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Seventy-Seven Sweet Songs and Thirty-Six Familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Gospel Meetings and All Occasions of Christian Work and Worship.

T. B. Larimore

William J. Kirkpatrick

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SEVENTY-SEVEN
SWEET SONGS
AND THIRTY-SIX FAMILIAR
HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS
A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES
FOR
GOSPEL MEETINGS
AND
All Occasions of Christian Work
and Worship

Edited by
T. B. LARIMORE and WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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1906
SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS.

No. 1. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Plead with them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Waked by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way Patiently win them; TELL THEM OF JESUS THE MIGHTY TO SAVE.

2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, flags he buried that He will forgive if they only believe. Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

3. Down in the human heart, Crash'd by the tempest, Sings the buried that Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it, Faith for thy labor the
No. 2.  Be Strong in the Faith.

D. L. B.

1. Be strong in the faith, my brother,  Be strong in the faith of God;
2. Be strong in the faith, my brother,  Be strong in the pow'r of God;
3. Be strong in the faith, my brother,  Be strong in the love of God;

He will keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way, Be
Tho' the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safely keep, Be
On the cross the Saviour died, And the law is satisfied, Be

Chorus.

strong is the faith of God. Be strong in the faith,
strong in the pow'r of God. Be strong in the faith,
strong in the love of God. Be strong in the faith,

Be strong in the faith of God; He will keep you day by day,
Be strong in the pow'r of God; Tho' the way be dark and steep,
Be strong in the love of God; On the cross the Saviour died,

In the straight and narrow way, Be strong in the faith of God.
He your soul will safely keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
And the law is satisfied, Be strong in the love of God.

No. 3.  Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.  CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-ten toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
music will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds away,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; 0 how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel through, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a

KEEP THE SONG SING-ING! LONE-LY HOURS WE MAY BE-GUILLE,
Brighter with a smile;

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No. 4. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. DuEt.

1. O the best friend to have is Jesus, When the cares of life upon you fall;
2. What a friend I have found in Jesus! Peace and comfort to my soul he brings;
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sorrow, And the chilly waves of Jordan roll;
4. When at last to our home we gather, With the loved ones who have gone before,

Roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
leaning on his mighty arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
Never need I shrink or fear, For my Saviour is so near;
fore, We shall sing upon the shore, Praising him for evermore;

Chorus. Spirited.

O the best friend to have is Jesus. The best friend to have is Jesus;
The best friend to have is Jesus, He will help you every day,
Jesus all the way,
when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

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No. 5. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

Winfield S. Davis.  

Solo or Quartet. With great expression. Tempo ad. lib.

May I come in? At times before I’ve knocked at thy door, May I come in?
May I come in? Thy greatest foes thou dost not oppose; May I come in?
May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May I come in?
May I come in? Thy soul distressed shall find sweetest rest, May I come in?
May I come in? Why have me wait till it be too late? May I come in?

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No. 6. The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. Hewitt

1. We tell it as we journey toward the mansions built above, The grand old story of salvation; We'll sing it out with gladness, ring it out, ring it out.

2. His hand can lift the fallen and his blood can make them white, The grand old story of salvation; His love can pierce the darkness with a melody of love, The grand old story of salvation.

3. We'll sing it in the battle and its notes shall victory be, The grand old story of salvation; We'll sing it in our trials, till the passing shadows flee, The grand old story of salvation.

4. The angels look with wonder, yet their harps can never tell The grand old story of salvation; His ransomed, clothed with beauty, shall the praise of Jesus swell, The grand old story of salvation.

Chorus.

Ring it out, ring it out, ring it out, ring it out, Ring, to every tribe and nation, Ring it out everywhere.

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No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Isaiah 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

QUARTET.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

DUET. p

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

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No. 8. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M.

1. There's a feast now a-waiting, prepared by loving hands; In the
2. Come, for all things are ready, why will you stay a-way? Hear the
3. 'Tis a feast ever-lasting, abundant, rich and free, Thro' the

midst of the banquet the gentle Saviour stands; Then no longer go
kind invitation; O come, without delay; 'Tis the day of sal-
roving o'er deserts bare and wild, See the Father now is waiting to
va tion; why will you longer roam? There's a man-sion now preparing for
raiment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all his an-gels will

CHORUS.

greet his weary child. You're invited,..... are you coming?.....
you in yon-der home. bid you welcome there.
to the feast. to the feast.

O accept the invitation; all things are ready, come;
See the Father now is waiting to (Omit.) welcome wand’rers home.

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No. 9. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

EUGENE A. HOFFMAN.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2. O, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms; O, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms? What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms?

Lasting arms; What a blessing, what a peace is mine, Lasting arms; O, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lasting arms? I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Lasting arms? I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning, Leaning on Jesus.

Leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on Jesus.

Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on Jesus.

Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on Jesus.

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No. 10. When Love Shines In.

1. Jesus comes with power to glad-den, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray, joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, bur-den light - er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re - joice in duty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, bur-den light - er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

3. Dark-est sor-row will grow bright - er, When love shines in, And the heaviest Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in. And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in. Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in. And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

4. We may have un-fad-ing splen - dor, When love shines in, And a friendship We may have un-fad-ing splen - dor, When love shines in, And a friendship We may have un-fad-ing splen - dor, When love shines in, And a friendship

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When Love Shines In.—Concluded.


P. P. B.

Gal. 5 : 22.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a
2. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My heart with this
3. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide, (a - bide), And while I keep

joy - ous re-frain (refrain); I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
peace did a-bound (abound); In him a rich bless-ing I found, Sweet
close to his side (his side), There’s nothing but peace can be - tide, Sweet

Chorus.

peace, the gift of God’s love. Peace, peace, sweet peace! Wonderful gift from a-

bove (above), O wonderful, wonderful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God’s love.

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No. 12.  My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
reach the other side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.

2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky,
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

3. O the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will
I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him.

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No. 13. We Shall Reign with Him in Glory.

J. B. MACKAY.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching, on-ward marching, To that land of light a-bove, Where no
2. There are mighty foes that meet us, As our jour-ney we pursue, There are
3. Oft the clouds a-bove us gath-er, And the darkness settles down, Oft the
4. When we reach that land of beauty, With its cit-y bright and fair, Thro' the

burn-ing tears of sor-row dim the eye, Where the ransomed ones are singing
dan-gers that be-set on ev'-ry hand; But no e- vil thing can harm us
shad-ows and the mis-tis obscure the day; But a ra-diant beam of glo-ry
pear-ly gates the Lord shall lead his own, To go out no more for-ev-er,

Of the Saviour's won-drous love, We shall reign with him in glory by and by.
While to Je-sus we are true, For his hosts will march triumphant to that land.
From the Saviour's smil-ing face, Ev-er falls in golden splendor on our way.
While e-ter-nal a-ges roll, And the hal-le-lu-jahs echo round the throne.

CHORUS: 

We shall reign....... with him in glo-ry, In glo-ry
We shall reign
In glo-ry by and by,

by and by,................. In the land of light on high.

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No. 14.  

Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby.  

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

I. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a foretaste of

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am
glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchased of God, Born of his
burst on my sight; Angels descending, bring from above, Echoes of
happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Fill'd with his

Chorus.

Spir-it, washed in his blood,
mercy, whispers of love.

This is my story, this is my
goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my story,

this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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No. 15.

I Will Tell the Story.

No. 16. **Jesus Lives.**

**John R. Colgan.**

1. **Mighty army of the young,** Lift the voice in cheerful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Jesus lives, O blessed words! King of Kings, and Lord of lords!

---

Send the welcome word along, Jesus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives!
Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!

**CHORUS.**

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for Jesus, every where you go, Lift your joyful voices high,

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Jesus Lives.—Concluded.

Ringing clear tis' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Jesus lives.

No. 17. The Stranger at the Door.

1. Behold, a stranger at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. O love-ly attitude! he stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will, the very friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his enemy and thine;
5. Admit him, ere his anger burn; His feet, de-part ed, ne'er re-turn!

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in..... He'll cleanse the heart from sin:

O keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
1. Come, O come to Jesus, Come to him to-day; Come while he is pleading;
2. Look a-way to Calvary, There your Saviour died; On the cross he suffered,
3. Come, O come to Jesus, Look to him alone; None but he can save you,
4. Come while we are singing, Come now while we pray; Come unto your Saviour,

Come to him we pray; Take him as your Saviour, On his word rely;
There was crucified; Hear, while he is calling, Come now while you may;
None but he alone; Christ the great Redeemer, Christ the living way,
Come to him to-day; Angels now are waiting To make heaven ring,

FINE. CHORUS.

Come while he is waiting, Come while he is nigh,
Come while he is pleading, Come, O come to-day.
Won't you let him save you, Won't you come to-day?
For a soul returning To his Lord and King.

D.S. — Come and let him save you, Come, O come to-day.

Come to him to-day, Jesus now is calling you to

come to-day, Won't you heed his promise, Turn unto his way?

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No. 19.  
Open the Door to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.  
F. E. FARRAR.

1. O - pen the door to Je - sus, He at thy thresh-old stands,
2. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Soon, ere he turns a - way
3. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Hast-en to meet thy King,
4. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Bid him with glad-ness come,

Plead-ing with thee for en - trance, Plead-ing with nail-scarred hands,
Wounded in spirit to leave thee, Grieved at thy long de - lay.
Won-der-ful peace a - bid - ing, He to thy soul will bring.
Now in his king - ly glo - ry, In - to thy heart and home.

CHORUS.

O - pen the door to Je - sus, Wel-come him roy - al - ly;

He from thy sins will save thee, He will a - bide with thee.

(After last verse only.)

He will a - bide with thee, He will a - bide with thee.

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No. 20. Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.

Mrs. C. H. M. 

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I came to the Saviour all covered with sin,
   No joy of salvation, no comfort within.

2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul
   When like a great mountain my sins did roll.

3. Come, come to the Saviour, this Friend tried and true;
   He'll pardon and cleanse you, your strength he'll renew.

4. When shall I ever his dear name exalt?
   Won't you let the dear Saviour be your Saviour too?

5. Will you join the chorus?
   He is the Friend of sinners, Faithful and loving.

Chorus:
praises begun? He took all my burden away.
dear name exalt; He took all my burden away.
save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden away.

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Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.

tried and true; Won't you let the dear Saviour be your loving

No. 21. Why Do You Linger?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.

1. O why do you linger, my brother? O why do you still stay a-way?
2. To save your poor soul he is yearning, O come to him now, while you may;
3. O careless one, great is your danger; Around you are fetters of sin;
4. O wait not for further conviction, But come to him just as you are:

For you a dear Saviour is waiting To give you salvation to-day.
His hand pierced for you holds out mercy, O why not receive it to-day?
Escape to the only safe refuge, And Jesus will welcome you in.
Look up thro' the gloom and the darkness To Jesus, the bright Morning Star.

CHORUS.

Why do you linger? Why do you linger? The Saviour is calling to-day;

O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.

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No. 22.  

Roll it Off.  

E. E. Hewitt.  

1. Roll it off on Jesus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee.
2. Roll it off on Jesus, Ev'ry pressing grief; He will sweetly comfort thee.
3. Roll it off on Jesus, Ev'ry heart-request; Bring him thy petition.

Breathing peace within; Ev'ry haunting mem'ry, Ev'ry gloomy fear,
He will give relief; Precious consolation Cometh from above.
For he knoweth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care.

Chorus.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ever near,
There is grace to help us In his wondrous love. Roll it off, roll it off, Too
great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Jesus, Lean upon his breast; He is calling, "Come and rest."

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No. 23. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.  Wm. G. FISHER.  By per.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is higher than I; O, then, to the

Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.
No. 24. In the Morning of Joy.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.  A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors im-
mor-tal Shall en-vel-op the skies; When the An-gel of Death Shall no
lon-ger destroy, And the dead shall a-wak-en In the morn-ing of joy, all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morn-ing of joy?

2. When the King shall appear In his beauty on high, And shall summon hi-
children To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
for-get-ten With its sorrows and tears.

3. O the bliss of that morn When our lov’d ones we meet! With the songs of the
ransom’d We each oth-er shall greet, Sing-ing praise to the Lamb, Tar-o-
glo-ry In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the

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In the Morning of Joy.—Concluded.

1. When my wea-ry feet reach the shining goal, And the master's voice greets my rap-tured soul; Where the waves of joy shall around me roll, O say, will you felt no more; When I find the lov'd ones who've gone before, O say, will you praise prolong; When my voice shall join in the glad, new song, O say, will you

2. When I sweet-ly rest on the peace-ful shore, Where the blight of sin shall be meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? Say, will you meet me there?

3. When I stand at last with the white-rob'd throng, To adore my King, and his In the home a-bove, In the land of love, O say, will you meet me there?

Chorus.

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1. As of old when the hosts of Is-ra-el Were compelled in the wild-der-
ess to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the

2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
faint-ing hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the
faint-ing hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the

3. All the day of their wand'ring they were fed, To the land of the prom-ise
sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey
sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey

4. By the hand of the Lord in guid-an-ce sure, They were

CHORUS.

light of per-fect day,

So the sign of the fire by night, And the

brought to Canaan's shore.

brought to Canaan's shore.

on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,

on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,
The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God, in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 27. Heavenly Sunlight.

1. Walking in sunlight, all of my journey; Over the mountains
2. Shadows around me, shadows above me, Never conceal my
3. In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Jesus has said, "I'll never forsake thee," Savour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no darkness,
mansions above; Singing his praises, gladly I'm walking,

D.S.—Hallelujah! I am rejoicing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Promise divine that never can fail. Ever I'm walking close to his side. Heavenly sunlight,

Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.

Sing-ing his praises, Jesus is mine.

heavenly sunlight, Flooding my soul with glory divine;

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No. 28. Ship of Zion.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

1. There's a wail from the islands of the sea, (of the sea,) There's a
2. There's a moan from the desert, full of pain, (full of pain,) There's a
3. There's a groan from the Ganges where they fall (where they fall,) At the

voice that is calling you and me, (you and me,) In the old Ship of
sigh over Africa's sunny plain, (sunny plain,) In the old Ship of
feet of the idols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,) In the old Ship of

Zion, The strong help of Zion, The good news of Zion, carry ye!
Zion, The strong help of Zion, Bear good news of Zion, o'er the main.
Zion, The strong help of Zion, The good news of Zion, bear them all!

CHORUS.

"Come over and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry;) "Come over and

help us, or we die," (or we die,) { I see the woe falling,
A cross the wide waters,
I see idols falling,

28
Ship of Zion.—Concluded.

I hear the voice call-ing; O Ship of Sal-va-tion, thith-er fly.
Hear Af-ric's dark daughters; O Ship of Sal-va-tion, thith-er fly.
And In-di-a call-ing; O Ship of Sal-va-tion, thith-er fly.

No. 29.

Save One.

Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
Go in his spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,

Save one to-day; Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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There's Time Enough Yet.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" Is the song of youth to-day;
   "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and gay.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.

2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press hard.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.
   "I want to taste awhile the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first part-scarred.

3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly by.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.
   "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern demand.

CHORUS.

Then turn to the Lord while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain regret:

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There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.

That my soul is lost, and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."

No. 31. Come Home.

W. F. CORNER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Saviour invites you, poor wand'rer, to come; The Father is

2. Return to the Father, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you

3. Poor wand'er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you

4. Come home, trembling mourner, O come and be blest; Here lay down your

wait-ing to wel-come you home; Now cease from your wand'ring so

per-ish when plen-ty is near? O leave the lone des-ert where

lin-ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un-wor-thy, with

bur-dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone-ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!

shad-ows are piled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!

sin all de-filed; The Fa-ther will wel-come the prod-i-gal child!

God rec-on-ciled; Re-turn to your Fa-ther, O prod-i-gal child!

CHORUS. Repeat Chorus, pp.

Come home, come home, O prod-i-gal child, come home!

Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 32.  *Take the Life-Boat.*

Mrs. H. Bradford Spoor.  
(Solo or Duet and Chorus.)  Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Are you wrecked upon life's ocean? Loud the waves about you roar;  
2. Linger not for earthly treasures, Yonder lies the land of gold;  
3. Precious souls, like you, have lingered; "Time enough" they gaily said;  
4. Take the life-boat, you are sinking, Do not wait a moment more;  

Still there's hope you need not perish; You may reach the heav'nly shore.  
Friends and lov'd ones there are waiting, There are joys for you un-told.  
Ere the morrow they had perished, They are numbered with the dead.  
This may be your final offer, Has ten now for youn-der shore.  

Chorus.

Take the life-boat; take the life-boat, See, the Saviour holding out a helping hand...... Wait no longer,  
Take the life-boat, take the life-boat,  

Wait no longer, take the life-boat, Start to-day for heaven's bright and happy land.  

*Consul Gen. Wildman and family, who went down with the Steamship Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 24, 1901, while entering the Golden Gate, San Francisco, might have been saved had they hastened into the life-boat. But while they waited to secure some valuables, the ship went down and they were lost.*  
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32
No. 33. To the Rescue.

Mrs. C. H. M.  Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. To the rescue! to the rescue! Souls are drifting with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this salvation, Blessed life-boat close at hand,
3. Some are conscious of their danger, And for succor loudly cry;
4. Human wrecks are all about us, Victims of the tempter’s pow’r;

Onward toward the rocks before them With the current swift they glide,
Ere their barks are wreck’d and scatter’d Far and near upon the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, hasten to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy beyond all telling Could we rescue one this hour!

 mf CHORUS.

Farther and farther away!... Farther and farther away!... drifting away,

 cresc.

With the current drifting by... To the rescue quickly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to-day.
God will help us if we only try.

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33
No. 34.  
Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. 

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. 

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drifting far from shore, leaning on an idle oar, You are
2. Lights upon the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voices from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they implore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

ocean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
boat be carried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
are it be too late, Ere for-er-er you have drifted, drifted down.

CHORUS. rit. 
a tempo. rit.  a tempo.

You are drifting down, drifting down To the
You are drifting, slowly drifting, you are slowly drifting down

dark and awful sea; You are drifting down From a Father's loving care,
dark and awful sea; You are drifting, slowly drifting.

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Drifting Down.—Concluded.

Drifting down.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.

No. 35. To That City Will You Go?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Where the jasper walls are beaming, Where the pearly portals are glowing;
2. Open are the shining portals, Shut by night or day are they never;
3. In that many-mansioned dwell-ing, Je-sus one for you is prepar-ing;
4. Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flow-ing;
5. There shall be no day's declining, Tho' no sun or moon light the heaven;

Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flow-ing:
With the glo-ri-fied im-mor-tals, Will you dwell with them for-ev- er?
Where ho-san-nas glad are swell-ing, Will you come their joy sweetly shar-ing?
From amidst the throne is shin-ing, Glo-ry from the Lord freely giv-en.

Chorus.

Down be-side the wondrous riv-er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,

We shall meet and live for-ev- er; To that cit-y will you go?

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35
No. 36.  Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F.  CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a little child, how
well I recollect

2. Tho' I was oft-wayward, she was
folly and neglect;

3. When I became a prodigal, and
act-ed rough and rude;

4. One day a message came to me; it
mourning after me,

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

She almost broke her loving heart in
And now that she has gone to heav'n, I
better, she would

bade me quickly come, If I would see my mother ere the
And day and night she prayed to God to

When she needed me, it

I promised her, before she died, for

and I would grievously grieve my mother with my
Saviour took her home; I promised her, before she died, for

So patient, gentle, loving, when I
keep me in his care,—O angels, tell my mother I'll be there.

She always kind and good,

If I would see my mother ere the

left the old roof-tree,

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I

bade me quickly come, If I would see my mother ere the

and rude;

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I

And now that she has gone to heav'n, I

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.

Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r, This
Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes,

message, guardian angels, to her bear; Tell
Tell my darling (Omit..................) s mother I'll be there.

No. 37. Right-About, Face.

E. R. LATTA, alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, wand'ring brother, in sin or disgrace; Turn, turn to
2. Enter the kingdom of mercy and grace! Jesus in-
3. Come to the Saviour, salvation embrace, Turn from all
4. He with the ransomed will grant you a place, If from your
5. Mighty redemption! it covers your case, Turning to

Chorus.

Jesus, O right-about, face.
Jesus, O right-about, face.
Jesus, O right-about, face.

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No. 38. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the silver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whisper in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

My spirit will its clay forsake, And find the haven-land of peace.
The silver cord will loose and fall, When I his tender voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall welcome me.

CHORUS. Slower.

The silver cord some day will break, And I to silver cord, will break,
end less joys awake; O then for me
shall life be done, (be done,) Eternal life and heav'n be won!

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No. 39.

Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far away from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-

wander'd, my Sav-iour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me
bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am fill'd with the light of the
round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in thee.
No. 40. Only a Few Short Years.

1. O it's only a few short years of heart-ache and longing;
2. O it's only a few short years, then waste not one moment;
3. O it's only a few short years, tho' pain oft o'er-take us;

Saviour will gently lead us Where we'll find all our heart's desire,
duty, tho' great or humble, In a spirit of tender love,
only and all for Jesus, In his service is joy complete;

When we cast away these earthly limitations On the
Then the little heav'n of love a-round you growing, You shall
If he bids you, wait in quiet, sweet communion; If he

joy-ful res-ur-rec-tion morn.
some day find in heav'n above. { O it's only a few short years,
sends you, go on swift glad feet.

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Only a Few Short Years.—Concluded.

No. 41. No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Geo. C. HUGO.

1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did e-ver saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-cas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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No. 42. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. Ray.

Effective as a Solo.

Music and Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

1. Sadly we sing and with trembling breath, As we stand by the mystical stream, In the valley and by the dark river of death. And yet 'tis no more than a dream.

2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest, In the bosom of Jesus supreme, In the mansions of glory prepared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.

3. Naught in the river the saints should appal, Thou'lt frightfully ill can befall, They find it no more than a dream.

4. Over the turbid and on-rushing tide, Doth the light of eternity gleam; And the ransomed the darkness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

Only a dream, only a dream Of glory beyond the dark stream, How peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is only a dream.

Used by permission.
1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rare-ness, And streets with a
pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
drear- y,—and no one can ev-er grow old.
beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God! A far-a-way

2. Its riv-ers of glad-ness Will ban-ish all sad-ness, And sor-row shall
van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
bright-en, That cit-y by night or by day.
sund-er, The path that in sorrow we trod.

3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven From o-ver that
bless of that home; And pil-grims who rest there, For-ev-er are
blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can shad-ow the

CHORUS.

O there is a cit-y, a
No. 44. What Will You Do?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Andante con moto.

Mrs. Fannie L. Simpson.

1. What will you do with Christ Jesus, the Lord? Behold him, he cometh this way; Close to thee now he is passing along And offering salvation to-day. O what will you do now that Christ is so near?

2. What will you do with the soul-cleansing blood That takes all defilement away? Crimson it flows, so abundant and free, And able to save you to-day. O what will you do? Will you let him pass by? Why not draw near him and tenderly hear him? O give him your heart while his grace is so near.

3. What will you do with the offer of grace, And heaven's remission of sin? Will you not open the door of your heart, And let the dear Saviour come in?
1. Cross the line, cross the line from the world to the Christ, He has waited so long there for you; Will you still hold as dear fleeting pleasures of earth, When the Saviour of men; Hear his voice “Come to Me,” take the step while you can, Slighted strengthening hand; Ere the dark shadows fall and life’s sun sinks to rest, On the days of your life are so few? once, he may ne’er call a-gain.

Cross the line, cross the line, he will Lord’s side rejoicingly stand.

not come to you, “Follow me,” heed the call and obey; (o- bey,) Cross the line, cross the line, it is only a step, From the world to the heavenly way.

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No. 46. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.


1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Someone will hear the angels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Someone will stand with an aching heart, While Jesus pronounces the
4. Someone will linger with tearful eyes, While Christ and his people as-
5. Someone will go into darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and

can not come." With sadness, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state-
bappy throng. With sighing, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state-
word, "de-part." With groaning, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state-
end the skies. With weeping, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state-
all that's dear. With anguish, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state-

CHORUS.

Turned away from the beautiful gate! Turned away from the beautiful

gate! Turned away from the beautiful gate! With sadness, he'll

mourn o'er his sorrowful state—Turned away from the beautiful gate!

Controlled by D. R. Dorch, Used by per. :46
No. 47.  God is Calling.  
E. BORTHWICK.  

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I cannot stay: My heart I yield without delay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base ly his kind care repay? He calls me still; can I delay?
I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart awake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

God is calling you, God is calling you, God is calling me,

Copyright, 1859, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
1. On the cross of Cal-va-ry, Je-sus died for thee and me; There he
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je-sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je-sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for-ev-er-more; Bless-ed
4. Clouds and darkness veili'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac-rifi-ce complete! Lord, I give my-self to
Je-sus, thou art mine, Dwell within for-ever-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
fin-ish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was fin-ished there for

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died! On the
thee, Soul and bod-y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the

D.S.—that Jesus died On the

cross of Cal-va-ry. On Calvary,.......... on Cal-va-ry,.......... It was for me
On Calvary, on Calvary,

cross of Cal-va-ry.
No. 49.  O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long deluded sight;
3. Our God in pity lingers still, And wilt thou thus his love requite?
4. Our blessed Lord refus-es none Who would to him their souls unite;

Poor sinner, hard'en not thy heart, Be saved, O tonight.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O tonight.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O tonight.
Believe, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O tonight.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?
No. 50. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

E. E. HENRY.

1. Seek ye first the kingdom; Not the things of earth, Priceless are the
2. Seek ye first the kingdom; Ever-last-ing love Woes you to the
3. Seek ye first the kingdom; Seek the "Gift of God;" 'Tis the Saviour's

1. treasures of immortal worth. Like a fitting shadow, Time will
2. blessings from the land above. Pardon and re-new-al, Righteous-
of-fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glory; He it

pass away, But the heav'nly riches Change not, nor de-cay.
ness and peace, Grace for ev'ry trial, Joys that never cease.
life's sweet aim, Him to serve and honor, Trusting in his name.

CHORUS.

Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promis

Ev-er-more rejoice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added;

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Seek Ye First the Kingdom.—Concluded.

No. 51. Calvary's Stream is Flowing.


1. From that dear cross where Jesus died, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin away, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;
3. For every contrite, wounded soul, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;
4. For every weary, aching heart, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;
5. With life and peace upon its tide, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;

From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.
Come, while 'tis called salvation's day, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.
Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.
A tender healing to impart, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.
Sweet blessings down the ages glide, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.

CHORUS.

Cal'vy's stream is flowing, Cal'vy's stream is flowing;
Flowing so free for you and for me, Cal'vy's stream is flowing.

Copyright, 1881, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 52.  Will You Come?

JERSEY H. BROWN.

1. There is rest for the weary, if rest they will seek, there is cheer for the lonely and strength for the weak, there is pardon and blessing, and wounded—be healed if you will, there is rest for your labors, and hope less, and light upon graves; O—hear the glad message and endless reward, there is perfect salvation in Jesus the Lord.

sweetness in rest, there is all that is purest, and dearest and best; heed the sweet call, there is room and a welcome with Jesus for all.

CHORUS.

Will you come, will you come to the Lord? Will you come? will you come? O, ye souls that have seen him revealed in his word? Will you come? will you come?... Will you come? will you come?

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No. 53. He Saves with Power Divine.

1. Hear again the blessed, blessed story Of the Saviour's wondrous pow'r to save; How for us he left his home in glory, Conquered sin, death and the grave.

2. Sorrow, toil, and pain were in his pathway All along his journey here below, Leading him at last to Calvary's mountain, All to save our souls from woe.

3. May we now accept this blessed Saviour Who has done so much for me and you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.

Chorus.

Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Sing a-loud the sto-ry; Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Give him all the praise and glory; Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Saves this soul of mine; Je-sus saves, Jesus saves. He saves with pow'r divine.

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Will You Be One?

No. 54.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Will you be among the number of the happy blood-wash'd throng
To the feet of the Redeemer and unite to crown him King,
Who, in spite of all against them, with their Lord are going through
For the coming of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright;

Will you, will you be one?........... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will
Will you be one? will you be one?

run the children's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that

Will You Be One?—Concluded.

city of delight where our faith is lost in sight, By the grace of God I'll meet you there.

No. 55. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M.

Mary Hubert Mumford.

1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes home to all,
2. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? Life's pleasures will soon be o'er;
3. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? Shall all with your soul be well?
4. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? The angels now bend to hear;
5. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? The dear ones, who've gone before,

The old, the young, the rich, the poor, Must answer the solemn call.
Their songs and mirth will pass away, And leave you for-ev-er more.
Say, will you en-ter Gates of Pearl, Or ev-er in dark-ness dwell?
O choose to-day a place of rest, With Jesus, your Friend so dear.
With long-ing eyes your com-ing wait, O meet them on you-der shore.

CHORUS.

Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? Do not the an-swer de-lay;

Ritardando..........................

Shall all be darkness or marvellous light? Settle this question to-day.

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No. 56. **Drifting Away from God.**

**Mrs. J. A. Griffith.**

1. Drifting away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting away from mercy and truth,
2. Drifting away from mother and home, Drifting away in sorrow to roam,
3. Drifting away on sin’s treach’rous tide, Drifting where death and darkness abide,
4. Drifting away from hope’s blessed shore,
5. Why will you drift on billows of shame?

Drifting to sin in tenderest youth, Drifting away from God.
Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting away from God.
Drifting where friends your fate will de-ride, Drifting away from God.

**Chorus.**

Brother, the Saviour has called you before; See! you are nearing eternity’s shore! Soon you may perish, be lost evermore, Jesus now calls for you.

4 Drifting away from hope’s blessed shore,
5 Why will you drift on billows of shame?
Drifting away where wild breakers roar,
Spurning his grace again and again?
Drifted and stranded, wreck’d evermore,
Soon you’ll be lost! in sin to remain,
Far from the light of God.

Ever away from God.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhern. Used by per.
1. Listen to the blessed invitation, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
   2. Weary toil-er, sad and heavy laden, Joy-ful-ly the great salva-tion see,
   3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living wa-ters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,

Chiming softly with a heav-en-ly ca-dence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy press-ing utmost need.

CHORUS.

Him that cometh unto me, Him that cometh unto me,
Him that cometh unto me, Him that cometh unto me,
Him that cometh unto me,....... I will in no-wise cast out.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful
Cometh for his healing torch divine.
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.
No. 58.  This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. Hear the precious gospel story, Told to sinners long ago;
2. Now accept this "faithful saying," Let it draw you to his feet;
3. All your sins shall be forgiven, Washed in Calvary's stream today;
4. Grasp anew this "faithful saying," Trusting Jesus, doubt no more;
5. Free take the great salvation Bought upon the cross for you;

O what comfort, O what glory, From this blessed truth shall flow.
Come to him, no more delaying, Find in him deliverance sweet.
All your fetters shall be riven, All your darkness flee away.
Pressing onward, watching, praying, Enter every open door.
Bow the heart in adoration, Give your life in service true.

CHORUS. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful saying, This is a faithful saying, This is a faithful

say-lug, And worthy of all acceptance, That Christ Jesus came. That

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E. E. H.

1. That grand word "whosoever" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ever
2. Whenev-er this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ever
3. I heard the lovin' message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ever
4. To God be all the glo-ry! his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-ever

will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who com, believing he'll to the utmost save,

CHORUS.

Who-so-ever will may come. O that "who-so-ever will

Who-so-ever will

Who-so-ever will; The Saviour's in-vi-

Who-so-ever will,

ta-tion is free-ly sounding still, Who-so-ever will may come.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 60. Meet Me in the City.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the cit-y of our King, Wash'd in the blood
2. Be-hold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood
3. When fears and doubts be-set us, let us ring it out a-gain, Wash'd in the blood
4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood

Chorus.
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O, meet me in the cit-y of the
new Je-ru-sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the
cit-y of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1897; by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 61.  

**Come unto Me.**

E. F. S.

E. F. Stanton.

1. The Saviour sweetly calls to-day "O come unto Me and rest;"
2. The Saviour whispers tenderly "O come unto Me and rest;"
3. The risen Saviour calls in love "O come unto Me and rest;"
4. The Saviour calls from mansions bright "O come unto Me and rest;"

---

I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O come unto Me and rest."
I died for thee on Calvary, O come unto Me and rest."
With joy and gladness look above, O come unto Me and rest."
My yoke is easy, burden light, O come unto Me and rest."

**CHORUS.**

Come unto Me, Come unto Me, Come unto Me,

Come unto Me, O come unto Me,

O come unto Me, come unto Me, come unto Me,

And I will give you rest. sweet rest.

---

1. Friends who have loved me are slipping away, Silently
2. Dimly thro' gathering darkness I see Jesus, my
3. Narrow the waters, and tranquil the shore; There my be-
onward they glide; Still are their voices, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; Angels are watching and waiting for me,
loved abide—Christ and the angels and friends gone before,

CHORUS.

Calling me over the tide. Calling to me, they are

calling to me, Loved ones are calling me over the tide, They are

calling to me, they are calling to me, Calling me over the tide.
No. 63.  Meet Me There.

H. E. B. - S. H. B. E.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear'est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest forever sung, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In to
heav'n no thro' of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
city of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,

D.S.

blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 64. He will Meet Me At the Portal.

IRVIN H. MACK.

DUET. Soprano and Alto, or Tenor.

1. When the cares of life have ended
   And I cross the silent stream;
2. I shall know my blessed Saviour
   When he comes to greet me there,
3. O, the joys of that glad meeting,
   Precious thought! it thrills me now,

As I reach the heav'ly portal
   And its glories on me beam;
When he takes me to him gently,
   Bids me all those blessings share.
I shall hear him bid me welcome,
   Feel his kiss upon my brow.

I shall hear the song of welcome,
   As I sweep within the wall,
I shall hear his voice so tender,
   And his kindly face shall see,
There I'll sing the songs of Zion,
   There with saints communion hold,

I shall see the Saviour coming
   And shall know his loving call.
I shall rest upon his bosom,
   Praise him thro' eternity.
There I'll shout glad hallelujahs,
   Safe within the heav'ly fold.

Chorus.

He will meet me at the portal,
   He will lead me

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

64
He will Meet Me At the Portal.—Concluded.

lead me by the hand,............ Bid me welcome to his
by the hand, will lead me by the hand, Bid me welcome to his man-sions, rallentando.

man-sions,.......... In that bright and happy land,.................. 
welcome to his mansions, In that bright and happy, happy land

No. 65. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav’n to me;
2. Once heav-en seem’d a far-off place,Till Je-sus showed his smiling face:
3. What matters whereon earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell;

And ’mid earth’s sorrow and its woe, ’Tis heav’n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it’s be-gun with-in my soul, ’Twill last while end-less a-ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, ’tis heav-en there.

D.S.—On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, ’tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal-le-lu-jah, yes, ’tis heav’n, ’Tis heav’n to know my sins for-giv’n;

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No. 66. 

Hear Him Calling.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. 
P. F. BILHORN.

1. Don't you hear the Saviour calling To those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Saviour calling How he loves each wandering child:
3. Don't you hear the Saviour calling? He may never call again;

Don't you hear him calling you from sin away (from sin away)?
What rejoicing when he sees one coming home (one coming home)?
It is now he bids you turn to him and live (O, turn and live);

Can't you catch the tender pleading, As he bids you to his feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheerless, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For his ways are ways of pleasantness, And all his paths are peace;

CHORUS.

There to learn love's sweetest lesson for each day? 
To restrain him in his search for those who roam. 
'Tis a life of joy and happiness he'll give.

Heed his tender voice; Listen, listen, Make to-day the choice. Calling, calling,
Hear Him Calling.—Concluded.

Sweeter than before; Now in loving, tender tones He calls once more.

No. 67.

Why Not Now.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far away; Do not risk another day,
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, obedience make; Come to Christ and pardon take;

Chorus.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?

Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case. Used by per.
No. 68. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. Hewitt.  ANNA F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father above, No gift so precious to
him as our love, Softly he whispers wherever thou art,
gain and again; "Turn now from sin, and from evil depart,
keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to in-part,
b
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-

CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."}
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." }

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark

world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 69. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?

2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready, For the judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, ill.
No. 70. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,
No. 71. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

O. H. M.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Jesus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Jesus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart;

If you desire a new life to begin, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Jesus come into your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubts give o'er; Just now, reject him no more;
Just now, my doubts are o'er; Just now, rejecting no more;

Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

Copyright, 1895, by H. L. Gilmore. Used by per. 71
No. 72. Who Will Follow Jesus?  

E. E. Hewitt.  

1. Who will follow Jesus; Standing for the right, Holding up his banner  
2. Who will follow Jesus In life's busy ways, Working for the Master,  
3. Who will follow Jesus When the tempter charms, Fleeing then for safety  
4. Who will follow Jesus In his work of love? Leading others to him  

In the thickest fight? Listening for his orders, Ready to obey,  
Giving him the praise? Earnest in his vineyard, Honoring his laws,  
To the Saviour's arms? Trusting in his mercy, Trusting in his pow'r,  
Lifting prayers above? Courage, faithful servant; In his word we see,  

CHORUS.  

Who will follow Jesus, Serving him today?  
Faithful to his counsel, Watchful for his cause.  
Seeking fresh renewals Of his grace each hour?  
On our side forever Will this Saviour be.  

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow Jesus?  

Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"  

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 73.  I Want to Go There.

H. L.

1. We are told of a home in that city above, When with life and its cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jasper, the streets are of gold;—
gives me to do, For the thought is refreshing as homeward I look;

2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And I'll stand at my post, And I'll stand at my post,

3. Soon this brief life is ended, our work here is done, For the days are so fleeting and few,Where lov'd ones have gathered. no death ever comes;

4. There none but the pure shall that city behold. 'Tis the home of the faithful and true, Where the Saviour a mansion for me has prepared;

CHORUS.

Where lov'd ones are waiting in that homeland so fair, Where there's never a trial, a sorrow or care, I want to go there, don't you?

I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I expect to go there, don't you?

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73
No. 74.  Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.  

1. I've wandered far away from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wasted many precious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now repent with bitter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, believe thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope restore, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home, Never more to roam;

O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
   Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
   Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
   Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
   Lord, I'm coming home.

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74
No. 76. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin.


W. G. Toms.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still divide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Jesus' feet,
meet at Jesus' feet,

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, Washington, D. C. Used by per.
No. 76. They Say there's a Land.

1. They say there's a land o'er the ocean, Where wonders and beauties are seen,
   They say it's a glorious Eden, Where Saviour's command, none but the blessed convene.

2. They say we shall dwell there forever, If we list to our Saviour's command, safe in that beautiful land.
   They say we shall never be happy, When bright, golden shore, many friends for that land have been.

3. They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we meet on that bright, golden shore, 'Tis there we shall meet loving.
   They say we shall clasp hands so gladly And to gather rejoice ever-more.

   O, let us prepare for the
They Say there's a Land.—Concluded.

They have crossed over life's troubled sea, ..... O let us sail
Jesus, Who suffered and died, us to save, ..... He will stand on the
journey, Let our hearts be kept loyal and true, ..... Then the Saviour will

parted, They have crossed over life's troubled sea, ..... O let us sail
Jesus, Who suffered and died, us to save, ..... He will stand on the
journey, Let our hearts be kept loyal and true, ..... Then the Saviour will

over and meet them, Jesus' life-boat will carry us free.
bright shore, and hail us, As we ride o'er the last broken wave.
watch and protect us, Till the mansions of heaven are in view.

CHORUS.

Then sail sail a-way o'er the ocean, Where we'll join with the bright angel band,

Then sail sail a-way o'er the ocean, To our home in that happy, happy land.

77
No. 77. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.  J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn to setting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glory of his resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is

gather over on the other shore, And the roll is called up
gather to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
over, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per. of J. M. Black, owner.
Familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs.

No. 78.  Coronation.  C. M.

Edw. Perronet.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race,—A rem-nant weak and small,—
3. Let ev'-ry kin-dred, ev'-ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball;
4. O that, with you-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all,
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj-es-ty as-crive, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 79.  Ortonville.  C. M.

John Newton.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't, But when I
4. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With ev'-ry fleeting breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest,
see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.
No. 80.  Antioch.  C. M.

Isaac Watts.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found.
The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love,

And heaven and nature sing,
Repeat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of his love, And wonders, wonders of his love.

No. 81.  Christmas.  C. M.

Philip Doddridge.

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
2. A cloud of witnesses a-round Hold thee in full survey; Forget the
3. 'Tis God's all animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee, Have I my race begun, And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.
steps already trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye, To thine aspiring eye.
victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down, I'll lay my honors down.
No. 82.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.
May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart.
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread.
When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream.

RAY PALMER

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.
May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart.
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread.
When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream.

No. 83.

Spring. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne—
A heart for a lowly, contrite heart, Confiding, true, and clean,
A heart that always feels the blood So freely shed for me;

L. C. EVERETT

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne—
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A heart that always feels the blood So freely shed for me;

L. C. EVERETT

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne—
A heart for a lowly, contrite heart, Confiding, true, and clean,
No. 84.  My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.  A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
   fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
   Sav-iour art thou, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
   thorns on thy brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   thorns on thy brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   His head with ra-di-ant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
   cold on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   cold on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.

4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-
   crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   crown on my brow, If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
   For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.

No. 85.  Manoah.  C. M.

8. STENNITT.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-sness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow;
   His head with ra-di-ant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
   His head with ra-di-ant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

2. No mor-tal can with him com-pare A-mong the sons of men;
   Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
   Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.

3. He saw me plun ged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief;
   For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
   For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
   He makes me tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
   He makes me tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
   To heaven, the place of his abode,
   To heaven, the place of his abode,

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
   Such proofs of love divine,
   Such proofs of love divine,

   He brings my weary feet;
   Had I a thou-sand hearts to give,
   Had I a thou-sand hearts to give,

   Shows me the glories of my God,
   Lord they should all be thine.
   Lord they should all be thine.
No. 86.  Penitence.  6s, 5s.  D.

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base deceit
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sorrows
3. Should thy mercy send me sorrow, toil and woe, Or should pain at
4. When my last hour cometh, fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returns

no — al I depart from thee, When thou seest me waver, With a

sare treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-

tend me On my path below: Grant that I may never Fail thy

urn-eth To the dust again; On thy truth relying, Thro' that

look recall, Nor for fear nor favor Suffer me to fall.

sem-a-ne, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.

hand to see; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on thee.

mor-tal strife, Jesus, take me dying, To eternal life.

No. 87.  Why Keep Jesus Waiting.

1. Why keep Jesus waiting, Waiting in the cold? He will hear you gently,
2. Why keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door? Oft he knocketh softly,
3. Why keep Jesus pleading, Pleading at the door? He would be your Saviour,
4. Why keep Jesus waiting—Knocking at the door? Soon he'll cease his pleading,

Gently to his fold; See him, soul, and open, Open, I implore.

Softly, o'er and o'er; Hear him, soul, and open, Open, I implore.

Ever, ever more; Love him, soul, and open, Open, I implore.

Yes, for ever more; Come, poor soul, obey him, Open, I implore.

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No. 88.  Ariel.  C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY,  LOWELL MASON,

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And view with
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all
Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glories known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

No. 89.  He is Calling.

F. W. FABER,  Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;

CHORUS.

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

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.
No. 90. Varina. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

Geo. F. Root.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal dwell;
In-finite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.
Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd be-tween.
O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes.

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs;
But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours,
And lin-ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 91. Work. 7s, 6s, 5s.

SIXNEY Dyer.

LOWELL MASON.

Work, for the night is coming, Work, thro' the morning hours:
Work, while the dew is sparkling. (Omit. . . . . . . . .) Work, mid springing flow'rs.
D.C. - Work, for the night is coming, (Omit. . . . . . . . .) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright thins are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.
No. 92. Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
Could my seal no res - pite know, Could my tears for- ey - er flow,
Na - ked, come to thee for dress; Help-less, look to thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
Vile, I to the mount-a-nan fly, Wash me, Sav -our, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 93. Woodworth. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am-poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ing with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
No. 94. Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not withstanding all;
3. The numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He justly claims a song from me, His loving kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, O how great!
He safely leads my soul along, His loving kindness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, O how good!

Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how good!

No. 95. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus,
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus,
2. Your many sins are all forgiven, O hear the voice of Jesus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.

D.C.—Sweetest carol ever sung, 1 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
   No other name but Jesus:
   O how my soul delights to hear
   The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small.
   Who love the name of Jesus,
   May now accept the gracious call
   To work and live for Jesus.

87
No. 96.  How Firm a Foundation.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to vale or a-hounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and ter-

2. In every condition—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-
er-ty's can not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sov-

5. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I you, he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? land, on the sea—As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be. cause thee to stand, Upheld by my right-ous, om-nip-o-tent hand. tem-

6. "Twist me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 97.  Pilot Me.  7s.  6 lines.


1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; D.C.—Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

D. C.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal:

2 As a mother stills her child Then canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still." Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar "Twist me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."
No. 98.
Rowley. 5s, 6s, 9s.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 99. Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

R. ROBINSON.

1. How hap-py are they Who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have laid up their
2. This com-fort is mine, Since the fa-vor di- vine I have found in the
3. 'Tis a heav-en be-low My Re-deem-er to know; And the an-gels can
4. What a mer-cy is this! What a heav-en of bliss! How un-speak-a-ble

treasures a-bove! Tongue can-not ex-press The sweet comfort and peace
blood of the Lamb; Since the truth I believed, What a joy I’ve re-ceived,
do no-th-ing more Than to fall at his feet. And the sto-ry re-pet,
hap-py am I! Gathered in-to the fold, With be-liev-ers enrol-

1. O thou Fount of ev’ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

D.C.—While the hope of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee: May I still thy goodness prove,

2 Here I’ll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I’ve come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I’m constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love,
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.
No. 100.  Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon.

1. 'Tis re-Jig-ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet-est
2. 'Tis re-Jig-ion must sup-ply, In the light, in the light, Sol-id
3. Af-ter death the joys will be, In the light, in the light, Last-ing
4. Be the liv-ing God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
com-fort when we die In the light of God.
as e- ter-nal-ty, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,
bliss shall nev-er end, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
com-fort when we die In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light.
bliss shall nev-er end, In the light of God.

No. 101.  Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

H. W. B. MARSH.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly,
While the bit-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;

D.C.-Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hang my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed.
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raiseth the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;

Just and holy is thy name;
Prince of peace and righteousness:
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!
No. 102.  O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell the triumphs all abroad.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows, To him that merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day.

No. 103.  Revive Us Again.

WM. PATTON MACKAY.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
2. We praise thee, O God! for the Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has cleans'd every stain, Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-
sought us, and guided our ways, will die with fire from above.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS.

In-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Re-vive us a-gain.
No. 104. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the penitent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, come, ever knowing Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing From the throne of God, pure from above; Come to the feast of love; here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

No. 105. Siloam. C. M.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve.
2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose; His kingdom now I'll enter in, What-ever may oppose.
3. Humbly I'll bow at his command, And there my guilt confess; I'll own I am a wretch undone, Without his sovereign grace.
4. Surely he will accept my plea, For he has bid me come; Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room.
5. I cannot perish if I go; I am resolved to try.

His kingdom now I'll enter in, What-ever may oppose.
I'll own I am a wretch undone, Without his sovereign grace.
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room.
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die.

92
No. 106. Lead, Kindly Light. 10s, 4s.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar-lish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar-lish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past ye-ars.
an-ge-l fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

No. 107. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee!
2. Though like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee!
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy given, An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee!
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee!
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee!

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,

D.S. — Near-er to thee!
No. 108. What a Friend We Have.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer.
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we often felt, O, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

Boylston. S. M.

No. 109. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from every eye.
2 The Son of God in tears The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
3 He wept that we might weep—Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

No. 110. The Accepted Time.

1 Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.
2 Now is th' accepted time, The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late; Then why should you delay?
3 Now is th' accepted time, The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word Declares there yet is room.

—John Dobell.
No. 111.  Pleyel.  7s.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
   Stay not for the morrow’s sun:
   Wisdom, if you still despise,
   Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
   Stay not for the morrow’s sun,
   Lest thy season should be o’er
   Ere this evening’s stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
   Stay not for the morrow’s sun,
   Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
   Ere salvation’s work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
   Stay not for the morrow’s sun,
   Lest perdition thee arrest
   Ere the morrow is begun.

—Thos. Scott.

No. 112.  Come to Jesus Just Now.

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, etc.
3. He is able, etc.
4. He is willing, etc.
5. He is ready, etc.
6. O believe him, etc.
7. O receive him, etc.
8. Don’t reject him, etc.

No. 113.  I Will Go.

1. I will go, I cannot stay
   From the arms of love away;
   O for strength of faith to say,
   Jesus died for me.

2. Tho’ I long have tried in vain,
   Tried to break the tempter’s chain,
   Yet to-night I’ll rise at once
   And go, Jesus died for me.

3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe;
   I will rise at once
   And go, Jesus died for me.

4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho’ my sins like mountains roll,
   Jesus’ blood will make me whole;
   A place for me.

5. I obey the Saviour’s call,
   Now to him I yield my all,
   At his feet, where others fall,
   There’s a place for me.

CHORUS.

Can it be, O, can it be
   Can it be, O, can it be
   Can it be, O, can it be
   Can it be, O, can it be
   Can it be, O, can it be
   Can it be, O, can it be

There is hope for one like me;
   I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

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