grace to love thee more!

## 111 F. J. C.

## Home.

J. R. S.

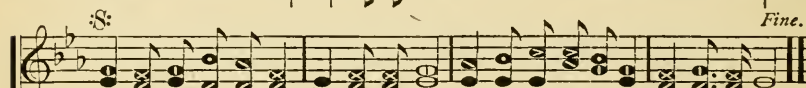
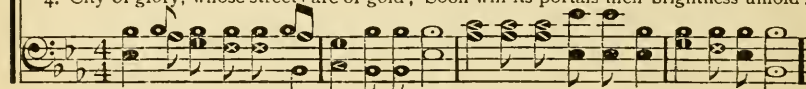


1. Home in the beauti - ful E - den above, Home on the bosom of in - finite love!

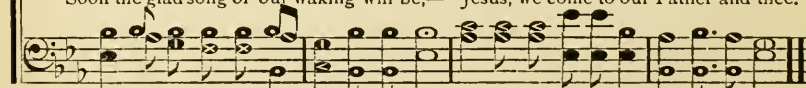
2. Home where in visions so oft we have been, Home that can never be tainted by sin,

3. Home where the faithful a crown shall receive, Home where the spirit no longer shall grieve

4. City of glory, whose streets are of gold; Soon will its portals their brightness unfold!



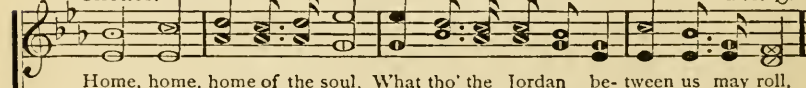
Gather'd and happy, ah! soon we shall be Gather'd forever, our Saviour, with thee. [youth.  
Home where the smiles of affection and truth Come, as they came in our childhood and  
Home where the parted in transport shall meet, Shouting for joy, at Immanuel's feet.  
Soon the glad song of our waking will be,—“ Jesus, we come to our Father and thee.”



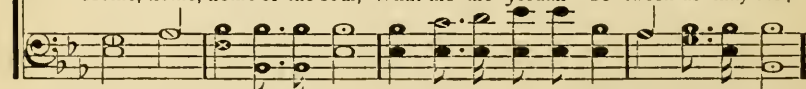
D. S. What tho' its waters di-vide from the shore, Jesus will carry us ten-der-ly o'er.

CHORUS.

D. S. Fine.



Home, home, home of the soul, What tho' the Jordan be - tween us may roll,



1. I have sought round the verdant earth For un - fad - ing joy ; } Lord, be -  
I have tried eve - ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy ; }

stow on me Grace to set my spirit free ; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark  
Of doubt and distress ;  
I have had not a kindling spark,  
My spirit to bless ;  
Cheerless unbelief  
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief ;  
What shall give relief ?  
What shall give peace ?
- 3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,  
From folly away ;  
Then I trusted Thy holy word  
That taught me to pray ;

- Here I found release—  
In Thy word my soul found peace,  
Hope of endless bliss,  
Eternal day.
- 4 I will praise now my heavenly King,  
I'll praise and adore ;  
All my heart's richest tribute bring  
To Thee, God of power ;  
And in heaven above,  
Saved by Thy redeeming love,  
Loud the strains shall move  
For evermore.

1. Mid the currents of temptation, Drifting far a - way From the course of  
2. Midst the adverse winds of passion, Borne on every gale, Fly - ing from the  
3. Near the rocks of quick disaster, Thousands suffering loss, Warn thee of ap -  
4. So thy bark, all strained and quivering, Ploughs a treach'rous sea ; For the haven thou

## CHORUS.

life and du - ty, None thy bark to stay, Seize the compass, take thy bearings,  
port of wisdom, Shall life's voyage fail ?  
proaching danger, Where thy bark must cross.  
art looking, place of rest for thee.

Starlight from above Shows the only path of safety, Marked by truth and love.

*Fine.*

1. { My Sav - iour suf - fer'd on the tree, }  
 { Oh! come and view the Lord with me, } Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!  
 D. C. It sets my spir - it all a - flame, }

CHORUS.

*D. C.*

The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleed - ing Lamb! I love the sound of Je - sus' name,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb;<br/>         And I am sav'd through Jesus' name,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb.</p> <p>3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n;<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb;<br/>         And I am on my way to heav'n,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb.</p> | <p>4 And when the storms of life are o'er,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb;<br/>         I'll sing upon a happier shore,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb.</p> <p>5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,—<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—<br/>         That Jesus tasted death for me,<br/>         Glory to the bleeding Lamb.</p> |
|---|--|

## Look away to Calvary.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would

he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way to Cal - va - ry! Cal - va - ry.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done,<br/>         He groaned upon the tree?<br/>         Amazing pity! grace unknown!<br/>         And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,<br/>         And shut his glories in,<br/>         When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,<br/>         For man, the creature, 's sin.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face<br/>         While his dear cross appears;<br/>         Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,<br/>         And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay<br/>         The debt of love I owe;<br/>         Here, Lord, I give myself away,—<br/>         'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|--|

*Second Chorus.*

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be;

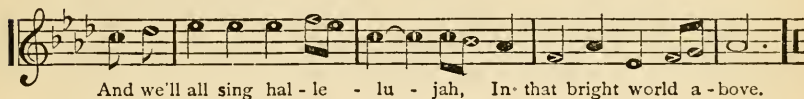
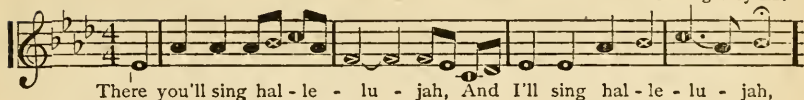
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
 O Lord, remember me.



## There You'll sing Hallelujah.

C. M.

Arranged by Ed.



1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high.

2 I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

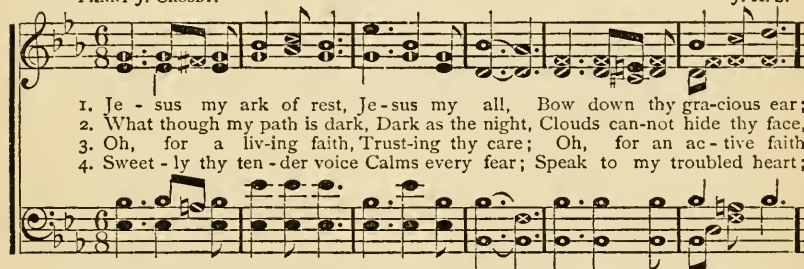
3 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet!

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
'Take life or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

## More Faith in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. R. S.



## CHORUS.



1. Children of the heav'nly King, In the light, in the light, As we journey  
2. Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, In the light, in the light, Glorious in his

## CHORUS.

let us sing, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,  
works and ways, In the light of God.

Walk in the light, Walk in the light, In the light of God.  
let us walk Let us walk

- 3 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod ;  
4 They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.  
5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ;  
Zion's city is in sight ;

- 6 There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.  
7 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
8 Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

## Tell me no more.

I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

- 1 O TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles  
With me now is o'er ;  
A country I've found  
Where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determined  
On that happy ground.  
2 The souls that believe  
In paradise live,  
And me in that number  
Will Jesus receive ;  
My soul, don't delay ;  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour,  
And bless the glad day.

- 3 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow, —  
What light, strength, and com-  
Go after him, go ; [fort, —  
Lo, onward I move  
To a city above,  
None guesses how wondrous  
My journey will prove.  
4 Great spoils I shall win  
From death, hell, and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions  
Shall feel Christ within :  
And when I'm to die,  
"Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me,  
I cannot tell why :

- 5 But this I do find,  
We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory  
And leave me behind :  
So this is the race  
I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted  
To see my Lord's face.  
6 And now I'm in care  
My neighbors may share  
These blessings: to seek them  
Will none of you dare ?  
In bondage, O why,  
And death will you lie,  
When one here assures you  
Free grace is so nigh ?

## I'm glad Salvation's Free.

I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad salvation's free;  
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

1 I'M glad salvation's free,  
And without price or cost,  
For had it been for me to buy,  
My soul must have been lost.

2 In this cold world below,  
With none to care for me,  
A pilgrim lone, without a home—  
I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost,  
Of sin and sorrow full;  
But now I'm saved through Jesus' blood,  
I feel it in my soul.

4 And now I'm on the way  
To brighter worlds above;  
I hope to triumph evermore  
Through the Redeemer's love.

## 121

### THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

Same tune.

1 I LOVE to think of heaven,  
Where white-robed angels are,  
Where many a friend is gathered safe  
From fear, and toil, and care.

*Chorus.*—There'll be no parting there,  
There'll be no parting there,  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of heaven,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise  
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,  
The saints' eternal home.  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er  
And all their joys are one. [fade,

4 I love to think of heaven,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps—the songs forever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of heaven,  
That promised land so fair,  
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
To be forever there.

## 122

## I am bound for the Kingdom.

{ Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring through this gloomy vale? }  
{ Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? }

### CHORUS.

I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,  
Passing through the waste so wide,  
But no harm will e'er befall me  
While I'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,  
Hence for thee my fears arise;  
If some guardian power befriend thee,  
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,  
Such a guide my steps attends;

He'll in every strait relieve me,  
He will guide me to the end.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
Darkly winding through the vale;  
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee  
Would not then thy courage fail?

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,  
To its brink my steps I'll bend,  
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,  
There my pilgrimage will end.

**Holy, holy, holy.**

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Grate - ful - ly a -  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eyes of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All thy works shall

dor - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim  
 sinful man thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly thou art ho - ly,  
 praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

merci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed trin - i - ty!  
 falling down before thee, Which wert and art and evermore shall be.  
 there is none beside thee Perfect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
 merci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed trin - i - ty! Amen.

**Dwell with Me.**

"MERLE MURRIE."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dwell with me, thou blest Redeemer, Ruler of the earth and sky, O'er the din of earthly  
 2. Storms may pour their wildest fury On my unprotected head, Yet no harm can happen  
 3. At the last, when life is trembling On a feeble, flutt'ring breath, When my soul is faceward



## Dwell with Me.—CONCLUDED.

voices, I would lift my humble cry; In my heart, O gentle Saviour, Build a to me, By the tender shepherd led; Make my weak heart pure and cleanly, From all standing, With the gloomy angel death; Ah, how glad will be my spirit, When earth's

*Fine.*

resting-place for thee, Outward cast all sinful doubting, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me. wicked passions free, Make me patient, meek, confiding, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me. visions slowly flee, That through all the weary journey Thou did'st deign to dwell with me.

*D. S.* Outward cast all sinful doubting, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Dwell with me, dwell with me, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me;  
Dwell with me, dwell with me, dwell with me,

125

## On the Cross.

1 *Fine.* 2

I. { Behold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross; }  
 { For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. }  
*D. C.* Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.

*D. C.*

Now hear his ag - o - niz - ing cry, "E - loi lama sabac - tha - ni:"

- 2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,  
 On the cross, on the cross;  
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
 On the cross, on the cross.  
 To heaven he turns his languid eyes,  
 " 'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,  
 Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
 On the cross, on the cross.
- 3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,  
 On the cross, on the cross;  
 The battle fought the victory won,  
 On the cross, on the cross.

- The rocks do rend the mountains quake,  
 While Jesus doth atonement make,  
 While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
 On the cross, on the cross.
- 4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,  
 Of the cross, of the cross;  
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
 Save the cross, save the cross.  
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
 Through time, and in eternity,  
 That Jesus suffered death for me,  
 On the cross, on the cross.

## I want to go there too.

Arr. by ED.

1 2

{ I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too, }  
 { I want to go where Je-sus is, I want to go there too. }

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## 127

## Not far away.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

J. R. S.

1. Sweet home above! sweet home above! Thou art not very far . . a-way,  
 2. Not far away! O beautiful home, Calm city of e - ter - nal rest!  
 3. Not far away! O Saviour, King, O crown'd High Priest enthron'd in light,  
 4. Not far away! sing, angels, sing, And let your music earth - - ward float!

*Fine.*

For oft thy music, tones of love Come floating down our pilgrim way,  
 Soft vales enrobed in fade-less bloom, And hills in changeless verdure dress'd,  
 Thou, whom exalted ser-aphs sing, And veil their faces in thy sight,  
 And be the name of Christ our King Bur-den of ev-'ry joyous note!

*D. S.* Sweet home above! sweet home a-bove! Thou art not ver-y far a-way.

*D. S.*

So sweet, we list, entranced, to hear Thy heav'nly mel-o-dies so near!  
 Ef - ful-gent gates of endless day, Thank God, ye are not far a-way!  
 Earth's midnight kindles in - to day, While thou art seen not far a-way!  
 Thank God, we're nearing, day by day, Your home and ours, not far a-way!

## Heaven is Propitious.

Arranged by Ed.

1 *Fine.*

2

I. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious; }  
 { If on Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him } prec - ious.  
 D. C. He has died for you and I, Now look up and view him.

*D. C.*

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing mourners to him;

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Flows a healing fountain;  
 See the consolation tide,  
 Boundless as the ocean.  
 See the living waters move,  
 For the sick and dying;  
 Now resolve to gain his love,  
 Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,  
 Now I know, I feel it;  
 Half has never yet been told,  
 Yet I want to tell it.  
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,  
 Oh, the wondrous story!  
 I was lost, but now am found,  
 Glory! glory! glory!

## Depth of Mercy.

J. STEVENSON.

I. { Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? }  
 { Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }

CHORUS. *Smoothly.* *Repeat pp.*

{ God is love, I do believe; }  
 { He is waiting to forgive, } He is wait - ing, waiting to for - give.

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;  
 Me he now delights to spare;  
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,  
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;  
 God is love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

# More Grace to All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. R. S.

1. Lord, for thy gift of grace Thankful are we, Grace that through saving faith  
 2. Grace to approach thy throne, Strong to believe All that we ask in faith  
 3. Grace to ful - fil the work Left us to do; Grace where thy feet have trod  
 4. Grace that will hold us up Till life is past; Grace that will lead us home

CHORUS.

Draws us to thee. Now while our bosoms glow With love's di-  
 We shall re - ceive.  
 Still to pur - sue.  
 Safe - ly at last.

vinest flow, More grace, O Lord, bestow; More grace to all.

# Delay Not.

Tune, ANDERSON. 118.

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, The waters of life are now flowing for thee,

- No price is demanded, the Saviour is here, Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse<br>The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?<br>A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse<br>To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning<br>blood?             | 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace<br>Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad<br>flight,<br>And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,<br>To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.                          |
| 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,<br>For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-<br>day:<br>Her voice is not heard in the veil of the tomb;<br>Her message, unheeded, will soon pass<br>away. | 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,<br>The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens<br>shall fade,<br>The dead, small and great, in the judgment<br>shall stand; [its aid!<br>What power then, O sinner, will lend thee |



## Will You Go?

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go?  
 To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go?  
 D. C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go? *D. C.*

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anoint - ed Kings and priests to God;

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you go?  
 Far, far from the curse of death and night;  
 Will you go?  
 The crown of life we then shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;  
 Will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
 Will you go?  
 Repent, believe, be born again;  
 Will you go?  
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
 "Take up your cross and follow me,  
 And thou shalt my salvation see;"  
 Will you go?

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

## Satisfied.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I shall be sat - isfied when I awaken In thy dear likeness, my King and my Lord, —  
 2. I shall be sat - isfied, loving thee ev - er, Hearing thy accents and sharing thy joy, —  
 3. I shall be sat - isfied when I behold thee, I shall be like thee, my Saviour and King!

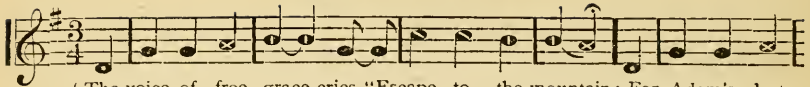
*Fine.*

When the dark prison of death shall be shaken, and the freed captive comes forth at thy word!  
 Fearing nor change nor estrangement to sever Me from my God and his blissful employ; —  
 And, in the radiance that will enfold thee, I shall enfolded be, too, while I sing;

*D. S.* Sinless and sorrowless, robed in thy righteousness, What can I ask for in glory beside?

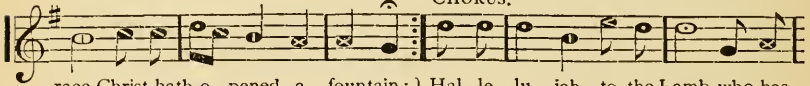
*D. S.*

I shall be satisfied, Saviour, be satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!  
 Satisfied, satisfied, evermore satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!  
 Lo, I am satisfied, Saviour, am satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!

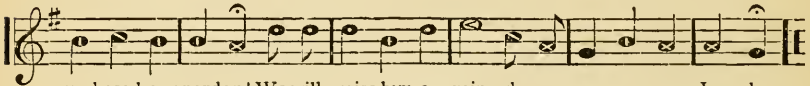


1. { The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost  
For sin and uncleanness, and eve-ry transgression, His blood flows most

## CHORUS.

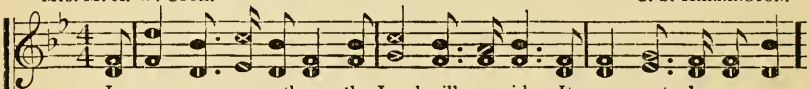


race Christ hath o-pened a fountain: } Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has  
free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion." }

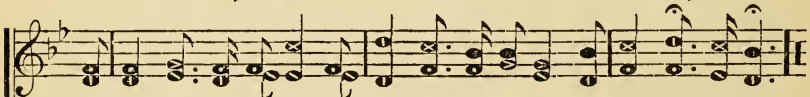
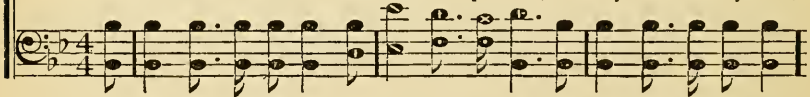


purchased our pardon! We will praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

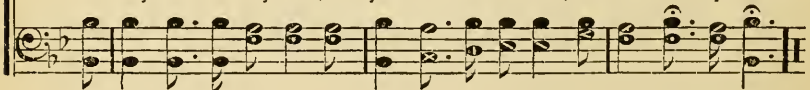
- 2 Now glory to God in the highest is given; And saints shall ascribe unto thee their sal-  
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven; vation.  
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad  
story,  
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
- 3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious; With our harps in our hands, we will praise  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us evermore:  
victorious: We'll range the blest fields on the banks of  
Thy name shall be praised in the great con- the river,  
gregation, And sing of redemption forever and ever.
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gained  
the blest shore,  
With our harps in our hands, we will praise  
evermore:  
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of  
the river,  
And sing of redemption forever and ever.



1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,  
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,



It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."  
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."



- 3 Despond then no longer,  
The Lord will provide;  
And this be the token—  
No word he hath spoken  
Was ever yet broken,—  
"The Lord will provide."
- 4 March on, then, right boldly;  
The sea shall divide;  
The pathway made glorious,  
With shoutings victorious,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
"The Lord will provide."

## He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea ; }  
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - ber - ty.

CHORUS.

He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love, were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

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## None like Jesus.

C. M.

1. { Je - sus! the name high over all, In hell or earth, or sky ; }  
 { An - gels and men before it fall, . . . . . And devils fear and fly.

CHORUS.

{ Oh! who's like Jesus? O hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord ; }  
 { There is none like Jesus, O hal - le - lu - jah, . . . . . Love and serve the Lord.

- 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 prisoner'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.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
 His saving truth proclaim;  
 'Tis all my business here below,  
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp his name;  
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

- 137A CROWN HIM.
- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
 See the "Man of sorrows" now  
 From the fight return victorious,  
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- Cho.—||:Crown him! crown him,  
 Angels crown him!  
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings;" :||
- 2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown him,  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings,  
 In the seat of power enthrone him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
 Saints and angels crowd around him,  
 Own his title, praise his name.
- 4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark! these loud triumphant chords,  
 Jesus takes the highest station,  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords.

## The Golden Harvest.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.

1. Waiting is the golden harvest, Waiting is the golden grain, While the Master  
2. Tru-ly is the harvest plenteous, But the la-bor-ers are few; Pray ye that the  
3. Will the Master hold us guiltless If the work be left undone? If for lack of  
4. Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers, Swiftly speed the hours away; Hearken to the

## REFRAIN.

calls for reapers From the hillside and the plain? Who is willing? who is ready? Who will  
Lord of harvest Send forth workmen tried and true,  
labor perish Precious souls we might have won?  
Master's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

go and work to-day? See the golden harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?

## He was found Worthy.

L. M.

CHORUS.

{ Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, He was found worthy, }  
{ I could for ev - er think and sing, He was found worthy; } O the

bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, He was found worthy.

- 1 Of 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 blushed 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 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?



# We'll Work till Jesus comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my  
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt' ring dome, This world's a wilder-  
 3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor  
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With him I'll brave death's

## CHORUS.

ar- mor by and dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll  
 ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
 on his breast, Till he conduct me home.  
 chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work,

work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

# Come to Jesus, just now.

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

2 He will save you, just now.

3 Oh, believe, him, just now.

4 He is able, just now.

5 He is willing, just now.

6 He'll receive you, just now.

7 Flee to Jesus, just now.

8 Call unto him, just now.

9 He will hear you, just now.

10 He'll have mercy, just now.

11 He'll forgive you just now.

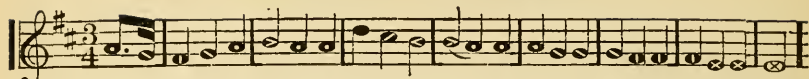
12 He will cleanse you just now.

13 He'll renew you, just now.

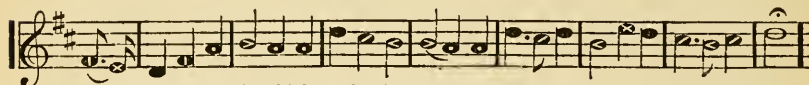
14 He will clothe you, just now.

15 Jesus loves you just now.

## The Lion of Judah.

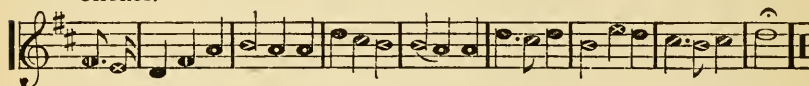


1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me;
2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
3. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain, I then shall be led;
4. Come, sinners to Jesus, no longer delay, A full, free salvation he offers to-day;



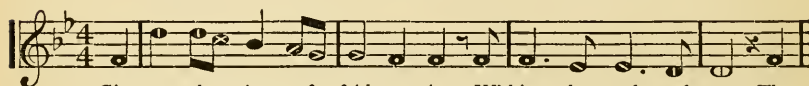
His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.  
 So now I am joined with the conquering band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.  
 I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.  
 Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream, And Christ will support you in coming to him.

### CHORUS.

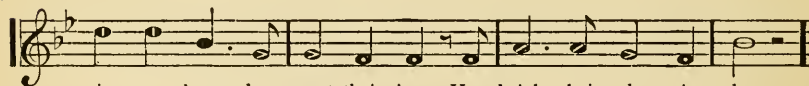


For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

## Give me the Wings of Faith.

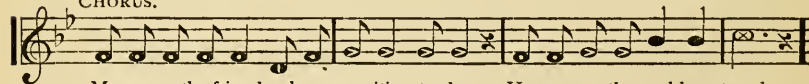


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil and see The
2. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They, with u - nit - ed breath, As-

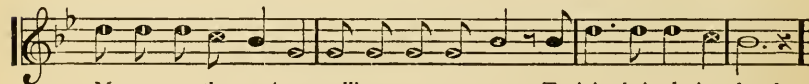


saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be,  
 wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
 cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

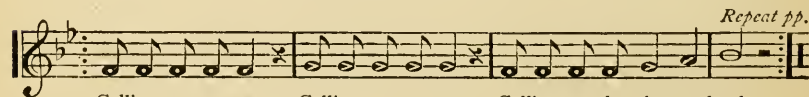
### CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,



Many are the voices calling us a - way, To join their glorious band,

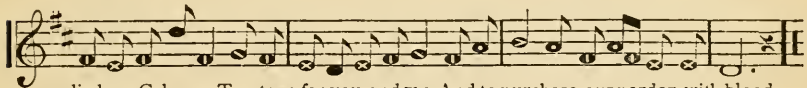
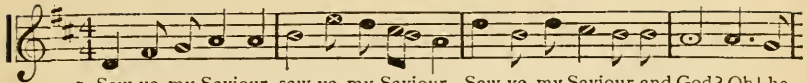


Calling us a - way, Calling us a - way, Calling to the better land.

*Repeat pp.*

## Saw ye my Saviour?

SCOTCH MELODY.

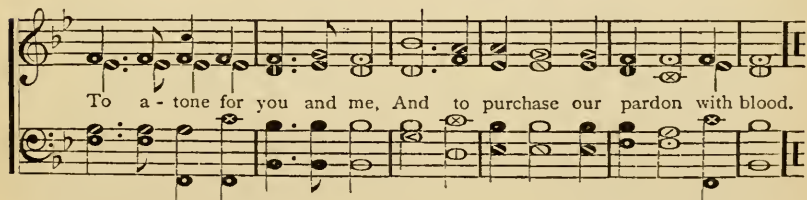
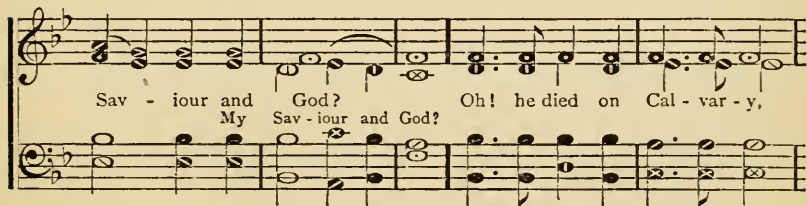
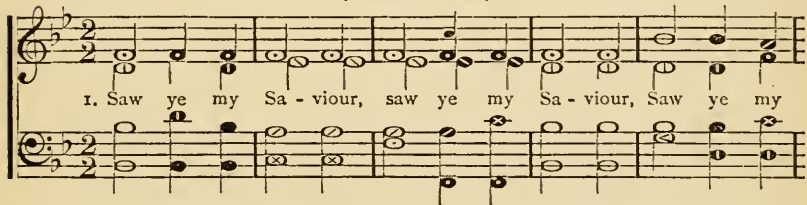


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He was extended, he was extended,<br/>Painfully nailed to the cross;<br/>Here he bowed his head and died;<br/>Thus my Lord was crucified<br/>To atone for a world that was lost.</p> <p>3 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!<br/>Prince, and the Author of peace!<br/>Oh! he bursts the bars of death!<br/>And, triumphant from the earth,<br/>He ascended to the mansions of bliss.</p> | <p>4 There interceding, there interceding,<br/>Pleading that sinners may live;<br/>Crying, "Father, I have died;<br/>Oh, behold my hands and side!<br/>Oh, forgive them! I pray thee forgive!"</p> <p>5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them<br/>When they repent and believe;<br/>Let them now return to thee,<br/>And be reconciled to thee,<br/>And salvation they all shall receive."</p> |
|--|--|

## Saw ye my Saviour?

To my friend J. B. Sweeney.

WM. G. FISCHER.



## Ever will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Father, in the morning Un-to thee I'll pray; Let thy lov-ing-  
 2. At the busy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with  
 3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Fa-ther, then I'll  
 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy

CHORUS.

kindness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er  
 Jesus, Till he hear my prayer.  
 pray thee, Bless thy child to-night.  
 evening, Ever will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

will I pray; Morning, noon, and evening, Un-to thee I'll pray.  
 Ev-er will I pray;

From "The Shining Light," by per.

## 147 REVIVE THY WORK.

- 1 REVIVE thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make thy people hear.

*Chorus.*—Revive thy work, revive thy work,  
 And give refreshing showers;  
 The glory shall be all thine own,  
 The blessing shall be ours.

- 2 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death;  
 Quicken the smouldering embers now  
 By thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
 Create soul-thirst for thee;  
 And hungering for the bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits be!
- 4 Revive thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt thy precious name;  
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For thee and thine inflame.

## 148 PRECIOUS FLOW.

- 1 WHAT subdued and conquered me?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 What first set my spirit free?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Chorus.*—O precious is the flow  
 That makes me white as snow;  
 No other fount I know,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 What has sanctified my soul?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 What has made my spirit whole?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 3 What now saves me from all sin?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 What now keeps me pure within?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 4 O what joy now fills my soul!  
 Glory be to Jesus;  
 O how sweet the Lord's control!  
 Glory be to Jesus.



1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir-it, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;  
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

*Fine.*

Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 But I need thee, great-ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
 Thou art comfort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

*D.S.* Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;

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- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

*Chorus.*—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
 And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,  
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
 I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 4 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace!  
 Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:  
 Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
- 4 I long, dearest Saviour, in thy beauty to shine,  
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;  
 But in thy bright image to rise from the tomb,  
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

## Dorology.

## GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

*Slow, with dignity.*

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

Glo - ry be to the FA - THER, Glo - ry be to the SON,

Glo - ry be to the HO - LY GHOST; As it was in the be - ginning,

Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

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Dear Saviour, though our mortal eyes, . . . . .	I will not Fear, . . . . .
Delay not, delay not, . . . . .	I will Sprinkle, . . . . .
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