1910

Songs of Redemption

G. Dallas Smith

Emmet S. Dean

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SONGS OF

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.
ST JOHN. 3:16.

Redemption

COMPILLED BY

EMMET'S BROTHER

G. DALLAS SMITH, WEATHERFORD, TEXAS.

PUBLISHED BY
THE TRIO MUSIC COMPANY
WACO, TEXAS — MEMPHIS, TEN.

PRICE 15 CENTS
Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, 
1 will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto our souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—Jesus—Matt xi: 28, 29, 30.
Praise Him in Song.

F. L. EILAND. FRANK S. MITCHELL.

1. Would you be more like Jesus each day? Then, follow His footprints along; Give for His use, thy heart and thy voice, And praise Him in beautiful song! Then, praise Him in beautiful song.

2. Here, when dark clouds would cover thy way, Go nearer His glorified throng. Tell it to Christ, He'll roll them aside, Then With love that is faithful, and strong!

3. Would you be more like Jesus each hour? You must, with a will that is strong. Cling to His hand, and yield Him a heart, To beautiful song.

D. 8.

FINE. REFRAIN.
O, wondrous love to bleed and die,
That you and I might live!

1. That we might live, He bore the cross,
   Endured the pain and scorn,
   His love and mercy plead;

2. Come, sinner, now, come seek His face;
   In worlds beyond the sky;

3. And when we reach that happy shore,
   Where pleasures never die!

4. For guilty wretches such as I,
   His precious life to give!
   And wore the crown of thorns.

For my soul.

All glory, glory, to His name, Who reigns in heav'n above;

May repeat chorus pp.

Let all the world His might proclaim, And sing redeeming love!

Instead of cold and lifeless forms of speech,
And images that break,
Show unto men the cross of Christ, that love,
Possession of them take.

F. L. E.

1. Oh, be-hold the love of Jesus! What He did for you and me!
2. Oh, be-hold the love of Jesus! Others, none such friend can be!
3. Oh, be-hold the love of Jesus! Sin-ner, look, oh, look and see!
4. Oh, be hold the love of Jesus! Lift thine eyes and bend thy knee,

Suffered, bled, and died, on Cal-v'ry, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
None, such loss would dare to suf-fer, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
'Twas thy soul He died to ran-som, Oh, be-hold Him on the tree!
Let thy heart thro' deep emo-tion, Feel, what He has done for thee!

REFRAIN.

Oh, be-hold the love of Jesus! There, up-on the cru-el tree!

Bleed-ing, dy-ing, there for sin-ners! Oh, it was for you and me!

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1. Our Saviour once wandered on earth as a man, Both foot-sore and weary
2. Sore, weary, and thirsty, He came to a well, And there, to a
3. Then brother, let’s sing this sweet story, so true, Salvation thro’

weary to Samaria’s land,—A story He told, most
woman, this story did tell,—She heard it with joy, for her
Jesus, for me and for you! Let every glad heart this great

wondrously grand, Salvation thro’ Jesus for poor sinful man!
soul could be free, And she this salvation thro’ Jesus did see;
message now tell, The same and sweet story, there, told at the well!

CHORUS.

We'll sing this sweet song, this glorious song, Of Jesus who died on the tree!

We’ll sing this sweet song, O, this beautiful song! We’ll sing this sweet song,

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No. 5.

**Waterma.**

**JOHN NEWTON.**

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers pray'r;
2. Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh;
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely pressed,
4. Be Thou my shield and hiding-place, That, sheltered near Thy side,
5. Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there.
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war without and fear within, I come to Thee for rest.
I may my fierce acuser face, And tell Him "Thou hast died."
That guilty sinners, such as I, Might plead Thy precious name!

1. View the Saviour on the cross!  View the Saviour on the cross!
2. Dying there for sinners lost!  Dying there for sinners lost!
3. On the cross of calvary—  On the cross of calvary—
4. Pleading with the sons of men!  Pleading with the sons of men!

1. View the Saviour on the cross!  View the Saviour on the cross!
2. Dying there in misery!  Dying there in misery!
3. There He died, but lives again—  There He died, but lives again—

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2. Dying there for sinners lost!  Dying there for sinners lost!
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1. View the Saviour on the cross!  View the Saviour on the cross!
2. Dying there in misery!  Dying there in misery!
3. There He died, but lives again—  There He died, but lives again—

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On the Cross.—Concluded.

In the cold, dark tomb, my Sav-lour lay! W rapt in

silence there, 'neath the clay! Our re-
demp-tion, to proclaim, Thro' His

ever-bless-ed name! Thro' His ev-er-bless-ed name!

ev-sever-bless-ed name!
NO. 7.  

Smiling Sea.

1. There's a beautiful, beautiful land so fair, Just over the smiling sea; And the sweetest of flow-ers are blooming there, Just over the smiling sea; Will to me, the bright angels its gates un-fold, Just over the smiling sea; Soon we'll join the grand chorus 'twill not be long, Just over the smiling sea.

2. There's a beautiful city with streets of gold, Just over the smiling sea; And the sweetest of flow-ers are blooming there, Just over the smiling sea; Will to me, the bright angels its gates un-fold, Just over the smiling sea; Soon we'll join the grand chorus 'twill not be long, Just over the smiling sea.

3. There the ransomed are singing a song,—sweet song, Just over the smiling sea; And the sweetest of flow-ers are blooming there, Just over the smiling sea; Will to me, the bright angels its gates un-fold, Just over the smiling sea; Soon we'll join the grand chorus 'twill not be long, Just over the smiling sea.

Refrain.

Just over the smiling sea, Just over the smiling sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea, Just over the sea, Just over the smiling sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea, Just over the sea, Just over the smiling sea.
NO. 8.  Over There are Many Mansions.

Words by IDA L. REED.  Music by F. L. EILAND.

Over there are many mansions, By the smiling sil'v'ry sea;
Over there He's gone, our Saviour, To that happy peaceful strand,
Over there He will receive us, When these toil-ing days are past;

By our King's own hands they're builded, And there's one for you and me.
To prepare them for our coming, With His own dear loving hand,
He will call us home to heaven; We shall go to Him at last.

Chorus.

Beautiful mansions, homes of glory; By the smiling sil'v'ry sea;

In the heav-en's bright eternal, They shall stand for you and me.
NO. 9.

O to be Watching.

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others: but let us watch and be sober."—THES. 5: 6.

Words and Music by F. L. Eiland.

1. I have a home in a beautiful city; I have a loving
2. There I shall dwell through ages eternal; The King of glory
3. Out over the fair land of promise to wander; The ransomed of my

Saviour, there; I have a mansion of wonderful beauty; For

me He has gone to prepare.

pilgrim to be never-more.}

O, to be watching, O, to be waiting,

and to be ready, When for me, He calls; Then will I shout passing

tho' the open portals, Safe, safe at home ever-more!
NO. 10. Just Beyond the Rolling River.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. Just beyond the rolling river, Lies a bright and sunny land,
2. Soon we'll cross the rolling river, Soon we'll join the happy band,
3. When we've crossed the rolling river, To that land beyond the tide,

Where the saved with Christ are dwelling, A united, happy band.
There to dwell with Christ forever In that holy, happy land.
Pearly gates on golden hinges, Will be standing open wide.

CHORUS.

Just beyond the rolling river, In that land so bright and fair,

We will dwell with Christ forever; Over there, yes, over there.
NO. 11.  Over In That Land of Song.

F. L. EILAND.  EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. By and by we there shall meet them, The saints and angel throng;
2. No discordant tones are uttered, There with that holy throng,
3. May we tune our hearts and voices, As here we go along,

And the ransom'd host will greet us, There, in that land of song!
All in Jesus praise united, There, in that land of song,—
For the great triumph-ant singing, There, in that land of song,—

To that happy sin-less number, We there, will then belong,
Oh, that joy t'will be eternal! And it will not be long,
That, when we shall cross the river, To meet that shining throng,

Never more to know a sorrow, There, in that land of song!
Till our souls shall know it ever, There, in that land of song!
We shall feel its might of glory, There, in that land of song!

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Over In That Land of Song.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

What a meeting it will be! What a meeting it will be, there, it will be!

What a greeting, what a greeting we shall see, we there shall see!

What a meeting it will be! What a greeting we shall see!

And 'twill not be very long, Over in that land of song!
NO. 12.  They're Waiting and Watching.

NETTLES.  J. S. NEWMAN.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home in the heav-en-ly land, For those who are read-y when
2. In that home of the blest in the E-den a-bove, The ransom-ed are sing-ing a
3. Many loved ones are gone to that home in the skies, To dwell with the Saviour, and

Je-sus shall come; And there the de-part-ed, a num-ber-less band, Are
heav-en-ly song; Their cho-rus is peace, and its bur-den is love, For
nev-er more roam; And tears of dis-tress are unknown to their eyes, And

CHORUS.

wait-ing and watch-ing to welcome us home. They're wait-ing and watch-ing for
Je-sus is there in that ju-bi-lant throng!
y they are now wait-ing to welcome us home.

you and for me, Till Je-sus shall bid us to come; O

may we be read-y when-ev-er He calls To dwell with the an-gels for-ev-er at home.
1. When Jesus calls us home, To dwell with Him above;
2. O sinner, heed the call! And turn from sin and strife;
3. Then let us work and pray, While here on earth below;
4. This home, He offers you! If you, its joys would know,

We'll ever sing around the throne, Of His redeeming love!
O, obey the holy will of God—Accept eternal life!
That He may in the judgment day, A crown of life bestow!
Then have this precious blood applied, And to it with us go!

CHORUS.

Then, O how sweet 'twill be, To meet on Canaan's shore!

'Tis there, His glory we shall share, And dwell forever more!
NO. 14.  

I'm Seeking a Home. *

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13:14.

R. M. B.  

R. M. BURT.  

1. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) in the man-sions a-bove, (the man-sions a-bove,) Where I can a-bide, (where I can a-bide,) 

2. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) through tri-als se-vere, (through tri-als se-vere,) But grace will sus-tain, (but grace will sus-tain,) 

3. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) in the man-sions a-bove; (the man-sions a-bove;) Con duct-ed a-long, (con duct-ed a-long,) 

4. I'm seek-ing a home, (I'm seek-ing a home,) where loved ones have gone, (where loved ones have gone,) Who fought the good fight, (who fought the good fight,) 

with the Saviour I love, (the Saviour I love,) And sing the sweet song, (and sing the sweet song,) when these shall appear, (when these shall appear,) I'll labor and pray, (I'll labor and pray,) 

by the Hea venly Dove,—(the Hea venly Dove,) What rapture is mine, (what rapture is mine,) and the victory won; (the victory won;) And when I'm releas'd, (and when I'm releas'd,) 

all the glo-ri-fied sing, (the glo-ri-fied sing,) While cast-ing their and dai-ly press on, (and dai-ly press on,) E'er trust-ing the when I think of that bliss,—(I think of that bliss,) What com-fort I from sor-row and pain, (from sor-row and pain,) All glo-ry to 

* Harmony parts may sing in fugue style, with good effect. 

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I'm Seeking a Home.—Concluded.

By faith I can see, my Saviour’s sweet smile,
And hear His sweet voice, come higher my child!

So faithful and true, ’mid care and distress,
En-ter in-to my joy,—par-take of my rest! (par-take of my rest!)

Crowns, (while casting their crowns,) at the feet of their King! (the feet of their King!)
Lord, (e’er trusting the Lord,) He’ll not leave me a-lone! (not leave me a-lone!)
Find, (what comfort I find,) in a pilot like this! (a pilot like this!)
God, (all glo-ry to God,) I shall see them a-gain! (shall see them a-gain!)

CHORUS.

By faith I can see, my Saviour’s sweet smile, And hear His sweet voice, come higher my child!

So faithful and true, ’mid care and distress, En-ter in-to my joy,—par-take of my rest! (par-take of my rest!)

joy,— par-take of my rest!...
NO. 15.  

That Beautiful Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you......that where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2-3.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. There's a beautiful home far over the sea, There are mansions of bliss for you and for me; Oh, that beautiful home so wondrously fair, That the Saviour, for me, has gone to prepare. There's a beautiful home far over the sea.

2. In that beautiful home, a crown I shall wear, With the glorified through, their glory to share; But the joys of that home can never be known, Till the Saviour we see, upon His white throne. There's a beautiful home far over the sea.

3. In that beautiful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are waiting for me, my coming to greet; Re-united we'll be with Jesus our King, While the ages roll on, His praises we'll sing. There's a beautiful home far over the sea.

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That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

There's a beautiful home, far over the sea,
for you and for me;
And its glittering towers
the sun out shine,
that beautiful home,

And that beautiful
its glittering towers
the sun out shine,

Some day, shall be mine.

And its glittering
for you and for me;

And that beautiful
its glittering towers
the sun out shine,

Some day, shall be mine.
The Home of the Soul.

Words by WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.
Arr. by F. L. E.

Music by J. J. DAY.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

1. I was once but an out-cast
With-out friend or home, Here a-

2. There's no ref-uge of safe-ty
Save the home on high, Where the

3. And by faith in the prom-ise
Of my Sav-iour, now I can

4. There I'll be with my Sav-iour,
And the an-gels bright, While the

lone and with-out hope in my God,
But I've found all in Je-sus
spir-it ev-er more can be free,
There the grief and af-fic-tions,
see the bright man-sions so fair,
And I have the as-sur-ance
a-ges con-tin-ue to roll,
And tho' here, I be friend-less,

Who died on the tree,
He has bought me with His own pre-cious blood.
The sin and the pain,
When I've anchored nev-er more shall I see.
That my way is clear,
To that coun-try and home o-ver there.
There, my spir-it shall have
A sweet ref-uge in the home of the soul.

CHORUS.

Home sweet home, my heav-en-ly home,
Where trials and troubles ne'er come,

O grant dear Saviour, that oth-ers may have A place in the home of the soul!
1. Its onward and upward to glory, When Jesus is leading the way;
2. No mortal can ever grow weary, When Jesus is leading the way;
3. The sunlight of heaven is gleaming, When Jesus is leading the way;
4. We're nearing that bright land supernal, When Jesus is leading the way;

And O what a wonderful story! When Jesus is leading the way.
No path-way will ever be drea-ry, When Jesus is leading the way.
Of bliss be-yond death we are dreaming, When Jesus is leading the way.
To dwell in a home that's e-ter-nal, When Jesus is leading the way.

CHORUS.

Its on-ward and up-ward to glory,
Its on-ward and up-ward to glory,

When Jesus is leading the way, And O what a wonder-ful
And O what a wonder-ful

won-der-ful sto-ry! When Jesus is leading the way.
won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto-ry!
That Beautiful Home.

F. L. E.

Harmony by J. E. T.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

1. When the Master shall call us from labor to rest, From this earth with its sorrow and care, To a home with the angels, the presence of Jesus, the King; We will praise Him forever, with beautiful mansion above; All the praise and the glory to rest and be happy and free; Of that water we'll drink, as a

2. With the saints and the angels our hearts will re-joice, In the saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear, heart and with voice, All triumphant in glory we'll sing, Jesus shall tend, As the author of bliss and of love, life-giving balm, Ever flowing for you and for me.

3. In hosanna to Jesus, our voices we'll blend, In that Chorus.

4. By the river of life, ever flowing so calm, We shall that home! that beautiful home! That home! that beautiful, beautiful home!
That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

With the saints and the angels to share; O that home! that beautiful
O that home! that

home! There's a beautiful crown we shall wear.
beautiful, beautiful home!
shall wear.

NO. 19.

Benediction Hymn.

F. L. E.

1. In Thy love, dear Lord, dismiss us, And Thy wings our shelter be;
2. When temptations round us gather, And we feel inclined to stray,

Let Thy spirit dwell within us, Bind and keep us close to Thee.
To Thy loving arms receive us, Safely hide us then away.

F. L. EILAND.
No. 20.

Toiling for the Master.

Words and Music by M. Dunagin.

1. Are you toiling daily for the Master? Are you praying, praying as you go? Will you go and tell the dying nations, many souls to die; Lift your eyes, behold the golden harvest, on the cruel tree, Tell them how He freely shed for sinners.

2. Brother, brother, be you never idle While there are so many souls to die; Lift your eyes, behold the golden harvest, on the cruel tree, Tell them how He freely shed for sinners.

3. Haste! O haste! you with this dying message How He died up to the fountain of life they may go? Toiling, Toiling, Toiling, Toiling day by day, Telling of His dying love! Toiling for the Master, Toiling with the nation, Pointing them to heaven above.

CHORUS.

Now to the fountain of life they may go? Toiling,
And let your ears hear the lost nations cry!
His precious blood that their souls may be free. Toiling with the nations.

Toiling, Toiling, Toiling, Toiling day by day, Telling of His dying love! Toiling for the Master, Toiling with the nation, Pointing them to heaven above.

F. L. EILAND.  J. W. AUFF.

1. Go, in early morning, into the harvest white, Sing a song of gladness, labor with all your might; Let the words of Jesus, over the nation ring;

2. For the faint and weary, carry a smile of cheer. With the sad and dreary, weeping an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching, under a load of care,

3. In the name of Jesus, gather the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise, wag-es, He you will pay; Go with great rejoicing, gleaning from fields of sin,

LA - bor with all your might; Let the words of Jesus, over the nation ring, harvest white! Go, and labor with all your might; Let the anthems of gladness ring, Go, and beautiful gleanings bring!

CHORUS.

With the com-ing evening, beauti-ful gleanings bring. } See..... the beau-ti-ful  an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, ye now, and beautiful gleanings bring!

Lend a hand of com-fort, cov-er its ailing there. } See you there, the beautiful

Thrust thy glowing sick-le, bringing the harvest in.  See you there, the beautiful

Re-peat Chorus Softly.

har - vest white! Go,....... and la - bor with all your might; Let......... your

har - vest white! Go, ye there, and la - bor with all your might; Let them there your

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Read the eighth and ninth verses of fourth division of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.

Words by F. L. EILAND
Music by ELLIOTT and EILAND.

1. My heart and my hand I would give Thee; I'm ready for something to do;
2. I've wasted the talent Thou gavest; I've thrown the bright moments away;
3. If only one grain I shall gather, For nearing the end it may be,

Too long have I stood as an idler, Too long to my Saviour untrue. I've come unto Thee, empty-handed, No sheaves can I offer today. I'm ready to go in the harvest, My Saviour, and labor for Thee.

CHORUS.

My heart and my hand I would give Thee; My duty, I only would know;

Wher-ever Thou mayest assign me, I'm willing and ready to go.
Go Into the Harvest.

Dedicated to my friend and brother, J. C. White, Glencove, Texas. Joe S. W.

Melody and words by JOE S. WARLICK. Har. T. J. KELLAM.

1. Going a far o'er valley and mountain, Seeking the
2. Go ye into the high-ways and hedges, Bidding the
3. When we at last have finish'd the harvest, When we bring
4. Oh, the rejoicing when in the ev'n ing,—When the re-

wan-d'rer going a stray. Turning them back to Christ the Redeemer,
in our sheaves from the field; They shall shine in our crown of re-
deed shall stand with the King, There, in that land, all bright with His glory,

Bringing them home to Je-sus the way.
Many, may come, there's room for them all. Lift then your eyes, and look, on the
Oh, may we have a bountiful yield. They, His e-ter nal prai-ses shall sing.

har-vest,—Fields are now white and la-b'rors are few; Pray ye the

Lord that others may enter,—There is a work my brother for you.
NO. 24.  
Call Back the Wanderer.

L. A. MORRIS.  

WALTER C. MITCHELL.

1. Oh, how many in darkness have gone a-stray, Oh, how many lead them daily wander,  
many wander from the way,  
blindness now day by day, Ever wander from the light away,  
died to redeem from woe, Just because He loved the wanderer so,  
angeled when sinners come, There is glory in the ransomed throng,  

dai-ly wan-der, oh, how ma-ny in  
and re-claim them, to the Sav-lour who  
wan-d’rer, call the wan-d’rer, Tis a joy to the

2. What a joy tis to know a-ny-where we go, We may lead them, yes, re-claim them now,  
Call the wanderer home,  
Oh, how many wanderer from the way,  
Oh, re-claim them,  
Oh, re-claim the wanderer now,

3. Brother, think how the Sav-lour ja-vites them home, Call the wanderer,  
We may lead them,  
Call the wanderer,  
To the Sav-lour who  

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Call Back the Wanderer.—Concluded.

Lord's blest command hear the call! Oh make haste to the rescue the hear the call!

night soon falls, To the Saviour go and bring them all. bring them all.


ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride!
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His word.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet—Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all!
Lend Your Aid.

Words and Melody by E. S. BRONAUGH.
Har. by F. L. E.

1. Oh you christians on life's journey, Are you helping with your hand,
2. When you see so many round you, In the paths of sin and strife,
3. As you look around at brothers, Who have wandered far a-stray;
4. Would you be a valiant soldier? Turn to every one your light,

Making bright the paths of others, Giving cheer where 'er you can?
Do you tell them of the Saviour, Who will give eternal life,
Does your heart go out in yearning, Do you ever for them pray?
Help, oh, help the worn and weary, Who have fallen in the fight,

Do you ever feed the hungry, Who by poverty are made
Do you, who are blest with riches, See salvation's cause unpaid,
Do you visit homes here, lowly, And by deeds of kindness paid,
Raise them up, and start them onward, And full wages you'll be paid,

Poor in spirit, low and wretched, Do you ever lend your aid?
For the want of your assistance, Christians, will you lend your aid?
Make them homes of love and pleasure, Do you ever lend your aid?
For the God of heaven will bless you, If you'll only lend your aid?
Lend Your Aid.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lend your aid, Oh, lend your aid;
Lend your aid,

Help them up whose feet have strayed;
Lend, Oh, lend your aid my brother, lend it now,

You may turn some wand’rer homeward,
You may turn some weary wand’rer homeward, if you’ll lend your aid,

If you’ll only lend your aid.
If you’ll only, if you’ll only lend your aid.
NO. 27.

The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet, and precious promise,
That, wages He will pay,
For service, here, within His vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. E.

Words written for, and adapted
to music, by F. L. EILAND. R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and wav-ing fields, Now we go with beau-ti-ful song;
2. Proud-ly we this mes-sage tell, To the soul now burdened with sin;
3. Will-ing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beau-ti-ful songs;

That, the blessed gos-pel light, lost sin-ners may see, That, its
glo-rious truth may shine, With its grace, and pow-er di-vine,
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!

That, in Je-sus, there is peace, and won-drous-ly free,—That, if
on Him they be-lieve, He their ach-ing hearts will re-lieve,
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!

gos-pel's joy-ful sound, We may send to na-tions a-round,

That, the white and wav-ing fields, here gath-ered may be;—That, the
The Waving Harvest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gospel in song, The gospel in song, unto you we bring,

Of the great love, And of the great love,

Jesus we sing, of Jesus we sing, Beautiful grain,

The beautiful grain, is wasting we see, is wasting we see,

And in the harvest glad toilers, for Jesus, we ever would be!
1. Go tell the glad tidings to sinners a-stray, Go quickly, my brother, O do not delay; You've tasted the glory which readied our Lord to obey; Go point to the fountain that
division of souls that are lost; Go speak of God's mercy, con-
now is thine own; This joy of thy bosom to others make known. cleanses from sin, And urge you the need-y to bold-ly step in. strain them to see, The way of salvation thro' Jesus must be.

CHORUS.

Go tell the glad tidings, go
Go tell the glad tidings, go tell them again,
Tell the Glad Tidings.—Concluded.

tell...... them a - gain........ Souls....... that are
tell the glad ti- dings, go tell them a-gain, Souls that are dy-ing may

dy - ing may hear......... the re - fray;.......... dy-ing, are dy-ing hear the re-frain,
Sols that are dy-ing may hear the re-frain;

Go speak.............. to them gen - tly and
Go speak to them gen-tly and bid them come in, Go

bid.............. them come in,............. In............. from the
speak to them gen-tly and bid them come in, In from the highways and

high - ways and hedg - es of sin.............
highways, the highways the hedge-es of sin.
hedge-es of sin, In from the hedges of sin.............
1. Be you for the Master, toiling all the day; Bringing in the
   wanderer, found along your way; Singing songs of gladness
   speaking words of cheer; In the ready harvest, labor for Him here.

2. Many souls are fainting, haste you to their side; Lead them to the
   Savior who will safely hide; Them from every danger,
   in His hand He'll hold; Toil ye on, my brother, bring them to His fold;
   for your labor here; In the golden harvest, over, over there.

3. Over bitter trials, help the soul along, Point to Jesus
   ev'ry, with your prayer and song; You will be rewarded,
   jewels, scattered ev'rywhere. Be you never idle,

Chorus.

Be you for the Master, toiling on with gladness; Bringing in His
when there's so much to do, For the one who died on Cal-vaa-ry for you.

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, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev-ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon-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 ma-jes-ty as-cibe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

NO. 31.  From the Cross to the Crown.

Leaving the home of a friend whom, my companion and I in other days had visited, looking back upon the house, (The cross) and thence to the sun, (The crown) just peeping up from behind the Eastern hills in all its brilliancy and splendor, this title was suggested. Carlton, Tex. Sept. 10th, 1856.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Look a-way from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares, weary one, look away; There's a home for the soul, where no sorrows can come, And where pleasures will never decay.

2. Tho' the burdens of life may be heavy to bear, And your beckoning come, And no heartaches and sighings are there, glittering crown, That's a waiting in heaven for you.

3. 'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles and strife, Brave-ly

CHORUS.

Look away, Look away, Wear-y one, look away from the cross to the crown,
From the Cross to the Crown.—Concluded.

NO. 32.  
Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon.

1. "Tis religion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweetest
   pleasure while we live In the light of God.

2. "Tis religion must supply, In the light, in the light, Solid
   comfort when we die In the light of God.

   After death its joys will be, In the light, in the light, Lasting
   as eternity, In the light of God.

   Be the living God my friend, In the light, in the light, Then my
   bliss shall never end, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.
NO. 33.  **Bringing in the Sheaves.**

**Knowles Shaw.**

1. Sow-ing in the morning sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
and the dew-y eve, Wait-ing for the harvest and the time of reaping, win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed, spirit oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, find a-mong the leaves, Gath'ring in the harvest, to the Master's Kingdom,

2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
and the dew-y eve, Wait-ing for the harvest and the time of reaping, win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed, spirit oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, find a-mong the leaves, Gath'ring in the harvest, to the Master's Kingdom,

3. Go, then, e-v'n weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Thro' the loss sustained our
and the dew-y eve, Wait-ing for the harvest and the time of reaping, win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed, spirit oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, find a-mong the leaves, Gath'ring in the harvest, to the Master's Kingdom,

4. We in tears may sow them, but with joy we'll greet them, When the precious fruit we
and the dew-y eve, Wait-ing for the harvest and the time of reaping, win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed, spirit oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, find a-mong the leaves, Gath'ring in the harvest, to the Master's Kingdom,

**CHORUS.**

We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the
sheaves, Bring-ing in the

Bringing the golden sheaves, the
Bringing the golden sheaves, the

Copyrighted by F. L. Eiland.
Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

Sowers and reapers and gleaners are all, Coming and bringing them in,

In from the harvest the toilers are coming and bringing the beautiful sheaves.

I Believe. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD.

1. Lord, I believe; Thy pow'r I own; Thy word I would obey;
2. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears Sometimes dim my sight;
3. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak:

Ref.—I do believe; I do believe, That Jesus died for me;

I wander comfortless and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weakness strengthen, and bestow The confidence I seek.

And through His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.
1. Would you in that meeting, Of the great soul greet-ing, Have a
2. Do you seek com-mun-ion, In that saved re-un-ion, Where the
3. With this hope still swell-ing, Go the sto-ry tell-ing, To the
4. Of your ex-pec-ta-tions, Sing to droop-ing na-tions, Of the

sharing in that prom-ised day? Let your heart's deep yearning, Keep you
saints of all the a-ges stay? To the cross go cling-ing, Your sal-
ser who is yet a-stray,—That he may be-lieve it, And his
meet-ling that will be that day,—And re-repeat the sto-ry, Of this

CHORUS.

lamps all burning, And keep walking in the narrow way! There we'll be with
va- tion sing-ing, And keep walking in the narrow way!
soul re-ceive it, And keep walking in the narrow way!
matchless glo-ry, And keep walking in the narrow way!

we'll be,

Je-sus on that peaceful shore, And with friends, we've
peaceful shore, dear friends,

loved who've long gone on before! There we'll sing for-ev-er, and His
we'll sing,
The Great Reunion.—Concluded.

name a-dore, That we've met, to part again, no, never-more!
name a-dore, we've met,

NO. 36. Angels Guard Us.

J. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Blessed Saviour, now receive us, In Thy tender, loving care,
2. O, Thou tender, loving Saviour, In Thy great, and boundless love,
3. By and by, when life is ended, And our labor here is o'er,

Grant to lead us gently onward, Till we've landed over there.
By Thy Spirit guide us onward, To Thy shining courts above.
Lord, receive us in Thy kingdom, Then we'll praise Thee ever-more!

CHORUS.

Shining angels watching o'er us, From the portals in the sky,

Safety guard us from all evil, And receive us by and by.
1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev'ry day and hour;
2. In my weak-ness, be my strength,—In my tri-als all
3. Leave me not, to walk a lone, Lest I droop and die.

Let Thy spirit be with me, In its sav-ing pow'r.
Be Thou, near me all the day,—Hear my ev-’ry call!
Let Thy spirit go with me, And at-tend my cry!

CHORUS.

Keep my heart, and keep my hand,—Keep my soul, I pray!

Keep my tongue to speak Thy praise,—Keep me all the way!
No. 38. **Leaning on Thee.**

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Sweet are the promises found in Thy word; Precious for—
   ev-er to me; Light'ning the bur-dens of life as they come,
   Sav-iour, I'm lean-ing on Thee.
   I'm lean-ing dear Sav-iour, on Thee.

2. Sweet-er Thy promises as they un-fold, More of their
   beau-ty I see; Bright-er, and bright-er my path-way has grown,
   Sav-iour, while lean-ing on Thee.
   I'm lean-ing on Thee,

3. Sweet-er and sweet-er Thy promises now, And at the
   end I shall be, Rich-ly re-ward-ed by trust-ing Thy word,
   Sav-iour, and lean-ing on Thee.
   I'm lean-ing on Thee,

**CHORUS.**

Lean-ing dear Sav-iour, on Thee, I'm lean-ing on Thee,
Lean-ing dear Sav-iour, on Thee, I'm lean-ing on Thee,
Lean-ing dear Sav-iour, on Thee, I'm leaning on Thee,
Lean-ing dear Sav-iour, on Thee, I'm leaning on Thee, I'm trust-ing the

Slower and softer.

prom-ises found in Thy word, Sav-iour, I'm lean-ing on Thee.
NO. 39.

Hiding In Thee.

"For thou art my rock and my fortress;—Ps. 31: 3.

Words and Melody by J. A. LINCOLN. Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

1. In Jesus my Saviour all glorious divine, The Father in Thee,
   His glory doth shine; His glory reflected, the fountain He shed on the tree;
   In it, I've been wash'd and my spirit is clean; Oh glory to Jesus on Calvary slain!

2. Oh blessed be Jesus, my soul He's set free! Therich crimson
   nations shall see; In meek adoration must bend the proud knee.
   love-ly is He! I'm hiding in Jesus, the Rock cleft for me.

3. No angel nor seraph can chant that lov'd name, So sweetly as
   Thee, His glory doth shine; His glory reflect-ed, the
   He deserves in His fame; The chief in ten thousand, oh

Chorus.

Oh Rock that was cleft, I'm hiding in Thee; I'm hiding in Thee, I'm

hid-ing in Thee; When I reach the bright portals, I will still hide in Thee!
NO. 40.  The Lord is My Shepherd.

H. W. E.

H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day,
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No evil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread, and my soul shall feast; And never know want or care,
4. Forever to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone,

In pastures of green, by waters so sweet, He guide's me in wis-dom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff, will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
Anoint-ed with oil, my head, it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Jesus my king, His praises to sing, While ages roll on, and on.

CHORUS.

O, Shepherd, di-vine; sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way;

To heav-en a-bove, where Thee, I can love, Thro' one e-ter-nal day.
When I am by His side, Who knows my ev'ry care (my wants) my wants are all supplied, (supplied) And I'm contented there.

I feel no dread of foes, For when they would come nigh (His arm) His arm around me goes, (it goes) And they must pass me by.

The storms tho' fierce and wild, Can give me no unrest, (He calls) He calls some near my child, (my child) Still nearer to my breast.

Safe, safely hiding, hiding from all danger, By my loving Saviour's side, sweetly resting on His loving bosom, And my wants are all supplied.

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NO. 42.

Whiter Than Snow.

H. E. MCAFEE.

1. Still I am singing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeemer,
   Still I am singing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeemer,
precious to me Tell the good news where-ev-er I
creed will I sing, (here will I sing,) On-ly Thy blood that sinners may
goes, (Jesus has washed me whiter than snow)
where-ev-er I go, Jesus has washed, ye, whiter than snow!
whiter than snow, The beautiful snow, Whiter than snow! The
whiter than snow, The be-au-ti-ful snow, Tell to the world, where-ev-er I
beau-ti-ful snow, Tell to the world, where-ev-er I
where-ev-er I go, Jesus has washed me whiter than snow!
where-ev-er I go. Jesus has washed yes, whiter than snow!

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NO. 43.  

I Glory in the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. L. EILAND.

1. My load of sin He has removed, And showed the cross to me;
2. To Him my life, my all I owe, And here the world shall see,
3. My walk, my talk, my pray'r, my song, His love for me will show;

4. I'll take it up and follow Him, My glory it shall be.
   This blessed cross this wondrous cross, Up-held for Him by me.
   While I my cross in meekness bear, Thro' this vain world be-low.

CHORUS.

I glory in the cross, My soul, it doth set free! I glory in the cross, the blessed cross,
   I glory in the cross, the blessed cross, I'm glad there's one for me! for me!
For all, who believe in God's only son, There's mercy and blessing when
2. Remember, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
4. The gospel of Jesus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and

For all, who believe in God's only son, There's mercy and blessing when
2. Remember, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
4. The gospel of Jesus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and

Heaven then you, a bright crown shall receive! How sweet is the
listen, dear sinner, He's calling for thee!
home for the souls, of His lov'd ones to share!
calling lost sinners, He even calls me, How sweet is the gospel, how

Gospel, How precious the word! How love-ly the mes-

sage of Jesus we've heard! Of Jesus we've heard! We have heard!
He Leads Me.

Miss EULA FLORENCE,
In the Glenwood, Texas, S. D., N., 1900.  
EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. The Saviour gently leads me by the hand,  
   And shields me from the tempter's snare;  
2. The loving Saviour guides my wayward feet,  
   Thro' shadows dark, He ever lights the rugged paths of life;  
3. Removes temptations hard to overcome,  
   He gently leads me from the haunts of sin.

   And burdens heavy, takes away;  
   And safely keeps me in His care.  
   And should He forsake me in the strife.  
   From the haunts of sin, When oft from Him, oft from Him I would stray.

REFRAIN.

The Saviour leads me, yes, He leads me on and on.  
The Saviour leads me, yes, He leads me, ev er
He Leads Me.—Concluded.

on, leads me on and on, Thro' shadows dark, He lights the way; H: lights the way; on, leads me on and on, To mansions fair and endless day.

The Sav-iour leads me yes, He leads me on and forever.

The Sav-iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

Gratitude.

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev’ry evening new;
2. Thou spread’st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow’rs to Thy command, To Thee I con-se-crate my days;

And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gently dis-till like ear-ly dew.
Thy sov’reign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow’rs.
Per-pet-u-al bless-ings from Thy hand Demand per-pet-u-al songs of praise.
I'll Follow My Saviour.

1. I'll follow my Saviour where ever He leads, His mercy, and
goodness I'll tell; I'll give to His service my heart and my hand, His
lead me a-stray; No danger I fear from the Tempter's bold snare, For
faithful and true; He'll pilot you on to that beautiful home, Where

2. When thro' the dark valley of woe I shall pass, And Satan would
follow Him on thro' the shadows, the shadows dark, shadows of night, He'll

3. Dear sinner, come follow your Saviour to-day, And ever be

CHORUS.

I'll fol low Him

glorious anthems I'll swell,
Jesus is leading the way.
I'll follow Him on, yes, I'll
loved ones are waiting for you.

on thro' the shadows of night,

follow Him on thro' the shadows, the shadows dark, shadows of night, He'll

He's leading me on thro' this

guide me thro' sorrow and care, He's leading me on, yes, He's leading me on, Thro' this

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I'll Follow My Saviour.—Concluded.

vale
here be-low,

vale, shadow'd vale here below, here below, To that beautiful home o-ver there.

NO. 48.
Choose To-day.

Miss EDNA DEAN.

R. E. CAMPBELL.

1. Stop, dear sinner, Jesus calls So tenderly to-day;
2. Long you've wander'd on in sin, And heed-ed not His voice
3. He can wash away your sin, And make you white as snow,

Turn from all your sinful ways, And make Him now your stay.
Call-ing for your wea-ry soul, O, make Him now your choice.
Have His pre-cious blood ap-plied, To glo-ry with us go.

CHORUS.

Ten-der-ly He's call-ing you, Ac-cept Him while you may;

Hear Him plead-ing for your soul, Make Him your choice to-day.
1. Led by His word to the fountain of life, Led there its cleansing to know,
2. Led from the darkness and into the light, Led where His blessings doth flow,
3. Led from the barren plain into the fold, Led where healing leaves grow,

clenching into know, Led thro' His blood to the foot of the cross,
blessings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mercy and love,
healing leaves grow, Led into pastures of plenty and peace,

Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fountain, precious fountain,

Led there its cleansing to know; Led to the fountain, precious fountain,

Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,
Washed, and made whiter than snow! Whiter, yes, whiter, I'm whiter than snow,
His Word.—Concluded.

Washed, and made whiter than snow;  Whiter than snow,
Washed, and made whiter, yes, whiter than snow; Whiter, yes, whiter, I'm

whiter than snow, Washed, and made whiter than snow!
whiter than snow, Washed, and made whiter, yes, whiter than snow!

NO. 50.  

Near the Cross.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Near the cross of Jesus, Ever let me be, Where the precious
2. Neath the mighty shadow, From the noon-tide heat, I would ever
3. Sweet and peaceful shelter, On it I rely, Thro' the storms near

D. S.—Near the cross of

FINE. CHORUS.

fountain Flows and cleanseth me.
linger In that refuge sweet.
Jesus Ever let me be.

D.S.

Near the cross, near the cross, Cross of Calvary;

Jesus ever let me be.
NO. 51.  

The Shining Way.

C. R. CURLEE. Arr. by F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

1. I have found the shining road to the Canaan land,
   The feast with which my soul would stay;—
   The blessings that are mine today;—
   No promised gifts, so rich, can pay,—Sinner, you can find this

2. On this way I've found the peace which I long have sought,
   'Tis the heritage His
   But, the peace of which I
   No promised gifts, so rich, can pay,—Sinner, you can find this

3. I can never tell you, friend, all the joys I know,—
   Earth, no pleasure can afford that will here, compare,—
   And its glories share, And Jesus will go all the way!

4. Earth, no pleasure can afford that will here, compare,—
   'Tis leading to eternal day,—
   'Tis the heritage His
   Sinner, come walk in this way! In this bright beautiful way,

Chorus.

Shining way, bright beautiful way; Shining and beautiful way,
Growing still brighter each day.

Sinner, come, and walk in this way!
Sinner, come walk in this way!
The Shining Way.—Concluded.

Shining way, bright beautiful way,
Shining and beautiful way, sinner walk in it today,

And Jesus will go with you all the way!
go with you all of the way!

NO. 52.  

Guide.  

M. M. W.  

1. Blessed Jesus, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian’s side,  
   {Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land,}  
2. Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
   {Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear;}  
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,  
   {Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names are there;}  

D.S.—Whisper softly, Wanderer come; Follow me: I’ll guide thee home.

D.C.  

Weary souls for ever rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o’er,  
Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus’ blood,
I have found a full salvation, Trusting in my Saviour's blood,
My redemption He has purchased, Without money, oh, how free!
I will sing it to the nations, Blessed story, oh, how sweet!

And my joy's beyond expressing, Walking with the Lamb of God.
Yes, He paid it all on Calvary, And the gift bestowed on me.
And the joy of full salvation, Let my tongue this song repeat.

Chorus.

Oh, the joy of full salvation! How it thrills my inmost soul!

Spread the news to ev'ry nation, Jesus' blood has made me whole.
NO. 54.  

Walking In The Way.

Eld. JOE S. WARBICK.  

WILLIAM D. EVRIDGE.

1. I am walking in the way, Where my Saviour goes,—(where He goes,—) I will follow Him each day. 
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walking by His side, (by His side,) For, I know, it was for me, That He trod, (my Saviour trod;)—Leading on to endless day, To our home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet, 
3. It is through the narrow way, That my Saviour went, (my Saviour trod;) Leading on to endless day, To our home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet, 

Chorus.

world oppose: (me oppose:) He'll up-hold me all the way; 
bled and died! (He bled and died!) Then I never shall complain, 
with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet, 

By His pow'r—eful hand; (His pow'rful hand;) And will lead me 
But my soul's delight, (my soul's delight,) Is my journeying 
In that city fair, (that city fair,) In that blessed 

safe—ly on, To that Heav'n—ly land! (that Heav'nly land!) 
Tho' this world, To that city bright, (that city bright,) land we all, Shall, His glory share. (His glory share.)
NO. 55. Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)

Dedicated to the Orphans Homes of Texas.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

Duet. Sop. and Ten.
Pathetically.

1. I hear a low faint voice that says, "Pa - pa and mamma's dead;"
2. Think of the many children now, Poor little boys and girls;
3. But now we see those once trained curls, Hang careless round their brow;
4. O! Saviour, every orphan bless, Where-ever they may roam;

And it comes from the poor orphan child, That must be clothed and fed.
Who once had mothers loving hands, To smooth their golden curls.
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no mother now."
Bless every hand that lends them aid, And bless the Orphans Home.

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Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)—Concluded.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Saviour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Saviour, lead them by the hand, yes, gently lead them by the hand,

Till they all reach the glittering strand.

Saviour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Saviour, lead them by the hand, yes, gently lead them by the hand,

Saviour, lead . . . . . them by the hand,
Saviour, lead them by the hand, yes, gently lead them by the hand,
L. A. MORRIS.

WALTER C. MITCHELL.

1. Over in the land of joy, (land of joy,)
2. Every passing moment here, (moment here,)
3. Earthly friendships all may fail, (all may fail,)

There are loved ones calling me, (calling me,) There no part-
Brings me nearer to my home, (to my home,) And I hear
Storms of life be dark and drear, (dark and drear,) Under Christ

ing scenes annoy; (scenes annoy;) From each sorrow all are
the loved ones near; (loved ones near;) Call- ing brothers haste to
I've spread the sail; (spread the sail;) And each storm but drives me

free, (all are free,) Soon beyond this vale of woe, (vale of woe,)
come,(haste to come,) Still the Master bids me stay, (bids me stay,)
near,(drives me near,) And the light from o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,)
Almost at the Gate.—Concluded.

Where those loved ones now a-wait, (now await,) As I'm known I'll surely
And with patience I must wait, (I must wait,) Till He bids me come a-
Where the loved ones now a-wait, (now await,) Beam-eth bright-ly now on

know, (sure-ly know,) For I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)
way, (come a-way,) But I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)
me, (now on me,) For I'm al-most at the gate, (at the gate.)

NO. 57.

Arlington.

JOHN NEWTON.

Dr. ARNE.

1. A-maz-ing grace (how sweet the sound?) That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro’ many dangers, toils and snares, I have gl-read-y come;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found! Was blind but now I see.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.
1. I have started on my journey, To that land of perfect day;
   And I will be safely landed by and by; (by and by;)

2. When I heard the gospel story, I believed it to be true;
   When it warned me of the dangers that were nigh, (that were nigh,)

3. I am now up on the waters, That are mighty strong and deep;
   And my ship the howling tempest all defy; (all defy;)

---

I am on the vessel sailing, That will never miss the way;
I at once prepared to travel; And I sought the faithful crew;
It will bear me up and over, And my course I'll onward keep,

---

And I will be safely landed by and by. (by and by.)

CHORUS.
By and by,

By and by, by, my journey will be ended; By and
By and By. Concluded.

by, I will be safe at home! By and by, by, I will be over

yonder, By and by, I will be safe at home!

No. 59. Must Jesus Bear the Cross? C. M.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste unmixed love, And joy without a fear.
And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Words by E. R. LATTA.

Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Beyond the reach of care and pain, Where all is fair and calm,
2. Where sainted spirit forms abide, And bear the harp and palm,
3. The martyr throng in safety dwell, And praise the conqu'ring Lamb,
4. Resolved to gain that sinless clime, By faith in Christ, I am;

They tell me there's a bright domain, That has a Gil-ead balm!
They never go unsatisfied, For there's a Gil-ead balm!
The patriarchs and prophets tell How blest that Gil-ead balm!
To list the angel voices chime, And share that Gil-ead balm!

CHORUS.

The brows that, here, no chaplets wore, Are gold-en crowns adorning!

We're going to that blessed shore! We'll join them in the morn-ing!
No. 61 Turned Away at the Pearly Gate. J. H. Sheppard.

1. All will appear at the pearly gate, To hear their sentence, both small and great, Some there will knock, and will not be heard. Turn'd a-way, at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate!

2. Some, into darkness, there, will be cast, To meet their destiny, Weeping and gnashing of teeth, there'll be, Turn'd a-way, too late. Sadness will be unto those who are, Turn'd a-way, at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate!

3. Some, there will hear, "Ye depart from me, I know you not," it is then too late. Sadness, will be unto those who are, Turn'd a-way, at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearly gate!

Copyright, 1902, by Billand and Dean.
1. The Saviour gently calls for you, Oh will you hear His voice?

2. Upon the cross for you He died! In agony and pain;

3. The mighty debt for you He paid; To save from death and woe;

In tender accents now He pleads, Come, and in Him rejoice.
'Twas there for you His blood was shed, To cleanse you from all stain.
Oh come, His blessing now receive; And on rejoicing go.

CHORUS.

He calls, He calls, He calls you, will you come? He calls you, will you come?

He calls, He bids you come, Why longer roam? Oh make Him now your choice.
I Am Not Ready.

"To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."—Bible.

A more convenient season, friend,
Your soul may never bless,—
This is the day, then shouldst secure
God's offered righteousness.

F. L. ELIAND.

1. I am not ready to choose to-night, The way of a pilgrim to live,—
2. I am not ready this step to try—This glory to barter away!
3. I am not ready, just yet, to part With pleasure so sweet to me here,—
4. I will get ready, there's time for me,—The day of my youth is not past;
5. O, I have waited too long, too long! The last call of mercy's withdrawn!

F. L. ELIAND.

I am ready to choose to-night, The way of a pilgrim to live,—
I am ready this step to try—This glory to barter away!
I am not ready, just yet, to part With pleasure so sweet to me here,—
I will get ready, there's time for me,—The day of my youth is not past;
O, I have waited too long, too long! The last call of mercy's withdrawn!

F. L. ELIAND.

I am not willing, this hope to blight, The world, here has promised to give.
I can not trust it, I'll pass it by, I'll wait till another good day.
I will stay with them, and let my heart Feast on, without sadness, or fear.
After earth's glories, enough I see, This course I will take at the last.
I am not ready is my sad song! The day of salvation is gone.

I am not ready, I am not ready, These pleasures I can not forsake;
I am not ready, I am not ready, The cross of my Saviour to take.

Jas. W. AGUFF.
NO. 64. Jesus Whispers, Come to Me.

F. L. E. C. E. W. H I T T I N G T O N.

Moderato Espressivo.

C. E. WHITTINGTON.

1. Jesus whispers, come to me; From the cross of Calvary,
2. Long I've wandered on in sin, Long the worst of all I've been,
3. I am coming, Lord, forgive; In Thy service now, I'd live,

Tho' a sinner, blind undone; Life and peace may yet be won!
Still in Him there's hope for me, Oh, blest Lamb of Calvary!
O, to spend my fleeting days, Joyful in Thy walks and ways!

CHORUS.

Then O whisper oft to me; Let me think of Calvary.

Since a sinner, blind undone; May be saved and heaven won!
Too Late.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

1. Too late, 'twill be for you to cry, When mercy's day has passed you by!
2. Too late, when death has barred the door, Your wailings can be heard no more!
3. Will you not heed the voice to-day, Inviting you Christ to obey?
4. No longer, there in sin abide! This all important step decide!

When solemn night, of dark despair, Shall come upon you halting there!
Rejected, there, thy soul will be—Shut out, thro' all eternity!
And be prepared to enter there, A pure and spotless robe to wear?
Come out, where Christ can touch thy soul, And at this moment be made whole!

REFRAIN.

Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be... your fate?

Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!
Sleep not, away thy day of grace,—
With zeal arise,
God's truth and light, at once embrace,—
Thou soul, be wise!—Eiland.

Maggie R. Dunagan.

Refrain by F. L. Eiland.

No. 66.

Too Long Had They Slept.

1. In the midnight of darkness, rejected they stand, While the
2. While awaiting without, they, the sorrowing stood,— They
3. Have oil in your vessels, the time draweth near, Be
4. Awake, from your slumber, dear sinner, today,— Have

wisdom of others, for His coming had planned; Too
thought of His promise, of coming He would; O,
read y, and waiting, when He shall appear; O,
oil in your vessel,— prepare while you may,— Be

long had they tarried, too long had they slept, Their
why, did I linger, till the door, there was closed, And
slumber not, sinner, to answer His call,— He
not there rejected,— by Jesus, denied, With the

cries could not reach Him,—no watch had they kept.
all my entertainments He now doth refuse! Why so, have I
of fers salvation, 'tis free for us all!
door closed against you, for ever outside!
Too Long Had They Slept.—Concluded.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow’r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has gone to waste, And I perhaps am near my home;
3. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head;

And ev’ry evening shall make known, Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He forgives my follies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed angels keep, Their watchful stations round my bed.
1. Soul, why be contented, Out of Christ to stay? With no
   hope of heaven, And so much to pay? Jesus is for-
   bearing, That you yet may heed:—Warnings oft repeated,
   And secure thy need.

2. Why neglect this interest? Let it pass you by? Seeking
   after fortune, Which must shortly die? Money will not
   purchase You a title, friend, To that world of glory,
   Nor a solace lend. 'Tis a debt, my brother! And 'tis
   oh, poor soul too late.

3. Why then be contented, With thy soul exposed, Till the
   gate of mercy, Shall to thee be closed? Hasten then my
   coming due; Question, can you meet it? Judgment waits for you!
NO. 69. Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

Be thy words, and deeds, a light,
The Soul, of man to win,—
Speak, and act, then for the Christ,
Who seeks, to save from sin.

G. H. R.

1. Weary way-worn sin-ner, on the broad highway, Let the gospel light shine in!
2. Brother, if you're doubting, why then longer stand, Let the gospel light shine in!
3. Faint not by the way-side—is the blest command, Let the gospel light shine in!
4. While the pearly gates stand o-pen wide to you, Let the gospel light shine in!

in! shine in! Do not be dis-cour-aged, there's a brighter day,—
in! shine in! Do not fal-ter lon-ger, build not on the sand,
in! shine in! Je-sus on, will lead you, take you by the hand;
in! shine in! Do not let them close and, seal your fa-tal doom,

Refrain.

Let the gospel light shine in. Let the gospel light shine in,

Let the gospel light shine in! shine in! Tell to all the na-tions,

Je-sus is their friend, Let the gospel light shine in! shine in!

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NO. 70.  

Don't You Want to be Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Oh, there is a time when the message will come! Don't you want to be ready to go? Oh, sinner the Saviour invites you to-day! Will you be ready to go? A home and a crown is waiting for thee! Will you be ready to go? This moment, the Saviour, is pleading for thee! Sinner, are you ready to go? Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you, will you be ready to go? Be watching and waiting when death you must meet, And be willing and ready to go!

2. To-day is the day of salvation for all,—Can you say you are ready to go? To-day is the day of salvation for all,—How can you say you are ready to go? To-day is the day of salvation for all,—Will you say you are ready to go? To-day is the day of salvation for all,—Then will you be ready to go?

3. Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go? Oh, yes, there's a time when the message will come! Are you willing and ready to go?

4. Delay you no longer, dear sinner, but come; Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go! Be prepared and be ready to go!

5. Oh, turn you to-day and the Saviour obey, Come, oh, come and be ready to go! The Saviour, the Saviour invites you to-day! Will you be ready to go? A home and a crown is waiting for thee! Will you be ready to go? This moment, the Saviour, is pleading for thee! Sinner, are you ready to go? Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you, will you be ready to go? Be watching and waiting when death you must meet, And be willing and ready to go!

Chorus.

read-y to go? Oh, sin- ner the Sav - iour in - vites you to-day! Will you read-y to go? A home and a crown is a - wait - ing for thee! Will you read-y to go? This moment, the Sav - iour, is plead - ing for thee! Sin - ner, read-y to go! Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you read-y to go! Be watch-ing and wait - ing when death you must meet, And be

Read - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to

Read - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to wait - ing and read - y to go?

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Read - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to wait -ing and read -y to go?

Read - y to go, Don't you want to be ready to wait -ing and read -y to go?
No. 71.  I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

Timothy Dwight.  Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The
   church our blest Redeem-er saved, With His own pre-cious blood,
   as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand,
   sweet com-mun-ion, sol-cmn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear
   her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end,

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To
   church our blest Redeem-er saved, With His own pre-cious blood,
   her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end,

4. Beyond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her
   church our blest Redeem-er saved, With His own pre-cious blood,
   her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end,
1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light: Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.

2. Tomorrow's sun may never rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise; Be saved, oh, to-night.

3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.

4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-eth none, Who would to Him their souls u-nite; Believe, obey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not, Oh, why not to-night?

Oh, why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?
NO. 73. **Will You Wash in His Precious Blood?**

S. J. O.  
S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. There is a fountain open'd wide, 'Tis the sinners cleansing flood;
2. O, look by faith to Calv'ry's mount, There behold the Son of God;
3. Up on the rug'ged cross He bled, Yes, He died for all the world;
4. Suspen'd on the cur'sed tree, There in agony He groan'd!

It flows from Jesus' bleed-ing side—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?  
He shed His blood—the heal-ingfount—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?  
And there re-deem-ing blood He shed—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?  
'Twas all for sinners such as we—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?

Will you wash in the crim-son tide,—In the stream of Calv'ry's flood?  
Will you wash, blessed crimson tide,—

Flowing from Im-manuels side, Will you wash in His precious blood?

Flowing from,
Will You Come?

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.

1. There's a home prepared for all, Who will heed the Saviour's call,
   Will you come? O, will you come? O, will you come?

2. If you stay a-way to-day, You may never seek the way;
   And go marching with the band, To the Prince Emmanuel's land?
   Will you come? O, will you come? Will you come?

3. O, the Spirit and the Bride! Are entreat ing far and wide;
   When 'tis shut, the golden Gate, You will then be found too late;
   Will you come? O, will you come? Will you come?

Copyright, 1897, by F. L. Miland.
Will You Come?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Will you come? 'Tis the Saviour's pleading tone,
O, will you come?

Will you come? Then why longer will you roam?
O, will you come?

Will you come? 'Tis the Spirit calls thee home!
O, will you come?

Will you come? Will you come?
O, will you come?
Follow On.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD, Adapted by F. L. E. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. My soul o'er-flows with joy and peace, Where Je-sus shows His face,
2. Thro' shades deep, He lights the way; And leads my soul a-long,
3. When to death's nar-row stream I come, Tho' dark the wave, and cold;
4. All glo-ry to His pre-cious name; Who gave His life for me:

And bids all doubt and sor-rows cease, And saves me by His grace!
To man-sions fair and end-less day, The land of praise and song.
My Lord doth call my spir-it house, In to His peace-ful fold.
His grace, His good-ness, I'll pro-claim, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

O, will you fol-low on? O, will you fol-low on?
O, will you fol-low, fol-low on? O, will you fol-low, fol-low on?

O, will you fol-low where He leads? O, will you fol-low on?
NO. 76.  **Hide You in the Blood of Jesus.**

Rev. L. McHan.  JNO. P. BALLEW.

1. Come to this shelter, safe retreat,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
2. Come from the loathsome ways of sin,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
3. Come, for the dangers hover near,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus;
4. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus;

Come, for the storms around you beat,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus.
Come, for the Lord will take you in,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus.
Come, He'll protect you from all fear,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus.
Come, tho' they be like crimson red,  Hide you in the blood of Jesus.

**Chorus.**

Hide................. you in the blood,................. For the
Hide you in the blood,  Hide you in the blood,

storms............. are raging high;............. Hide.............
Storms are raging high,  Storms are raging high; Hide you in the blood,

........... you in the blood,........... Till the dangers pass you by.
blood,  Hide you in the blood,

Copyright, 1900, by Jno. P. Ballew.
1. You have heard the gospel of the blessed Lord, 'Tis the pow'r of God to save; Will you come, obey, according to His word?

2. You have long been grop'ing thro' the vales of sin, From the way of life have strayed; Will you come to Jesus? He will let you in, Be prepared to enter thou, the grave! Are you ready to be saved?

3. You can have sal-va-tion, and with Jesus live, In that land, beyond the grave, Where the joys of heaven un-to you He'll give, Hal-lee-lu-jah, many souls He's saved!

CHORUS.

If you'll trust His blessed pow'r to save!

Ready to be saved? Ready for the call to go? You have long been wand'ring, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

yes, I'm
A Crucified Saviour.

King and Redeemer of men, Is seated in heaven,
God of the kingdom on high; O! how can you slight Him,
way from His heavenly fold? He offers you pardon,

Up - on the great throne, Inviting the wanderers in.
And turn thou away, O! how can you pass Him by?
Salvation from sin A treasure more precious than gold.

Chorus.

Come in!... Come in!... Is the cry of the crucified One!
Come in, come in, Come in and be saved,

Come in!... Come in!... Is the cry of the crucified One.
Come in, come in, Come in and be saved,
1. Have you heard the invitation? Jesus says, Come unto Me, Come to
2. There are blessed many mansions Waiting for the pure and true; Come to
3. Heavy laden, or weary, Jesus says, In Me find rest, Come to
4. Time is short, and days are fleeting, Heed the message, Come to Me, Come to

Me,......... O, come to Me. 'Tis the message of salvation,
Me,......... O, come to Me. There in heaven's green expansions
Me,......... O, come to Me. Does your path in life seem dreary?
Me,......... O, come to Me. O, the joy of yonder greeting.

Come to Me, O, come to Me.

That the Master brings to thee; Come to
Hear the Saviour call to you, Come to
By His love you may be blest, Come to
In the home beyond the sea; Come to

Chorus.

Come to Me,......... O, come to Me; Jesus
Come to Me, O, come to Me.
The Gospel Invitation.—Concluded.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wan'd'rs, come!
2. To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly;
3. To-day the Saviour calls! Oh, hear Him now!
4. The Spirit calls to-day! Yield to His pow'r!

O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
The storm of vengeance falls, And death is nigh.
With in these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
Oh, grieve Him not a way! 'Tis mercy's hour.

NO. 80. To-Day the Saviour Calls.
S.F.Smith. Dr. L. Mason.
Calling for Me.

NEVA E. PARKHILL.

1. Over the tide of that Jasper sea, Softly a sweet voice is calling to me!
2. Over the tide of that Jasper sea, Softly the accents are pleading with me;
3. Over the tide of that Jasper sea, Cometh a vision of beauty to me!

CHORUS.

Dearly beloved, O why longer roam? Calling for me!

Calling for me! over the sea! over the sea!

Calling for me! Calling for me!
Let Me Wash.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins,
   And sinners plunged be-thath flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power
   Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more.

3. F'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
   Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

4. When this poor, lisping, stam-mering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,
   Then in a no-bler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.
   And I shall be whiter than the snow.

CHORUS.

Let me wash . . . in the fountain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Let me wash . . . in the fountain, In the soul-cleansing foun-tain.

Let me wash . . . in the foun-tain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Drink of its cleansing flow, . . . Let me wash in the free-flow-ing fountain.
NO. 83.  

**Lean On His Arm.**

**F. L. EILAND**, by per.  

**W. M. RAMSEY**, W. M. RAMSEY.

1. Lean on the mighty arm of Jesus, Hide in the hollow of His hand;
2. Lean on the mighty arm of Jesus, Wait you not for the morning dawn;
3. Lean on the mighty arm of Jesus, For 'tis the only refuge sure;
4. Lean on the mighty arm of Jesus, And of His boundless mercy share;

Chorus.

Lean on His arm, His everlasting arm,

Neath His protecting wings abide you, Firm on the Rock of Ages stand.

Ev'ning of life may come and find you, And with your strength and courage gone.

Let not another's invitation, Now from this hope, your soul allure,

Drink of the ever-living fountain, Down by the Rock of Ages there,

Lean on His arm, Hide in the hollow of His hand!

Lean on His arm, Firm on the Rock of Ages stand.

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NO. 84. **Keep Praying As You Go.**

E. ARNOLD.  

1. Young soldiers gird your armour on, And boldly meet the foe,
2. Come burdened souls with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe;
3. Oh! cast your sins at Jesus feet, While here on earth below,
4. And when you've filled the mission giv'n, The Saviour will bestow,
5. The Saviour with the Father pleads, And this I surely know,

---

F. L. EILAND.

There're blessings at the mercy seat, Keep praying as you go.
Let faith direct and hope inspire, Keep praying as you go.
Receive the promise He has giv'n, Keep praying as you go.
The blessings He has promised you, While praying as you go.
These blessings will be given you, If praying as you go.

---

CHORUS.

Keep praying, ever praying, Thro' all your way below;
Praying as you go, praying friends,

Keep praying, ever praying, Keep praying as you go.
Praying to the end, praying friends,

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No. 85.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Key on E flat.

I hear the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me Thine all in all."

Chorus.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed, I find
Thy power, and Thine all
Can change the leper's
And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Clav'ry's Lamb.

And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 86.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

Key on F.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows,
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

—John Fawcet.

No. 87.

THOU ART THE WAY.

Key on C.

art the Way,—to Thee alone in sin and death we flee:

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind, And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life,—the remnant Lamb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall

Thou art the Truth,grant us Thy
That truth to be Whose joy.

No. 88.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Key on G.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my songs shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Tho' like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
Yet in my dreams I'd be ....
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Then with my waking tho' its
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my songs shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!

—Sarah F. Adams.
No. 89.
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Key on E Flat.
My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!
May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou has died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be
A living fire.
While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread;
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distress remove,
Oh, hear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

—Ray Palmer.

No. 90.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Key on F.
Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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 hope of glory bring;
Come, my defence
Under the shadow of Thy wings.

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;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
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.

—Charles Wesley.

No. 91.
I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.

Chorus.
I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome:
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Miss Lillian Scott
Irby Community
Methacton, Penn.
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