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THE

# WELCOME VOICE:

A COLLECTION OF

Gospel Hymns and Songs.

EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY and A. A. ARMEN.

AND

Used by GEO. K. LITTLE, Evangelist,  
IN REVIVAL MEETINGS.

SCP  
3466

PHILADELPHIA:

JOHN J. HOOD,  
1018 Arch Street.

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<p>Abide with me; fast falls the eventide, 16  <b>ALL FOR JESUS,</b> . . . . . 54            A! hail the power of Jesus' name, . . . . . 22            Am I a soldier of the cross, . . . . . 88            Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted? 107            At the sounding of the trumpet, when, . . . . . 97</p> <p>Blest be the tie that binds, . . . . . 23            Cast thy bread upon the waters, . . . . . 75            Come, we that love the Lord, . . . . .            Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, . . . . . 90            Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole, 106            Depth of mercy! can there be, . . . . . 40            Down at the cross where my Saviour . . . . . 56            Do you think I'll make a soldier, soldier, 117            Fear not, little flock, though your num- . . . . . 32            Forever here my rest shall be, . . . . . 4            For the love of God's only Son, . . . . . 2            From every stormy wind that blows, . . . . . 81            God is love; his mercy brightens, . . . . . 49            God is love. oh, what a refuge, . . . . . 48</p> <p>Hear me, O my Father, hear me, . . . . . 13            He leadeth me! O blessed thought, . . . . . 43            Hold up the gospel banner, . . . . . 5            How gentle God's commands, . . . . . 24            How sad it would be, if when thou . . . . . 63            I am coming to the cross, . . . . . 39            I do not ask for the pride of earth, . . . . . 34            I'd rather get down at the feet of my . . . . . 10            I have found a friend divine, . . . . . 1            I have found repose for my weary soul, 78            I hear thy welcome voice, . . . . . 41            I'm a pilgrim and a stranger passing . . . . . 82            In the secret of thy presence let me . . . . . 8            In the sweet fields of Eden, . . . . . 92            In this world of sin and sorrow, . . . . . 45            I saw a happy pilgrim, . . . . . 109  <b>IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE,</b> . . . . . 30            It must be settled to night, . . . . . 52            I've reached the land of corn and wine. 112            I want to see the shining angels, . . . . . 66            I was once far away from the Saviour, 96  <b>I WILL TRUST THEE,</b> . . . . . 12            Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, . . . . . 87            Jesus, the name high over all, . . . . . 68  <b>LIGHT AHEAD</b> . . . . . 50            Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, . . . . . 38            Lord, I care not for riches, . . . . . 108            Lord, my strength and my Redeemer, 33            Lord, take my heart, and let it be, . . . . . 74            My body, soul, and spirit, . . . . . 83            My country! 'tis of thee, . . . . . 44            My faith looks up to thee, . . . . . 27            My Father is rich in houses and lands, 98            My heart is burdened with its sin, . . . . . 18            My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art . 93            My Saviour suffered on the tree, . . . . . 57            My sins appear in dark array, . . . . . 65            My soul for light and love had earnest 47</p>	<p>Nearer, my God, to thee, . . . . . 20            Of him who did salvation bring, . . . . . 15, 69            O for a faith that will not shrink, . . . . . 36            O for a thousand tongues, to sing, . . . . . 21            O happy day, that fixed my choice, . . . . . 28            Oh, come to the Saviour to-day, . . . . . 80            Oh, give us, Lord, a pentecost, . . . . . 59            Oh, how happy are they, . . . . . 31            Oh, now I see the crimson wave, . . . . . 84            Oh, think of the home over there, . . . . . 42            Oh, weary pilgrim, lift your head, . . . . . 110            Oh, won't you come and go with me, . . . . . 67            On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, . . . . . 91            O slumberer, awake, . . . . . 51            Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, . . . . . 12            Rock of ages, cleft for me, . . . . . 26            Sinner, go, will you go, . . . . . 61            Soon the evening shadows falling, . . . . . 2            Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds . . . . . 58            Stand up, stand up for Jesus, . . . . . 73            Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, . . . . . 14            Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of . . . . . 29            Take up thy cross and follow me, . . . . . 3            Tell me the story of Jesus, . . . . . 55            The cross! the cross! the blood-stained . . . . . 89            The gospel train is coming, . . . . .            The Great Physician now is here, . . . . . 95            The judgment day is coming, coming, . . . . . 60            There are lonely hearts to cherish, . . . . . 76            There is a fountain filled with blood, 35, 111            There is a land of pure delight, . . . . . 114            There's a crown in heaven for the striv- . . . . . 79            There's a gentle voice within calls away, 86            There's a shout in the camp, for the . . . . . 53            The Saviour is mine; yes, all the day . . . . . 7            The tranquil hours steal by, . . . . . 17            They tell me of a city, . . . . . 19            Tho' thoughtlessly I've broken the law, 11            'Tis the very same Jesus, . . . . .            To the Cross of Christ, my Saviour, . . . . .            To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, . . . . . 64            Tried and loyal soldiers, . . . . . 46            Up to the bountiful Giver of life, . . . . . 77            Walk in the light! and thou shalt know, 99            We are sailing on the old ship of Zion, . . . . .            We are toiling up the way, . . . . . 72            Weary wanderer in the darkness, . . . . . 50            We may sleep, but not forever, . . . . . 71            We're bound for the land of the pure . . . . . 6            What a Friend we have in Jesus, . . . . .            What means this eager, anxious throng, . . . . .  <b>WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED,</b> . . . . .            When a sinner lost in darkness, . . . . .            When I can read my title clear, . . . . . 37            When the voyage of life is ended, . . . . .            While we bow in thy name, . . . . .            Who, who are these beside the chilly . . . . .            With his dear and loving care, . . . . .  <b>WONT YOU LOVE MY JESUS,</b> . . . . .            Yield not to temptation, . . . . .</p>
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# THE WELCOME VOICE.

## 1 Wont You Love My Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too?  
2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too?  
3. Heav - y - lad - en, care - oppressed, Wont you love him too?  
4. Cast your bur - den at his feet, Wont you love him too?

I am his and he is mine, Wont you love him too?  
None can save your soul but he, Wont you love him too?  
How he longs to give you rest, Wont you love him too?  
There is par - don pure and sweet, Wont you love him too?

### CHORUS.

Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre - cious, precious Je - sus?

Wont you love, my Je - sus? He is waiting now for you.

Dr. ARM.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. For the love of God's on - ly Son, I will praise him ev - er;  
 2. For the cleansing fountain for sin, I will praise him ev - er;  
 3. For the joy I have in my breast, I will praise him ev - er;

For the sav - ing work he has done, I will praise him ev - er.  
 For the per - fect peace that's within, I will praise him ev - er.  
 For the gift of this per - fect rest, I will praise him ev - er.

## CHORUS.

O, glo - ry! glo - ry! His praise I ev - er shall sing;  
 O, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

O, glo - ry! glo - ry! To Christ the heav - en - ly King.  
 O, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

4 For this consolation so sweet,  
 I will praise him ever;  
 For this restoration complete,  
 I will praise him ever.

5 For the hope of that blessed home,  
 I will praise him ever;  
 For the mansions where he has gone,  
 I will praise him ever.

Dr. ARM.

A. A. ARMEN.

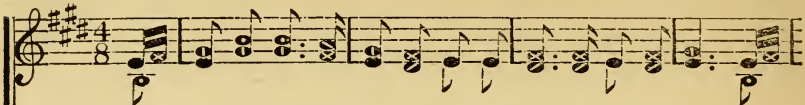
1. "Take up thy cross and fol - low me, If thou wouldst my disci - ple be;"  
 2. Take up thy cross in Je - sus' name, All ye who would with him e'er reign,  
 3. Take up thy cross and know how sweet It is to dwell at Je - sus' feet;  
 4. Take up thy cross, go forth and fight, And God will aid you by his might;

De - ny thy - self, for - sake all sin, And fol - low me the prize to win.  
 And Christ will shield you from all harm, Hold up thy hand, support thine arm.  
 How rich the peace that there is found, How pure the joys that there abound.  
 The cross you here must dai - ly bear If you a crown of life would wear.

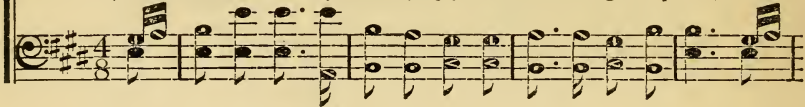
CHORUS.

Follow me, follow me, Take up thy cross and fol - low me;  
 Fol - low me, fol - low me,

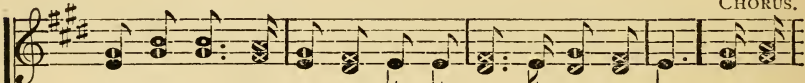
Follow me, follow me, If thou wouldst my disci - ple be.  
 Fol - low me, fol - low me,



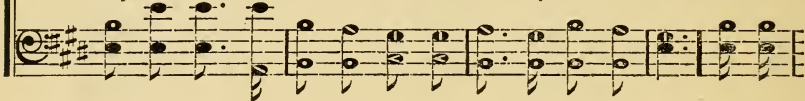
1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This
2. My dy - ing Sa - viour and my God, — Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprink -
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash
4. Th'a - tonement of thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight improve; Till



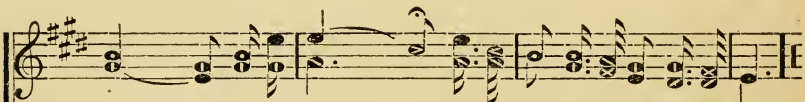
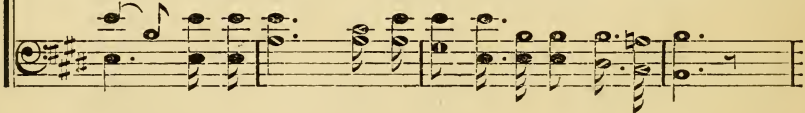
## CHORUS.



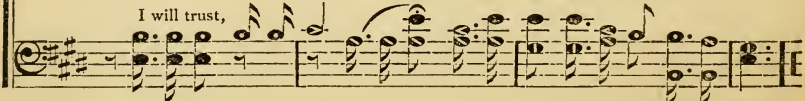
all my hope and all my plea, — "For me the Saviour died." I will  
 le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 me, but not my feet a - lone, — My hands, my head, my heart,  
 hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love,



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



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



1. Hold up the gos-pel ban-ner; Let all the peo-ple see The glorious bi-ble  
 2. Oh, wonder-ful Redeem-er! Thy mighty power we prove To save poor, guilty  
 3. Hold up the bi-ble banner,—The precious, holy Word Show forth the mighty  
 4. Hold up the gos-pel ban-ner, The wondrous truth proclaim: An uttermost sal-

CHORUS.

mot - to: Sal - va - tion full and free. Hold up the ban - ner,  
 sin - ners: Oh, vast, stupend - ous love!  
 Saviour,—Our glorious, ris - en Lord.  
 va - tion Is found in Je - sus' name. Hold up the gos - pel ban - ner,

Hold up the ban - ner, The blessed gospel banner our own commander  
 Hold up the gos - pel ban - ner,

gave, our own commander gave; Proclaim, proclaim the great salvation, Thro'

him who came to save, Proclaim the great salvation, Thro' him who came to save.

*Moderato.*

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the  
 2. March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you, And soon its ten thousand de-  
 3. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee; We halt yet a moment as  
 4. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying, Oh, who can this guilt from my

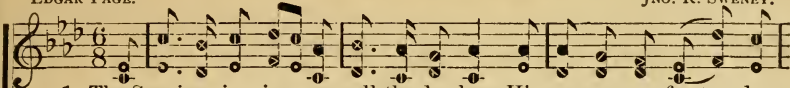
kingdom of love; Ye wand'ers from God, in the broad road of fol-ly, Oh,  
 lights we will prove; Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory, And  
 on-ward we move; Oh, come to the Lord; in his arms he will take thee, And  
 conscience remove? No oth-er but Jesus; then come to him praying, Pre-

say, will you go to the E-den above? Will you go, . . . will you  
 drink the pure joys of the E-den above.  
 bear thee a-long to the E-den above.  
 pare me, O Lord, for the E-den above. Will you go,

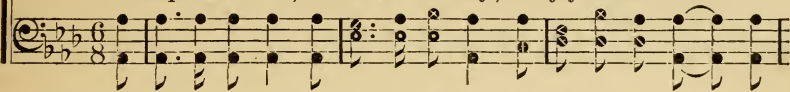
go, . . . Will you go to the E-den a-bove, Will you go, . . .

will you go, . . . Oh, say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

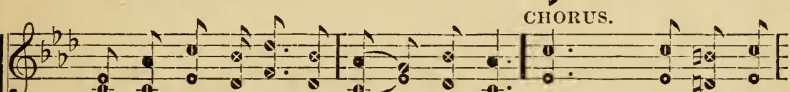
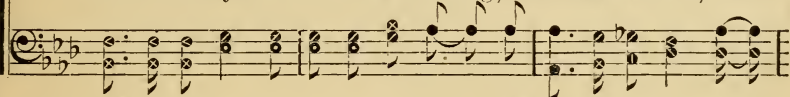




1. The Sav-our is mine; yes, all the day long His presence my feast, and my
2. How short are the days! the nights are sweet rest! My cup runneth over, my
3. But vapor the world, 'twill vanish a-way; The joy of the Lord for-

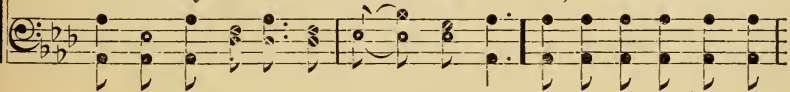


joy, and my song! Then how canst thou wonder with rapture I sing, While I  
man-na the best; I have not a care, but Je-sus to please,—My  
ev-er will stay! And here I am building; no loss can there be, Since

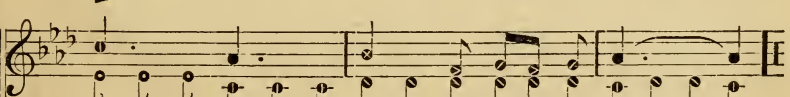
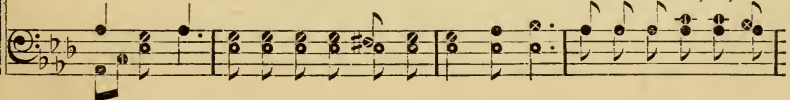


## CHORUS.

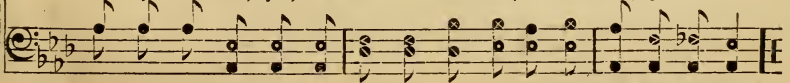
dwel'neath the shadow of Je - sus' wing. I'm washed in the  
troubles and trials,—how light are all these!  
Je - sus my Saviour a - bid - eth with me. Yes, I am



pur-ple flood, Made clean by his precious blood, And now I  
Made white and And now I rest, oh, how



rest, I rest in Je - sus' love. . . .  
sweet - ly I rest, yes, I rest in his love, in his love, Je - sus' love.



1. In the se-cret of thy presence let me hide,      Let me hide from my  
 2. In the se-cret of thy presence let me hide,      There to wash in the  
 3. In the se-cret of thy presence let me hide,      Let me there find a

let me hide,

guilt a - way, From the darkness and the tempting snares of sin, Let me  
 cleansing blood; It is there that richer streams of mercy flow; Let me  
 safe re - treat; While I struggle with the ills and cares of life, Let me

CHORUS.

hide in thy presence, I pray. Let me hide,      let me  
 hide in thy presence, O Lord.  
 hide in thy presence so sweet.      Let me hide,

hide      From the world and all the e - vils that be - tide; Let me  
 let me hide

hide,      let me hide,      In the secret of thy presence let me hide.  
 Let me hide,      let me hide,

# When the Voyage is Ended.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. When the voyage of life is end-ed, And the stormy winds shall  
 2. When we gath - - - er in the morning, And the long, long night is  
 When the

cease, When we step from care and sorrow To e - ter - nal joy and peace.  
 o'er, When we clasp our hands unit - ed, And our partings come no more.  
 When we

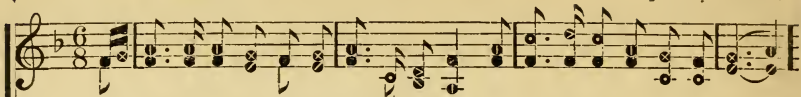
## REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, halle - lujah, what a meeting! But the best of all will  
 But the

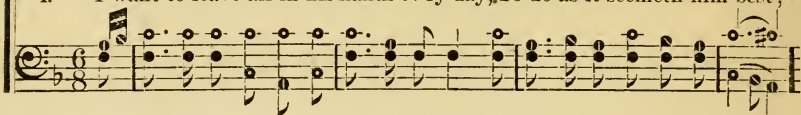
be, Our Re - deem - - - er, dear Redeem - er,  
 best of all will be, Our Re - deem - er, our Redeem - er,

3 O, the pearly gates of glory,  
 Not ajar, but open wide,  
 Even now our faith beholds them,  
 As we near the swelling tide.  
 In his beau - ty we shall see.

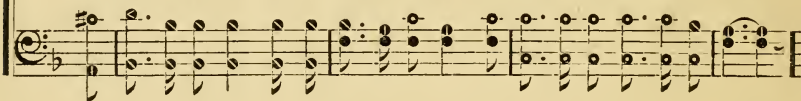
4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 O ye ransomed hosts above,  
 We are coming, we are coming,  
 Soon we'll join your songs of love.



1. I'd rather get down at the feet of my Lord, And gather the crumbs as they fall,
2. I'd rather my body a temple should be, Where Jesus my Master would stay,
3. I'd rather have him for companion and friend, His book for my counsel and guide,
4. I want to leave all in his hands ev'ry day, To do as it seemeth him best;



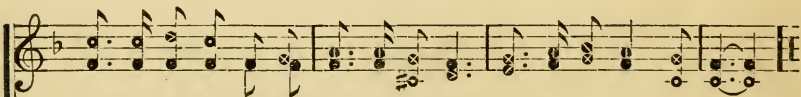
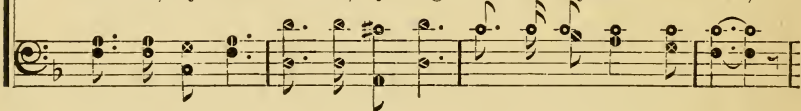
Than sit as a guest at a sumptuous board, Where Jesus has not had a call.  
 Than have all the wealth of the kingdoms, and see Him driven forever a - way.  
 Than walk in vain pleasure, and find at the end No refuge in which I may hide.  
 And self on the al - tar a sac - rifice lay, And on his sweet promises rest.



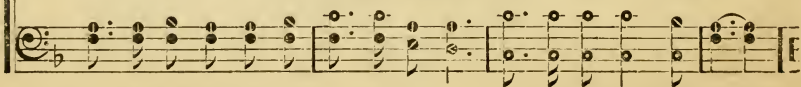
## CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Lord! Je - sus, my King! Down at thy feet I fall;

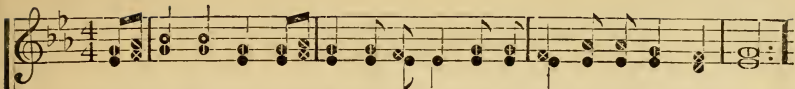


Je - sus, my Saviour, my Refuge, my Friend, Jesus, my Lord, my all.

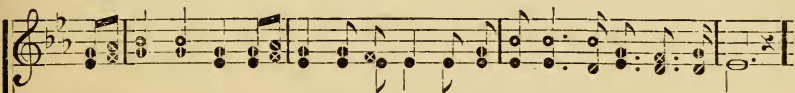
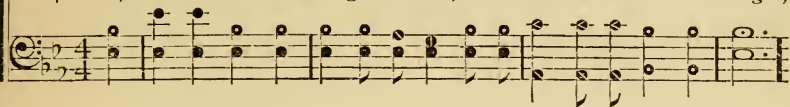


A. A. A.

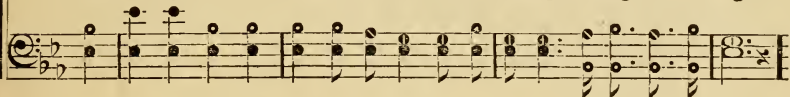
A. A. ARMEN.



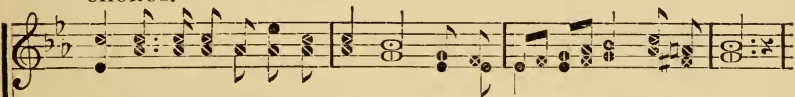
1. Tho' thoughtlessly I've broken the law, And have stray'd from the path of right,
2. My soul is famishing for the truth, And my heart sighs for heavenly light,
3. Oh, I would wash in that crimson flood, From my sins I would take my flight;
4. Lord, I would dwell with those gone before, There to rest where no sin can blight;



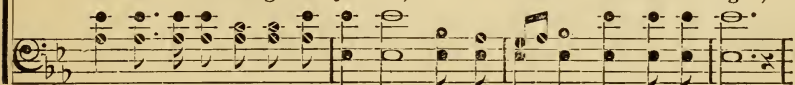
Though I am now de-grad-ed in sin, I am coming, coming home to-night.  
 Tho' long I've lived in shame and disgrace, I am coming, coming home to-night.  
 Lord, I would be made ho-ly and pure, I am coming, coming home to-night.  
 There I may wear a robe and a crown, I am coming, coming home to-night.



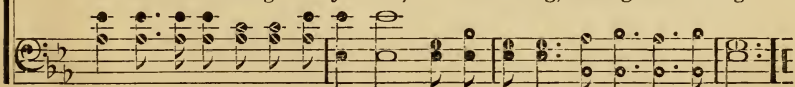
## CHORUS.



I will arise and go to Je - sus, And con-fess I've sinned in his sight;



I will arise and go to Je - sus; I am coming, coming home to-night.



"ALVIN."

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Whereso - ev - er I may roam;  
 2. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Thou a - lone canst be my stay;  
 3. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Thou alone canst peace be - stow;

When the days of e - vil com - eth, And my journey's dark and lone,  
 All tempta - tions and al - lurements Must be o - ver - come each day;  
 Thou alone canst cheer and com - fort, Thou a - lone I long to know;

Key E.

When my friends, the tried and tru - est, Fail me here, — as they will do, —  
 And I'm ver - y poor and need - y, I am prone to go a - stray;  
 Keep me closely, ev - er close - ly By thy wounded, bleeding side,

Key A.

'Tis on thee my trust is anchored, Thou art faith - ful, kind, and true.  
 Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, And I ne'er shall lose my way.  
 Where the blood may ever cleanse me, Where no ills can e'er be - tide.

# I will Trust Thee. — CONCLUDED.

*pp* CHORUS. *ff*

I will trust thee, I will trust thee, I will trust thee day by day;

I will trust thee, I will trust thee, I will trust thee all the way.

13

## Hear me, O my Father.

J. W. BIRCHFIELD.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Hear me, O my Fath-er, hear me, Hum-bly at thy feet I bow;  
 2. I en-treat thee for a blessing; Lord, thou know'st I'm ver-y weak,  
 3. Lord, I plead the Saviour's mer-its, He hath died to set me free;

CHORUS.

Do thou grant to draw me nearer, Lord, I do implore thee now. Hear me, O  
 And my sins are sore distressing, Lord, I lay them at thy feet.  
 Here I bow in deep con-trition, And by faith I look to thee.

Fath-er, Hear me while I pray; Save me, Lord Jesus, —Wash my sins away.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:  
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,

O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev-er on my Saviour's breast.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,<br/>For without thee I cannot live;<br/>Abide with me when night is nigh,<br/>For without thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wandering child of thine<br/>Have spurned to-day the voice divine,<br/>Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;<br/>Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> | <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor<br/>With blessings from thy boundless store;<br/>Be every mourner's sleep to-night,<br/>Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,<br/>Ere through the world our way we tak e;<br/>Till in the ocean of thy love,<br/>We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|---|---|

## Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

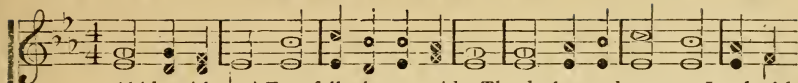
Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

1. Of him who did sal - vation bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;

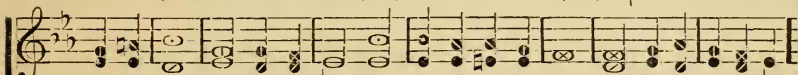
A - rise, ye need - y, -he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y, -he'll forgive.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;<br/>Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:<br/>Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,<br/>Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.</p> <p>3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;<br/>He closed his eyes to show us God:<br/>Let all the world fall down and know<br/>That none but God such love can show.</p> | <p>4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone<br/>I shed my tears and make my moan;<br/>Where'er I am, where'er I move,<br/>I meet the object of my love.</p> <p>5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;<br/>I drink, and yet am ever dry;<br/>Ah! who against thy charms is proof?<br/>Ah! who that loves, can love enough?</p> |
|---|--|

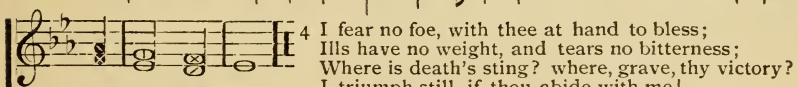
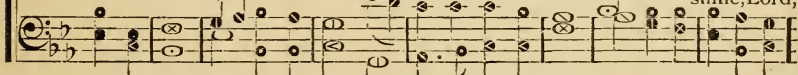




1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories  
 3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the

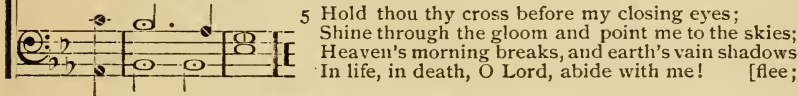


me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh,  
 pass a-way; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not  
 tempter's pow'r? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-  
 shine, Lord,



a-bide with me!

- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

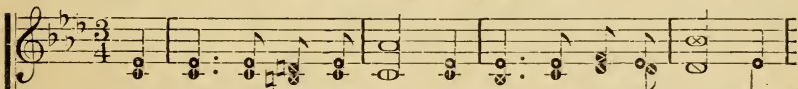


- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! [flee;

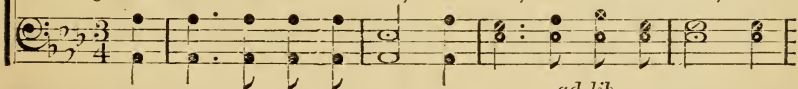
## 17 J. C. YULE.

## The Tranquil Hours.

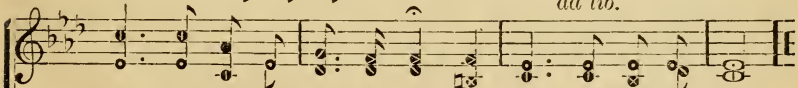
JNO. R. SWENNY.



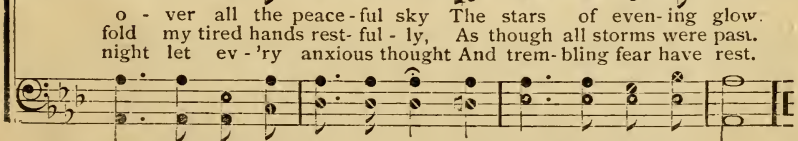
1. The tran- qu'il hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And  
 2. No gath - ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I  
 3. Yet wheth - er so or not, O Lord, thou knowest best, This



*ad lib.*



o - ver all the peace - ful sky The stars of even - ing glow.  
 fold my tired hands rest - ful - ly, As though all storms were past.  
 night let ev - 'ry anxious thought And trem - bling fear have rest.



- 4 This night I will lie down  
 In peace beneath thine eye;  
 Nor heed what ill's unseen may frown,  
 Since thou art ever night.

- 5 I will lie down to sleep,  
 From every terror free;  
 Nor wake to tremble or to weep,  
 Secure, O Lord, in thee!

1. My heart is burdened with its sin, What must I do? what must I do? There  
 2. I have no hope, but dark despair, What must I do? what must I do? A  
 3. E - ter - nal woe will be my end, What must I do? what must I do? Un-

is an ach - ing void with - in, What must I do? what must I do? I've  
 load of sor - row now I bear, What must I do? what must I do? In -  
 less I find a Saviour Friend, What must I do? what must I do? On

sought for peace the world around, And nought but guilt and shame I've found; Thus  
 stead of joy I'm filled with pain, Instead of love I've but disdain; His  
 Je - sus Christ the Lord believe, For he has promised to receive; His

I by sin have been betrayed: Oh, what must I do to be saved?  
 serf of sin, I'm thus re - paid: Oh, what must I do to be saved?  
 will by all must be obeyed: Oh, this will I do and be saved.

## CHORUS.

1st, 2d v. What must I do? what must I do? Oh, what must I do to be saved?  
 3d v. This will I do, this will I do, No, nev - er shall I be dis - mayed;

# What must I do, etc.—CONCLUDED.

What must I do? what must I do? Oh, what must I do to be saved?  
This will I do, this will I do, Oh, this will I do and be saved.

19

## I'm Bound to be There.

Words arr.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. They tell me of a ci - ty, A ci - ty ev - er fair, A bright and golden
2. They say there's angels waiting To welcome all who come To dwell with them for -
3. They say that to this city Our friends have gone before, And now with shining

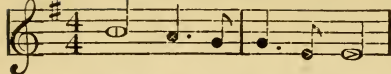
### CHORUS.

ci - ty, Away over there. I'm bound to be there, I'm bound to be there, I'm  
ev - er, Away in that home.  
angels Are safe ev - ermore.

bound to view that ci - ty, And all its glories share; I'm bound to be there, I'm

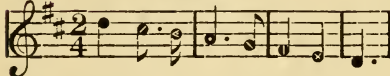
bound to be there, I'm bound to view that city, And dwell forev - er there.

## 20 Nearer to Thee.



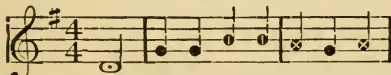
- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee!  
Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

## 21 Antioch.



- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

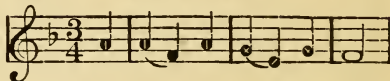
## 22 Coronation.



- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## 23 Blest be the tie.

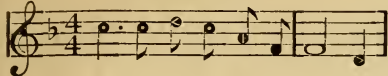


- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

## 24 How Gentle. Same tune.

- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

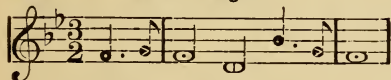
25 What a Friend.



1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

26 Rock of Ages.

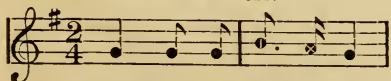


1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know;  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

27 Before the Cross.

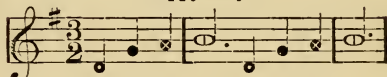


1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.

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

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

28 Happy Day.



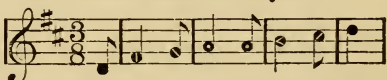
1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its rapture all abroad.

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

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

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.

29 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known!  
In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer

Rev. I. N. WILSON

JNO R. SWENEY, by per.

♩: 8:

I. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our  
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

*D. S.*—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

*Fine.* REFRAIN.

hearts with the light of thy love;  
fall on us now from a - bove. } It is good to be here, it is  
good for us, Lord, to be here.

*D. S.*

good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a-way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee;  
Oh, may we now see  
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;  
And feel, as it rolls  
In power o'er our souls,  
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;  
We feel the sweet flow [tide;  
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning  
We are washed from our sin,  
Made all holy within,  
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 31

## OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

Oh, how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above;  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received—  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
Oh, that all his salvation might see:  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

"Asa."

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, though your numbers are few, Though Satan and  
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, though thy foes may a - rise, And hard are the  
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, are the Saviour's sweet words To all who for  
 4. Fear not, lit - tle flock, do not faint by the way, Go forth trusting

all the world oppose; There's hope in the strength and the might of the Lord; In  
 battles to be fought; Remem - ber the Lord will the righteous defend, Their  
 God and right contend; Remem - ber the promise he's giv - en to you, "Fear  
 Jesus' power to save; Hold on to the promise, stand fast in the faith, A

CHORUS.

Christ all secure - ly can re - pose. Fear not, (*lit - tle flock*), fear  
 foes he will sure - ly bring to naught.  
 not, I'll be with you to the end."  
 crown of re - joic - ing you shall have.

not, (*lit - tle flock*), Your Fath - er will give you the king - dom, Fear

not, (*little flock*), fear not, (*little flock*), Your Father will give you the kingdom.

## Secret Prayer.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lord, my strength and my Redeemer, Ev - er mindful would I be  
 2. When my soul is ov - er-burdened, And my faith is sore-ly tried,  
 3. As the mist be-fore the morning In - to brightness fades a - way,

CHO.—Precious moments, precious moments, When the world, with all its care,

*Fine.*  
 Of the ma - ny, ma - ny blessings By thy hand bestowed on me;  
 When the watchful, wa - ry tempter Scatters thorns on ev' - ry side,  
 As the dew-drops melt and van - ish At the sunlight's golden ray,  
 Is for - gotten in the rapture That is mine in se - cret prayer!

But the purest and the sweetest Is the ho - - ly joy I share  
 To the friend that never fails me Like a bird . . . I still can flee,  
 So the clouds that hang a - above me, And the sha - - dows, all de - part,

*D.S.*  
 When I go a - lone in se - cret And commune with thee in prayer.  
 And alone, where none can hear me, I can tell it all to thee.  
 When the nearness of thy presence With its glo - - ry fills my heart.



## Is it There, Written There?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—Rev. xxi. 27.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the pride of birth ;  
 2. I do not ask for a glorious name, That is written high on the scroll of fame ;  
 3. I do not ask that my earthly life Should be free from burdens and cares and strife ;  
 4. I'd give up all that I hope below, All that time can give, or the world bestow,

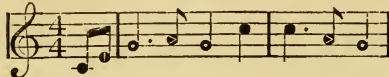
Be this, the rather, my one great care ; In the Book of Life, that my name is there.  
 Be this, the rather, concern of mine, To in-sure it there, in the book divine.  
 Nor that its current have tranquil flow, If but this one thing I may surely know.  
 If when the Lord in his kingdom come, He will know me then and take me home.

## CHORUS.

In the Book of Life, on those pages fair, Do the angels see that my name is there ?

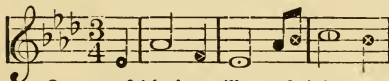
In the Book of Life, on those pages fair, Is it there?      written there?  
 Is it there?      written there?

## 35 Fountain.



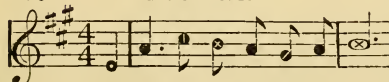
- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

## 36 For Victorious Faith.



- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

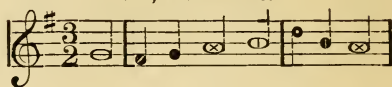
## 37 Title Clear.



- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.  
*Cho.*—We will stand the storm,  
We will anchor by and by.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

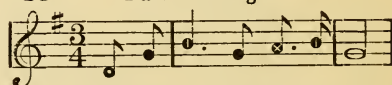
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 38 Lord, I am Thine.



- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the childrer of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past,—beyond repeal,—  
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at the cross, where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,—  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

## 39 I am Trusting.

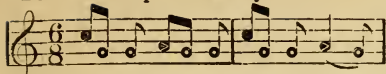


- 1 I AM coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
I am counting all but dross;  
I shall full salvation find.

*Cho.*—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at thy cross I bow;  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;  
Long has evil reigned within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
I will cleanse you from all sin.
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
Friends, and time, and earthly store;  
Soul and body thine to be—  
Wholly thine—forevermore.
- 4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
Perfect in love I am;  
I am every whit made whole;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## 40 Depth of Mercy.



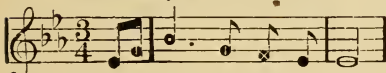
- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

*Cho.*—God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives, and loves me still;  
Jesus lives,  
He lives and loves me still.

- 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.

## 41 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

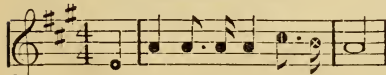


- 1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,  
That calls me, Lord, to thee,  
For cleansing in thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

*Cho.*—I am coming, Lord,  
Coming now to thee!  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

## 42 The Home Over There.



- 1 OH, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.  
*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod,  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the friends over there.

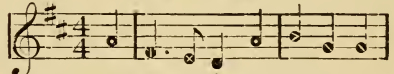
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
My Saviour is now over there.

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.

*Ref.*—Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

## 43 He Leadeth Me!



- 1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*Cho.*—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,  
By his own hand he leadeth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

## 44 My Country! 'tis of Thee.



- 1 MY country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

1. In this world of sin and sor - row There are burdens we must bear,  
2. There's a tempter to be baf - fled, There are wrongs to be made right;

There are conflicts and sore tri - als That we here must dai - ly share.  
There are stubborn hearts to con - quer, There are foes to put to flight.

## CHORUS.

Un - to him that o - ver - com - eth Is the pre - cious promise  
Un - to him, unto him that o - ver - cometh, o - ver - cometh, Is the precious, precious promise

given; Un - to him . . . that o - ver - com - eth,  
given, promise given; Un - to him, un - to him that o - ver - cometh, o - ver - cometh,

3 There are lamps to be kept burning,  
There are duties for each day;  
There are souls that must be rescued  
From their erring, sinful way.

There awaits a crown in heaven.

4 There are feeble hands to steady,  
There are fainting hearts to cheer;  
There are warnings to be given,  
There's a God that we must fear.

1. Tried and loyal soldiers, Faithful to the last, When our Christian armor We a-  
 2. Sailors on the billow, Tossing all the night, Looking up and waiting For the  
 3. Toilers in the vineyard, Sowing year by year Seeds at early morning Pearl'd with

side shall cast, When the song of vict'ry Tells the battle's o'er, Have we all the  
 dawn of light, When we make the harbor, Where the storm shall cease, Do we know the  
 man-y-a tear, When our sheaves we gather, In the twilight ray, Do we know the

CHORUS.

password To the oth - er shore. Jesus! is the password; Glory! halle-lu-jah!  
 password To the port of peace.  
 password To the gates of day.

Jesus! is the password, — Who bought us with his blood; Jesus! is the password;

Glory! hallelujah! We'll shout it forth in triumph when we cross the swelling flood.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for  
 2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this  
 3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At  
 soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And  
 resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious  
 I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.  
 Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.

Sav-iour, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-

bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.

1. God is love, oh, what a ref-uge When tempta - tions us as-sail,  
 2. Friends grow cold, misfortunes reach us, Ene - mies e'en tread us down,  
 3. Tarry not then, friendless sinner, 'Till the eve - ning shadows fall;

When the way seems dark and dismal, And all earth - ly pleasures fail.  
 But God's hand with aim uner - ring, Points us to a waiting crown.  
 Come and prove that God is lov - ing, Come while yet you hear him call.

## CHORUS.

God is love, O sinner, hear it; Does your heart now long for peace?  
 God is love, sinner, hear it,

God is love, O sinner, hear it; He will give you sweet release.  
 God is love, sinner, hear it,

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## 49 Sir J. BOWRING.

## GOD IS LOVE.—Second hymn.

Tune and Chorus above.

- 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 brightness stream-  
 God is wisdom, God is love. [eth,
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
 Everywhere his glory shineth;  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

FRANK E. GRAEF.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wea - ry wand'r'er in the darkness, Filled with doubt and dread,  
 2. Though thy soul is sore - ly wounded, Hard by sin op - pressed,  
 3. Lost up - on the bar - ren mountains, Where thy sins have led,  
 4. In that light beams forth forgiveness, Per - fect, full, and free;

Take fresh courage,—trust the Saviour,—There is light a - head.  
 "Come to me, ye hea - vy - lad - en, I will give you rest."  
 Look a - bove thee, see the prom - ise,—There is light a - head.  
 Love a - maz - ing! grace so wondrous Now is of - fered thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, what glorious hope From the cross is shed!  
 Oh, what glo - rious hope From the cross is shed!

Though the mists just now enclose us There is light a - head.

- 5 Thro' the valley of the death-shade,  
 'Midst the gloom are shed  
 Hope and courage, peace and blessing,  
 By the light ahead.
- 6 When we touch the darkened waters,  
 With our life near sped,  
 Thro' the portals, bidding welcome,  
 Shines the light ahead.



## O Slumberer, Awake.

A. A. A.

A. A. ARMEN.

*Earnestly.*

1. O slum - ber - er, a - wake, And fly from sin's dark night;  
 2. O slum - ber - er, a - wake, And Mer - cy's call o - bey;  
 3. O slum - ber - er, a - wake, The cleans - ing blood is shed;  
 4. O slum - ber - er, a - wake; A - rise, ye dead in sin;

The darkness round you falls And faint - er grows the light.  
 A - rise, come forth in Christ, The Light, the Truth, the Way.  
 The Mas - ter bids you come, The gos - pel feast is spread.  
 The Sav - iour gent - ly knocks, — Oh, wont you let him in?

## CHORUS.

A - wake, a - wake, And make a speed - y flight;  
 A - wake, a - wake,

A - rise, a - rise, "And Christ shall give thee light."  
 A - rise, a - rise,

5 O slumberer, awake,  
 And heed the warning voice;  
 It soon may be too late  
 For you to make the choice.

6 O slumberer, awake,  
 The judgment draweth nigh;  
 How awful it will be,  
 If you are doomed to die.

# It must be Settled to-night.

A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"  
 2. A burden weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;  
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—  
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.  
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.  
 Till my Re - deemer speaks to me As - surance of his love.  
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

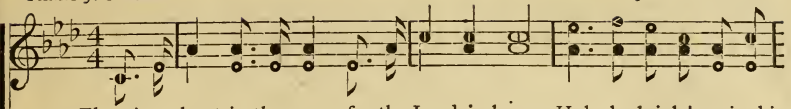
## CHORUS.

It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,  
 to-night,

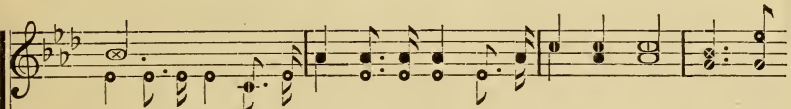
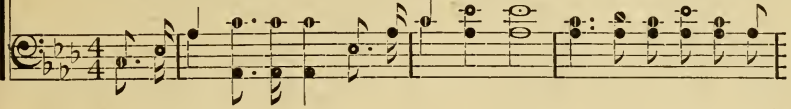
Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

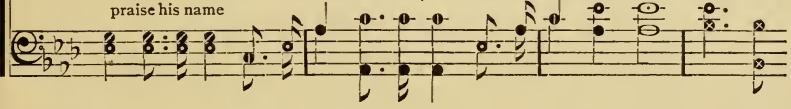


1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le-lujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le-lujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le-lujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le-lujah! praise his

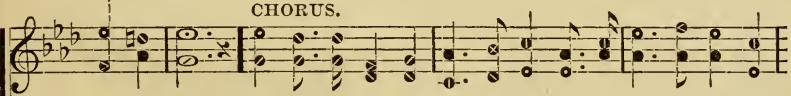


name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,  
 name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,  
 name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,  
 name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,

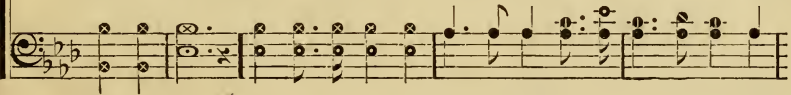
praise his name



## CHORUS.



praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu-jah! praise his



name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.

praise his name;



"ALVIN."

A. A. ARMEN.

1. When a sin - ner lost in darkness I was wand'ring to and fro,  
 2. When the bles - sed Saviour called me I obeyed with all my heart,  
 3. Glorious was the light of heav - en Streaming in up - on my soul,

Without Christ to cheer or com - fort In this world of sin and woe,  
 And the world seemed brighter, clearer, When I chose the bet - ter part;  
 Glo - ry to the Lamb for - ev - er, Who has cleans'd and made me whole;

'Twas the bles - sed Saviour found me, And he turned me not a - way;  
 When I said, "Here, Je - sus, take me, Fall I hum - bly at thy feet,"  
 I will live and toil for Je - sus, I will praise him while I live,

*Fine.*  
 But he had compas - sion on me, And he washed my sins a - way.  
 Then, oh, then the Sav - iour bless'd me, Filled me with his presence sweet.  
 And, when toil and care is o - ver, He e - ter - nal life will give.

*D.S.*—All for Je - sus, bles - sed Je - sus! 'Tis a bles - sed life to live.

CHORUS.

*DS.*

All for Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, All for him I free - ly give;

**55 Tell me the Story of Jesus.**

From "The Quiver," by per.

- 1 TELL me the story of Jesus,  
Write on my heart every word,  
Tell me the story most precious,  
Sweetest that ever was heard;  
Tell how the angels in chorus  
Sang as they welcomed his birth,—  
Glory to God in the highest!  
Peace and good tidings to earth.

*Cho.*—Tell me the story of Jesus,  
Write on my heart every word,  
Tell me the story most precious,  
Sweetest that ever was heard.

- 2 Fasting, alone in the desert,  
Tell of the days that he passed,  
How for our sins he was tempted,  
Yet was triumphant at last;  
Tell of the years of his labor,  
Tell of the sorrows he bore,  
He was despised and afflicted,  
Homeless, rejected and poor.
- 3 Tell of the cross where they nailed him,  
Writhing in anguish and pain,  
Tell of the grave where they laid him,  
Tell how he liveth again;  
Love in that story so tender,  
Clearer than ever I see;  
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,  
Love paid the ransom for me.

**56 Glory to His Name.**

Tune in "The Ark of Praise," No. 29.

- 1 DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.

*Cho.*—Glory to his name,  
Glory to his name;

There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Jesus so sweetly abides within;  
There at the cross where he took me in;  
Glory to his name.
- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,  
Glory to his name.
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
Glory to his name.

**57 The Bleeding Lamb.**

Tune in "The Quiver," No. 114.

- 1 MY Saviour suffered on the tree,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
Oh, come and view the Lord with me,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

*Cho.*—The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleeding  
Lamb!

- I love the sound of Jesus' name,  
It sets my spirit all aflame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
- 2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
And I am saved through Jesus' name,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
- 4 And when the storms of life are o'er,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

**58 Bringing in the Sheaves.**

Tune in "The Quiver," No. 56.

- 1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of  
kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of  
reaping, [sheaves.  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

*Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in  
the sheaves, [sheaves.: ||  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the  
shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's chill-  
ing breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the  
Master, [grieves;  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often  
When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-  
come, [sheaves.  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

**59 Pentecost.**

From "The Garner," by per.

- 1 OH, give us, Lord, a pentecost,  
This waiting throng inspire;  
And, as thou did'st in times of old,  
Baptize us all with fire.

*Cho.*—Come, dearest Lord, baptize us now,  
Now let us feel thy power;  
Oh, consecrate us all thine own,  
And seal us from this hour.

- 2 Oh, give us, Lord, a pentecost;  
Our faith takes hold on thee,—  
A faith that cannot be denied,  
When thou art all its plea.
- 3 Oh, give us, Lord, a pentecost,  
An unction from above.  
A power that sweeps thro' every heart,  
And fills it with thy love.

**60 Judgment Day.**

1 THE judgment day is coming, coming, com-  
The judgment day is coming; [ing,  
Oh, that great day.

*Cho.*—Let us take the wings of the morning  
And fly away to Jesus;  
Let us take the wings of the morning  
And sound the jubilee.

2 I heard the trumpet sounding; :||  
On that great day.

3 I saw the Judge descending; :||  
On that great day.

4 I saw the dead arising; :||  
On that great day.

5 I heard the thunder rolling; :||  
On that great day.

6 I saw the lightning blazing; :||  
On that great day.

7 I heard the wicked wailing; :||  
On that great day.

*Cho.*—For they took not the wings of the  
Nor flew away to Jesus; [morning  
For they took not the wings of the  
Nor sang the jubilee. [morning

8 I heard the righteous shouting; :||  
On that great day.

*Cho.*—For they took the wings of the morn-  
And flew away to Jesus; [ing  
For they took the wings of the morn-  
And sang the jubilee. [ing

**61 The Sinner Invited.**

1 SINNER, go, will you go  
To the highlands of heaven,  
Where the storms never blow,  
And the long summer's given?  
Where the bright, blooming flowers  
Are their odors emitting,  
And the leaves of the bowers  
In the soft winds are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white,  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
Shining, beauteous, and bright,  
They inhabit the mountain;  
Where no sin or dismay,  
Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
Will be felt for the day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 Will you go to that land  
Where your friends wait to greet you?  
There a beautiful band  
Join with us to entreat you:  
They are waiting above,  
Waiting happy to hail you,  
In those regions of love  
Where no ills can assail you.

**62 Sweeping Through the Gates.**

1 WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,  
Just on the borders of the silent grave,  
Shouting Jesus' power to save,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb

*Cho.*—Sweeping through the gates to the New  
Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. :||

2 These, these are they who in their youthful  
days  
Found Jesus early and in wisdom's ways,  
Proved the fulness of his grace,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in affliction's woes  
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,  
Such as from a pure heart flows,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 These, these are they who in the conflict dire  
Bravely have stood amid the hottest fire;  
Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

**63 No Room in Heaven.**

From "Gates of Praise," by per.

1 HOW sad it would be, if when thou did'st  
All hopeless and unforgiven, [call,  
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate,  
Should answer, No room in heaven.

*Ref.*—Sad, sad would it be!  
No room in heaven for thee!  
:||: No room, no room,  
No room in heaven for thee! :||

2 How sad it would be, the harvest all past,  
The bright summer days all over,  
To know that the reapers had gathered the  
And left thee alone forever. [grain,

3 Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near,  
Remember the love that he gave you;  
The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee  
And Jesus now waits to save you. [still,

**64 Oh, 'tis Glory.**

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

1 To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging,  
All my refuge and my plea;  
Matchless is thy loving-kindness,  
Else it had not stooped to me.

*Cho.*—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!  
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul! [ment,  
For I've touched the hem of his gar-  
And his power doth make me whole.

2 Long my heart hath heard thee calling,  
But I thrust aside thy grace;  
Yet, O boundless condescension,  
Love is shining from thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,  
Close me safely, sweetly in;  
Saviour, let thy balm of healing,  
Ever keep me free from sin.

**65 Save, O Jesus, Save.**

- 1 MY sins appear in dark array;  
I have no hope of heaven;  
I've nought wherewith my debt to pay,  
Oh, can I be forgiven?

*Cho.*—Save, save, O Jesus, save,  
Save a poor sinner while crying,  
Save, save, O Jesus, save,  
Save a poor sinner from dying!

- 2 I know 'tis just that I should die;  
My guilt I now confess;  
But to thy Son I lift mine eye,—  
For his sake wilt thou bless.
- 3 In his own body on the tree,  
He bore my guilt and shame;  
Twas there he suffered death for me,  
I plead alone his name.
- 4 Thy law would shut me up in hell;  
But thanks, O God, to thee,  
My Saviour died that I might tell  
How grace can make me free.

**66 Shining Angels.**

- 1 I WANT to see the shining angels,  
Shining angels, shining angels.

*Cho.*—I want to see the shining angels,  
But I cannot until I make my peace  
with the Lord,  
Then I'll give God my heart,  
And I'll praise him while I live,  
I'll praise him when I die,  
In the New Jerusalem.

- 2 I want to see my blessed Jesus, etc.
- 3 I want to see the Golden City, etc.
- 4 I want to see the saints in glory, etc.
- 5 I want to meet my friends in heaven, etc.

**67 Come, Sinners.**

*Cho.*—OH, won't you come and go with me,  
Go with me, go with me,  
Oh, won't you come and go with me.  
Away to the promised land.

- 1 For oh, I have a Saviour there, :||  
Away in the promised land.
- 2 Oh, yes, I have a Father there, :||  
Away in the promised land.
- 3 Oh, yes, I have a Mother there, :||  
Away in the promised land.
- 4 Oh, yes, I have a Brother there, :||  
Away in the promised land.
- 5 Oh, yes, I have a Sister there, :||  
Away in the promised land.
- 6 Oh, yes, I have some loved ones there, :||  
Away in the promised land.

- 7 Oh, say, will you meet me in that land, :||  
Away in the promised land.

- 8 By the grace of God I'll meet you there, :||  
Away in the promised land.

**68 Oh, how I love Jesus.**

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky :  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

*Cho.*—Oh, how I love Jesus, :||  
Because he first loved me.

- 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 unto the dead.
- 4 Oh, that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace;  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.

*Cho.*—How can I forget thee?  
Dear Lord, remember me.

**69 At the Fountain.**

- 1 OF him who did salvation bring,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I could forever think and sing,  
I'm on my journey home.

*Cho.*—Glory to God,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Glory to God,  
I'm on my journey home.

- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 4 Let all the world fall down and know,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
That none but God such love can show,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I meet the object of my love,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
I'm at the fountain drinking,  
I drink and yet am ever dry,  
I'm on my journey home.

70

Over Jordan.

From "Pure Diamonds," by per.

- 1 WITH his dear and loving care,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To the hills and valleys fair,  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet  
By the crystal waters sweet,  
When the peaceful shore we greet,  
Over Jordan.

*Cho.*—||: Over Jordan! :||  
Yes, we'll rest our weary feet,  
By the crystal waters sweet,  
||: Over Jordan! :||  
When the peaceful shore we greet,  
Over Jordan!

- 2 Through the rocky wilderness,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To the land we shall possess,  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, by night the wondrous ray,  
Cloudy pillar by the day,  
They shall guide us on our way,  
Over Jordan.
- 3 With his strong and mighty hand,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To that good and pleasant land,  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, where vine and olive grow,  
And the brooks and fountains flow,  
Thirst nor hunger shall we know,  
Over Jordan.

71

Comfort in Affliction.

- 1 WE may sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn;  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn.  
From the deepest caves of ocean,  
From the desert and the plain,  
From the valley and the mountain,  
Countless throngs shall rise again.

*Cho.*—We may sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn;  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn.

- 2 When we see a precious blossom,  
That we tended with such care,  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair.  
Round the silent grave we linger  
Till the setting sun is low,  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flower we cherished so.
- 3 We may sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave;  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gave.  
In the bright, eternal city  
Death can never, never come;  
In his own good time he'll call us  
From our rest to home, sweet home.

72

Toiling Up the Way.

- 1 WE are toiling up the way,  
Narrow way, narrow way;  
We have journeyed many a day  
T'ward the Kingdom;  
T'ward the distant shining land,  
Golden land, golden land,  
Where the heavenly harpers stand,  
In the Kingdom.

*Cho.*—Still we sing, Christ our King  
Walks with us the weary way,  
And the shining angels wait,  
Angels wait, angels wait,  
To unbar the golden gate  
Of the Kingdom.

- 2 Though the journey may be long,  
Hard and long, hard and long,  
We will cheer it with a song  
Of the Kingdom;  
We shall enter by the cross,  
Blessed cross, blessed cross,  
Gaining gold that hath no dross,  
In the Kingdom.
- 3 We shall gather home at last,  
Sorrow past, sorrow past,  
We shall hold our jewels fast  
In the Kingdom;  
We shall dwell in perfect light,  
Holy light, holy light,  
Never dimmed by tears at night,  
In the Kingdom.

73

Stand Up for Jesus.

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

74

Consecration Chorus.

LORD, take my heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee;  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.



**75 Cast thy bread upon the waters.**

From "The Ark of Praise," by per.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Ye who have but scant supply,  
Angel eyes will watch around it;  
You shall find it by and by;  
He who in his righteous balance  
Doth each human action weigh  
Will your sacrifice remember,  
Will your loving deed repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Poor and weary, worn with care,—  
Often sitting in the shadow,—  
Have you not a crumb to spare?  
Can you not to those around you  
Sing some little song of hope,  
As you look with longing vision  
Through faith's mighty telescope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Ye who have abundant store;  
It may float on many a billow,  
It may strand on many a shore;  
You may think it lost forever,  
But, as sure as God is true,  
In this life or in the other,  
It will yet return to you.

**76 While the days are going by.**

Tune in "The Ark of Praise," No. 21.

1 THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish  
While the days are going by.  
If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh, the good that we might do,  
While the days are going by.

*Cho.*—While going by, While going by,  
Oh, the good we may be doing,  
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by;  
Let our face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by.  
Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by.  
But the seeds of good we sow  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.

**77 Gathering Home.**

Tune in "The Wells of Salvation," No. 176.

1 UP to the bountiful Giver of life,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,  
The dear ones are gathering home.

*Cho.*—Gathering home! gathering home!  
Never to sorrow more, never to roam;  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,  
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,  
The dear ones are gathering home.

**78 Trusting in the Promise.**

Tune in "The Ark of Praise," No. 50.

1 I HAVE found repose for my weary soul,  
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,  
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.  
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,  
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;  
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,  
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

*Cho.*—Resting on his mighty arm forever,  
Never from his loving heart to sever,  
I will rest by grace in his strong embrace,  
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

2 I will sing my song as the days go by,  
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die,  
I can smile at grief, and abide in pain,  
And the loss of all shall be highest gain.

3 Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live,  
Oh, the strength and love only God can give,  
Whosoever will may be save to day,  
And begin to walk in the holy way.

**79 Treasures of Heaven.**

Tune in "The Ark of Praise," No. 49.

1 THERE'S a crown in heaven for the striving  
soul,  
Which the blessed Jesus himself will place  
On the head of each who shall faithful prove,  
Even unto death, in the heavenly race.

*Ref.*—Oh, may that crown in heaven be mine,  
And I among the angels shine;  
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,  
Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a joy in heaven for the mourning  
soul,  
Though the tears may fall all the earthly  
night;

Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,  
And rejoicing come with the morning light.  
*Ref.*—Oh, may that joy, etc.

3 There's a home in heaven for the faithful  
soul,  
In the many mansions prepared above,  
Where the glorified shall forever sing  
Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love.

*Ref.*—Oh, may that home, etc.

**80 Don't Wait for To-morrow.**

From "Songs of the Kingdom," by per.

- 1 OH, come to the Saviour to-day,  
'Tis folly to wait for to-morrow;  
Then why will you longer delay?  
To-morrow may fill you with sorrow.
- Cho.*—The Saviour is calling to-day,  
Oh, bring him your trouble and sorrow;  
Come, bow at his footstool and pray,  
It may be too late on to-morrow.
- 2 Oh, look at the cross where he died,  
And think of his anguish and sorrow?  
Then give up your folly and pride,  
It may be too late on to-morrow.
- 3 How many have gone to the grave,  
Whose end was destruction and sorrow;  
Oh, would you have Jesus to save:  
Then wait not to seek him to-morrow.
- 4 Then fly to the Saviour to-day,  
And walk in the way that is narrow,  
'Twill lead you from folly away,  
And give you a joyous to-morrow.

**81 The Mercy Seat.**

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- Cho.*—We are passing away, :||  
To the great Judgment Day.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

**82 Lights Along the Shore.**

- 1 I'M a pilgrim and a stranger passing over,  
The road may be rough, but 'tis clear,  
And a starry crown awaits me o'er the river,  
And Jesus bids me welcome there.
- Cho.*—There are lights along the shore that  
never grow dim,  
That never, never grow dim; [Jesus' name,  
These souls are all aflame with the love of  
They guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.
- 2 Sometimes I meet with trials on my journey,  
Temptation and sorrow by the way.  
But Jesus speaks, and says, "I'm ever near thee,  
To guide to realms of endless day."

- 3 Friends of Jesus! may your lights be  
trinmed and burning,  
And shining along the way of love;  
Soon you'll gain the heights of glory, and be  
The happy song of saints above. [singing
- 4 We're a happy band of Christians, bound  
for Canaan,  
The land is in view, the wind's fair;  
We will sing redeeming love beyond the  
With Jesus dwell forever there. [Joraan,

**83 Consecration.**

- 1 MY body, soul, and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to thee,  
A consecrated off'ring,  
Thine evermore to be.
- Cho.*—My all is on the Altar,  
I'm waiting for the fire.  
Waiting, waiting, waiting,  
I'm waiting for the fire.
- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,  
I trust in thy great name,  
I look for thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 O, let the fire, descending  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble off'ring,  
And cleanse and make me whole
- 4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by thy cleansing blood,  
Now seal me by thy Spirit  
A sacrifice to God.

**84 The Cleansing Wave.**

- 1 OH, now I see the crimson wave,  
The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to his wounded side.
- Cho.*—The cleansing stream, I see, I see  
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me  
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!
- 2 I see the new creation rise,  
I hear the speaking blood;  
It speaks! polluted nature dies!  
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin,  
With heart made pure, and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied;  
And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
My Jesus crucified.

**85 Jesus of Nazareth.**

From "Gospel Hymns, No. 1," by per.

1 WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
Which moves with busy haste along—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion pray?

||: In accents hushed the throng reply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has he skill  
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring notes reply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come:  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept his proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all his wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

**86 To Jesus I Will Go.**

From "Bright Jewels," by per.

1 THERE'S a gentle voice within calls away,  
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
But my heart is melted now, I obey;  
From my Saviour I will wander more.

*Cho.*—Yes, I will go, yes, I will go,  
To Jesus I will go and be saved. :||

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,  
If I ask in simple faith for his love;  
In his holy word I learn how to live,  
And to labor for his kingdom above.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth  
And be faithful to its cause till I die;  
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,  
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,  
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
But my heart is melted now, I obey;  
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

**87 Oh, Come, and will You Go**

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.

*Cho.*—Oh, come, and will you go—  
Will you go—will you go;  
Oh, come, and will you go  
Where pleasure never dies.

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

**88 When the Battle's Over.**

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

*Cho.*—And when the battle's over  
We shall wear a crown. :||  
In the New Jerusalem.

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

**89 The Cross.**

Tune in "Goodly Pearls," p. 97.

1 THE cross! the cross! the blood-stained  
The hallowed cross I see! [cross!  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.

*Cho.*—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!  
That Jesus shed for me:  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,  
Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross! the cross! that heavy cross,  
My Saviour bore for me;  
It bowed him to the earth with grief  
On sad Mount Calvary.

3 The death! the death! the awful death,  
That Jesus died for me!  
I heard his groans, his prayer, "Forgive,"  
His bleeding side I see.

4 The love! the love! the matchless love  
That bled upon the tree!  
It melts my heart, it wins my love,  
It brings me, Lord, to thee.

**90 Turn to the Lord.**

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power.

*Cho.*—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his dear name;  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance—  
Every grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall:  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

*Cho.*—I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will come and dwell within.

**91 Nearer My Home.**

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

*Cho.*—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,  
Nearer my home to-day,  
I'm nearer my home in heaven above,  
Than ever I've been before.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, forever reigns  
And scatters night away.

- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

**92 Sweet Rest in Eden.**

1 IN the sweet fields of Eden,  
Over there, over there;  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Over there, over there,  
Over there, over there, over there, over there,  
In the sweet fields of Eden, over there.

- 2 There the Tree of Life is blooming.

- 3 There is rest for the weary.

- 4 On the other side of Jordan.

- 5 You will never have a trial.

- 6 Say, brother, will you meet me.

- 7 By the Grace of God I'll meet you.

- 8 Wont that be a happy meeting.

- 9 We will meet no more to sever.

- 10 Then we'll wear our crowns of glory.

- 11 And we'll walk and talk with Jesus.

**93 The Better Day Coming On.**

1 MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*Chorus.*—

There's a better day, there's a crowning day,  
There's a better day coming on, :||  
Coming on, coming on,  
There's a better day, there's a crowning day,  
There's a better day coming on.

- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,  
And purchased my pardon, being nailed to  
the tree;

I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 3 In mansions of glory, or heavenly delight,  
I'll ever adore thee in regions of light;  
And sing with a glittering crown on my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

**94 Anchor By and By.**

From "Golden Songs," by per.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

*Cho.*—We will stand the storm,  
We will anchor by and by, by and by.:||

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,—  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**95 The Great Physician.**

Tune in "The Garner," No. 80.

- 1 THE Great Physician now is here,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*Cho.*—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,—  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,  
Oh, praise the name of Jesus!  
Come, sisters all, your voices raise,  
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus!

**96 A Sinner like Me.**

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.

- 1 I WAS once far away from the Saviour,  
And as vile as a sinner could be,  
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer  
Could save a poor sinner like me.
- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,  
And the thought filled my heart with sad-  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to me;  
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.

**97 What a Gath'ring.**

Tune in "The Quiver," No. 10.

- 1 AT the sounding of the trumpet, when the  
saints are gathered home,  
We will greet each other by the crystal sea,  
With the friends and all the loved ones there  
awaiting us to come, [be!  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will
- Cho.*—What a gath'ring, gath'ring,  
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!  
What a gath'ring, gath'ring, [be!  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will

- 2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that  
time shall be no more, [see,  
We shall gather, and the sav'd and ransom'd  
Then to meet again together on the bright  
celestial shore,— [be!  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will

- 3 At the great and final judgment, when the  
hidden comes to light,  
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see;  
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye  
blessed, to my right," [be!  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will

- 4 When the golden harps are sounding, and  
the angel bands proclaim,  
In triumphant strains, the glorious jubilee;  
Then to meet and join to sing the song of  
Moses and the Lamb, [be!  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will

**98 The Child of a King.**

Tune in "The Ark of Praise," No. 56.

- 1 MY Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his  
hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,  
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.
- Cho.*—  
I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,  
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.
- 2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men!  
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of  
But now he is reigning, forever on high, [them;  
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.
- 3 I once was an out-cast stranger on earth,  
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth! [down;  
But I've been adopted, my name's written  
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there!  
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

**99 Walk in the Light.**

Tune in "The Quiver," No. 77.

- 1 WALK in the light! and thou shalt know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.
- Cho.*—Walk in the light, :||  
Walk in the light, the light of God.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and sin abhorred  
Shall ne'er defile again;  
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord  
Shall cleanse from every stain.

## 100 Angels Hov'ring Round.

Music No. 234 in "The Quartet."

- 1 THERE are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home.
- 3 To the New Jerusalem.
- 4 We are on our journey home.
- 5 Poor sinners 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!

## 101 We'll End this Warfare.

*Cho.*—WE'LL end this warfare,  
Down by the river;  
We'll end this warfare,  
Down by the river side.

- 1 Hark! listen to the trumpeters,  
Down by the river;  
They call for valiant volunteers,  
Down by the river side.
- 2 See Gideon marching out to fight;  
He had no weapon but a light.
- 3 He took his pitcher and a lamp,  
And stormed with ease the Midean camp.
- 4 This war is all my soul's delight;  
I love the thickest of the fight.
- 5 The hottest fight is just begun;  
And who will stand and never run.
- 6 We want no cowards in our band;  
We call for full-salvation men.
- 7 This day my soul has caught new fire;  
I feel that heaven is drawing nigher.
- 8 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come.

## 102 The Road to Heaven.

- 1 THE road to heaven by Christ was made,  
With heavenly truth the rails are laid;  
From earth to heaven the line extends,  
To life eternal, where it ends.

*Cho.*—I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more;  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 Repentance is the station, then,  
Where passengers are taken in;  
No fee for them is there to pay,  
For Jesus is himself the way.
- 3 The Bible is the engineer—  
It points the way to heaven so clear,  
Through tunnels dark and dreary here—  
It does the way to glory steer.

- 4 God's love the fire, his truth the steam  
Which drives the engine and the train;  
All you who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ,—in him abide.
- 5 Come, then, poor sinner, now is the time  
At any station on the line;  
If you repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in.

## 103 Is it Far?

Music p. 62 in "The Morning Star."

- 1 Is it far to the land of rest? [roam,  
Where the weary feet shall never, never  
To the mansions of the pure and the blest;  
Where we all shall meet at home?

*Cho.*—Is it far? is it far? [it far?  
Will you tell me, brother pilgrim, is  
To that mansion of the blest, where the  
weary are at rest?  
O say, brother pilgrim, is it far?

- 2 Is it far to that peaceful shore?  
Where the aching heart shall sorrow not  
again, [nevermore  
Where the friends who meet shall part  
But with Christ forever reign?
- 3 Is it far to the plains of light?  
To that city with its jasper walls aglow,  
Where the glory of the Lord is the light;  
To that house, say, will you go?
- 4 It is nearer to-day than before; [day;  
And our path is growing brighter day by  
We shall soon reach that heavenly shore;  
Let us sing, and watch, and pray.

## 104 The Half has Never been Told.

Music No. 347 in "The Quartet."

- 1 I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,  
Than any earthly joy,  
For thou hast given me the peace  
Which nothing can destroy.

*Cho.*—The half has never yet been told,  
Of love so full and free;  
The half has never yet been told,  
The blood—it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that thou art nearer still  
Than any earthly throng,  
And sweeter is the thought of thee  
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;  
Then well may I be glad  
Without the secret of thy love  
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine!  
What will thy presence be  
If such a life of joy can crown  
Our walk on earth with thee?

**105 Yield not to Temptation.**

Music No. 79 in "The Garner."

- 1 YIELD not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each vict'ry will help you  
Some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

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

- 2 Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in rev'rence,  
Nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh  
God giveth a crown,  
Through faith we will conquer,  
Though often cast down;  
He who is our Saviour  
Our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

**106 Whiter than Snow.**

Music No. 54 in "The Garner."

- 1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
I want thee forever to live in my soul;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

*Cho.*—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than  
snow; [than snow.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

- 2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;  
Apply thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain;  
To have this blest washing I all things forego,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

- 4 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought thee thou never  
saidst, no, [snow.  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than

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

- 6 The blessing by faith I receive from above;  
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;  
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I  
know

The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

**107 Tell it to Jesus.**

Music No. 28 in "The Quartet."

- 1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus:  
Are you grieving over joys departed?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

*Cho.*—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,  
He is a friend that's well known;  
You have no other such a friend or  
Tell it to Jesus alone. [brother,

- 2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [den?  
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;  
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?  
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [ing?  
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sigh-  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

**108 Is my Name written There.**

Music No. 32 in "The Quartet."

- 1 LORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold;  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?

*Cho.*—Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But thy blood, O my Saviour!  
Is sufficient for me;  
For thy promise is written  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."

- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching,—  
Is my name written there?

**109 The happy Pilgrim.**

Music No. 81 in "The Quartet."

- 1 I saw a happy pilgrim,  
In shining garments clad,  
And trav'ling up the mountain,  
His countenance was glad;  
He had no cares nor burdens,  
He'd laid them at the cross,  
The blood of Christ, his Saviour,  
Had washed him from all dross.

*Cho.*—Then palms of victory. Crowns of glory,  
Palms of victory We shall wear. :||

- 2 The summer sun was sinking,  
The sweat was on his brow;  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward,  
For he was wending home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 3 I saw him in midsummer,  
Still happy on his way,  
He'd reached the land of Beulah,  
Where birds sing all the day.  
He found a store of honey  
And wine upon the lees,  
And fruit in rich abundance  
Upon life's living trees.
- 4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,  
His everlasting home,  
And shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance will come.
- 5 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,  
To suffer nevermore:  
Then casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!

**110 Joy cometh in the morning.**

Music No. 99 in "The Quartet."

- 1 Oh, weary pilgrim, lift your head,  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
For God in his own word hath said  
That joy cometh in the morning!

*Cho.*—Joy cometh in the morning! :||  
Weeping may endure,  
May endure for a night,  
But joy cometh in the morning.

- 2 Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears,  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
And weeping mourners, dry your tears,  
For joy cometh in the morning.

- 3 Let every tearful eye look up,  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
And every trembling sinner hope,  
For joy cometh in the morning!
- 4 Our God will wipe our tears away,  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
Sorrow and sighing flee away,  
For joy cometh in the morning!

**111 Glorious Fountain.**

Music No. 25 in "The Quartet."

- 1 THERE is a fountain ||: filled with blood, :||  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plung'd ||: beneath that flood, :||  
Lose all their guilty stains.

*Cho.*—Oh, glorious fountain!  
Here will I stay,  
And in thee ever  
Wash my sins away.

- 2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see :||  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, ||: though vile as he, :||  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed ||: church of God :||  
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :||  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||  
And shall be till I die.

**112 Beulah Land.**

Music No. 216 in "The Quartet."

- 1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine;  
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

*Cho.*—Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heaven, my home, for evermore!

- 2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we,  
He gently leads me by his hand,  
For this is heaven's border-land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,  
And flowers that never-fading grow  
Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels with the white-robed throng  
Join in the sweet redemption song.



**113 We'll Work till Jesus comes.**

Music No. 326 in "The Quartet."

- 1 O LAND of rest for thee I sigh,  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by  
And dwell in peace at home?

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

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome,  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on his breast,  
'Till he conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.

**114 Are You Washed in the Blood.**

Music No. 205 in "The Quartet."

- 1 HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

*Cho.*—Are you washed in the blood,  
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?  
Are your garments spotless? Are they white  
as snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,  
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?  
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,  
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,  
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,  
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

**115 Take me as I am.**

Music No. 79 in "The Quartet."

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, to thee I cry,  
Unless thou help me I must die;  
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

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

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,  
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,  
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,  
But take me as I am!
- 3 I thirst, I long to know thy love,  
Thy full salvation I would prove;  
But since to thee I cannot move,  
Oh, take me as I am!
- 4 If thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
And work both in and by me, too,  
But take me as I am!
- 5 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
Oh, take me as I am!

**116 I Love to Tell the Story.**

Music No. 52 in "The Garner."

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love!  
I love to tell the story!  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.

*Cho.*—I love to tell the story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story!  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story!  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason,  
I tell it now to thee,
- 3 I love to tell the story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.

**117 Come to Jesus.**

Music No. 327 in "The Quartet."

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now,  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you.    9 He will hear you.  
3 Oh, believe him.    10 He'll have mercy.  
4 He is able,            11 He'll forgive you.  
5 He is willing.        12 He will cleanse you.  
6 He'll receive you.    13 He'll renew you.  
7 Flee to Jesus.        14 He will clothe you.  
8 Call unto him.        15 Jesus loves you.

**118 Fill Me Now.**

Music No. 127 in "The Quartet."

- 1 HOVER o'er me Holy Spirit;  
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,  
Come oh, come and fill me now.

*Cho.*—Fill me now, fill me now,  
Jesus, come and fill me now,  
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell thee how;  
But I need thee, greatly need thee;  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;  
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow,  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

**119 When the King comes in.**

Music No. 110 in "The Quartet."

- 1 CALLED to the feast by the King are we,  
Sitting, perhaps, where his people be:  
How will it fare, then, with thee and me,  
When the King comes in?

*Ref.*—When the King comes in, brother,  
When the King comes in!  
How will it fare with thee and me  
When the King comes in?

- 2 Crowns on the head where the thorns have  
Glorified he who once died for men; [been,  
Splendid the vision before us then,  
When the King comes in?
- 3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show  
Things hidden long from both friend and  
Just what we are every one will know, [foe,  
When the King comes in?
- 4 Joyful his eye shall on each one rest  
Who is in white wedding garments dress'd—  
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,  
When the King comes in?

**120 Redeemed.**

Music No. 7 in "The Quartet."

- 1 REDEEMED how I love to proclaim it,  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed through his infinite mercy  
His child and forever I am.

*Ref.*— Redeemed, redeemed,  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
Redeemed, redeemed,  
His child and forever I am.

- 2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,  
No language my rapture can tell,  
I know that the light of his presence  
With me doth continually dwell,
- 3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,  
I think of him all the day long,  
I sing, for I cannot be silent,  
His love is the theme of my song.
- 4 I know I shall see in his beauty  
The King in whose law I delight,  
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,  
And giveth me songs in the night.
- 5 I know there's a crown that is waiting  
In yonder bright mansion for me,  
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,  
At home with the Lord I shall be.

**121 Jesus Saves.**

Music No. 85 in "The Quartet."

- 1 WE have heard a joyful sound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Spread the gladness all around,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves,  
Bear the news to every land,  
Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Tell to sinners, far and wide,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Sing, ye islands of the sea,  
Echo back, ye ocean caves,  
Earth shall keep her jubilee,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
- 3 Sing above the battle's strife,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
By his death and endless life,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Sing it softly through the gloom,  
When the heart for mercy craves,  
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
- 4 Give the winds a mighty voice,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Let the nations now rejoice,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Shout salvation full and free,  
Highest hills and deepest caves,  
This our song of victory,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

**122 Is not this the Land of Beulah.**

Music No. 31 in "The Quartet."

- 1 I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty  
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
Laden with the breath of flowers,  
They are blooming by the fountain,  
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

*Cho.*—Is not this the land of Beulah,  
Blessed, blessed land of light,  
Where the flowers bloom forever,  
And the sun is always bright.

- 2 I can see far down the mountain,  
Where I wandered weary years,  
Often hindered in my journey  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
But the Spirit, led, unerring,  
To the land I hold to-day.
- 3 I am drinking at the fountain,  
Where I ever would abide;  
For I've tasted life's pure river,  
And my soul is satisfied;  
There's no thirsting for life's pleasure,  
Nor adorning, rich and gay,  
For I've found a richer treasure,  
One that fadeth not away.
- 4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes each burden light appear;  
And I love to follow Jesus,  
Gladly counting all but dross,  
Worldly honors all forsaking  
For the glory of the Cross.
- 5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
Oft I've proved this to be true;  
When I'm in the way so narrow  
I can see a pathway through;  
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,  
For I've tried this way before thee,  
And the glory lingers near.

**123 We're Marching to Zion.**

Music No. 217 in "The Quartet."

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
:: Join in a song with sweet accord, :||  
:: And thus surround the throne. :||

*Cho.*—We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
:: But children of the heavenly king. :||  
:: May speak their joys abroad. :||

- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
:: Before we reach the heavenly fields, :||  
:: Or walk the golden streets, :||
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry; [ground. :||  
:: We're marching through Immanuel's  
:: To fairer worlds on high. :||

**124 Behold the Bridegroom.**

Music No. 67 in "Salvation Echoes."

- 1 ARE you ready for the Bridegroom  
When he comes, when he comes? :||  
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh!  
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom  
comes. [for he comes! :||

*Cho.*—Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes,  
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh!  
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom  
comes.

- 2 Have your lamps trimmed and burning  
When he comes, when he comes :||  
He quickly cometh! he quickly cometh!  
O soul, be ready when the Bridegroom  
comes.
- 3 We will all go out to meet him [comes.  
When he comes, when he comes :||  
He surely cometh! he surely cometh!  
We'll go to meet him when the Bride-  
groom comes.
- 4 We will chant alleluias [groom comes.  
When he comes, when he comes :||  
Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh!  
Sing alleluia! for the Bridegroom comes.

**125 Triumph By and by.**

Music No. 274 in "The Quartet."

- 1 THE prize is set before us,  
To win his words implore us,  
The eye of God is o'er us,  
From on high;  
His loving tones are calling,  
While sin is dark, appalling;  
'Tis Jesus gently calling,  
He is nigh.

*Cho.*—By and by we shall meet him,  
By and by we shall greet him,  
And with Jesus reign in glory, by and by.

- 2 We'll follow where he leadeth,  
We'll pasture where he feedeth,  
We'll yield to him who pleadeth  
From on high;  
Then naught from him shall sever,  
Our hopes shall brighten ever,  
And faith shall fail us never,  
He is nigh.

- 3 Our home is bright above us,  
No trials dark to move us,  
But Jesus, dear, to love us,  
There on high;  
We'll give him best endeavor,  
And praise his name forever;  
His precious ones can never,  
Never die.

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