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Songs of Redemption

G. Dallas Smith

Emmet S. Dean

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SONGS OF REDEMPTION

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

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, and I 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 your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—Jesus—
Matt xi: 28, 29, 30.
SONGS OF REDEMPTION.

No. 1

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........................ With love that is faithful, and strong!

2. Here, when dark clouds would cover thy way, Go nearer His
glorified throng—Tell it to Christ, He'll roll them aside, Then
song................. 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
Redeeming Love.

Mrs. E. Greer Floyd.

F. L. El. Land.

1. O, wondrous love to bleed and die,
   That you and I might live!
2. That we might live, He bore the cross,
   Endured the pain and scorn,
3. Come, sinner, now, come seek His face;
   His love and mercy plead;
4. And when we reach that happy shore,
   In worlds beyond the sky;

   For guilty wretches such as I,
   His precious life to give—
   And stood trembling 'neath the cruel lash,
   And wore the crown of thorns.
   The contrite heart He doth receive,
   And help in every need.
   We'll sing His praise for evermore,
   Where pleasures never die!

CHORUS.

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

May repeat chorus pp.

Let all the world His might proclaim,
   And sing redeeming love!
NO. 3.  

Behold the Love of Jesus.

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! Oth-ers, 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,

Suf-fered, 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 e-mo-tion, Feel, what He has done for thee!

Refrain,

Oh, be-hold the love of Jesus! There, up-on the cruel 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
2. Sore, wea-ry, and thirst- y, He came to a well, And there, to a
3. Then broth-er, let's sing this sweet sto- ry, so true, Sal-va-tion thro'

Our Sa- vu- r on earth as a man,
Both foot-sore and
Sore, wea-ry, and thirst- y,
He came to a well, And there, to a
Then broth-er, let's sing this sweet sto- ry, so true, Sal-va-tion thro'

Our Sa- vu- r on earth as a man,
Both foot-sore and
Sore, wea-ry, and thirst- y,
He came to a well, And there, to a
Then broth-er, let's sing this sweet sto- ry, so true, Sal-va-tion thro'

CHORUS.

We'll sing this sweet song, this glo-
We'll sing this sweet song, Of Je- sus who died on the tree!

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Jesus through Samaria.—Concluded.

He died on the cruel cross, died on the tree,—He died on mount Calvary, for me!

me!............. O, sing the sweet story, Salvation is free!

you and for me!

NO. 5. Waterma.

JOHN NEWTON. B. SIMPSON.

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 call'st burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with-out and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac-user 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!
2. Dying there in misery!
3. There He died, but lives again—

Dying there for sinners lost!
On the cross of calvary—
Pleading with the sons of men!

Agonizing, hear His cry!
See His precious bleeding side!—
Saying, "twas on calvary,

How, oh, how then pass Him by!
"Twas for you and me He died!
That I suffered much for thee!

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On the Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the cold, dark tomb, my Saviour lay! Wrapt in

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

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


In the cold, dark tomb He lay!........ Wrapt in
NO. 7.  

**Smiling Sea.**

F. L. EILAND.

1. There's a beautiful, beautiful land so fair, Just over the smiling sea; And the sweetest of flowers are blooming there, Just over the smiling sea; Will to me, the bright angels its gates unfold, 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 beautiful sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea.

3. There the ransomed are singing a song, sweet song, Just over the smiling sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea, Just over the beautiful smiling sea.

**REFRAIN.**

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

Dedicated to my friends, W. H. and ELLA WOODLAND, Reagan, Tex.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—Jesus, JOHN 14: 2.

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

1. Over there are many mansions, By the smiling sylv'ry sea;
2. Over there He's gone, our Savior, To that happy peaceful strand,
3. Over there He will receive us, When these toiling 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 sylv'ry sea;

In the heav-en's bright e- ter- nal, 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 beau-ti-ful cit-y; I have a lov-ing
2. There I shall dwell thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal; The King of glo-ry
3. Out o'er the fair land of prom-ise to wan-der; The ransomed of my

I have a home in a beau-ti-ful cit-y; I have a lov-ing
There I shall dwell thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal; The King of glo-ry
Out o'er the fair land of prom-ise to wan-der; The ransomed of my

Sav-iour, there; I have a man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty; For to a-dore; Sing-ing the song of re-dem-p-tion, sweet sto-ry; A joy to tell; And when I'm lost for a word to ex-press it, I'll

I have a home in a beau-ti-ful cit-y; I have a lov-ing
There I shall dwell thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal; The King of glo-ry
Out o'er the fair land of prom-ise to wan-der; The ransomed of my

CHORUS.

me He has gone to pre-pare.
pil. grim to be nev-er-more.} O, to be watching, O, to be waiting, snout the re-frain,"all is well.

and to be read-y, When for me, He calls; Then will I shout pass-ing

thro' the o-pen por-tals, Safe, safe at home ev-er-more!
NO. 10. Just Beyond the Rolling River.

H. W. E.  

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,  
There to dwell with Christ for ever  
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.

Copyright, 1890, by F. L. Elizalde.
NO. 11. *Over In That Land of Song.*

F. L. ELLAND.  
EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. By and by we 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 triumphant singing, There, in that land of song—

To that happy sinless number, We there, will then belong,
Oh, that joy 'twill 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, what a meeting it will be, there, it will be!

What a greeting we shall see! 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!
1. There's a beautiful home in the heavenly land, For those who are ready when
2. In that home of the blest in the E-den a-bove, The ransomed are singing 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
heaven-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

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! 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.
When Jesus calls us home, To dwell with Him above;
O sinner, heed the call; And turn from sin and strife;
Then let us work and pray, While here on earth below;
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!

Then, O how sweet 'twill be, To meet on Canaan's shore!
'Tis there, His glory we shall share, And dwell forever more!
I'm Seeking a Home.

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

R. B. --------
R. M. BURT.

1. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions above, (the mansions above,) Where I can abide, (where I can abide,) Where I can abide, (where I can abide,)

2. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) through trials severe, (through trials severe,) But grace will sustain, (but grace will sustain,) But grace will sustain, (but grace will sustain,)

3. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions above; (the mansions above;) Conducted along, (conducted along,) conducted along, (conducted along,) Con ducted along, (conducted along,)

4. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) where loved ones have gone, (where loved ones have gone,) Who fought the good fight, (who fought the good fight,) 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,) I'll labor and pray, (I'll labor and pray,)

by the Heavenly Dove,—(the Heavenly Dove,) What rapture is mine, (what rapture is mine,) What rapture is mine, (what rapture is mine,) and the victory won; (the victory won;) And when I'm released, (and when I'm released,) and the victory won; (the victory won;) And when I'm released, (and when I'm released,)

all the glorified sing, (the glorified sing,) While casting their and daily press on, (and daily press on,) E'er trusting the when I think of that bliss,—(I think of that bliss,) What comfort I from sorrow and pain, (from sorrow and pain,) All glory to from sorrow and pain, (from sorrow and pain,) All glory to

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

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I'm Seeking a Home.—Concluded.

Chorus.

By faith I can see, 
my Saviour's sweet smile, 

By faith I can see, 
my Saviour's sweet smile, 
And hear His sweet voice, 

And hear His sweet voice, 
come higher my child! 

So faithful and true, 
'mid care and distress, 

So faithful and true, 
'mid care and distress, 
En-ter in-to my joy, 

En-ter in-to my joy, —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.  

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.  

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.

CHORUS.

There's a beautiful home......far over the a beautiful home

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That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

There's a beautiful home, far over the sea, a beautiful home

for you and for me; And its glittering

for you and for me;

tow'r's the sun out shine, And that beautiful

its glittering tow'r's the sun out shine,

home some day, shall be mine

that beautiful home, Some day, shall be mine.
I was once but an outcast
Without friend or home, Here a-
There's no refuge of safety
Save the home on high, Where the
And by faith in the promise
Of my Saviour, now I can
There I'll be with my Saviour,
And the angels bright, While the

Who died on the tree,
He has bought me with His own precious blood.
The sin and the pain,
When I've anchored never more shall I see.
That my way is clear,
To that country and home over there.
There, my spirit shall have
A sweet refuge in the home of the soul.

Home sweet home, my heavenly home,
Where trials and troubles ne'er come,

O grant dear Saviour, that others 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 pathway will ever be dreary, When Jesus is leading the way.
Of bliss beyond death we are dreaming, When Jesus is leading the way.
To dwell in a home that's eternal, When Jesus is leading the way.

CHORUS.

When Jesus is leading the way, And O what a wonderful

won-der-ful sto-ry! When Jesus is leading the way.
won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto-ry!
NO 18.  

That Beautiful Home.

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 a home with the angels, the presence of Jesus, the King;  

2. With the saints and the angels our hearts will rejoice,  
   In the heart and with voice, All triumphant in glory we'll sing,  
   With the angels and the presence of Jesus, the King;  
   With the angels and the presence of Jesus, the King;  

3. In hosanna to Jesus, our voices we'll blend, In that saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear,  
   In that saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear,  
   In that saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear,  
   In that saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear,  

4. By the river of life, ever flowing so calm,  
   We shall earth with its sorrow and care,  
   To a home with the angels, the presence of Jesus, the King;  
   We will praise Him forever, with a beautiful crown we shall wear,  

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That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

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

There's a beautiful crown we shall wear.

beautiful, beautiful, beautiful home!

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.
NO. 20.

Toiling for the Master.

Words and Music by M. DUNAGIM.

1. Are you toil-ing dai-ly for the Mas-ter? Are you pray-ing,
   pray-ing as you go? Will you go and tell the dy-ing na-tions,
   Toil - ing, Toil-ing day by day, Tell-ing of His dy-ing love!

2. Broth-er, broth-er, be you nev-er i-dle While there are so
   many souls to die; Lift your eyes, be-hold the gold-en har-vest,
   Toil-ing, Toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Toil-ing with the na-tion, Pointing them to heav'n a-bove.

3. Has-te! O haste! you with this dy-ing mes-sage How He died up
   on the cru-el tree, Tell them how He free-ly shed for sin-ners
   His pre-cious blood that their souls may be free, Toiling with the na-tions,
   Toil-ing, Toil-ing, Toil-ing, Toil-ing, Toil-ing, Toil-ing.


1. Go in early morning, into the harvest white, Sing a song of gladness,
2. For the faint and weary, carry a smile of cheer. With the sad and dreary,
3. In the name of Jesus, gather the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise,

1. labor with all your might; Let the words of Jesus, over the nation ring,
2. weep-ing an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching, under a load of care,
3. wag-es, He you will pay; Go with great rejoicing, gleaning from fields of sin,

CHORUS.

With the coming evening, beautiful gleanings bring. See....................the beautiful
Lend a hand of comfort, cover its ailing there. See you there, the beautiful

Go,....................and labor with all your might; Let............your
Go, ye there, and labor with all your might; Let them there your

Repeat Chorus Softly.

an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go,........and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!
an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, ye now, and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!

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NO. 22.  
Willing and Ready.

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.
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 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'ring going a-stray. Turning them back to Christ the Redeemer,
sinner come at the call. Jesus says, "Come"—all things are now ready,—
in our sheaves from the field; They shall shine in our crown of rejoicing,—
dee'd shall stand with the King; There, in that land, all bright with His glory,

Chorus.

Bringing them home to Jesus the way.
Many, may come, there's room for them all.
Oh, may we have a bountiful yield.
They, His eternal praises shall sing.

harvest,—Fields are now white and labourers are few; Pray ye the

Lord that others may enter,—There's a work my brother for you.
Call Back the Wanderer.

L. A. MORRIS.

WALTER C. MITCHELL.

1. Oh, how many in darkness have gone astray. Oh, how many.
2. What a joy 'tis to know anywhere we go. We may lead them.
3. Brother, think how the Saviour invites them home, Call the wand' rer.

many.............. daily wander,.......... Oh, how many.
lead them .......... and reclaim them.......... To the Saviour who
wan'd'er,............. call the wan'd'er.......... Tis a joy to the

Oh, how many wander from the way,
We may lead them, yes, reclaim them now,
Call the wand' rer, call the wand' rer home,

blindness now day by day, Ever wander from the light away,
died to redeem from woe, Just because He loved the wand' rer so.
angels when sinners come, There is glory in the ransom'd throng.

CHORUS.

Oh, reclaim them.......... yes, reclaim them.......... 'Tis the
Oh, reclaim the wand' rer now, yes, reclaim the wand' rer now,

Copyright, 1871 by P. L. Eland.
Call Back the Wanderer.—Concluded.

Lord's blest command hear the call! Oh make haste to the res-cue the hear the call!

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

NO. 25.

Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid 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 na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride!
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His word.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet—Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-mar-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!
No. 26.

Lend Your Aid.

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

1. Oh you christians on life's journey, Are you helping with your hand,

2. When you see so manyround you, In the paths of sin and strife,

3. As you look around at brothers, Who have wanderedfar astray;

4. Would you be a valiant soldier? Turn to every one your light,

Making bright the paths of others, Giving cheer where e'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 heav'n 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,
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 bless-ed 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,
go-spel's joy-ful sound, We may send to na-tions a-round,
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je-sus, we ev-er would be!
The Waving Harvest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gospel in song, un-to you we bring,
Of the great love, of the great love,

Jesus we sing, Beautiful
Of Jesus we sing,

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

Repeat Chorus softly.

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 reads our Lord to obey; Go point to the fountain that division of souls that are lost; Go speak of God's mercy, condition, This joy of thy bosom to others make known. cleanses from sin, And urge you the need-y to boldly step in. strain them to see, The way of salvation thro' Jesus must be.

2. Go tell the glad tidings, go tell them today, Some soul may be now is thine own; This joy of thy bosom to others make known.

3. Go tell the glad tidings and count not the cost, Behold the condition, This joy of thy bosom to others make known.

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

Ing may hear............. the re - frain;.............

dy - ing, are dy - ing
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
bid them come in, In from the highways and

high - ways and hedg - es of sin.............
highways, the highways the hedg - es of sin.
hedg - es of sin, In from the hedges of sin.............
No. 29.  
Even So Do.

Words by F. L. EILAND.  
Music by EMMEIT S. DEAN.

1. Be you for the Master, toiling all the day; Bringing in the
   wandering, found along your way; Singing songs of gladness
   wandering, found along your way; Singing songs of gladness
   wan-d'rers, found along your way; Singing songs of gladness

2. Many souls are fainting, haste you to their side; Lead them to the
   saviour who will safely hide; Them from every danger, ever, with your prayer and song; You will be rewarded,
   save-your who will safely hide; Them from every danger, ever, with your prayer and song; You will be rewarded,
   sav-iour who will safely hide; Them from every danger, ever, with your prayer and song; You will be rewarded,

3. Over bitter trials, help the soul along, Point to Jesus
   speaking words of cheer; In the ready harvest, labor for Him here,
   speak-ing words of cheer; In the ready harvest, labor for Him here,
   speak-ing words of cheer; In the ready harvest, labor for Him here,

Chorus.

Be you for the Master, toiling on with gladness; Bringing in His
   jeweels, scattered every where. Be you never idle,
   jeweels, scattered every where. Be you never idle,
   jeweels, scattered every where. Be you never idle,
Even So Do.— Concluded.

when there's so much to do, For the one who died on Cal-va-ry for you.

NO. 30.

Coronation. L. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, 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-crIBE, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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-crIBE, 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, 1865.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Look away 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 heart aches and sighings are there, glittering crown, That's awaiting 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.

From the cross to the glittering crown, From the cross to the glittering crown.

NO. 32. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon.

CHORUS.

pleasure while we live In the light of God.
comfort when we die In the light of God.
as eternity, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,
bliss shall never end, In the light of God.

In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.
1. Sow-ing in the morning sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, e-v' n weep-ing, s ow-ing for the Mas-ter, Thro' the loss sustained our
4. We in tears may sow them, but with joy we'll greet them, When the precious fruit we
and the dew - y eve, Wa it-ing for the har - vest and the time of reap-ing, win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end-ed,
find a-mong the leaves, Gatin'ring in the har-vest, to the Master's Kingdom,

CHORUS.

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

sheaves, Bring - ing in the beau-tiful golden sheaves, Bringing the beau-tiful sheaves,
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.

NO. 34.

I Believe. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD. Anon.

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 thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.
NO. 35.

The Great Reunion.

Words adapted to music by F. L. EILAND.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Would you in that meeting, Of the great soul greeting, Have a

2. Do you seek commun-ion, In that saved reun-ion, Where the

3. With this hope still swelling, Go the story tell-ing, To the

4. Of your expec-ta-tions, Sing to droop-ing na-tions, Of the

sharing in that promised day? Let your heart's deep yearning, Keep you
saints of all the ages stay? To the cross go clinging, Your sal-
sinner who is yet a-stray,—That he may believe it, And his
meeting that will be that day,—And re-peat the story, 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 receive 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!

Angels Guard Us.

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

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, now re-ceive us, In Thy ten-der, lov-ing care,
2. O, Thou ten-der, lov-ing Sav-iour, In Thy great, and boundless love,
3. By and by, when life is end-ed, And our la-bor here is o'er,

Grant to lead us gen-tly on-ward, Till we've landed o-ver there.

By Thy Spir-it guide us on-ward, To Thy shin-ing courts a-bove.

Lord, re-ceive us in Thy king-dom, Then we'll praise Thee ever-more!

CHORUS.

Shin-ing an-gels watching o'er us, From the por-tals in the sky,

Safe-ly guard us from all e-vil, And re-ceive us by and by.
**Keep Me Ev'ry Day.**

**F. L. Eiland.**

**Emmett S. Dean.**

1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev'ry day and hour;
2. In my weakness, be my strength,—In my trials all
3. Leave me not, to walk alone, Lest I droop and die.

Let Thy spirit be with me, In its saving pow'r!
Be Thou near me all the day,—Hear my every call!
Let Thy spirit go with me, And attend 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!
1. Sweet are the promises found in Thy word; Precious for-

ever to me; Light'ning the burdens of life as they come,

2. Sweeter Thy promises as they unfold, More of their

beauty I see; Brighter, and brighter my pathway has grown,

3. Sweeter and sweeter Thy promises now, And at the

end I shall be, Richly rewarded by trusting Thy word,

CHORUS.

Saviour, I'm leaning on Thee, Lean-ing dear Saviour, on Thee,

Saviour, while leaning on Thee.

Saviour, and leaning on Thee.

I'm leaning on Thee,

I'm leaning dear Saviour, on Thee, . . . I'm trusting the

I'm leaning on Thee,

Slower and softer.

promises found in Thy word, Saviour, I'm leaning on 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 reflect ed, the
   nations shall see; In meek adoration must bend the proud knee.

2. Oh blessed be Jesus, my soul He's set free! That rich crimson
   font He shed on the tree; In it, I've been wash'd and my
   spirit is clean; Oh glory to Jesus on Calvary slain!

3. No angel nor seraph can chant that lovd name, So sweetly as
   He deserves in His fame; The chief in ten thousand, oh
   lovely is He! I'm hiding in Jesus, the Rock cleft for me.

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!
The Lord is My Shepherd.

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. For ever 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 wisdom's way,
Thy rod and Thy staff, will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
Anointed 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.

O, Shepherd, divine; sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way;

To heaven above, where Thee, I can love, Thro' one eternal day.
NO. 41.

**By His Side.**

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. When I am by His side, Who knows my ev'ry care (my wants) my wants are all supplied, And I'm con-tent-ed there.

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

3. The storms tho' fierce and wild, Can give me no un-rest, (He calls) He calls some near my child, (my child) Still near-er to my breast.

**Chorus.**

Safe ly

Safe ly hid-ing, hid-ing from all dan-ger, By my lov-ing Saviour's side,

Rest ing.

sweet-ly rest-ing on His lov-ing bo-som, And my wants are all sup-plied.

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NO. 42.

Whter Than Snow.  H. E. McAFFEE.

1. Still I am singing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeemer,
   Precious to me! Tell the good news where-ev'er I go!

2. Jesus accept the tribute I bring; (tribute I bring;) Not of myself, or creed will I sing; (here will I sing;) On-ly Thy blood that sinners may know; (sinners may know;) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (homeeward I go;) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (upward and go;) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;)

3. Still I am singing Jesus of Thee! (Jesus of Thee!) Simple, my tones of music may be; (simple may be;) Fill me with love as homeward I loved ones below; (loved ones below;) Then will my soul mount upward and

4. When as my work is ending below; (ending below;) Bidding farewell to precious to me! Tell the good news where-ev'er I go; Jesus has washed me whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;) know; (sinners may know;) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (homeeward I go;) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (upward and go;) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;)

Whiter than snow! The beautiful snow! Whiter than snow! The whiter than snow, bea-ti-ful snow, Tell to the world, where-ev'er I go; (yes, whiter than snow;) know; (sinners may know;) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (homeeward I go;) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow;) go; (upward and go;) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow; (yes, whiter than snow;)

Copyright, 1889, by H. E. McAFFEE.
I Glory in the Cross.

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

F. L. Eiland.

C. G. Hartsfield

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;

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'm glad there's one for me!

(Continued with musical notation)
NO. 44.  

The Gospel of Jesus.

T. D. L.  

THOS. D. LEMMOND.

1. For all, who believe on God's only son, There's mercy and blessing when
   toil here is done; The gospel of Jesus, oh! why not believe? In
   blood is applied, From sin and from sorrow; 'twill make your soul free; Oh
   beautiful home, Of love and of joy, where He's gone to prepare, A
   answers His call; Believe it, receive it, and happy you'll be He's

2. Remember, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
   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

3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
   gospel, How precious the word! How love
   precious the word! How sweet is the gospel, how precious the word! How lovely the mes-

4. The gospel of Jesus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and
   the message Of Jesus we've heard! Of
   Jesus we've heard! Of Jesus we've heard! we have heard!
NO. 45.

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

1. The Saviour gen-tly leads me by the hand, And shields me
2. The lov-ing Saviour guides my wayward feet, A - long the
3. Removes temptations hard to o-ver-come, And burdens

from the tempter's snare; Thro' shadows dark, He ev -er lights the
rug-ged paths of life; heav-y, takes a-way;

way, And safe-ly keeps me in His care.
climb, Should He for-sake me in the strife.
sin, When oft-en from Him I would stray.

ev-e-r lights the way, And safe-ly keeps me, safe-ly keeps me in His care.
sides I could not climb, Should He forsake, should He for-sake me in the strife,
from the haunts of sin, When oft-en from Him, oft-en from Him I would stray

REFRAIN.

The Sav - iour leads me, yes, He leads me en and
The Sav - iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev -er
He Leads Me.—Concluded.

on, leads me on and on,

Thro' shades dark, He lights the way;

on, leads me on and on,

H : lights the way;

The Saviour leads me, yes, He leads me on and on,

The Saviour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev-er

To man-sions fair and end-less day.

That endless day.

Gratitude.

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ry even-ing 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.
NO. 47. I'll Follow My Saviour.  
J. S. DUNCAN.

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  

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

CHORUS.

I'll follow Him 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 below,

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 heeded 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 weary soul, O, make Him now your choice.
Have His precious blood applied, To glory 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; Led th'o' His blood to the foot of the cross, Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, precious fount-ain, Led there its cleansing to know; Led to the fount-ain, precious fount-ain, Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, precious fount-ain,

2. Led from the darkness and into the light, Led where His blessings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mercy and love, Washed, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, precious fount-ain, Led where His blessings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mercy and love, Washed, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, precious fount-ain,

3. Led from the barren plain into the fold, Led where healing leaves grow, Led into pastures of plenty and peace, Whiter than snow, whiter than snow, Washed, and made whiter than snow! Whiter, yes, whiter, I'm 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.  W. A. OGDEN, by per.

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

D.S.—Near the cross of

FINE. CHORUS.

fountain Flows and cleanseth me,  D.S.
linger In that refuge sweet.  Near the cross, near the cross, Cross of Calvary;
Jesus Ever let me be.  Jesus ever let me be.
The Shining Way

1. I have found the shining road to the Canaan land,
2. On this way I’ve found the peace which I long have sought,
3. I can never tell you, friend, all the joys I know,
4. Earth, no pleasure can afford that will here, compare,

’Tis leading to eternal day, — He who now is going
The feast with which my soul would stay, — ’Tis the heritage His
The blessings that are mine today; But, the peace of which I
No promised gifts, so rich, can pay. — Sinner, you can find this

with me will hold my hand, — Yes, Jesus will go all the way!
’red blood, precious blood, has bought, And Jesus will go all the way!
sing, you may find ’tis so, And Jesus will go all the way!
road, and its glories share, And Jesus will go all the 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!
In this bright beautiful way,

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The Shining Way.—Concluded.

Shining way, bright beautiful way, sin-ner walk in it to-day,

And Je-sus will go with you all the way!

go with you all of the way!

NO. 52. Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian’s side,
   Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land,

2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;

3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,
   Noth-ing left but heav’n and pray’r, Wond’ring if our names are there;

D.S.—Whis- per soft-ly, Wand’rer come; Fol-low me: I’ll guide thee home.

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o’er,
Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus’ blood,
NO. 53.

Full Salvation

F. L. EILAND. Words of chorus unknown.

J. L. MOORE.

1. I have found a full salvation, Trusting in my Saviour's blood,
   And my joy's beyond expressing, Walking with the Lamb of God.

2. My redemption He has purchased, Without money, oh, how free!
   Yes, he paid it all on Calvary, And the gift bestowed on me.

3. I will sing it to the nations, Blessed story, oh, how sweet!
   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 every nation, Jesus' blood has made me whole.
No. 54.  Walking In The Way.

Eld. J. O. E.  WARLICK.  WILLIAM D. EVRIDGE.

1. I am walking in the way, Where my Saviour
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walking by His
3. It is through the narrow way, That my Saviour

1. I am walking in the way, Where my Saviour
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walking by His
3. It is through the narrow way, That my Saviour

Chorus.

world oppose: (me oppose:) He'll up-hold me all the way;
bled and died! (He bled and died!) Then I ne'er shall complain,
home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet,

By His pow'r—full hand: (His pow'rful hand;) And will lead me
But my soul's de-light, (my soul's delight,) Is my jour'n'ying
In that city fair,—(that city fair,—) In that bless-ed

safe-ly on, To that Heav'n—ly land! (that Heav'nly land!)
thro' this world, To that city bright. (that city bright.)
land we all, Shall, His glo-ry share. (His glo-ry share.)
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,

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,

dim.

Till they all reach the glittering strand.
Till they all reach the glittering strand.
Over in the land of joy, (land of joy,)
Every passing moment here, (moment here,)
Earthly friendships all may fail, (all may fail,)

There are loved ones calling me, (calling me,)
Brings me nearer to my home, (to my home,)
And I hear
Storms of life be dark and drear, (dark and drear,)
Under Christ

...
Almost at the Gate.—Concluded.

Where those loved ones now a-wait, (now await,) As I'm known I'll surely know,
And with patience I must wait, (I must wait,) Till I'm almost at the gate, (at the gate.)
Where the loved ones now a-wait, (now await,) Beameth bright-ly now on know, (surely know,) 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 al-ready 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 possess with in the vail A life of joy and peace.
By and By.

Words and Music by F. L. Eiland.

1. I have started on my journey, To that land of perfect day;
2. When I heard the gospel story, I believed it to be true;
3. I am now upon the waters, That are mighty strong and deep;

And I will be safely landed by and by; (by and by;)
When it warned me of the dangers that were nigh,(that were nigh,)
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 o-ver

yon-der, By and by, I will be safe at home!

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

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove, Who once went sor-rowing here!
3. The con-se-crat-ed cross I’ll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there’s a cross for ev’ry one, And there’s a cross for me,
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a fear.
And then go home, my crown to wear, For there’s a crown for me.
NO. 60. We'll Join Them in the Morning.

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 saint-ed spirit it 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 golden crowns adorning!

We're going to that blessed shore! We'll join them in the morning!
NO. 61 Turned Away at the Pearly Gate.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

Slowly.

1. All will appear at the pearl-y gate, To hear their sentence, both
2. Some, in-to darkness, there, will be cast, To meet their des-ti-ny,
3. Some, there will hear, "Ye depart from me, I know you not," it is

small and great, Some there will knock and will not be heard, Turn'd a-
aw-ful fate,— Weep-ing and gnashing of teeth, there'll be, Turn'd a-
then too late,— Sad-ness, will be un-to those who are, Turn'd a-

Refrain.

way, at the pearl-y gate! Turn'd a-way at the pearl-y gate!
way, at the pearl-y gate! pearly gate!
way, at the pearl-y gate!

Turn'd a-way at the pearl-y gate! Sad-ness will be un-to

pearly gate!

those who are, Turn'd a-way at the pearl-y gate.

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

2. Up on 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, He calls you, will you come?

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, thou shouldst secure
God's offered righteousness.

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 past;
5. O, I have waited too long, too long! The last call of mercy's withdrawn!

Refrain.

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.
NO. 64. Jesus Whispers, Come to Me.

F. L. E.                      C. E. WHITTINGTON.

Moderato Espressivo.

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.

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!
Reject ed, 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!
Too Long Had They Slept.

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

Maggie E. Dunagan.

Refrain by F. L. Eiland.

1. In the midnight of darkness, rejected they stand, While the
   long had they tarried, too long had they slept, Their
   why, did I linger, till the door, there was closed, And
   not there rejected,—by Jesus, denied, With the

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

   cries could not reach Him,—no watch had they kept.
   all my en­treat­ies He now doth re­fuse! } Why so, have I
   of­fers sal­va­tion, 'tis free for us all! 
   door closed against you, for­ever out­side!

2. While a­wait­ing with­out, they, the sor­row­ing stood,— They
   not there re­jected,—by Jesus, de­nied, With the

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

   cries could not reach Him,—no watch had they kept.
   all my en­treat­ies He now doth re­fuse! } Why so, have I
   of­fers sal­va­tion, 'tis free for us all! 
   door closed against you, for­ever out­side!

3. Have oil in your ves­sels, the time draw­eth near, Be
   not there re­jected,—by Jesus, de­nied, With the

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

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

Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;

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.

The Lord Has Led Me.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

NO. 67.
1. Soul, why be contented, Out of Christ to stay? With no
2. Why neglect this interest? Let it pass you by? Seeking
3. Why then be contented, With thy soul exposed, Till the

hope of heaven, And so much to pay? Jesus is for-
after fortune, Which must shortly die? Money will not
gate of mercy, Shall to thee be closed? Hasten then my

bear-ing, That you yet may heed:—Warnings oft repeated,
purchase You a title, friend, To that world of glory,
brother, Do not longer wait, Soon you'll hear with sadness,

CHORUS.

And secure thy need, Nor a solace lend. 'Tis a debt, my brother! And 'tis
Oh, poor soul too late.

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 gos-pel light shine in. Let the gospel light shine in,

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

Je-sus is their friend, Let the gos-pel 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 say, are you ready to go? Then will you be ready to go?

2. To-day is the day of salvation for all;—Can you say you are willing and ready to go? A home and a crown is waiting for thee! Will you say, are you ready to go? 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? This moment, the Saviour, is pleading for thee! Sinner, say, are you ready to go? Then will you be ready to go?

4. Delay you no longer, dear sinner, but come; Be prepared and be ready to go! Oh, hear you His voice, quickly make Him your choice, And you will be ready to go! Be watching and waiting when death you must meet, And be willing and ready to go!

5. Oh, turn you to-day and the Saviour obey, Come, oh, come and 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 come and be ready to go? Don't you want to be ready to wait-ing and read-y to go?

say, are you ready to go? Then will you be ready to go? Don't you want to be ready to wait-ing and read-y to go?

then will be ready to go! Watching and waiting and ready to go, Don't you say, are you ready to go? Then will you be ready to go? Don't you want to be ready to wait-ing and read-y to go?

yes,
Don't You Want to be Ready?—Concluded.

"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 kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The church our blest Redeemer saved, With His own precious blood.

2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light: Poor sinner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.

2. To-mor-row'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 pity lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quire? Re-nounce 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; Be-lieve, o-bey, 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? Wilt thou be sav'd? wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, oh, why not to-night? Then why not to-night?
1. There is a fountain open 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 rugged cross He bled, Yes, He died for all the world;
4. Suspended on the cursed tree, There in agony He groan'd!

It flows from Jesus' bleeding side—Will you wash in His precious blood?
He shed His blood—the healing fount—Will you wash in His precious blood?
And there redeeming blood He shed—Will you wash in His precious blood?
'Twas all for sinners such as we—Will you wash in His precious blood?

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

Flowing from Immanuels 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;
   Will you come? O, will you come? O, will you come?

3. O, the Spirit and the Bride! Are en-treat-ing far and wide;
   Will you come? O, will you come? O, will you come?

And going with the band, To the Prince Em-man-u-el's land?
When 'tis shut, the gold-en Gate, You will then be found too late;
Who-so-ever will, may come! And shall share a bliss-ful home;

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Will You Come?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Will you come? O, will you come? Will you come? Will you come?
NO. 75.  

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 Jesus shows His face,
2. Thro' shadows deep, He lights the way; And leads my soul a-long,
3. When to death's narrow stream I come, Tho' dark the wave, and cold;
4. All glory to His precious name; Who gave His life for me:

And bids all doubt and sorrows cease, And saves me by His grace!
To mansions fair and endless day, The land of praise and song.
My Lord doth call my spirit home, Into His peaceful fold.
His grace, His goodness, I'll proclaim, Thro' all eternity.

CHORUS.*

O, will you follow on? O, will you follow on?
O, will you follow, follow on? O, will you follow, follow on?

O, will you follow where He leads? O, will you follow on?

* Chorus
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, Hide you in the blood,

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

Till the dangers pass you by.

*Copyright, 1907, by Jno. P. Ballew.*
Are You Ready to be Saved?

Suggested by a sermon preached by Elder T. R. Burnett, July, 4th, 1898.

S. D. S.

1. You have heard the gospel of the blessed Lord, 'Tis the
2. You have long been groping through the vales of sin. From the
3. You can have salvation, and with Jesus live, In that

pow'r of God to save; Will you come, obey, according to His word?
way of life have strayed; Will you come to Jesus? He will let you in,
land, beyond the grave, Where the joys of heaven un-to you He'll give,

CHORUS.

Be prepared to enter thou, the grave! Are you ready to be saved?
Hal-les-lu-jah, many souls He's saved!
If you'll trust His blessed pow'r to save!

yes, I'm

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?

S. D. SIMONS.
NO. 78.

A Crucified Saviour.

F. L. E.

1. A crucified Saviour, A now risen Lord; A
2. He's pleading dear sinner! He's pleading for you With the
3. O! why will you linger? O! why will you stay A

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, come to Me.
Me, come to Me.
Me, come to Me.
Me, come to Me.

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

Come to Me, O, come to Me.

Come to Me, O, come to Me;

Chorus.

Come to Me, O, come to Me;

Copyright, 1889, by The Hurd and Klett Co. By par.
The Gospel Invitation.—Concluded.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers, 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!

1. Ye be-nighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. The storm of vengeance falls, And death is nigh.
3. With in these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
4. Oh, grieve Him not a way! 'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON.

NO. 80. To-Day the Saviour Calls.
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; Pleading so gently, inviting tone!

3. Over the tide of that Jasper sea, Cometh a vision of beauty to me! Angels are looking down from the dome!

CHORUS.

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

Call- ing for me! Over the sea! Over the sea!

Calling for me! Calling for me!

O-ver the Jas- per sea!

Jas- per sea!
Let Me Wash.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-ue'l's veins,
   And sinners plunged be-seath that flood, Lose all their guilt-ty stains,
   Let me wash in the fountain, in the soul-cleansing fountain,
   Drink of its cleansing flow, Let me wash in the cleansing flow,
   In the fountain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood, Shall ne'er lose its power.
   Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
   Let me wash in the fountain, in the soul-cleansing fountain,
   In the fountain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3. Ever since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply.
   Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
   Let me wash in the fountain, in the soul-cleansing fountain,
   In the fountain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

4. When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.
   Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.
   Let me wash in the fountain, in the soul-cleansing fountain,
   In the fountain, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
NO. 83.

**Lean On His Arm.**

F. L. EILAND, by per. 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;

'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,

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1880, by F. L. Eiland.
NO. 84. Keep Praying As You Go.

E. ARNOLD.

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 given, 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,

Copyright, 1887, by F. L. Eiland.
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 spot
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 pray'rs;
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 Fawcett.

No. 87.
THOU ART THE WAY.

Key on C.

art the Way,—to Thee a-lone
m 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 of lamb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring power;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall ever

Thou art the Way,—to Thee alone
Grant us Thy peace; Thy grace to claim;
Thou art the Life,—to Thee alone
Thy power, and Thine all,
Can change the leper's spot
And melt the heart of stone.

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 pray'rs;
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 Fawcett.

No. 87.
THOU ART THE WAY.

Key on C.

art the Way,—to Thee a-lone
m 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 of lamb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring power;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall ever

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—John Fawcett.

No. 87.
THOU ART THE WAY.

Key on C.

art the Way,—to Thee a-lone
m sin and death we flee:
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 hast 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 glad deliverance brings;
Cover my defenses
With 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,
Every 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,
Brused and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
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