1906

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

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/crs_books

Part of the Christianity Commons, Liturgy and Worship Commons, and the Music Commons

Recommended Citation

http://digitalcommons.acu.edu/crs_books/39

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Stone-Campbell Resources at Digital Commons @ ACU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Stone-Campbell Books by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ ACU. For more information, please contact dc@acu.edu.
SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS.

No. 1.  Rescue the Perishing.

FAVRY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, "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;

2. Though they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, filling the tent of sling the buried that

3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempest,

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it, Death for thy labor the

Chorus:

Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save. He will forgive if they only believe. Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Rescue the perishing

Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane. Used by per
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,

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.  

1. We may light- en 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, Kin- dle hope, and ban- ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind- ly deed, or sun- ny smile; We may gird- le day and night
mus- ic will the lone- ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds away,
pain, or take a- way the sting of guile; O 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
singing,         singing all the while; bright- er,

smile,............ Keep the song sing- ing! lone- ly hours we may be- guile,
brighter with a smile;

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.
No. 4. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. 3.

Duet.

1. O the best friend to have is Jesus, When the cares of life upon you fall;
   He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

2. What a friend I have found in Jesus! Peace and comfort to my soul he brings;
   He will help you Jesus every day.

3. Though I pass through the night of sorrow, And the chilly waves of Jordan roll;
   He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
   He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

4. When at last to our home we gather, With the loved ones who have gone before,
   We shall sing upon the shore, Praising him forever more;
   O the best friend to have is Jesus, He will help you Jesus all the way.

Copyright, 1896, by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by per.
No. 5. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.  
SOLO OR QUARTET.  
REV. 2: 20.  
GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

With great expression. Tempo ad. lib.

1. Behold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
2. Behold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
3. Behold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
4. Behold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
5. Behold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?

I'm Jesus who for thee once died, On Calvary's hill was crucified, I now have called with thee to abide, May I come in?

May I come in? At times before I've knocked at thy door, May I come in? I'm Jesus who for thee once died, On Calvary's hill was crucified, I now have called with thee to abide, May I come in?

May I come in? Thy greatest foes thou dost not oppose; May I come in? I'm Jesus clad in garments red, Sharp thorns were pressed into my head, For thee, for thee, my blood was shed, May I come in?

May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May I come in? I'm Jesus who can change to-day The darkest night that shrouds thy way, And to the end of time I'll stay, May I come in?

May I come in? Thy soul distressed shalt find sweetest rest, May I come in? I'm Jesus, heaven's mighty King, Salvation to thy door I bring, A living and an un-failing spring, May I come in?

May I come in? Why have me wait till it be too late? May I come in? I'm Jesus risen from the grave, My life for all mankind I gave, I'll knock once more thy soul to save, May I come in?

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 6. The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. We tell it as we journey 'ward the mansions built above, The grand old story of salvation; We sing it out with gladness, in the melodies of love, The grand old story of salvation.

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 never-fading light, 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, cloth'd 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, to every tribe and nation,

Ring it out every where,

Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
The Grand Old Story, etc.—Concluded.

ring it out ev-erywhere,

The grand old story of sal-va-tion.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

28.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(ISAIAH 1: 18.)

DUET. Gently.

No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
No. 8. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov-ing hands; In the
2. Come, for all things are read-y; why will you stay a-way? Hear the
3. 'Tis a feast ev-er-last-ing, a-bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the

midst of the banquet the gen- tle Saviour stands: Then no lon-ger go
kind in - vi - ta-tion; O come, with-out de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
roving o'er deserts bare and wild, See! the Father now is wait-ing to va-

Chorus.

greet his wea-ry child. You're invited,........ are you com- ing?.....
you in youn-der home.
bid you welcome there.)

to the feast.
to the feast.

O ac-cept the in - vi - ta-tion; all things are read-y, come;
See the Fa- ther now is wait-ing to (Omit.) welcome wand' rers home.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 9. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

ELYSE A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2. O, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms; O, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlasting arms? I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning, leaning on Jesus.

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on Jesus, Leaning, leaning on Jesus.

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
No. 10.  
When Love Shines In.  

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.  

1. Jesus comes with power to glad-den, When love shines in, 
   Every life that woe can sad-den, When love shines in. 

2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, 
   Dark-est sorrow will grow bright-er, When love shines in, 

3. Bur-den light-er, When love shines in, 
   True and ten-der, When love shines in, 

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

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   Love will teach us how to pray, 
   Love will drive the gloom away, 

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   Joy in du - ty, When love shines in. 
   Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in. 

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   Tri - als may be sancti - fied, 
   And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in. 

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   ‘Tis the glo - ry that will throw light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in. 
   And light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in. 

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   And the heart re - joice in du - ty, When love shines in. 
   And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in. 

When love shines in,       When love shines in, 
   And the heart re - joice in du - ty, When love shines in. 
   And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in. 

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.


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.
No. 12. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. O the soul thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
hurst of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the river I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall

reach the other side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, 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.
mingled with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him. And redeemed by his side I shall stand.
I shall know him.

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

Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Swenev. Used by per.
No. 13. We Shall Reign with Him in Glory.

J. B. MACKAY.

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 mists 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 wond'rous 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.

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 14.  

Blessed Assurance.

I. Blessed assur- ance, Je-sus is mine!  O what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

...glory divine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech- oes of
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill’d with his

Chorus.

Spir-it, washed in his blood,
mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in his love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Used by permission.
I Will Tell the Story.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I will tell the story How the Lord in glory Has from sin removed me, bless his holy name; Saved my soul completely.

2. I was worn and weary, All my way seemed dreary 'Till I heard my Saviour's pardoning voice within; Then life lost its sadness, story o'er and o'er repeat; With his grace upholding,

3. In his love abiding, In his shadow hiding, I will still the story o'er and o'er repeat; With his grace upholding,

By his grace so sweetly, I will evermore his wondrous love proclaim.

All was joy and gladness, Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin. And his arms en-folding, I am safe forever in a sure retreat.

CHORUS.

I will tell the story, how..... the Lord in glory,

I will tell the wondrous story, I will tell the wondrous story,

Christ the blest Redeemer, Offers pardon full and free.

Christ the Lord of life and glory.

Copyright, 1885, by Leonard Daugherty. The McQuiddy Printing Co., owners.

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

Send the welcome word a-long, 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 sheath the swords, Jesus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,

Boar your 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!
Thro' dreams, with faith to live, Joy to you and all mankind, Jesus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow, Rally now and sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for Jesus, ev'rywhere you go, Lift your joyful voices high,

Copyright, 1891, by A. F. Myers. By per. 16
No. 17. The Stranger at the Door.

Joseph Groos.

T. C. O'Kane. By per.

1. Behold, a stranger at the door! He gently knocks—has knock'd 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 ene-my and thine;
5. Admit him, ere his anger burn; His feet, de-parted, ne'er re-turn!

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
The soul-de-stroy-ing monster—sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
Admit him, or the house'sat hand, You'll at his door re-ject-ed stand.

Chorus.

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

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

Jesus Lives.—Concluded.

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Jesus lives.
No. 18.  Come to Him To-day.

W. A. C.

1. Come, O come to Je-sus, Come to him to-day; Come while he is plead-ing;
2. Look a-way to Cal-v'ry, There your Sav-iour died; On the cross he suf-fered,
3. Come, O come to Je-sus, Look to him a-lone; None but he can save you,
4. Come while we are sing-ing, Come now while we pray; Come unto your Saviour,

Come to him we pray; Take him as your Sav-ion, On his word re-ly;
There was cruc-i-fied; Hear, while he is call-ing, Come now while you may;
None but he a-tone; Christ the great Re-deem-er, Christ the liv-ing way,
Come to him to-day; An-gels now are wait-ing To make heav-en ring,

FINE. CHORUS.

Come while he is wait-ing, Come while he is nigh.
Come while he is plead-ing Come, O come to-day.
Won't you let him save you, Won't you come to-day?
For a soul re-turn-ing To his Lord and King.

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

Come to him to-day, Je-sus now is call-ing you to

D.S.

come to-day, Won't you heed his prom-ise, Turn un-to his way?

Copyright, 1869, by J. Henry Showalter. Used by permission.
No. 19.  

Open the Door to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.  
F. E. FARRAR.

1. Open the door to Jesus, He at thy thresh-old stands,

2. Open the door to Jesus, Soon, ere he turns away,

3. Open the door to Jesus, Hast-en to meet thy King,

4. Open the door to Jesus, Bid him with glad-ness come,

Pleading with thee for en-trance, Pleading with nail-scarred hands,

Wounded in spirit to leave thee, Grieved at thy long de-lay.

Wonder-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.

Open the door to Jesus, 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.

Copyright, 1906, by The McQuiddy Printing Co.
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.
O when shall I ever his mountain my sins off did roll.
I'll tell it to others, his cause you, your strength he'll renew.
If only you'll let him, he'll take all your burden away.

2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul
When like a great salvation, no comfort within.
When shall I ever his mountain my sins off did roll.
I'll tell it to others, his cause you, your strength he'll renew.
If only you'll let him, he'll take all your burden away.

3. Come, come to the Saviour, this Friend tried and true;
He'll pardon and save thro' and thro';
Won't you let the dear Saviour be your Saviour too?

Chorus.

Praises begin? He took all my burden away.
Dear name ex-tol; He took all my burden away.
Save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden away.

Saviour be your Saviour too? Won't you let the dear Saviour be
loving your Saviour too? He is the Friend of sinners, Faith-ful and

Copyright, 1868, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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 away?
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 today.
His hand pierced for you holds out mercy, O why not receive it today?
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 today;

O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.
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.
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 bear'st 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
Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer prayer.

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.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 23. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

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


1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors im-
mortal Shall en-vol-op the skies; When the An-gel of Death Shall no
longer destroy, And the dead shall a-wak-en In the morn-ing of joy.

2. When the King shall appear In his beauty on high, And shall summon his
children To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morn-ing of joy?

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, Thro' e-
ter-ni-ty's years, With the past all for-got-ten With its sorrows and tears.

REFRAIN.

In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to
glo-ry In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the

Copyright, 1906, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
In the Morning of Joy.—Concluded.

No. 25. Say, Will You Meet Me There?

May Maurice.  Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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
   meet me there? Say, will you meet me there? Say, will you meet me there?

2. When I sweet-ly rest on the peace-ful shore, Where the blight of sin shall be
   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
   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?

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is-ra-el Were compelled in the wilder-

ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the

thoro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev-er near, Thus their

they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid-ance sure, They were

Chorus.

light of per-fect day, faint-ing hearts to cheer, So the sign of the fire by night, And the

brought to Canaan'shore.

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey

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.

H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sunlight, all of my journey; Over the mountains tho' the deep vale; Jesus has said, "I'll never forsake thee;"

2. Shadows around me, shadows above me, Never conceal my Savior 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,

3. In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing, Pressing my way to Promises divine that never can fail. Ever I'm walking close to his side. Heavenly sunlight, Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love. Singing his praises, Jesus is mine. FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

Heavenly sunlight, flooding my soul with glory divine;

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmore. Used by per. 27
No. 28.  
Ship of Zion.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  
D. SULLINS.

1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,) There's a
2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,) There's a
3. There's a groan from the Gaug - es where they fall (where they fall,) At the

voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,) In the old Ship of
sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sunny plain,) In the old Ship of
feet of the i - dols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,) In the old Ship of

Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye!
Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, Bear good news of Zi - on, o'er the main.
Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, The good news of Zi - on, bear them all!

CHORUS.

"Come o - ver and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry;) "Come o - ver and

help us, or we die," (or we die,) {I see the woe fall - ing,
{A - cross the wide wa - ters,
{I see i - dols fall - ing.

28
Ship of Zion.—Concluded.

1. I hear the voice calling; O Ship of Salvation, thither fly.
2. Hear Africa’s dark daughters; O Ship of Salvation, thither fly.
3. And India calling; O Ship of Salvation, thither fly.

No. 29. Save One.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. Out in the breakers are perishing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin’s awful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sadly stray, Save one, save one;
4. Lov’d one or strangers, who’er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the current of sin madly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Jesus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far away, Save one, save one.
Go in his spirit who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pity the perishing, Labor and pray; Hasten to rescue them,

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

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 30. There's Time Enough Yet.

Mrs. C. H. M. MORRIS.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" Is the song of youth to -
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly

day; "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and hard,

While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines, And the hands with toil are gay.

While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing gay.

Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first scarred. "I must fill my place in this bus- y world, I must meet life's stern de-

nigh. "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to take; When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin for sake,"
mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's command pray; But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.

CHORUS.

Then turn to the Lord while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re-
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. CORSER— 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-der-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.

Come home, come home, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Come home, 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 yon-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, Start today 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.

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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 loud-ly cry;
4. Human wrecks are all about us, Victims of the tempter's pow'r;

Onward tow'rd the rocks before them With the current swift they glide,
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up-on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, hast'en to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy bey-ond all telling Could we rescue one this hour!

mf CHORUS.

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

With the current drifting by,... To the rescue quick-ly 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.

No. 34. Drifting Down.

JEANIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKETT.

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 fainter grow, as they implore, You are

You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
You are slowly drifting, slowly 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 slowly drifting, slowly drifting, 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.
Drifting Down.—Concluded.

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

No. 35. To That City Will You Go?

Mrs. M. S. 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 dwelling, Jesus one for you is preparing;
4. 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 flowing—
With the glorified immortals, Will you dwell with them for ever?
Where hosannas glad are swelling, Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
From amidst the throne is shining, Glory from the Lord freely given.

Chorus.

Down beside the wondrous river, Where the trees of healing grow,

We shall meet and live for ever; To that city will you go?
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. How I would grieve my mother with my
   al- ways kind and good,
   folly and neglect; And now that she has gone to heav’n, I

2. Tho’ I was oft-en wayward, she was
   How I would grieve my mother with my
   left the old roof-tree,
   acted rough and rude; My childhood griefs and trials she would

3. When I be-came a prod-i-gal, and
   If I would see my mother ere the
   bade me quick-ly come,
   mourning aft- er me, And day and night she prayed to God to

4. One day a message came to me; it
   keep me in his care,— O an-gels, tell my mother I’ll be there.
   glad-ly with me share,— O an-gels, tell my mother I’ll be there.
   heaven to pre-pare,— O an-gels, tell my mother I’ll be there.

Copyright, 1888, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.  36
Tell Mother I’ll Be There.—Concluded.

CHORDS.

Tell mother I’ll be there in answer to her pray’r, This

message, guardian angels, to her bear; Tell mother I’ll be there, heav’n’s joys with her to share, Yes,

No. 37. Right-About, Face.

E. R. Lattra, alt.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Come, wand’ring broth-er, in sin or dis-grace; Turn, turn to

Je - sus, O right-a-bout, face.

vites you, O right-a-bout, face.

e - vil, Now right-a-bout, face.

wand’rings You right-a-bout, face.

Je - sus, O right-a-bout, face.

Right-a-bout, face,

2. En - ter the king-dom of mer - cy and grace! Je - sus in -

3. Come to the Sav - iour, sal - va - tion em-brace, Turn from all

4. He with the ran-somed will grant you a place, If from your

5. Might - y re-dem-p-tion! It cov - ers your case, Turn - ing to

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 38. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Gently with feeling.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Some day the sil-ver 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 gates shall welcome me.

CHORUS. Slower.

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

Copyright, 1889, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.
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 Savi-our, 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-u-ge in thee.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 40. Only a Few Short Years.

E. P. C.

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;
4. O it's only a few short years, patient service here! Then the
5. O it's only a few short years, the days go swiftly by! Do each
6. O it's only a few short years, tho' care and grief seem long! Then live

Saviour will gently lead us Where we'll find all our hearts' 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

joyful resurrection morn.
some day find in heav'n above.
sends you, go on swift glad feet.

Copyright, 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Only a Few Short Years.—Concluded.

On - ly a few short years, 'Till we leave the toil and tears, And we
ritardando

en - ter in the years Of an ev - er - last - ing peace and joy.

No. 41. No, Not One.

JOHNSTON OATMAN, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly 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 ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!

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;

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright. 41
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 tremulous 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.
   ill can be fall, They find it no more than a dream.

3. Naught in the river the saints should appall, Tho' it frightfully
   dismay may seem, In the arms of their Saviour no storm shall out ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

4. Over the turbid and rushing tide, Doth the light of eternity gleam; And the ransomed the darkness and
   Chorus.

On ly a dream, on ly a dream Of glory beyond the dark stream, How peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on ly a dream.

Used by permission.
No. 43. The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. McKEE

1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rare-ness, And streets with a
2. Its riv-ers of glad-ness Will ban-ish all sad-ness, And sor-row shall
3. But light will be giv-en, All storm clouds be riven From o-ver that
4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can shad-ow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
cit-y of God; We'll view them in won-der, Thro' all that may
bliss of that home; And pil-grims who rest there, For-ev-er are
drear-y,—and no one can ev-er grow old.
bright-en, That cit-y by night or by day.
sund-er, The path that in sorrow we trod.
blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God! A far-a-way


From "The Helper." Used by per.
No. 44.  What Will You Do?

Elisha A. Hoffman.

Mrs. Fannie L. Simpson.

Andante con moto.

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.

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 today.

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?

Chorus.

O what will you do now that Christ is so nigh?

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 45. Cross the Line.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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 days of your life are so few? once, he may ne'er call a-gain. Cross the line, cross the line, he will 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.

2. Cross the line, cross the line, lay your burden of sin At the feet of the Lord’s side rejoicingly stand. Cross the line, cross the line, he will 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.

3. Cross the line, cross the line to the bright other side, Cling with faith to the strengthening hand; Ere the dark shadows fall and life’s sun sinks to rest, On the line, cross the line, it is only a step, From the world to the heavenly way.

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 46. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

D. E. D.  D. E. DORSEY.

Not too fast.

1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You can not come." With sadness, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state.

2. Someone will hear the angels' song, And wish he could join with the happy throng. With sighing, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state.

3. Someone will stand with an aching heart, While Jesus pronounces the word, "de-part." With groaning, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state.

4. Someone will linger with tearful eyes, While Christ and his people ascend the skies. With weeping, he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state.

5. Someone will go into darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and 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! 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. E. Dorsey. Used by pers.
No. 47.  
God is Calling.

E. BORTHWICK.  
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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 basely 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 you, God is calling me,

God is calling me, God is calling me, God is calling me, God is gently calling,

God is calling, God is calling you and me, God is gently calling, God is calling me,

Copyright, 1899, by WM. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 48.  On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O.  Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal-va-ry, Je-sus died for thee and me; There he shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac-rifice complete! Lord, I give my-self to Je-sus, thou art mine, Dwell within for-ever-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from

2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro’t me down at Je-sus’ feet! O such flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died! On the

3. Take me, Je-sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for-ev-er-more; Bless-ed 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

4. Clouds and darkness vei’d the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; “It is cross of Cal-va-ry. On Calvary, ......... on Cal-va-ry, ......... It was for me

D.S.—that Je-sus died On the

CHORUS.

On Calvary, on Calvary,

cross of Cal-va-ry. 48
No. 49.  
**O Why Not To-night?**

ELIZABETH REED. 

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. **O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;**
2. **To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;**
3. **Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quire?**
4. **Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to him their souls u-nite;**

---

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

---

**CHORUS.**

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?

---

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?
No. 50. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. Seek ye first the kingdom; Not the things of earth, Priceless are the treasures of immortal worth. Like a fitting shadow, Time will pass away. But the heavenly riches Change not, nor decay.

2. Seek ye first the kingdom; Everlasting love Woes you to the blessings From the land above. Pardon and renewal, Righteousness and peace, Grace for every trial, Joys that never cease.

3. Seek ye first the kingdom; Seek the "Gift of God," 'Tis the Saviour's 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 promises Evermore rejoice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added;"
Seek Ye First the Kingdom.—Concluded.

No. 51. Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDE H. EDMUNDS. Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

Cal-v'ry's stream is flowing, Cal-v'ry's stream is flowing;

Flowing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flowing.

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

JERSEY H. BROWN.  

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is rest for the weary, if rest they will seek, There is cheer for the 
2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is balm for the 
3. There is peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves, There is hope 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 hopeless, 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, Will you come, Will you come?

souls that have seen him revealed in his word? Will you come? will you come? . . . Will you come? Will you come?
No. 53.  He Saves with Power Divine.

N. P. C.  

NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Hear again the blessed, blessed story Of the Saviour's wondrous pow'r to
2. Sorrow, toil, and pain were in his pathway All along his journey here be-
3. May we now accept this blessed Saviour Who has done so much for me and

save; How for us he left his home in glory, Conquered sin, death and the grave.
low, Leading him at last to Calvary's mountain, All to save our souls from woe,
you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves, Sing aloud 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.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 54. Will You Be One?

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

1. Have you giv’n your-self to Je-sus, do you now to him be-long?
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the sol-di-ers brave and true
4. As the vir-gins wise were wait-ing, are you watching day and night

Will you be a-mong the num-ber of the hap-py blood-wash’d throng
To the feet of the Re-deem-er and u-nite to crown him King,
Who, in spite of all a-gainst them, with their Lord are go-ing through
For the coming of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm’d and bright;

Who a-round God’s throne for-ev-er sing the hal-le-lu-jah song
Join-ing in the shouts of tri-umph mak-ing heav-en’s arch-es ring
Will you gath-er in the homeland at that glo-rious, grand re-view!
Read-y with the saints to gath-er dress’d in gar-ments spot-less white.

CHORUS.

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

54
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 Hubbert 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 a-way, 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 your - 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.
No. 56. **Drifting Away from God.**

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH, P. BILHORN.

1. Drifting away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting a-way from mer-cy and truth,
2. Drifting away from moth-er and home, Drifting a-way in sor-row to roam,
3. Drifting away on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and dark-ness abide,
4. Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
5. Why will you drift on billows of shame?

Drifting to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting a-way from God.
Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting a-way from God.
Drifting where fiends your fate will de-ride, Drifting a-way from God.

CHORUS.

Broth-er, the Saviour has called you be-fore; See! you are near-ing e-
ternity's shore! Soon you may perish, be lost evermore, Jesus now calls for you.

Drifting away where wild breakers roar,
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
Far from the light of God.

Spurning his grace again and again?
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
Ever away from God.

Copyright, 1881, by P. Bilhorn. Used by per.
No. 57. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. Listen to the blessed invitation, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Weary toil-er, sad and heavy laden, Joy-fully the great salvation see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,

Chiming softly with a heaven-ly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fitness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.

Chorus.

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 touch divine.
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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.**

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 to-day;
4. Grasp a new this "faithful saying," Trusting Jesus, doubt no more;
5. Freely 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 inadoration, 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 saying, And worthy of all acceptance, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came,

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 59. That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H.

1. That grand word "whosoever" is ringing through my soul, Whosoever.
2. When-ever this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Whosoever.
3. I heard the loving message, and now to oth-ers say, Whosoever.
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son he gave, Whosoever.

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

CHORUS.

Whosoever will may come. O that "whosoever will Whosoever will may come; The Saviour's invi-
whosoever will;

who so ever will, 

who so ever will;

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

Copyright, 1899, 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 city of our King, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; As they gaze upon his beauty, everlasting love they sing, of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are saved by grace alone, of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign, of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransomed people raise, of the Lamb; As they gaze upon his beauty, everlasting love they sing,

2. Behold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are saved by grace alone, of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign, of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransomed people raise, of the Lamb; As they gaze upon his beauty, everlasting love they sing,

3. When fears and doubts beset us, let us ring it out again, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are saved by grace alone, of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign, of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransomed people raise, of the Lamb; As they gaze upon his beauty, everlasting love they sing,

4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are saved by grace alone, of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign, of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransomed people raise, of the Lamb; As they gaze upon his beauty, everlasting love they sing,

CHORUS.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O, meet me in the city of the new Jerusalem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the city of the new Jerusalem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1897, by WM. J. Kirkpatrick.
No. 61. Come unto Me.

E. F. S.

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, O come unto Me,

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

And I will give you rest.
No. 62. Calling Me Over the Tide.

Jessie H. Brown, J. H. Fillmore.

1. Friends who have loved me are slipping away, 
   Silently
2. Dimly thro' gathering darkness I see Jesus, my
   Friend and my Guide;
3. Narrow the waters, and tranquil the shore; There my be-
   Loved ones abide—Christ and the angels and friends gone before,

onward they glide; Still are their voices, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; Angels are watching and waiting for me,

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.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per. of J. A. Lee, owner.
No. 63. Meet Me There.

Meet Me There.

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 Into the
heav'n no thrall 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 never 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,

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.

IRVIN H. MACK.

1. When the cares of life have ended And I cross the silent stream;
   And I reach the heav'nly portal
   As I sweep within the wall,
   I shall see the Saviour coming
   I shall hear the song of welcome,
   I shall see the Saviour coming
   He will meet me at the portal,
   He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the portal,

2. I shall know my blessed Saviour When he comes to greet me there,
   When he takes me to him gently,
   And its glories on me beam;
   I shall sing the songs of Zion,
   And his kindly face shall see,
   I shall shout glad hallelujahs,
   He will lead me
   He will lead me

3. O, the joys of that glad meeting, Precious thought! it thrills me now,
   I shall hear him bid me welcome,
   Bids me all those blessings share.
   There I'll sing the songs of Zion,
   There with saints communion hold,
   There I'll shout glad hallelujahs,
   Safe within the heav'nly fold.
   There I'll sing the songs of Zion
   Praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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.......... bright 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 smil-ing face:
3. What matters where on 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;

Copyright, 1898, by James M. Black. Used by per. 65
No. 66.

Hear Him Calling.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

P. F. BILHORN.

1. Don't you hear the Saviour calling? In those tones so matchless sweet? Don't you hear him calling you from sin away (from sin away)?

2. Don't you hear the Saviour calling? How he loves each wand'ring child: What rejoicing when he sees one coming home (one coming home)?

3. Don't you hear the Saviour calling? He may never call again; It is now he bids you turn to him and live (O, turn and live);

4. Can't you catch the tender pleading, As he bids you to his feet, Can't you catch the tender pleading, As he bids you to his feet,

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.

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;

While our Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But today accept his grace.
Come to Christ, on him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

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

Why not now?... why not now?... Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now?
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 where'er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
gain and again; "Turn now from sin, and from evil de-part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my
keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to in-part,

GRATE-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart." Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." Make full surren-der and give me thy heart." Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, where'er thou art; From this dark

world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."
No. 69. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall only come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the
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, III.
No. 70. \hspace{1cm} Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. \hspace{1cm} Very slow. \hspace{1cm} pp

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus 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 wonderful 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 gathering, 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,

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, 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 untrue, 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 open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
Just now, I o'pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

Copyright, 1856, 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 for ever Will this Saviour be.

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

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.  

HENRY LOPER.

1. We are told of a home in that cit-y a-bove, When with life and it
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
3. Soon this brief life is end-ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit-y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the

cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas-per, the streets are of gold;
gives me to do, For the thought is re-fresh-ing as homeward I look;
fleet-ing and few, Where lov'd ones have gathered, no death ever comes;
faith-ful and true, Where the Saviour a man-sion for me has prepared;

CHORUS.

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

Where lov'd ones are wait-ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's

nev-er a tri-al, a sor-row or care, I want to go there, don't you?

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;

Open 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.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.
No. 76. **God Be With You.**  

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, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Jesus' feet, God be with you till we meet again.

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, Washington, D. C. Used by per.

75
No. 76. They Say there's a Land.

W. L. T.

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 conven.
   They say we shall dwell there for ever, If we list to our Saviour's command, safe in that beautiful land.
   They say we shall kno all our loved ones, When we meet on that bright, golden shore, gather rejoice evermore.

2. They say we shall dwell there for ever, If we list to our Saviour's command, none but the blessed conven.
   They say we shall ever be happy, When Saviour's command, safe in that beautiful land.
   They say we shall clasp hands so gladly And together none but the blessed conven.

3. They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we meet on that bright, golden shore, gather rejoice evermore.
   They say we shall have de- safe in that beautiful land. Many friends for that land have des.
   They say we shall meet loving. "Tis there we shall meet loving friends for that land have des.
   O, let us prepare for the
They Say there's a Land.—Concluded.

part-ed, They have cross'd over life's troubled sea, ... O let us sail.
Je-sus, Who suffer'd and died, us to save, ... He will stand on the
jour-ney, Let our hearts be kept loyal and true, ... Then the Savio...
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,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
gather over on the other shore, And the roll is called up

2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of his resurrection share; When his chosen ones shall
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

3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn to setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is
When the saved of earth shall
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per. of J. M. Black, owner.
78
Familiar Hymns and Gospel Songs.

No. 78.  Coronation.  C. M.

1. All hail the pow''r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;
2. Ye chos-en 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-cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev-er-las-ting song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 79.  Ortonville.  C. M.

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.
music of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.
No. 80. Antioch. C. M.

Isaiah 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 heav'n 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 heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat, 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 heav'nly
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

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold sul-ten stream

My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-
which a-way; O, let me from this day Be wholly thine.
love to thee, Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv-ing fire.
tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.
trust re-move, O, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul.

No. 83.  Spring.  C. M.

L. C. EVERETT

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne—
3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Con-fid-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev-ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine,

A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me;
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a lone!
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with-in;
Per-fect and right, and pure and good, A cop-y, Lord, of thine!
No. 84.  My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
1. joys begins, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, because thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever a-

No. 85.  Manoah. C. M.

Manoah. C. M.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er flow.
Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
He makes me triumphant over death, And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord they should all be thine.
No. 86. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base del-

2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor-

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 re-

ni - al I depart from thee, When thou seest me waver, With a

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

turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth relying, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor favor Suffer me to fall.

sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.

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

mortal strife, Je - sus, take me dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 87. Why Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. C.

1. Why keep Jesus waiting, Waiting in the cold? He will hear you gen-

2. Why keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door? Oft he knocketh soft-

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,

Gen - tly to his fold; See him, soul, and open, O - pen, I implore.

Soft - ly, o'er and o'er; Hear him, soul, and open, O - pen, I implore.

Ev - er, ev - er - more; Love him, soul, and open, O - pen, I implore.

Yes, for ev - er - more; Come, poor soul, obey him, O - pen, I implore.

Copyright, 1862, by C. C. Cline. Used by permission. 83
No. 88.  
Ariel.  C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

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 heavenly strings, And vie 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, heavenly 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.
eter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

No. 89.  
He is Calling.

F. W. FABER.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
   { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) liberty.

CHORUS.

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

2. There is welcome for the sinner,
   And more graces for the good:
   There is mercy with the Saviour;
   There is healing in his blood.

3. For the love of God is broader
   Than the measure of man's mind;

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

4. If our love were but more simple,
   We should take him at his word;
   And our lives would be all sunshine
   In the sweetness of the Lord.
No. 90. Varina. C. M. D.
ISAAC WATTS.
Geo. F. Root.

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

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand drest in living green;
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

3. O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts arise
   And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eye;

There ever-lasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 91. Work. 7s, 6s, 5s.
SIDNEY DYER.
LOWELL MABON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work, thro' the morning hours;
   Work, while the dew is sparkling. (Omit. ......................)
   Work, mid springing flowers.

D.C. - Work, for the night is coming, (Omit. ......................) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing 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,
   When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
   Under the sunset skies;
   While their bright tufts are glowing,
   Work, for daylight flies.
   Work till the last beam fades,
   Fadeth to shine no more;
   Work while the night is dark'ning,
   When man's work is o'er.

   D.C.
No. 92.  Toplady.  7s.  6 lines.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
2. Not the labor of my hands, Can ful-fill thy law's demands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for-ey'er flow,
Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone.
Vile, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 93.  Woodworth.  L. M.

1. Just as I am, without 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, healing 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, Wilt 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 notwithstanding 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 near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, O how good!

No. 95. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus,
2. He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, 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, 7 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

CHORUS.

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

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
4 The children too, both great and small.

No other name but Jesus:
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.
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-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoa-ry hairs shall their can not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all bell should en-

2. In ev-ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's you he hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled? land, on the sea— As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be. cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand. tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be born. deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake.

3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to vale or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoa-ry hairs shall their can not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all bell should en-

4. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-reign, e-

5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

No. 97.  Pilot Me. 78. 6 lines.

1. Je-sus, Saviour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tem-pe-tuous sea;

D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from thee: Je-sus, Saviour, pi-lot me.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach-rous shoal:

2. As a mother stills her child
Then canst hush the ocean wild;
Roist'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.  
LLOWELL MABON.

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above! Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace of the Lamb; Since the truth I believed, What a joy I've received, do nothing more Than to fall at his feet. And the story repeat, happy am I! Gathered into the fold, With believers enrolled—

2. This comfort is mine, Since the fav'rine I have found in the claf vine I have found in the

3. 'Tis a heaven below My Redeemer to know; And the angels can Of a soul in its earliest love, Of a soul in its earliest love, What a heaven in Jesus' blest name, What a heaven in Jesus' blest name, And the Lover of sinners adore, And the Lover of sinners adore. With believers to live and to die! With believers to live and to die!

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

R. ROBINSON.  
ABBEL NELTLETON.

1. O thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

D.C. While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

Teach me ever to adore 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- lig- ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet-est
2. 'Tis re- lig- ion must sup- ply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id
3. Aft - er 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. { Let us walk in the light,
as e - ter - ra - ty, In the light of God. }
bless shall nev - er end, In the light of God.

in the li ght, Sweet - est
in the light ., Sol - id
in the light, Last - ing
in the light of God.

CHORUS.

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

No. 101. Martyn. 7s. D.

CHAS. WESLEY.

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

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

Hide me, O my Sa - vour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise 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.

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 mer-its 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.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

No. 103.  
Revive Us Again.

WM, PATTON MACKAY.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who

2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our

3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

4. All glo-ry 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.

died, and is now gone a-bove. Sav-iour and scattered our night.
sins, and Has cleans'd ev'ry stain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le-sought us, and guid-ed our ways.

lied with fire from a-bove.

In-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re-vive us a-gain.

91
No. 104. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Come, ye dis- con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-move.

No. 105. Siloam. C. M.

EDMUND JONES.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand tho’ts re-volve;
2. I’ll go to Je-sus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose;
3. Hum-bly I’ll bow at his com-mand, And there my guilt con-fess;
4. Sure-ly he will ac-cept my plea, For he has bid me come;
5. I can-not per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try:

Come, with your guilt and fear oppres-s’d, And make this last re-solve.
His king-dom now I’ll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
I'll own I am a wretch un-done, With-out his sav-reign grace.
Forth-with I’ll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there’s room.
For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

I. B. WOODSURY.
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 do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st lead me on; 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 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years. angel fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and 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 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years. angel 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 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 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 to thee!
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy prais-e, Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er 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 to thee!

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,

D.S.
No. 108. What a Friend We Have.

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?

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

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.

LOWELL MASON.

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 wond'ring 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 calleth 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 can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
try a-gain, Je-sus died for me.
faith to say, Je-sus died for me.

2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain. Yet to-night I'll

3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will rise at

4. Something whispers In my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll Jesus' blood will

5. I o- bew the Saviour's call, Now to him I yie ld my all, At his feet, where

6. 0 obey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

Chorus.

Can it be, 0, can it be
Can it be, 0, can it be

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
PRICES.

Single copy, postpaid ................................. $1.10
One dozen copies, postpaid .......................... 1.50
Fifty copies, not prepaid ............................. 5.00
One hundred copies, not prepaid .................... 9.00