

BANNER • OF • LOVE

Nos. 1, 2 *and* 3

COMBINED.

FOR THE

Sunday-School.

• • BY D. W. CRIST. • •



PUBLISHED BY

D. W. CRIST, MOULTRIE, OHIO.



PREFACE.

THERE is a constant demand for an economical series of song books for the Sunday-School. To meet this demand we have issued from time to time the several numbers of BANNER OF LOVE. We now take great pleasure in presenting the BANNER OF LOVE NOS. 1, 2 and 3, COMBINED.

The selections in the single editions are numbered at the head of the page, while the COMBINED are numbered both at the head and foot of the page. You will thus readily find the required selection.

Thanking our patrons for a very liberal patronage on former publications, we send this forth on its mission.

Respectfully yours,

D. W. CRIST.

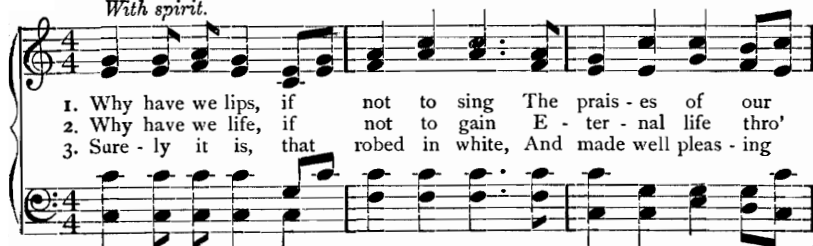
THE BANNER OF LOVE.

WHAT ARE WE FOR?

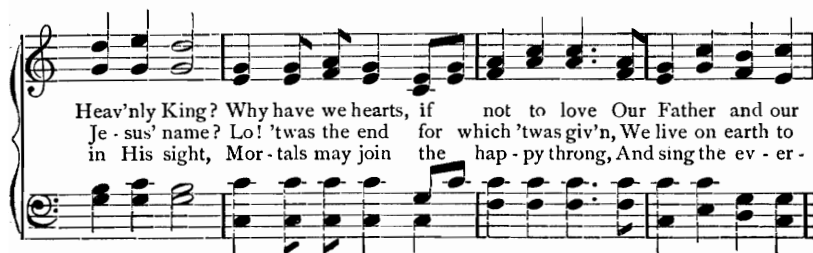
"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."—Ps. 100: 4.

D. W. CRIST.

With spirit.

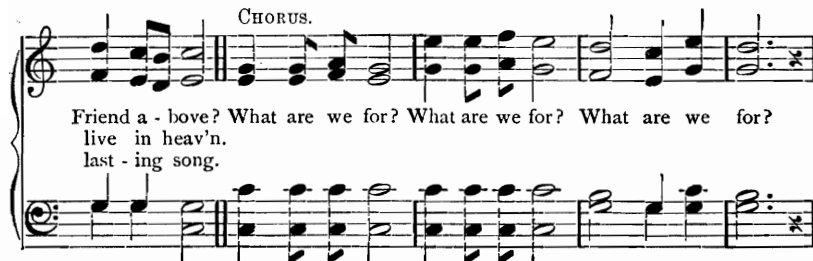


1. Why have we lips, if not to sing The prais-es of our
2. Why have we life, if not to gain E-ter-nal life thro'
3. Sure-ly it is, that robed in white, And made well pleas-ing

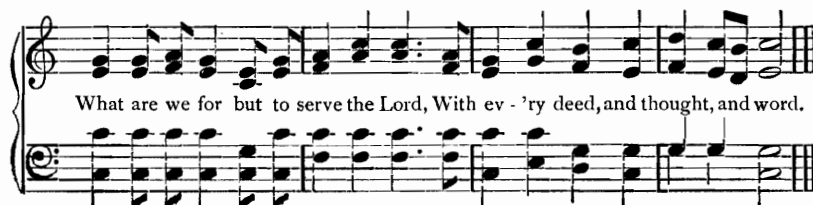


Heav'nly King? Why have we hearts, if not to love Our Father and our
Je-sus' name? Lo! 'twas the end for which 'twas giv'n, We live on earth to
in His sight, Mor-tals may join the hap-py throng, And sing the ev-er-

CHORUS.



Friend a-bove? What are we for? What are we for? What are we for?
live in heav'n.
last-ing song.



What are we for but to serve the Lord, With ev-'ry deed, and thought, and word.

THERE'LL BE JOY.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, In the bliss-ful courts a-bove,
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, When they see the faith-ful, who,
 3. There'll be joy a-mong the an-gels, In that home of true de-light,
 4. There'll be joy a-mong the an-gels, On that hap-py, gold-en shore,

When they see a sin-ner turn-ing To the Lord of life and love;
 To their ev-'ry sense of du-ty, Ev-'ry where are firm and true,
 When the day of life is end-ed, And the shadows of the night;
 When we meet our loved and cherished, There to part, no, nev-er more;

As he brings each wea-ry bur-den, Ev-'ry sor-row, ev-'ry care,
 They who bring each earth-ly long-ing In sub-mis-sion to God's will,
 There'll be joy a-mong the an-gels, When the Sav-iour, who is King,
 There'll be joy a-mong the an-gels, And how hap-py all will be,

And up-lifts the heart to heav-en, In an earn-est, heart-felt pray'r.
 And with firm and true en-deav-or, Strive His precepts to ful-fill.
 Shall to that bright home e-ter-nal, All His true and faith-ful bring.
 When we meet our bless-ed Sav-iour In the day of Ju-bi-lee.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

D. W. CRIST. 5

Lively.

1. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es -
2. Painful days, and months, and years, Gloomy doubts, distracting fears, In this

cape from ev - 'ry snare? Trust in God, (Trust in God.) Hu - man
darksome vale of tears, We may see, (We may see.) But the

D. S.—To en -

strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r re gain, Hum - bly
Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave his own Till we

joy the feast of love, That the Sa - viour from a - bove, Has pre -
FINE. CHORUS.

ask and help obtain, From thy God. (From thy God.) We'll be there, We'll be
reach his shining throne, Safely there. (Safely there.) We'll be there,

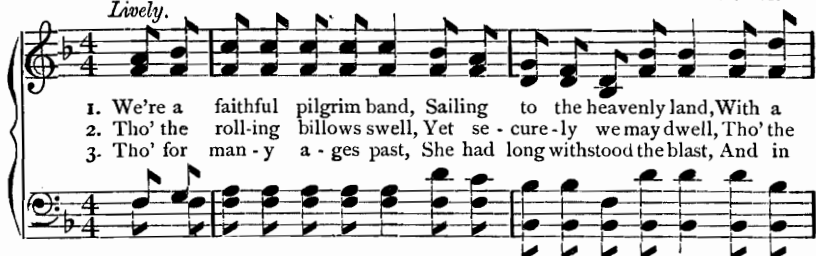
pared for those who prove worthy there. (worthy there.)

there, When the Lord of glo - ry calls us we'll be there, we'll be there.
we'll be there.

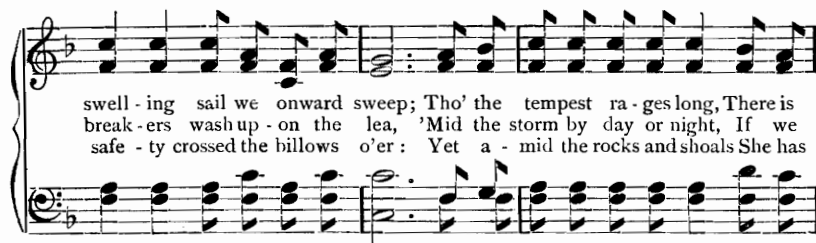
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SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

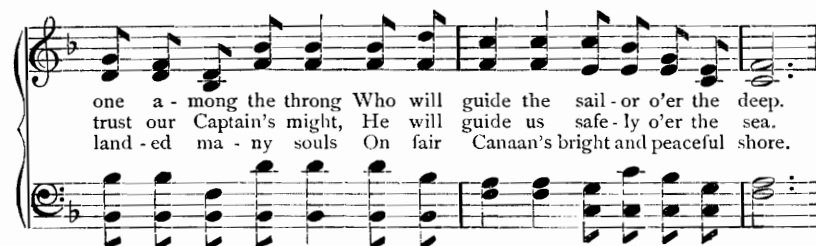
D. W. CRIST.

Lively.


1. We're a faithful pilgrim band, Sailing to the heavenly land, With a
 2. Tho' the roll-ing billows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell, Tho' the
 3. Tho' for man-y a-ges past, She had long withstood the blast, And in

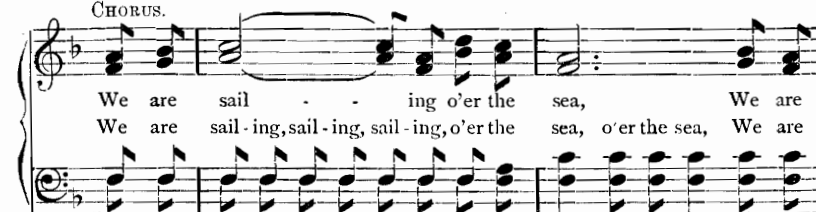


swell-ing sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest ra-ges long, There is
 break-ers wash up-on the lea, 'Mid the storm by day or night, If we
 safe-ty crossed the billows o'er: Yet a-mid the rocks and shoals She has

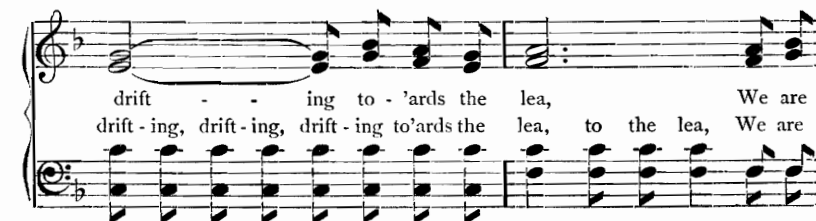


one a-mong the throng Who will guide the sail-or o'er the deep.
 trust our Captain's might, He will guide us safe-ly o'er the sea.
 land-ed ma-n-y souls On fair Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.

CHORUS.



We are sail - - ing o'er the sea, We are
 We are sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing, o'er the sea, o'er the sea, We are



drift - - ing to-'ards the lea, We are
 drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing to'ards the lea, to the lea, We are

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drift - ing with the tide, Soon we'll safely reach the other side.
drifting, drifting, drifting with the tide, with the tide.

GROWING UP FOR JESUS!

E. R. LATTI.

D. W. CRIST.

1. We are growing up for Je - sus! Not for Sa - tan and for sin!
2. We are growing up for Je - sus! Walking in the nar - row way,
3. We are growing up for Je - sus! Striving e - vil deeds to shun,
4. We are growing up for Je - sus! Un - to Him our hearts we give!

E - ven now we may do something For the Lord, his smile to win.
We will love Him, and will serve Him, While up - on the earth we stay.
And we hope that He will own us, When our earth ly work is done.
We have promised to o - bey Him, And for Him we mean to live.

D. S.—We will tell and sing His prais - es: We are grow - ing up for Him.

CHORUS. D. S.
We are grow - ing up for Je - sus, How His love our souls does win!

THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Thy life is hid with Christ in God, By faith its pul-ses beat, Tho'
 2. Not now is granted thee to know Unseen the mys-tic hand, Each
 3. When tempest pow'r has passed a-way, And thou these scenes review, Wilt
 4. And when in heaven's efful-gent light, Here-af-ter thou shalt know, How

mist and storm ob-scure thy road, Love guides thy wea-ry feet.
 chang-ing phase tho' dark be-low, Is bright be-yond the strand.
 see that One has giv'n each day Fresh grace for tri-als new.
 close, yet veiled from hu-man sight, Christ walked with thee be-low.

CHORUS.

O precious, sweet as-sur-ance giv'n, Then let thy faith be strong, What

now seems dark in yon-der heav'n, Will be a theme for song.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

3

D. W. CRIST.

1. There is a home, a peace - ful home, A home of joy and
 2. No night shall dim that glo - rious home, For Je - sus is the
 3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands They with the ran-somed

love, And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear a crown a - bove.
 light, And mourning pilgrims here be - low, Shall there be clad in white.
 sing; All praise to Him who washed us white, Our Saviour, God and King.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home of love, My beautiful home a - bove, I
 Beauti - ful, beauti - ful

long to be there and thy glories to share, In that beauti - ful home of love.

THE JASPER SEA.

Earnestly.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When we've crossed the Jas-per Sea To the oth - er shore, Full of
 2. To the judgment seat a - bove Swift - ly we'll re - pair, Saved from
 3. Cap - tive chains shall bind no more, When death sets us free; When we

bliss our song shall be, Praising ev - er - more, With the
 wrath through Je - sus' love, We shall see Him there. Part - ing
 reach the oth - er shore, O'er the Jas - per sea. Part - ing

an - gels round the throne, Robed in white they stand, Death and
 days will nev - er come, Bright our home will be, When we
 days will nev - er come, Bright our home will be, When we

CHORUS.
 tears are never known, In that hap - py land. When we reach the shining
 reach the oth - er shore, O'er the Jas - per Sea.
 reach the oth - er shore, O'er the Jas - per Sea. When we reach

shore Where the bil - lows cease to roar, Then we'll
 the shining shore, Where the bil - lows cease to roar,

know..... what 'tis to be With the Saviour o'er the Jasper sea.
Then we'll know what 'tis to be,

SLIGHT HIM NO LONGER.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Slight Him no longer, no lon - ger, Je - sus, the Saviour of men!
2. Slight Him no longer, no lon - ger, Je - sus, the sinner's best friend!
3. Slight Him no longer, no lon - ger, As thou hast done in the past,
4. Slight Him no longer, no lon - ger, Yield to His rightful con - trol!

FINE.
From all thy sins He has called thee, Called thee again and a - gain.
Lo, He doth call by the Spir - it! Do not that Spir - it of - fend.
Lest thou beseech thy Re - deem - er Vain - ly for mer - cy, at last!
Turn, and re - sist not the Spir - it! Risk not the loss of thy soul!

D.S. Tar - ry no lon - ger, no lon - ger, Turn to the Saviour to - day!

CHORUS. *D.S.*
Lon - ger, no lon - ger, Tar - ry no lon - ger a - way.
Tar - ry no lon - ger, no lon - ger,

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN.

From "THE EVERGREEN," by per.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A - mid its conflicts and its strife, A
 2. When lov'd ones fade and pass a - way, And, left a - lone, on earth I stay; To
 3. We'll see our Saviour as He is, En - joy His love and taste His bliss, And
 4. No more we'll reach the parting hand, In yon - der bright and happy land; No

pre - cious thought to me is giv'n, The thought of my sweet home in heav'n.
 cheer my heart this hope is giv'n, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heav'n.
 end - less life will there be giv'n In yon - der peaceful home in heav'n.
 more will sad fare - wells be giv'n In yon - der blessed home in heav'n.

CHORUS.

O, home of peace, blest home of love, Sweet
 O, home of peace, blest home of love, O, home of peace, blest home of love, Sweet

home..... of end - less life a - bove;..... When
 home of end - less life a - bove, Sweet home of end - less life a - bove; When

MY SWEET HOME IN HEAVEN. Concluded. 13

ties that bind to earth..... are riv - en, I'll
ties that bind to earth are riv'n, When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll

seek..... thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.
seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

MISS F. B. HAVERGAL.
Not too fast.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross,
2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter myst'ry, Peace af - ter pain,
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life af - ter tomb;

Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Hope af - ter fears, Home after wand'ring, Praise after tears.
Joy af - ter sorrow, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long agony Rapture and bliss; Right was the pathway Leading to this.

JACOB'S WELL.

By Permission.

Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus sat by the well, and a wo - man came there, She, a
 2. Who - so drink - eth this wa - ter shall thirst nev - er more, For a
 3. Ja - cob's well is still full, and the Sav - iour still waits, And He

poor, need - y sin - ner like me; And He gave her to drink of the
 foun - tain it ev - er shall be, Springing up in thy soul un - to
 calls, thirsty sin - ner, to thee; Will you drink of the foun - tain of

wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow - ing free.
 life ev - er - more; And this wa - ter is flow - ing for thee.
 Ja - cob and live, While this wa - ter is still flow - ing free?

CHORUS.

Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth! Come ye to the wa - ters!

Come ye to the wa - ters, flow - ing so free! Come, oh,
 Come ye to the wa - ters!

come, oh, come! Oh, come ye to the waters flowing so free!
Come ye to the waters! come, oh, come!

COME TO JESUS IN THE MORNING.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, The morning of thy life!
2. Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, Sal - va - tion's fountains prove,
3. Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, While life's a hap - py dream,
4. Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, He waits to welcome you,

Do not wait un - til the sea - son Of toil and care and strife.
Leave the husks of sin and fol - ly For Je - sus' peace and love.
Blest are they whoseek Him ear - ly, They are so dear to Him.
Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, And be His ser - vant's true.

D.S.—Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, And you will sure - ly find.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Come to Je - sus in the morn - ing, Oh, heed His voice so kind.

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SING OF HIS GLORY.

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. We'll sing of the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Whom angels are praising on
 2. The love of our Saviour can nev - er be told, Who came down for sinners to
 3. We'll sing of the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, His glo - ry no mor - tal can

high, Our voi - ces we'll raise in sweet an - thems of love, To
 die, O, won - der - ful love that He left His bright home, His
 tell, We'll sing of the glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, When

CHORUS.

Je - sus who reigns in the sky. Sing glo - - ry, sing
 home with the Fa - ther on high. Sing glo - ry to Je - sus, sing
 home with our Sav - iour we dwell.

glo - ry, sing glo - - ry, sing glo - ry, Sing
 glo - ry, sing glo - ry to Je - sus, sing glo - ry,

glo - - ry, sing glo - ry, Sing glo - ry to Je - sus on high.
 glo - ry to Je - sus, sing glo - ry,

COMING HOME.

17

Earnestly.

D. W. CRIST.

1. With a heav-y load of woe, Lord, I come, With re-pentant heart I
 2. I will lay my bur-den down at Thy feet, See Thy child re-turn-ing,
 3. Heav-y eyes, so tired with weep-ing, I bring That they scarce can trace the
 4. Soon I know the skies will break, Father mine, And the clouds and darkness

come no more to roam; For I know at Thy dear feet there is room
 heavenly Father, see! In a voice of ten-der love, low and sweet,
 welcomes of Thy face; O that I, from sin re-deemed, soon may sing
 be for ev-er gone; Look on me with peace and fa-vor di-vine;
 D. S. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, yes, to Thee,

FINE. CHORUS.
 For a sin-ner com-ing home. Com-ing home, com-ing
 Welcome, Lord, and pardon me.
 For the gladness of Thy grace! Com-ing home,
 Let the day of mer-cy dawn.
 Ev-er to be whol-ly Thine.

D. S.
 home, Make the pathway with Thy smiling presence bright.
 coming home, fair and bright.
 For

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UNITY.

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MISS MAGGIE STREET.

1. Firm - ly, brethren, firm - ly stand, All u - ni - ted heart and hand,
 2. Once our fa - thers, "freedom" cried, "Vic - to - ry or death be - tide;"
 3. Glo - rious thus for Christ to die, And with Christ to reign on high;

One un - broken, val - iant band, Dauntless, brave, and true;
 But with Je - sus on our side, Death, and vic - t'ry too;
 There with vic - tor hosts to cry, "Christ has brought us thro'";

Lift your standard, hoist it high, Raise the Christian bat - tle - cry;
 There to die, the bat - tle won, There to fall, the war - fare done,
 Christ, our Captain's name, to boast, Quells the dark Sa - tan - ic host;

Christ, your glo - rious Lead - er, nigh, Calls to vic - to - ry.
 Glo - ry brighter than the sun.— Then our prom - ised due.
 Fall we then each at his post— Fall as Christ - ians do.

GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR, GUIDE ME.

19

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. There's a way my feet should fol - low, Where my Sav - iour's feet have
 2. As Je - ho - vah's chos - en peo - ple Through the wil - der - ness were
 3. Nar - row is the way to glo - ry, But the way to death is

trod, Leading from a world of trou - ble, To the blessed throne of
 led, So I need my Lord's di - rect - ing, Who, for me, His blood did
 broad, Few pur - sue the bid - den path - way—Many crowd destruction's

God! From that way, lest I may wan - der, And an en - trance be de -
 shed! Dai - ly cloud and nightly pil - lar, God, his peo - ple did pro -
 road! I would keep the pathway nar - row, Leading where the blest a -

nied, While a pilgrim here I journey, Guide me, oh, my Saviour, guide!
 vide, Lest I miss the pearly por - tals, Guide me, oh, my Saviour, guide!
 bide! I would shun the course of Satan, Guide me, oh, my Saviour, guide!

LEAD ME TO THEE.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Out from life's shadows and gloom, Lead me, oh, lead me to Thee,
 2. Lead me, dear Saviour, I pray, While o'er life's des-ert I roam,
 3. 'Mid all the per-ils of sin, Save me from Satan's dark thrall,

There in Thy sunlight of love, Lord ev-er-more I would be.
 Guide Thou my wander-ing feet On to that beau-ti-ful home.
 Why should my doubting heart fear? Thou wilt be all and in all.

* Thou who canst comfort and bless, Be Thou my shield ev-'ry hour,
 Thou who canst still the dark wave, Thou who didst walk on the foam,
 And when my journey is o'er, And from earth's bondage I'm free,

Help me to live but for Thee, Trusting Thine Almighty power.
 Lead me, I pray Thee my Saviour, On to that beau-ti-ful home.
 Then to Thy ha-ven a-bove, Lead me, O lead me to Thee.

OVER THE RIVER.

21

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies a bright land of a
 2. O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old; There are en - joyments and
 3. O - ver the riv - er our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a

ver - dure sub - lime, Val - leys of beau - ty in splen - dor do shine;
 pleas - ures un - told; There is a ci - ty with streets of pure gold;
 heav - en - ly peace; When we get there what a hap - py re - lease!

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home! O - - - ver the
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home! O - ver the beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

riv - er, O - - - ver the riv - er, O - - -
 riv - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau -

ver the riv - er, The fields..... are all green.
 ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. My mor - tal eyes have nev - er seen The land of cloudless skies, Where
 2. By faith, with visions reaching far Be - yond this earthly gloom, Dis -
 3. As earth - ly fruits with sweetness fill The pleas - ant air of even, So
 4. None sick that rest beneath the shade Of Life's wide-spreading tree; The
 5. Sweet balm exhaled from fruits and leaves Fills heav'n with grateful song; No

CHORUS.

life's fair tree, in fadeless green, God's healing balm sup - plies. O wondrous
 cerns the land where angels are, Where flow'rs immortal bloom.
 life's fair fruits their sweets distil Up - on the air of heav'n.
 ro - seate cheeks of health ne'er fade : They bloom eternal - ly.
 break - ing heart in loneliness grieves A - mong the sainted throng.

life!..... e - ternal rest, No wea - riness and pain! The loss of
 O wondrous life! eternal rest,

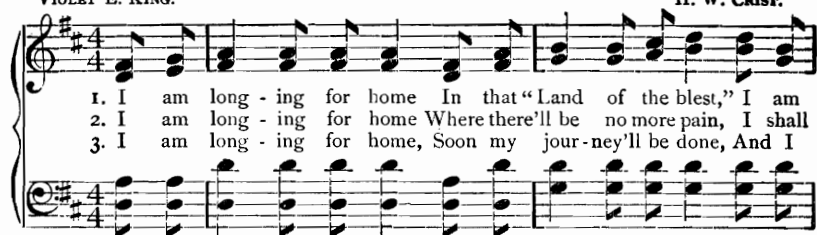
earth..... will bring me home To heaven's e - ter - nal gain.
 The loss of earth will bring me home.

LONGING FOR HOME.

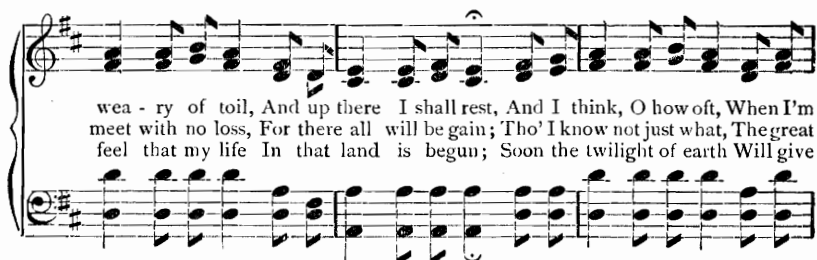
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VIOLET E. KING.

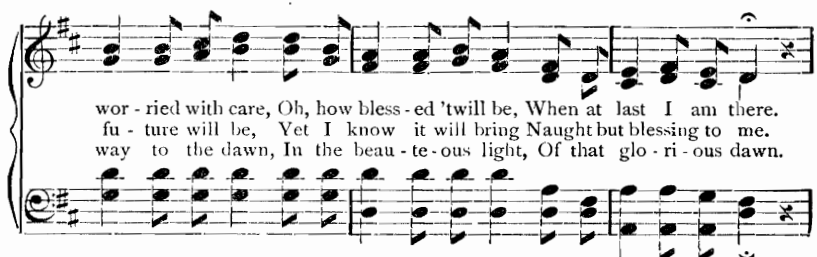
H. W. CRIST.



1. I am long - ing for home In that "Land of the blest," I am
 2. I am long - ing for home Where there'll be no more pain, I shall
 3. I am long - ing for home, Soon my jour - ney'll be done, And I

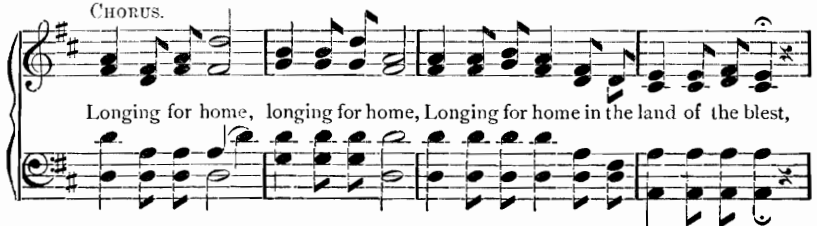


wea - ry of toil, And up there I shall rest, And I think, O how oft, When I'm
 meet with no loss, For there all will be gain; Tho' I know not just what, The great
 feel that my life In that land is begun; Soon the twilight of earth Will give

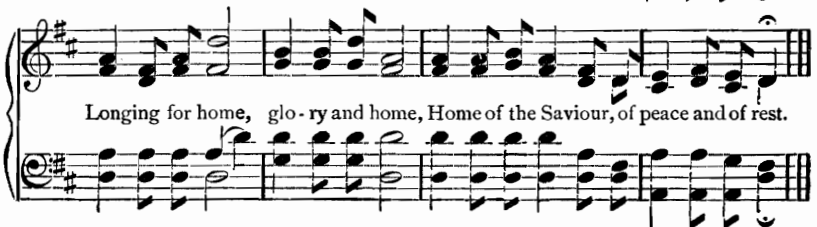


wor - ried with care, Oh, how bless - ed 'twill be, When at last I am there.
 fu - ture will be, Yet I know it will bring Naught but blessing to me.
 way to the dawn, In the beau - te - ous light, Of that glo - ri - ous dawn.

CHORUS.



Longing for home, longing for home, Longing for home in the land of the blest,



Longing for home, glo - ry and home, Home of the Saviour, of peace and of rest.

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shores of the bright crystal
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, And from sorrow forev-er be
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, Our blessed Redeemer to

sea, With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting? What a meeting indeed there will be,
free, Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed? What a meeting indeed there will be,
see? Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones? What a meeting indeed there will be.

CHORUS.

Gathered home, Gathered home, On the shores of the bright crystal sea, Gathered
Gathered home, Gathered home, crystal sea,

home, Gathered home, With our lov'd ones forever to be.
Gathered home, Gathered home,

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

25

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. In the shadow of the rock let me rest (let me rest), While the
 2. Yes, in peace I'll rest methere, till I see (till I see) That the

storms of life are raging round my head (round my head), In the
 clouds of grief and pain are flown a - way (flown a - way), Till the

D. S.—I have

sha - dow of the rock I am blest (I am blest) For no
 burn - ing heats are passed o - ver me (o - ver me), And the
 found a sweet re - pose for my soul (wea - ry soul) In the

FINE. CHORUS.

e - vil have I an - y fear to dread. Let me rest, sweetly
 sky is cleared and shines with bright array.
 shadow of the rock I'm ev - er blest.

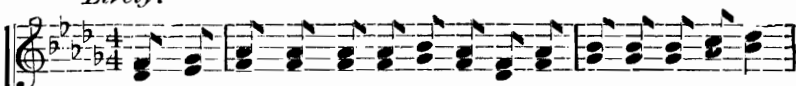
D. S.

rest, In the shadow of the rock then let me rest let me rest.
 sweetly rest

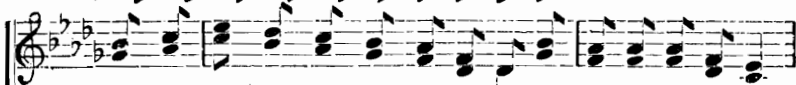
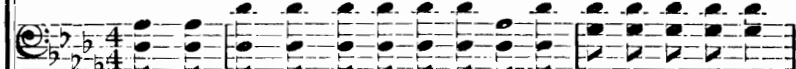
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Live For Something.

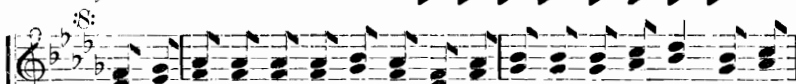
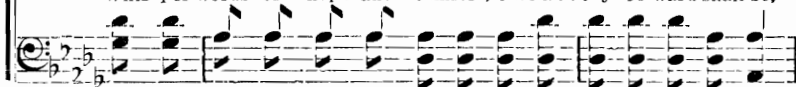
D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

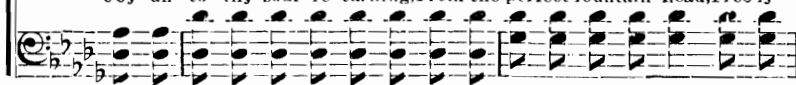
1. Live for something, be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em-ploy;
2. Scat - ter bless-ings in thy path-way, Gentle words and cheering smiles,
3. Hearts there are oppressed and wea - ry, Drop the tear of sym - pa - thy,



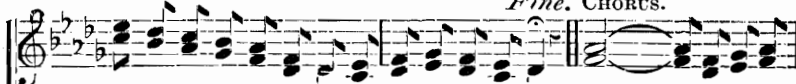
Sit not down to use - less dreaming, La - bor is the sweetest joy;
Bet - ter are than gold and sil - ver, With their grief dispelling wiles.
Whis - per words of hope and comfort, Give and thy re - ward shall be,



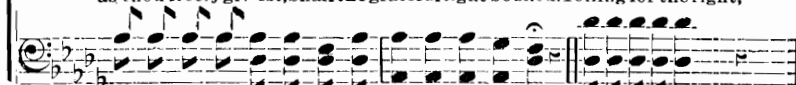
Folded hands are ev - er wea - ry, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay, Life for
As the pleasant sunshine fall - eth, Ev - er on the grateful earth, So let
Joy un - to thy soul re - turning, From the perfect fountain head, Free - ly



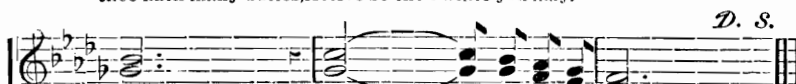
D. S. I - die hands are ev - er wea - ry, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay, Life for
Fine. CHORUS.



thee hath many du - ties, Active be then while you may. Toil - ing for the
sympathy and kindness, Gladden well the darken'd heart;
as thou freely giv - est, Shall the grateful light be shed. Toiling for the right,



thee hath many duties, Active be then while you may.



right, Work - ing with our might,
Toiling for the right, Working with our might ev - er working with our might.



PEACE AT LAST.

27

E. R. LATTA.

F. M. DAVIS.
From "Always Welcome," by per.

1. Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troubles come so fast;
2. Though by sor - row's dis - mal cloud, Be our path - way o - ver - cast,
3. We can stand the driv - ing rains, We can bide the cut - ting blast;

How it does the spir - it cheer, To be promised peace at last.
Through the Sa - vior's pre - cious blood We are promised peace at last.
While the prom - ise still re - mains Of un - bro - ken peace at last.

CHORUS.

Peace at last, peace at last, When our sor - rows
Peace at last, peace at last,

all are past, And 'tis coming, oh, how fast, Peace at last, Peace at
Peace at last,

last, peace at last, 'Tis com - ing, com - ing, peace at last.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When life's summer time is end - ed, And its au - tumn days are o'er,
2. When the angel band is wait - ing, There to guide the wea - ry in,

When the sheaves have all been gath - ered, And we la - bor here no more,
Where there is no thought of sad - ness, For the soul is free from sin,

Shall we see that home of beau - ty, With its glo - ry and de - light,
Where all join the blessed cho - rus, And with happy voi - ces sing.

Just beyond the walls of jas - per. And the pearl - y gates of light.
Songs of praise and ad - o - ra - tion, To the Sav - iour who is King.

D. S. Where the loved ones wait our com - ing, How I long to en - ter there.

CHORUS.

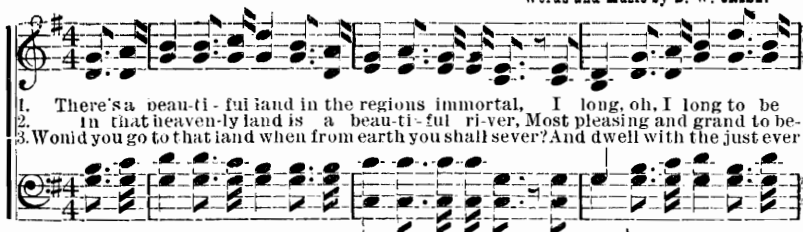
D. S.

Home of beau - ty, Home of beau - ty, In that land so wond'rous fair.

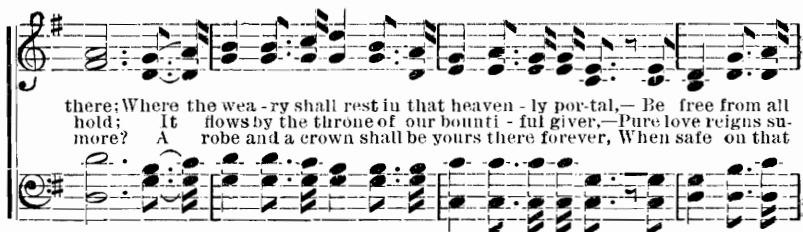
Land Immortal.

29

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

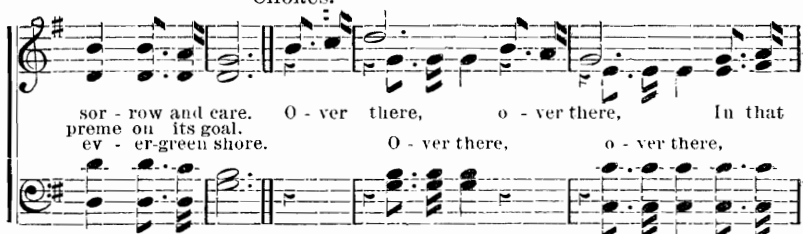


1. There's a beau-ti-ful land in the regions immortal, I long, oh, I long to be
 2. in that heav-en-ly land is a beau-ti-ful ri-ver, Most pleasing and grand to be-
 3. Would you go to that land when from earth you shall sever? And dwell with the just ever



there: Where the wea-ry shall rest in that heav-en-ly por-tal, — Be free from all
 hold; It flows by the throne of our boun-ti-ful giver, — Pure love reigns su-
 more? A robe and a crown shall be yours there forever, When safe on that

CHORUS.



sor-row and care. O-ver there, o-ver there, In that
 preme on its goal. O-ver there, o-ver there,
 ev-er-green shore.



beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, My joy will be un-told,
 o-ver there.



When I'm gathered in the fold With my Sav-iour and friends o-ver there.

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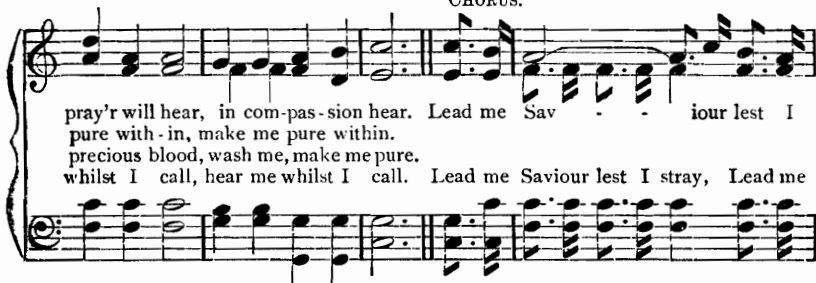
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D. W. CRIST.

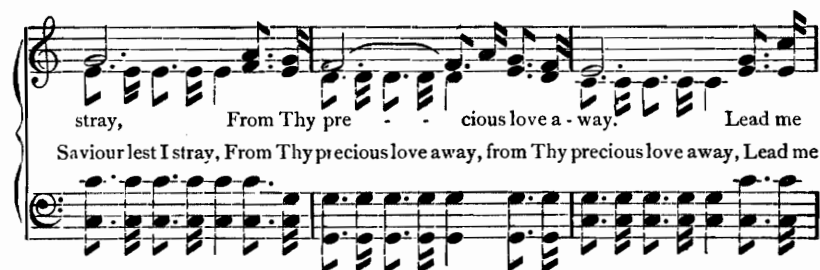


1. Saviour, Thou art ev - er near, ev - er near, ev - er near, Thou my sim - ple
 2. I am vile and full of sin, full of sin, full of sin, Je - sus make me
 3. Lead me to the healing flood, healing flood, healing flood, Wash me in the
 4. Saviour hold me lest I fall, lest I fall, lest I fall, Deign to hear me

CHORUS.



pray'r will hear, in com - pas - sion hear. Lead me Sav - iour lest I
 pure with - in, make me pure within.
 precious blood, wash me, make me pure.
 whilst I call, hear me whilst I call. Lead me Saviour lest I stray, Lead me



stray, From Thy pre - cious love a - way. Lead me
 Saviour lest I stray, From Thy precious love away, from Thy precious love away, Lead me



to Thy home a - bove, Guide me ev - er by Thy love.
 to Thy home above, lead me to Thy home above.

OVER THE VALLEY OF JORDAN.

31

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. O - ver the val - ley of Jor - dan, Wafteth a fragrance so sweet
 2. O - ver the val - ley of Jor - dan, Floateth an an - gel - ic song,
 3. O - ver the val - ley of Jor - dan, List to the beau - ti - ful lay,

In - to the hearts of the wea - ry, Bringing a rest com - plete,
 Sung in the sweet fields of E - den, Sung by the white-robed throng,
 In - to the home of the mourn - er, Bringing the beams of day.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home o - ver yon - der, Longing thy glo - ries to see.

Oft 'mid the shadows of ev - 'ning, Sweet dreams of thee come to me.

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SOWING PRECIOUS TRUTHS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sow - ing sweet - ly ev - er seeds of kindness, As we on our mission
 2. Sow - ing sunshine where the darkness gath - ers, Pointing lost ones to the
 3. Sow - ing precious truths a - mong the low - ly, Foll'wing in the steps that

joy - ful go. Tell - ing meek - ly how the bless - ed Je - sus
 liv - ing way. Mak - ing glad some heart that's sad and lone - ly
 Je - sus trod, Lift - ing up the wea - ry, faint and fall - en,

CHORUS.

Died for love of mor - tals here be - low. Sow - ing for
 Work - ing for the Mas - ter day by day.
 Lead - ing them in kind - ness home to God.

Je - sus, Sow - ing as we go, Sow - ing as we go,

Sow - ing for Je - sus, Sow - ing precious truths be - low.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

33

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. I've heard of a beau-ti-ful place, And there I am longing to
 2. They say, to this place of de-light, We go thro' the por-tals of
 3. The way to this beau-ti-ful place, Is near by the riv-er of

be, For they say no sin lin-gers there, And
 prayer, That there ev-'ry sor-row'll be o'er, And
 Peace, In joy we shall rest o-ver there, When

CHORUS.

all from temp-ta-tion are free. Gath-er-ing
 tri-als no more we shall bear.
 our jour-ney-ing here shall cease. Gath-er-ing home,

home,..... gath-er-ing home one by one,
 gath-er-ing home,

Gath-er-ing home,..... Glad-ly we're gather-ing home.
 Gathering home, gath-er-ing home,

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1. You who long in sin have wandered From the Saviour's fold a - way,
 2. Far a - way in realms of glo - ry, An - gel voi - ces chant the strain,
 3. On the ear the tones are fall - ing, Like sweet mu - sic from a - bove,

Come, the gates of mercy's o - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
 "Come, the gates of mercy's o - pen, Earth repeats the glad re - frain."
 "Come, the gates of mercy's o - pen, And ac - cept a Father's love."

CHORUS.

Come, O come to - day, Come, O come to -
 Come, O come, sinners, come to - day, Come, O come,

day, Come, the gates of mer - cy's
 sin - ner, come to - day, Come, the

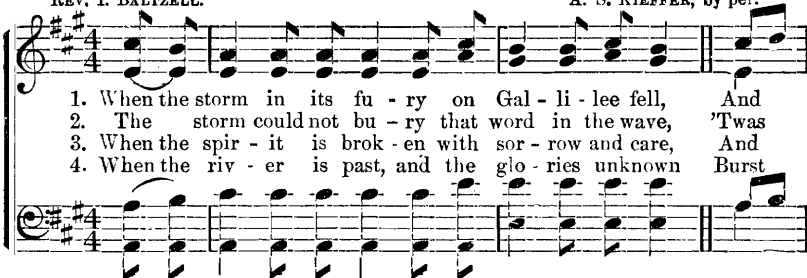
o - - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
 gates of mercy's o - pen, you to - day.

"IT IS I!"

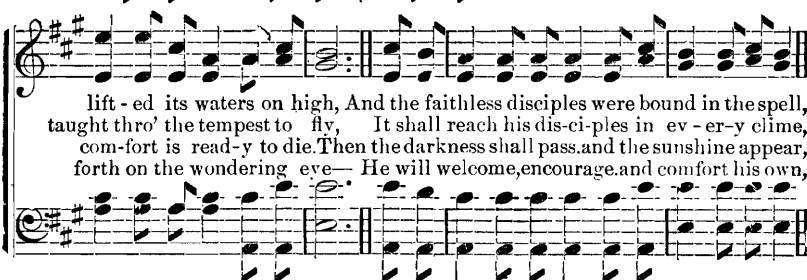
35

REV. I. BALTZELL.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - li - lee fell, And
 2. The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas
 3. When the spir - it is brok - en with sor - row and care, And
 4. When the riv - er is past, and the glo - ries unknown Burst

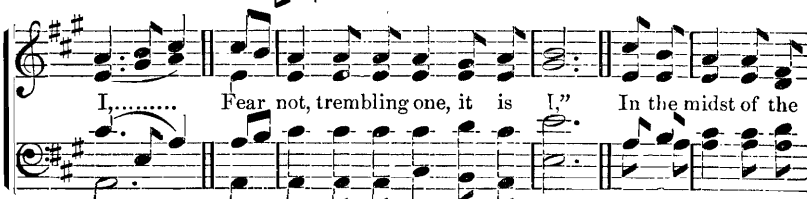


lift - ed its waters on high, And the faithless disciples were bound in the spell,
 taught thro' the tempest to fly, It shall reach his dis-ci-ples in ev - er-y clime,
 com-fort is read-y to die. Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
 forth on the wondering eye— He will welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,

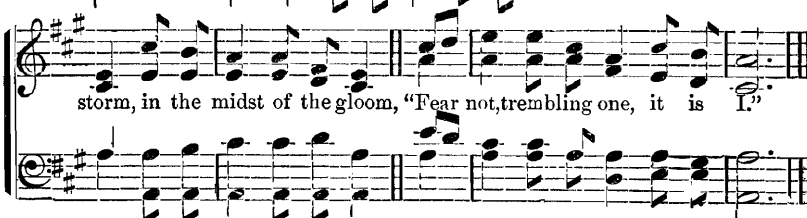
CHORUS.



Je-sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I,"
 Say-ing, "Be not a-fraid, it is I." "It is I,..... it is
 By the life-giv-ing word, "It is I."
 Say-ing, "Be not a-fraid, it is I."



I,..... Fear not, trembling one, it is I." In the midst of the



storm, in the midst of the gloom, "Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

D. W. CRIST.

Slowly.

1. Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gath - er its
 2. Some one is rest - ing from sor - row and sin, Hap - py where earthly strife
 3. An - gels were anx - iously long - ing to meet One who walks with them on

thorns with its flow'rs; No more to lin - ger where sun - beams must fade,
 en - ters not in; Joy - ous as birds when the morn - ing is bright,
 yon gold - en street; Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,

Where on all beau - ty death's fin - gers are laid; Wea - ry with mingling life's
 When the bright sunbeams have brought us their light; Wea - ry with sow - ing and
 Free from all tri - als and tak - ing sweet rest. Yes, there's an - oth - er in

bit - ter with sweet, Wea - ry with part - ing and nev - er to meet;
 nev - er to reap. Wea - ry with la - bor, and wel - com - ing sleep;
 an - gel - ic bliss, One less to cher - ish, and one less to kiss;

Some one has gone to that bright golden shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's
 Some one's de - part - ed to heaven's bright shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's
 One more de - part - ed to heaven's bright shore, Ring the bell soft - ly, there's

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RING THE BELL SOFTLY. Concluded.

37

CHORUS.

crape on the door. Ring the bell soft - - ly,
crape on the door.
crape on the door. Soft - ly, soft - ly, there's crape on the door,

soft - ly, soft - ly, Ring it soft - er now than
Ring the bell soft - ly, there's crape on the door.

e'er 'twas rang be - fore, Ring it ve - ry soft - ly, there's crape on the door.

NEW FRANKLIN. C. M.

D. W. CRIST.

1. My thoughts surround these low - er skies, And look with - in the veil;
2. Light are the pains that nature brings; How short our sor - rows are,
3. I would not be a stran - ger still To that Ce - les - tial place,

There springs of end - less pleas - ure rise, The wa - ters nev - er fail.
When with e - ter - nal fu - ture things, The pres - ent we com - pare.
Where I for - ev - er hope to dwell, Near my Re - deem - er's face.

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HE WILL BE THERE.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. In that ci - ty o - ver yon - der, In that land beyond the skies,
 2. Where no pain shall ev - er en - ter, And no death shall ev - er be,
 3. And with all the true and faith - ful, With the beau - ti - ful and blest.

Where the songs of joy in - creas - ing, In tri - umphant notes a - rise;
 But where all is life and beau - ty, Thro' the great e - ter - ni - ty;
 In the by and by up yon - der, In that summer land of rest,

There be - side the crys - tal riv - er, In that country bright and fair,
 Where the friends we loved are waiting, And a welcome we may share,
 When we join the host an - gel - ic Who the palms of vic - t'ry bear,

Safe be - yond the swelling Jor - dan, We shall see the Saviour there.
 When we reach the shining por - tal, We shall see the Saviour there.
 Then we'll meet the blessed Sav - iour, Yes, we'll see Him waiting there.

D. S. In the by and by up yon - der, Christ our Saviour will be there.
 CHORUS.

We are waiting for the dawning Of that morn all bright and fair.
 bright and fair.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Shine on our land, Je - ho - vah, shine, With beams of heav'nly grace,
 2. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with sol - emn voice,
 3. Earth shall con - fess her Mak - er's hand, And yield a full in - crease,
 4. God, in His mer - cy, scat - ters round His choic - est fa - vors here,

Re - veal Thy pow'r thro' all our courts, And show Thy smil - ing face.
 Let thankful tongues ex - alt His praise, And thankful hearts re - joice.
 Our God will crown His chos - en land With fruit - ful - ness and peace.
 With plen - ty hath our harvest crowned, Our homes to bless and cheer.

CHORUS.

Shine on,..... shine on,..... Pour out thy gold - en ray,
 Shine on, shine on,

Shine on, shine on, Soon night will pass a - way.
 Shine on, shine on,

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Be - yond the west - ern hills, Be - yond the crim - son glow, With -
 2. Be - yond the west - ern hills, Be - yond the heights of time, Where
 3. Be - yond the west - ern hills, Be - yond the set - ting sun, A

in that sun - ny land, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, There
 hearts shall re - al - ize The dreams of love di - vine, With -
 life more pure and grand Al - read - y has be - gun; And

D. S.—And

'mid the ver - nal bloom, Where joys e - ter - nal rise, How
 in the jas - per walls, What splen - dors yet un - told, Shall
 when the gold - en morn Shall dawn in grand - eur there, How

when the gold - en morn Shall dawn in grand - eur there, How
 blest to live for aye, Where spring - time nev - er dies,
 to the rap - tured sight, In beau - ty there un - fold.
 blest to be at Home, And all its glo - ry share.

FINE.

CHORUS.
 There's no care, there's no gloom, Far beyond the shadow of the tomb.
 There's no care, there's no gloom,

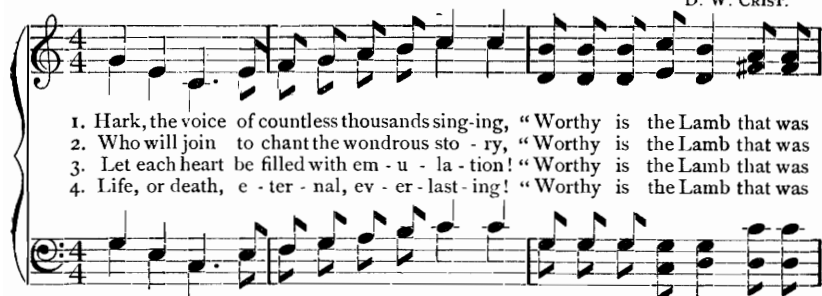
D. S.

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WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

41

D. W. CRIST.



1. Hark, the voice of countless thousands sing-ing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was
 2. Who will join to chant the wondrous sto - ry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was
 3. Let each heart be filled with em - u - la - tion! "Worthy is the Lamb that was
 4. Life, or death, e - ter - nal, ev - er - last-ing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was



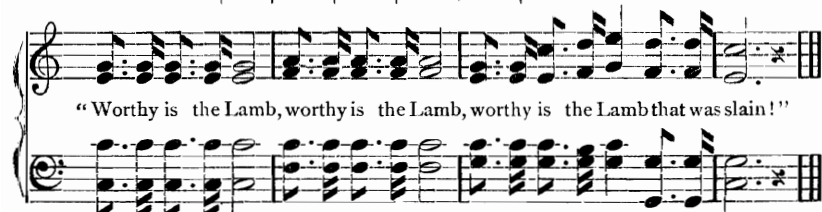
slain!" All the might - y hosts of heav - en join - ing:
 slain?" Who will join the choirs of high - est glo - ry:
 slain!" Let them chant the notes of full sal - va - tion!
 slain!" Hon - or, glo - ry, rich - es, pow'r and bless - ing;



CHORUS.
 "Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain!" Hear the heav'n - ly
 "Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain!"
 "Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain!"
 "Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain!"



cho - rus ring - ing, Round the throne for - ev - er sing - ing,



"Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

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E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When the clouds of doubt enshroud thee, And thy mind is dark as night,
 2. When thy heart is sore - ly trou - bled, With the ills that thou must see,
 3. When thy way - ward feet would wan - der, And thy lips would ev - il say,

When the star that led the ma - gi, Will di - rect thee by its light,
 Un - to Je - sus flee for ref - uge! He will cheer and com - fort thee,
 Seek the way of life e - ter - nal, Je - sus is Himself the way,

It will lead thee to the Sav - iour, As in that far - dis - tant day;
 He will turn His eyes up - on thee With a look of love di - vine,
 If thou wilt but trust His guid - ance, He'll di - rect thy feet a - right;

And if thou'lt believe Him a - ble, He will drive thy doubts a - way.
 With His dear hand's gentle press - ure, He will clasp and hold to thine.
 Thou shalt find a home in glo - ry, For thy faith shall turn to sight.

CHORUS.

Hear the Sav - iour gen - tly
 Hear the Sav - iour gen - tly call - ing, Hear the

call - ing, From the Sav - iour cease to
Sav - iour gen - tly call - ing, From the Sav - iour cease to roam, From the

roam, Leave, oh, leave..... thy paths of
Sav - iour cease to roam, leave thy paths of fol - ly, Leave, oh,

fol - ly, I will lead you safe - ly home.
leave thy paths of fol - ly, safe - ly home.

"Work, for the Night is Coming."

1. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours,
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

"On Jordan's Stormy Banks."

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
2. Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
4. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest.

THEY ARE COMING.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. They are com - ing on the wings of the morn - ing, From
 2. They are com - ing on the bright - ness of noon - day, From
 3. They are com - ing where the day is de - clin - ing, On

lands where the day - star ap - pears, On the hopes that shall come with the
 re - gions where ful - ness of joy Shall be rest - ing on faith of the
 beams which in - vite from the west; Tho' the last gleams of truth may be

CHORUS.
 dawning, Of days that shall banish our fears. They are coming, they are
 a - ges, And earth begins heaven's em - ploy. (oh, yes,)
 shin - ing, They're bearing the soul to its rest.

coming! { Who will join the army bright, } To the joyful, bright home-coming?
 Flying on the beams of light,

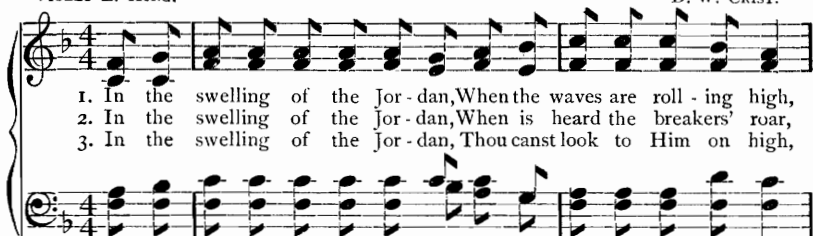
THEN HOW WILT THOU DO?

45

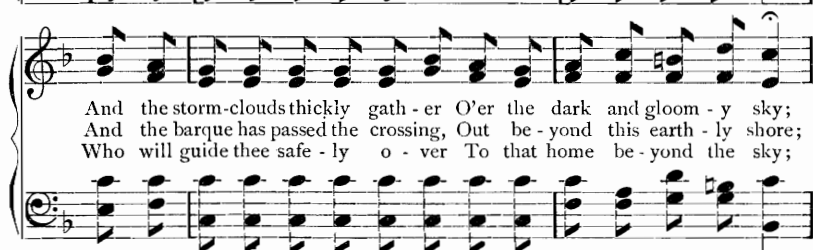
"Then how wilt thou do in the swelling of the Jordan?"—JEREMIAH 12: 5.

VIOLET E. KING.

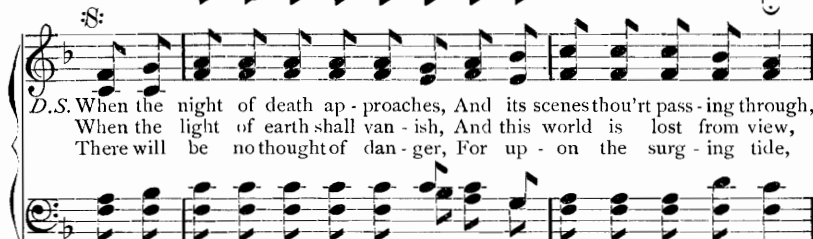
D. W. CRIST.



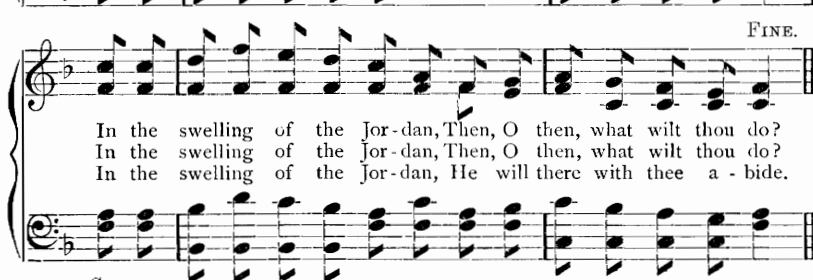
1. In the swelling of the Jor - dan, When the waves are roll - ing high,
 2. In the swelling of the Jor - dan, When is heard the breakers' roar,
 3. In the swelling of the Jor - dan, Thou canst look to Him on high,



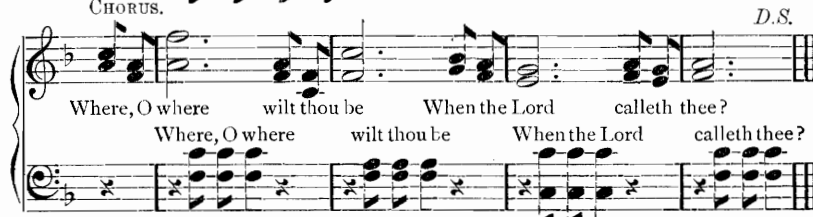
And the storm-clouds thickly gath - er O'er the dark and gloom - y sky;
 And the barque has passed the crossing, Out be - yond this earth - ly shore;
 Who will guide thee safe - ly o - ver To that home be - yond the sky;



D.S. When the night of death ap - proaches, And its scenes thou'rt pass - ing through,
 When the light of earth shall van - ish, And this world is lost from view,
 There will be no thought of dan - ger, For up - on the surg - ing tide,



FINE.
 In the swelling of the Jor - dan, Then, O then, what wilt thou do?
 In the swelling of the Jor - dan, Then, O then, what wilt thou do?
 In the swelling of the Jor - dan, He will there with thee a - bide.



CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Where, O where wilt thou be When the Lord calleth thee?
 Where, O where wilt thou be When the Lord calleth thee?

Copyright, 1889, by D. W. CRIST.

My Home Above.

LOUISA E.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glor-ious realms of light,
 2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime,
 3. Will you meet me in that home a - bove, Where Je - sus has gone to pre - pare,
 4. O how sweet 'twill be to meet a - bove, And know each other there,

Of the pear-ly gates and gold-en streets, In the land where there is no night,
 Where the sor-row of earth can nev-er come, But e - ter - nal joys will be mine,
 A man-sion for all who love him here, O say, will you meet me there?
 And dwell for - ever with him who said, "Your man - sion I pre - pare.

Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home. O say will you meet me
 Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, home, sweet home, happy home, sweet home,

there? In that home a - bove, where all is love, And joys be - yond compare.
 Meet me there,

ARE YOU BUILDING ON THE SAND?

47

E. R. LATTI.

By Permission.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Are you build - ing on the rock of truth e - ter - nal, As 'tis
 2. Are you build - ing in the hope of bliss in glo - ry, While you
 3. Have you chos - en the foun - da - tion of the proph - ets, The Re -
 4. Are you build - ing on the rock that is e - ter - nal? Then you

writ - ten on the Bi - ble's sa - cred page? Then your soul shall dwell in
 sin a - gainst the Lord with lift - ed hand? Then your hope's a brok - en
 deem - er of the lost of ev - 'ry land? And by faith in His a -
 shall the an - gry floods and winds withstand; But your hope will in the

D. S. If you're build - ing on the

FINE.

perfect peace and safe - ty, Tho' a - bout you may the tem - pest madly rage.
 reed to pierce and slay you; You are build - ing, vain - ly building on the sand!
 tonement heav'n - ward striving? Then you are not vain - ly building on the sand.
 day of judgment per - ish, If it proves that you have built up - on the sand.

sol - id rock of a - ges, You shall then among the an - gels ev - er stand.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Are you build - ing, Are you build - ing, Are you building on the sand?
 Are you building, Are you building,

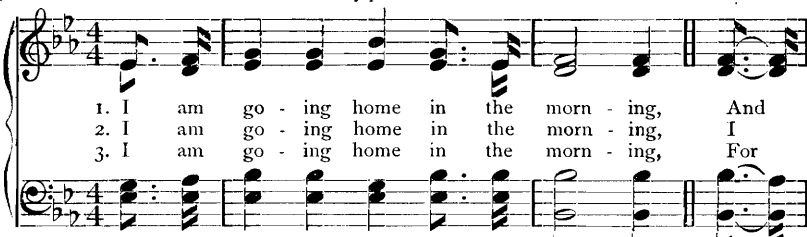
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FAREWELL I'M GOING HOME.

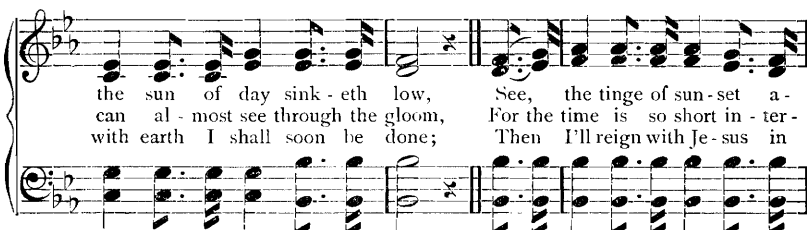
CHAS. A. GABRIEL.

By permission.

B. C. MILLER.

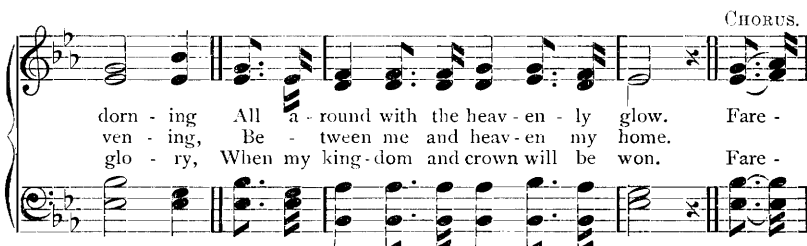


1. I am go - ing home in the morn - ing, And
 2. I am go - ing home in the morn - ing, I
 3. I am go - ing home in the morn - ing, For

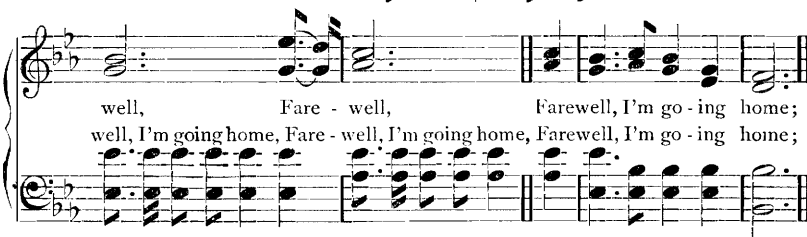


the sun of day sink - eth low, See, the tinge of sun - set a -
 can al - most see through the gloom, For the time is so short in - ter -
 with earth I shall soon be done; Then I'll reign with Je - sus in

CHORUS.



dorn - ing All a - round with the heav - en - ly glow. Fare -
 ven - ing, Be - tween me and heav - en my home.
 glo - ry, When my king - dom and crown will be won. Fare -



well, Fare - well, Farewell, I'm go - ing home;
 well, I'm going home, Fare - well, I'm going home, Farewell, I'm go - ing home;



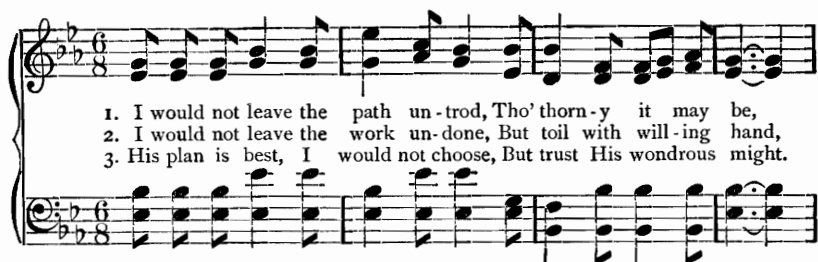
Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare - well I'm go - ing home.
 I am go - ing home in the morn - ing, Fare - well I'm go - ing home.

HE KNOWETH BEST.

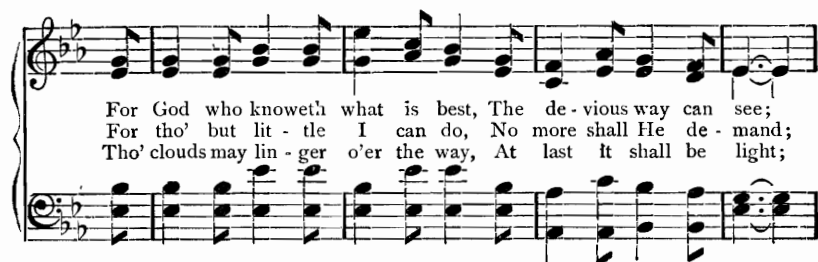
1

VIOLET E. KING.

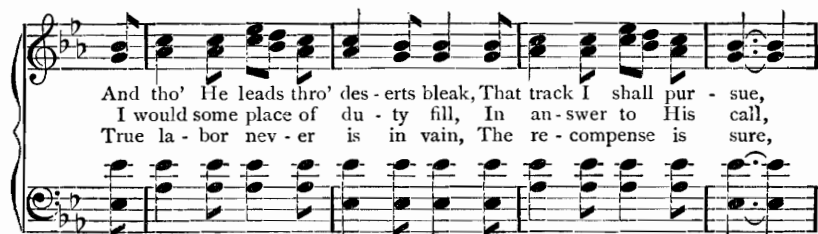
D. W. CRIST.



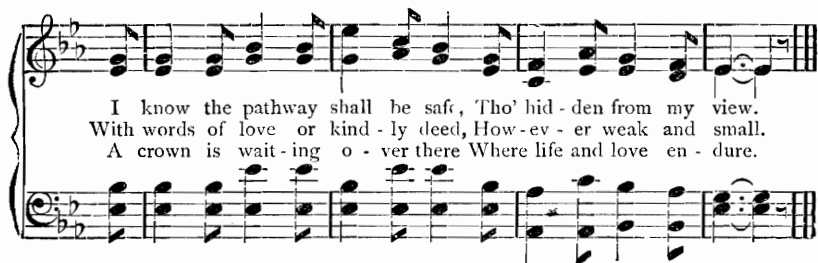
1. I would not leave the path un-trod, Tho' thorn-y it may be,
 2. I would not leave the work un-done, But toil with will-ing hand,
 3. His plan is best, I would not choose, But trust His wondrous might.



For God who knoweth what is best, The de-vi-ous way can see;
 For tho' but lit-tle I can do, No more shall He de-mand;
 Tho' clouds may lin-ger o'er the way, At last It shall be light;



And tho' He leads thro' des-erts bleak, That track I shall pur-sue,
 I would some place of du-ty fill, In an-swer to His call,
 True la-bor nev-er is in vain, The re-compense is sure,



I know the pathway shall be safe, Tho' hid-den from my view.
 With words of love or kind-ly deed, How-ev-er weak and small.
 A crown is wait-ing o-ver there Where life and love en-dure.

THE GOSPEL STORY.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. The world is full of sto - ries Of love and brav - er - y; But
 2. And oh, the love and pi - ty, The blest Redeem - er felt, Me -
 3. Oh, yes, of all the sto - ries That may re - lat - ed be, The

oh, the gos - pel sto - ry Is sweetest far to me! And great - est of all
 thinks a heart of marble Should at the sto - ry melt! That love, was for the
 bless - ed gos - pel sto - ry Is sweetest far to me! I've heard it oft re -

he - roes, Since time its course be - gan, Is Je - sus Christ the righteous, Who
 wretched, That pi - ty, for His foes, His love is ev - er - last - ing! His
 peat - ed, But still 'tis ev - er new! And, oh, I want to hear it, My

CHORUS.

gave His life for man! The dear - est of all sto - ries, That ev - er yet were
 pi - ty still He shows.
 earth - ly jour - ney through.

told, Is still the gos - pel sto - ry, That wondrous tale of old!

LET US BUILD ON THE ROCK.

3

F. M. D.

By Permission.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On a firm foundation let us build our hopes, And not on the drifting sand.
 2. On the Rock of A - ges let us strongly build, The Rock that is steadfast, sure;
 3. Christ is that firm Rock on which we all should build, All oth - er foundations fail:

For the tempest's shock will surely come at last; Then how can we safely stand?
 On a firm foundation that no storm can shake, That will to the end en - dure.
 If our hopes are firmly planted on that Rock, We're safe, let what will assail.

REFRAIN.

Let us build on the Rock, on the might - y Rock, Let us
 Let us build on the Rock, on the might - y Rock, Let us

build on the Rock, Let us build on the Rock, the
 build on the Rock, on the might - y Rock,

might - y Rock, On Christ, the might - y Rock of A - ges.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. An - y - where with Jesus, I know 'twill all be well, If within His
 2. An - y - where with Jesus, Then I shall never fear, For His loving
 3. An - y - where with Jesus, Al - tho' the world may chide, I shall fear no

presence, For - ev - er I may dwell; Tho' His hand may lead me, E'en
 presence, My lone - li - ness will cheer; I shall ev - er trust Him, Tho'
 e - vil, If sheltered by His side, He will shield me ev - er From

thro' the shadows gray, O'er the lonely mountains, Or on the desert way.
 wild the tempest blow, He will guide me onward Where quiet waters flow.
 ev - 'ry stormy blast, And will bring me safely, To dwell with Him at last.

D. S.—Anywhere with Jesus, I shall be sat-is - fied.

CHORUS.

D. S.

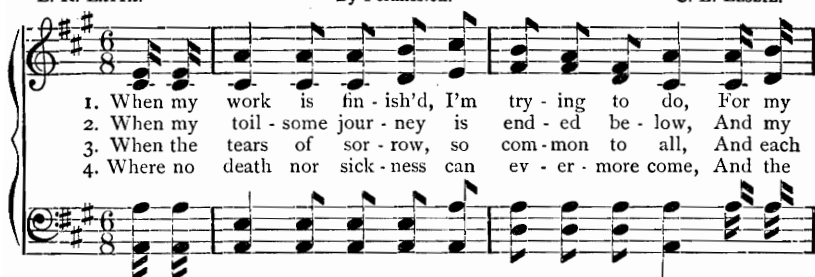
An - y - where with Je - sus, What - ev - er may be - tide.

WILL THE GATES OF HEAVEN BE OPEN TO ME? 5

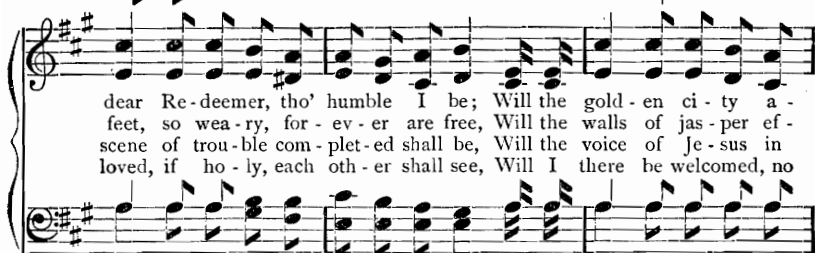
E. R. LATTA.

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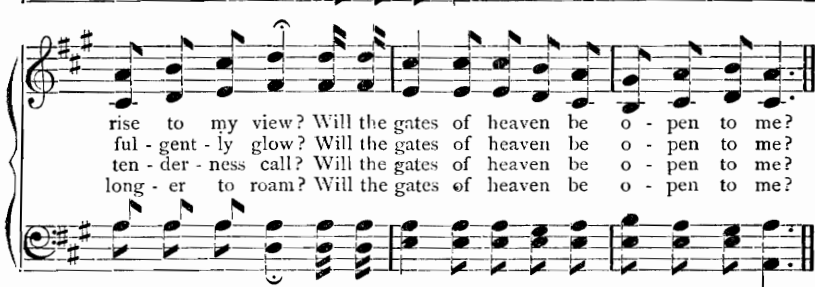
C. E. LESLIE.



1. When my work is fin-ish'd, I'm try-ing to do, For my
 2. When my toil - some jour - ney is end - ed be - low, And my
 3. When the tears of sor - row, so com - mon to all, And each
 4. Where no death nor sick - ness can ev - er - more come, And the

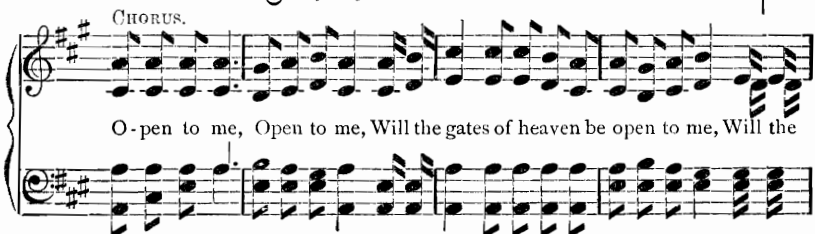


dear Re-deemer, tho' humble I be; Will the gold - en ci - ty a -
 feet, so wea - ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas - per ef -
 scene of trou - ble com - plet - ed shall be, Will the voice of Je - sus in
 loved, if ho - ly, each oth - er shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no

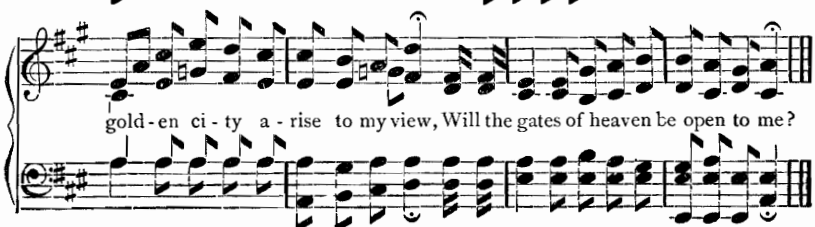


rise to my view? Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?
 ful - gent - ly glow? Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?
 ten - der - ness call? Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?
 long - er to roam? Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me?

CHORUS.



O - pen to me, Open to me, Will the gates of heaven be open to me, Will the



gold - en ci - ty a - rise to my view, Will the gates of heaven be open to me?

WILL THEY WELCOME ME THERE?

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When my earthly life is end-ed, And I leave the shores of time,
2. When with joy is cast the an-chor Safe beyond the swelling tide,

Will my soul receive a welcome, In that fair and happy clime?
Shall I hear sweet words of greeting O - ver on the oth - er side?

When I've passed the lonely crossing Of the dark and si - lent sea,
Yes, methinks some one will lin-ger Out up - on the heav'nly way,

When my voy-ag-ing is o - ver, Will they kindly welcome me?
And will bid me glad - ly welcome 'To that Home of endless day.

CHORUS.

Will they welcome me there? Will they welcome me there?
welcome me there? welcome me there?

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WILL THEY WELCOME ME THERE? Concluded, 7

To that bright and happy Home,..... Will they welcome, welcome me there?
bright and happy home, welcome me there?

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Earnestly.

D. W. CRIST.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

D. S. And they who seek that Rock are blest, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS. D. S.
O rest, sweet rest, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
O rest and sweet rest

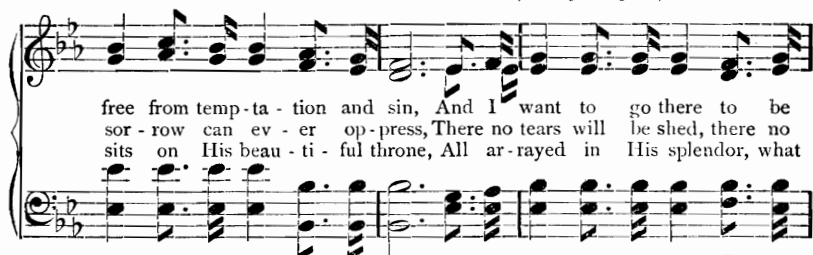
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HOW SWEET TO BE THERE.

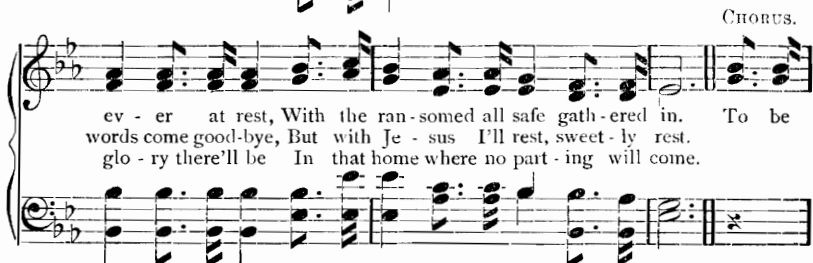
There the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest.—JOB 3: 17.
 R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.



1. There's a home far a-way in the land of the blest, That is
 2. Yes, that beau-ti-ful home I shall see by and by, Where no
 3. Oh, how sweet it will be when my Sav-iour I see, As He



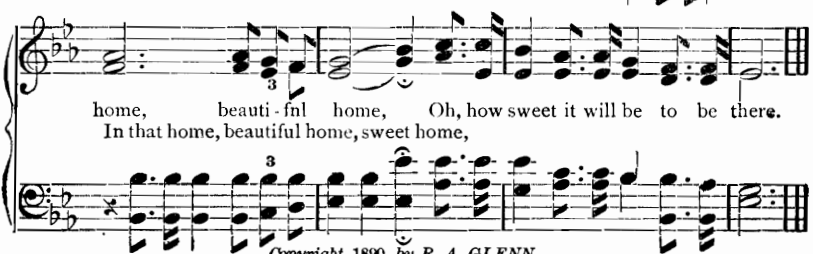
free from temp-ta-tion and sin, And I want to go there to be
 sor-row can ev-er op-press, There no tears will be shed, there no
 sits on His beau-ti-ful throne, All ar-rayed in His splendor, what



CHORUS.
 ev-er at rest, With the ran-somed all safe gath-ered in. To be
 words come good-bye, But with Je-sus I'll rest, sweet-ly rest.
 glo-ry there'll be In that home where no part-ing will come.



there, to be there, With my Saviour His glory to share, In that
 To be there, to be there, to be there, to be there,



home, beauti-ful home, Oh, how sweet it will be to be there.
 In that home, beautiful home, sweet home,

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

9

D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness

Burn - ing in the night, In this world of dark - ness, We must shine,
 If our light is dim; He looks down from heaven, Sees us shine,
 In this world a - bound, Sin, and want, and sor - row; We must shine,

CHORUS.
 You in your small corner, And I in mine. Shin - ing for the
 You in your small corner, And I in mine.
 You in your small corner, And I in mine. Shining for the right,

right, Ev - er shin - ing with our might,
 shining for the right, shining with our might, shining with our might,

Work - ing for the Lord, We'll receive our just reward.
 Working for the Lord, Trusting in His word, just reward.

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THE PLEADING SAVIOUR.

By Permission.

H. H. HAWLEY

With solemnity.

1. Now the Saviour standeth plead - ing, plead - ing, plead - ing,
 2. Now He's waiting to be gra - cious, gra - cious, gra - cious,
 3. Come, for all things now are read - y, read - y, read - y,

Now the Saviour standeth plead - ing, At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart;
 Now He's waiting to be gra - cious, To be gra - cious un - to thee;
 Come, for all things now are read - y, And there's room for ma - ny more;

Now in heav'n He's inter - ced - ing, in - ter - ced - ing, in - ter - ced - ing,
 See what kindness, love and pit - y, love and pit - y, love and pit - y,
 O ye blind, ye lame and need - y, lame and need - y, lame and need - y,

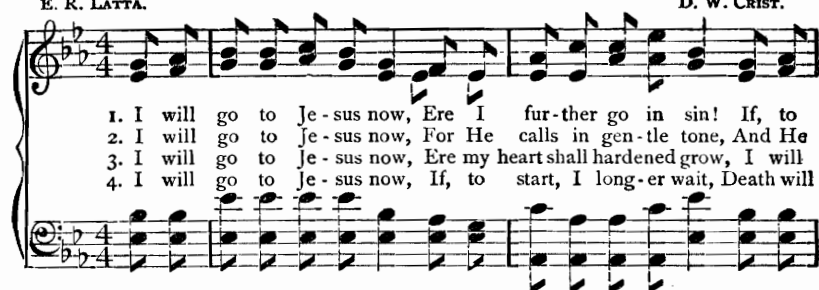
Now in heav'n He's in - ter - ced - ing, Taking there the sin - ner's part.
 See what kindness, love and pit - y, He bestows on you and me.
 O ye blind, ye lame and need - y, Come to Je - sus' boundless store.

I WILL GO TO JESUS NOW.

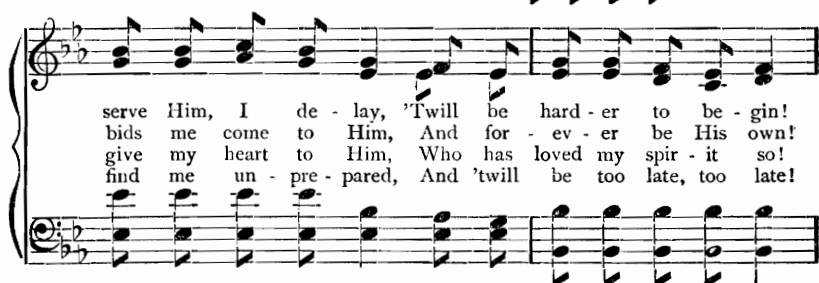
11

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. I will go to Je - sus now, Ere I fur - ther go in sin! If, to
 2. I will go to Je - sus now, For He calls in gen - tle tone, And He
 3. I will go to Je - sus now, Ere my heart shall hardened grow, I will
 4. I will go to Je - sus now, If, to start, I long - er wait, Death will



serve Him, I de - lay, 'Twill be hard - er to be - gin!
 bids me come to Him, And for - ev - er be His own!
 give my heart to Him, Who has loved my spir - it so!
 find me un - pre - pared, And 'twill be too late, too late!

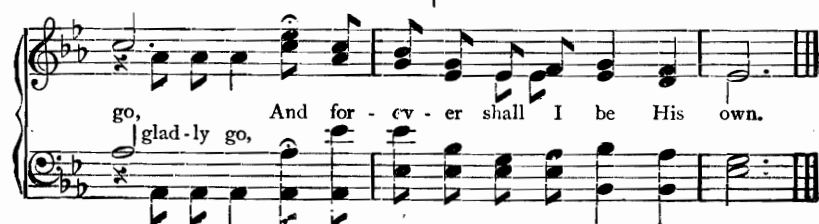
CHORUS.



I will go, I will go, I will go, glad - ly go, For He



calls me in His loving tones come home, I will go, I will go, I will



go, glad - ly go, And for - ev - er shall I be His own.

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GLADLY WE SHALL SING.

D. W. CRIST.

Con Spirato.

1. Both by day and by night, Both in dark-ness and light, Must the
 2. Is not Christ on the deep? Is He not in the ship? Says He
 3. With our Je - sus thus near, Let us ban - ish each fear, Tho' earth's
 4. Soon the prize will be won, And life's voy - age be done, And with

mar - i - ner keep on his way, By his compass must steer 'Mid all
 not, "Do not fear, it is I?" At His word storm and tide Shall in
 hopes round us blast - ed must lie; Tho' the storm down may pour, And loud
 Je - sus' own flock we shall roam; By life's wa - ters be led, In its

CHORUS.

dan - ger and fear, Till the dark-ness and storm pass a - way. Then we'll
 si - lence subside, And each child safe-ly land - ed on high.
 thun - ders may roar, And the sur - ges may dash to the sky.
 green pastures fed, And we'll rest in our heav - en - ly home.

sing, Then we'll sing, Tho' the storm madly round us may roar;
 Then we'll sing, then we'll sing, madly roar;

Then we'll sing, gladly sing, On that beautiful, beau - tiful shore.
 then we'll sing, gladly sing,

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VALE OF BEULAH.

13

E. A. HOFFMAN.

By Permission.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beu - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. { Not a sha - dow, not a sha - dow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweet - ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,
3. { So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing t'ward the Ci - ty of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the King - dom a - bove,

But I find that all the path - way is with flow'rs o - ver - grown. }
For the Sav - iour walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion each day. }
For a radiance bright as glo - ry shines up - on it all day; }
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. }
While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path - way more bright; }
For this high - way leads to Ca - naan, to the King - dom of love. }

CHORUS.

Vale of Beu - lah! Vale of Beu - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

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H. BONNAR.

D. W. CRIST.

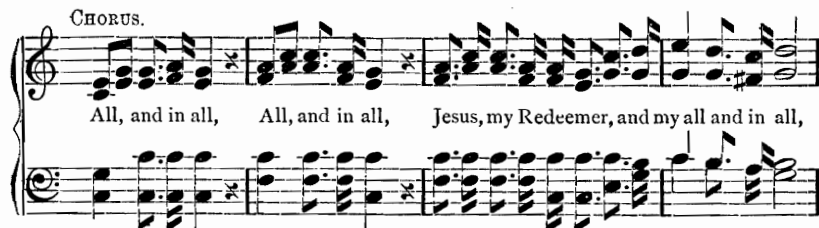
1. In the hour when grief assails me, And my long, long sins appall, Then I
 2. In the day when earth attracts me, When its pleasures would enthrall, When its
 3. In the night when sorrows cloud me, And the burning tear-drops fall, Then I
 4. In the land of promised glory, In the day of fes-ti-val, Day of

haste to the For-giv-er, On His gra-cious name I call, There I
 love-li-ness would bind me, And to crea-ture love I call; Then I
 look for one to wipe them, On His changeless name I call; Then I
 marriage and of tri-umph, In the an-gel-crowded hall, This shall

find the heav'n-ly full-ness, Christ, my right-eous-ness, my all,
 turn to bright-er beau-ty, Christ, my glo-ry and my all,
 sing the song of pa-tience, Christ, my broth-er and my all,
 ev-er be my bur-den, Christ, my glo-ry and my all,

There I find di-vine completeness, Christ, my cleans-er and my all.
 Then I turn to fair-er splendor, Christ, my treas-ure and my all.
 And I rest up-on His bosom, Christ, my sol-ace and my all.
 This shall ev-er be my anthem, Christ, my bridegroom and my all.

CHORUS.



All, and in all, All, and in all, Je - sus, my Redeemer, and my all and in all,



All, and in all, All, and in all, Je - sus is my all, and in all.

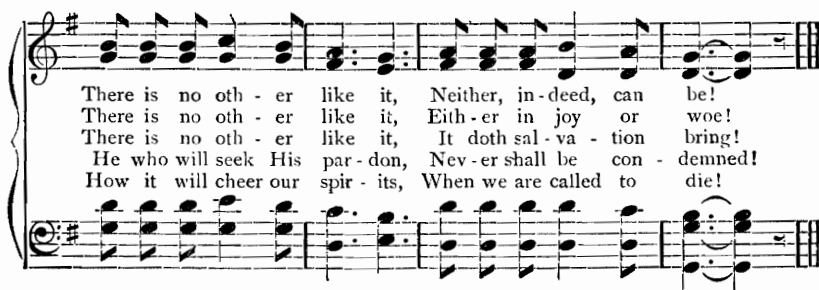
BEAUTIFUL NAME.

E. R. LATT.

D. W. CRIST.



1. Beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me;
 2. Beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus who loves me so;
 3. Beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus, our Lord and King;
 4. Beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus, Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend;
 5. Beau - ti - ful name of Je - sus, If we on Him re - ly.



There is no oth - er like it, Nei - ther, in - deed, can be!
 There is no oth - er like it, Eith - er in joy or woe!
 There is no oth - er like it, It doth sal - va - tion bring!
 He who will seek His par - don, Nev - er shall be con - demned!
 How it will cheer our spir - its, When we are called to die!

JESUS NOW IS PASSING BY.

By Permission.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, wea - ry sin - ner, to the Cross; The Sav - iour bids you
 2. Oh! why de - lay your long re - turn? The Spir - it gen - tly
 3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins for -

come; Come, trusting in His precious blood; Wait not—there still is room,
 pleads; Come to the Cross where on for you The dy - ing Saviour bleeds.
 give; His love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust His grace and live!

{ Je - sus now is pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
 While He is so ve - ry nigh, ve - ry nigh, ve - ry nigh,

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, I'll go out to meet Him. }
 While He is so ve - ry nigh, I'll go out and greet Him. }

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BLESSED INVITATION.

17

T. C. N.

TOM C. NEAL.

Lively.

1. Hark! I hear the Sav-iour say-ing, "Let the chil-dren come to me,
2. Yes, the gra-cious in-vi-ta-tion Is to young, as well as old;
3. Let us try to be like Je-sus; Love and serve Him ev-'ry day,

joy-ful-ly will I receive them, And their friend for-ev-er be."
And the lambs are ev-er wel-come To the lov-ing Shepherd's fold.
Then we'll have a home in heav-en, When from earth we pass a-way.

CHORUS.

"Let them come, un-to me," Hear the
"Let them come, un-to me,"

bless-ed Je-sus say: Sweet the call un-to
Sweet the call,

all, Let us heed, it, and o-bey!
un-to all,

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E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. What-ev-er your trouble may be, Go right to the Lord with it all!
 2. What-ev-er your trouble may be, And what-so-e'er oth-ers may say,
 3. What-ev-er your trouble may be, If pov-er-ty, sickness, or grief,
 4. What-ev-er your trouble may be, And where-so-e'er oth-ers may go,
 5. What-ev-er your trouble may be, With Je-sus there ev-er is room!

He pit-ies the suf-fer-ing heart, He'll lis-ten to you if you call!
 Go right to the Lord with it all,—The Lord will not turn you a-way!
 Go right to the Lord with it all,—The Lord will af-ford you re-lief!
 Go right to the Lord with it all,—No oth-er can comfort you so!
 Go right to the Lord with it all,—The Saviour in-vites you to come!

CHORUS.

To Je-sus, to Je-sus, For help and for sym-pa-thy flee,

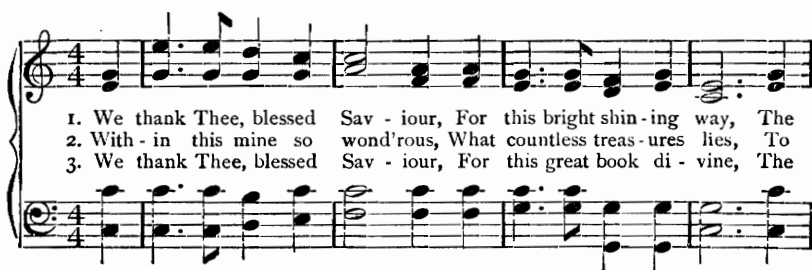
What-ev-er your trouble may be, What ev-er your trouble may be!

THE BIBLE.

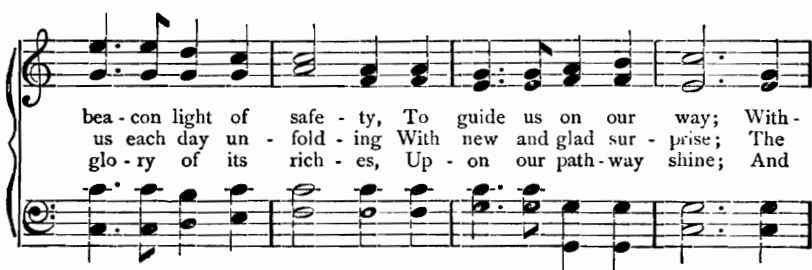
19

VIOLET E. KING.

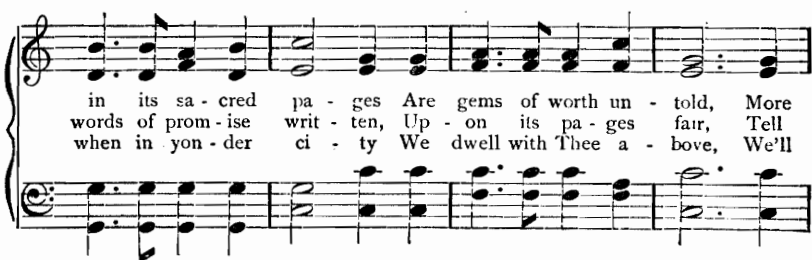
D. W. CRIST.



1. We thank Thee, blessed Sav - iour, For this bright shin - ing way, The
 2. With - in this mine so wond'rous, What countless treas - ures lies, To
 3. We thank Thee, blessed Sav - iour, For this great book di - vine, The



bea - con light of safe - ty, To guide us on our way; With -
 us each day un - fold - ing With new and glad sur - prise; The
 glo - ry of its rich - es, Up - on our path - way shine; And



in its sa - cred pa - ges Are gems of worth un - told, More
 words of prom - ise writ - ten, Up - on its pa - ges fair, Tell
 when in yon - der ci - ty We dwell with Thee a - bove, We'll



pre - cious than earth's jew - els, Far rich - er than its gold.
 of a home e - ter - nal, And joys that we may share,
 ne'er for - get to praise Thee For this, Thy gift of love.

GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

Words arranged by D. W. C.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Bring in the children, oh, bring them in, Lure them to turn from the
 2. Turn not a-way from a gar-ment torn, Un-der the tat-ters God's
 3. Hark! blessed words; oh, "for-bid them not," Come they from hov-el, or

high-ways of sin; Lead their young feet in the paths of God,
 im-age is worn, In-to the house of the un-de-filed,
 pal-ace, or cot, But if a bless-ing from Je-sus you'd win,

Point them the way which the Saviour trod. Christ will be wait-ing to
 We may not en-ter 'less as a child. Bring in the chil-dren for
 Go thro' the by-ways and bring them in. Sym-pa-thy soon-est will

wel-come them there, Wait-ing to crown them with jew-els so rare,
 Je-sus to hold, He will embrace them as oft-en of old,
 en-ter the heart, Caus-ing the tear-drop of kind-ness to start,

waiting to bless and to guard them from sin, Heed then the message and bring them in.
 He will enrich them with blessings so rare, Bring them to Jesus His love to share.
 Gather them into the temple of pray'r, So in His kingdom bright crowns they'll wear.

Copyright, 1890. by D. W. CRIST.

CHORUS.

Bring the chil - dren in, bring the chil - dren in,

Bring them from the highways, The by - ways of sin, Gath - er them in,

gath - er them in, Gath - er in the chil - dren, oh, bring them in.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never loose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lispings, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, they say; Ev-'ry
 2. Still that hand goes writ-ing on, Mak-ing pag-es dark or fair; Let us
 3. Time is ebb-ing fast a-way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we,

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment consisting of a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

action, word or deed Is recorded there each day. What shall then our record be? Let us
 ponder well, dear friends, What for us is written there. What shall then our record be? Let us
 trustingly, go hence, That a crown of life is won? What shall then our record be? Let us

The second system continues the musical score with the same notation and time signature. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

stop and think I pray! What shall then our record be In the coming judgement day?

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. It maintains the same notation and time signature. The lyrics conclude below the vocal line.

WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE? Concluded. 23

CHORUS.

In the com-ing judg-ment day, In the com-ing judgment day,

What shall then our rec - ord be, In the com-ing judgment day?

THE GOSPEL DOOR.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. The Gos - pel door is o - pen now, Why will you en - ter not?
 2. The Gos - pel door is wide e - nough For all to en - ter in.
 3. The Gos - pel door, I'll glad go thro', While it in - vit - eth me!
 4. The Gos - pel door, oh, sin - ner, seek, This hour your en - trance make,

The hour may come, and soon will come, When, lo, it shall be shut!
 Who will in Je - sus' name be - lieve, And give up ev - 'ry sin!
 I'll not de - lay, till it, a - las, For - ev - er shut shall be!
 It is the sin - ner's on - ly hope, 'Twas o - pened for his sake!

Copyright, 1890, by D. W. CRIST.

IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.

R. A. GLENN.

D. W. CRIST.

1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flow - ers shall
 2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, When the robe and the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful giv - er a - bove, All ar - rayed in his

fade nev - er more; There the sun ev - er shines bright and fair, On the
 crown we shall wear; And the King in his beau - ty be - hold, On the
 splen - dor so fair; We will sing ev - er more of his love, When we

CHORUS.

banks of the pearly white shore. In that home, Happy home, In that
 throne with the angels so fair.
 meet in that home o - ver there. Happy home, Happy home,

beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, We shall shine as the
 o - ver there,

stars bright and fair, by and by, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there.

Copyright,

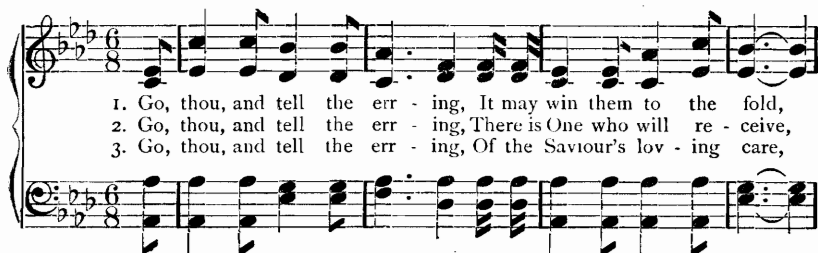
by D. W. CRIST.

GO, THOU, AND TELL THE ERRING.

25

VIOLET E. KING.

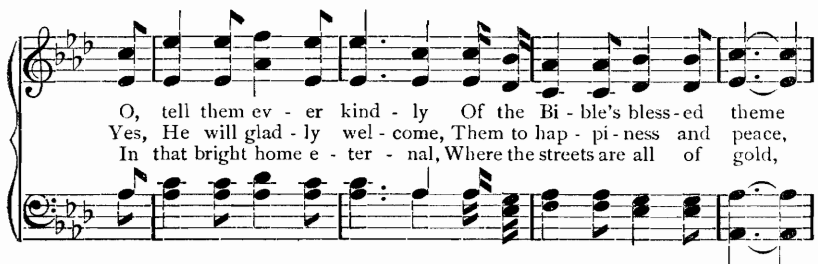
D. W. CRIST.



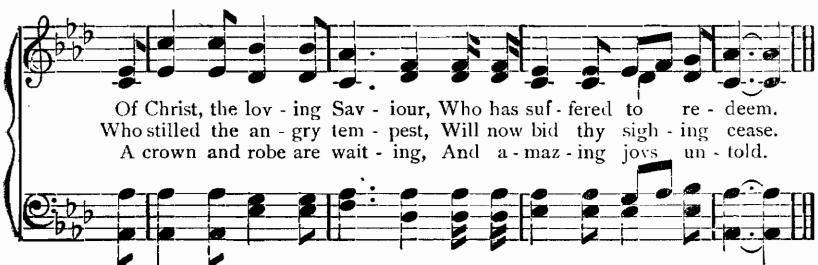
1. Go, thou, and tell the err - ing, It may win them to the fold,
 2. Go, thou, and tell the err - ing, There is One who will re - ceive,
 3. Go, thou, and tell the err - ing, Of the Saviour's lov - ing care,



To hear the joy - ful tid - ings, These glo - rious words of old;
 If they but turn from er - ror, And on His name be - lieve;
 And that if they are faith - ful, They e - ter - nal life may share,



O, tell them ev - er kind - ly Of the Bi - ble's bless - ed theme
 Yes, He will glad - ly wel - come, Them to hap - pi - ness and peace,
 In that bright home e - ter - nal, Where the streets are all of gold,



Of Christ, the lov - ing Sav - iour, Who has suf - fered to re - deem.
 Who stilled the an - gry tem - pest, Will now bid thy sigh - ing cease.
 A crown and robe are wait - ing, And a - maz - ing joys un - told.

FLING OUT THE BANNER.

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross, Let it float o'er the land and the
 2. Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross, Let the nations in darkness be--
 3. Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross, Let it float to the sky far and

sea, Un - furl your col - ors, oh, nev - er let them fade, Let your
 hold, Glo - rious the tid - ings to those a - cross the sea, Bring - ing
 wide, Won - drous sal - va - tion, pro - claim it to the world, How the

CHORUS.

light shine that all the world may see. Fling out the ban - ner, the
 them to the bless - ed Saviour's fold.
 Sav - iour for us was cru - ci - fied.

banner of the cross, Long may it wave o'er the land, the sea, Fling out the banner, the

ban - ner of the cross, Thro' the cross of Christ the world may soon be free.

Copyright, 1890, by D. W. CRIST.

CLING TO JESUS.

27

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Cling to Je - sus, wea - ry pil - grim, He will help you ev - 'ry day,
 2. Cling to Je - sus, He will safe - ly Guide you thro' all com - ing ill,
 3. Then at last with - in His kingdom, When life's ev - en - tide is o'er,

Cling to Him, lest thro' temp - ta - tion, You may wander far a - way.
 If you try to do His ser - vice, And o - bey His lov - ing will.
 You shall dwell with Him for - ev - er, On that bright, e - ter - nal shore.

CHORUS.

Cling to Je - sus, He will ev - er Be a true and faithful friend,

And will shield you from all dan - ger, 'Till your journey here shall end.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music by W. G. TOMER.

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

With His sheep secure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai-ly manna still di-vide you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Put His arms unfailing round you; God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet a - gain,

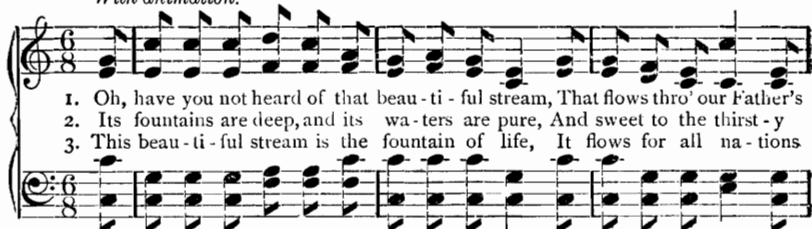
GO, WASH IN THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

29

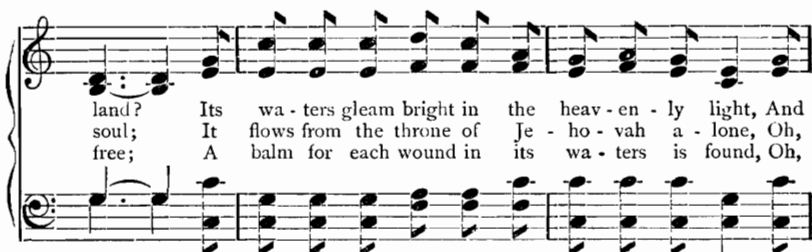
R. TORRY, JR.

W. G. TOMER.

With animation.

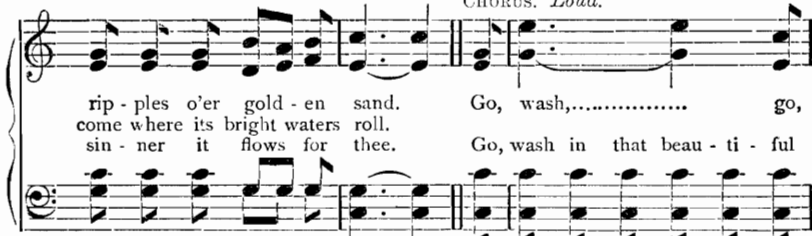


1. Oh, have you not heard of that beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Fa-ther's
2. Its foun-tains are deep, and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the thirst-y
3. This beau-ti-ful stream is the fountain of life, It flows for all na-tions



land? Its wa-ters gleam bright in the heav-en-ly light, And
soul; It flows from the throne of Je-ho-vah a-lone, Oh,
free; A balm for each wound in its wa-ters is found, Oh,

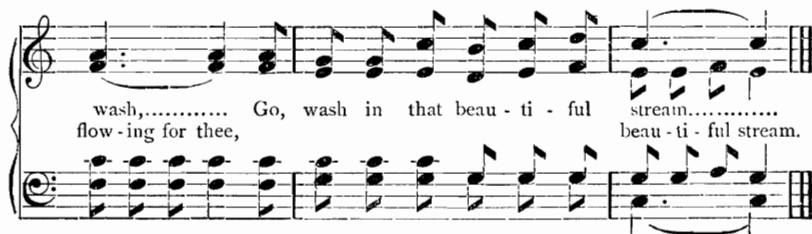
CHORUS. Loud.



rip-ples o'er gold-en sand. Go, wash,..... go,
come where its bright waters roll.
sin-ner it flows for thee. Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful



wash,..... Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream,..... Go, wash,..... go,
beautiful stream, beautiful stream, Its life-giving waters are



wash,..... Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream,.....
flow-ing for thee, beau-ti-ful stream.

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BE NOT WEARY.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, La-bor in the cause of right,
 2. Be noi wea-ry in well-do-ing, But with patience, love, and truth,
 3. Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, And thy life shall not be vain,

What so e'er may be thy du-ty, Do it glad-ly with thy might,
 And the wis-dom that is giv-en, Strive to guide the er-ring youth,
 For at last when comes the fi-nal, It shall be e-ter-nal gain,

For each good and wor-thy ac-tion, On some precious life shall tell,
 To thy ev-'ry trust be faith-ful, Live not for thy-self a-lone,
 Thus the law of love ful-fill-ing, While the moments pass a-way,

Be not wea-ry in well-do-ing, Do thy work and do it well.
 And each true and willing ser-vice, Shall the lov-ing Mas-ter own.
 He shall find a glad fru-it-ion, At the clos-ing of life's day.

CHORUS.

Wea-ry not of toil Soon the strife will all be o'er,
 Weary not of toil, weary not of toil, Soon the strife will all be o'er, soon the strife will all be o'er,

Je - sus as our leader, we will joyful go, 'Til we reach the gol - den shore.

WHO WOULD NOT LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL?

E. R. LATTI.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Who would not love the Sabbath School? Oh, what a pleas - ant place!
 2. Who would not love the Sabbath School? And there with oth - ers meet?
 3. Who would not love the Sabbath School? And try his part to do?
 4. Who would not love the Sabbath School? And sing its songs of praise?

There teachers and their scholars meet, With each a smil - ing face.
 The lit - tle ones are gathered there, From al - ley and from street!
 Who would not read God's ho - ly word, So com - fort - ing and true?
 Oh, what a hap - py way to pass The ho - ly Sab - bath days!

D.S. Who would not love the Sabbath School, The pleas - ant Sab - bath School.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Who would not love, Who would not love, The pleasant Sab - bath School?

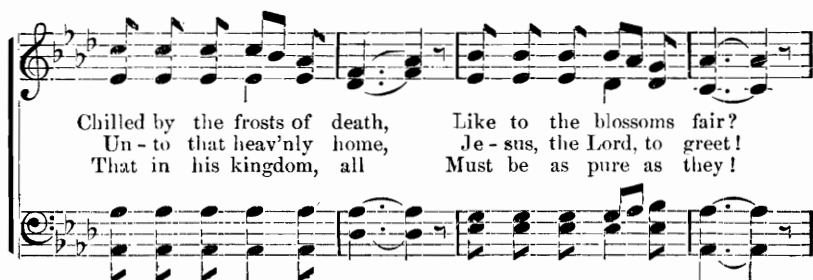
WHERE DO THE CHILDREN GO?

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



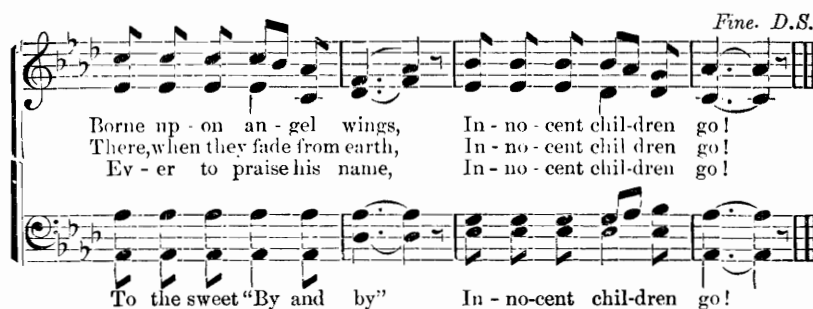
1. Where do the chil-dren go, Out of this world of care?
 2. Where do the chil-dren go? Children so pure and sweet?
 3. Where do the chil dren go? What did the Sa - vior say?



Chilled by the frosts of death, Like to the blossoms fair?
 Un - to that heav'nly home, Je - sus, the Lord, to greet!
 That in his kingdom, all Must be as pure as they!



Un - to a cloud-less clime, Fair-er than earth be - low,
 Where is the tree of life? Where does life's riv - er flow?
 Near to the throne of God, Nev - er a grief to know;
D.S.—There do the chil - dren go! Nev - er to sin nor sigh!



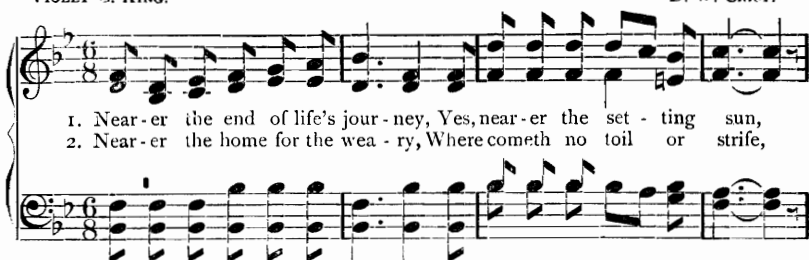
Fine. D.S.
 Borne up - on an - gel wings, In - no - cent chil-dren go!
 There, when they fade from earth, In - no - cent chil dren go!
 Ev - er to praise his name, In - no - cent chil-dren go!
 To the sweet "By and by" In - no - cent chil-dren go!

NEARER TO THEE.

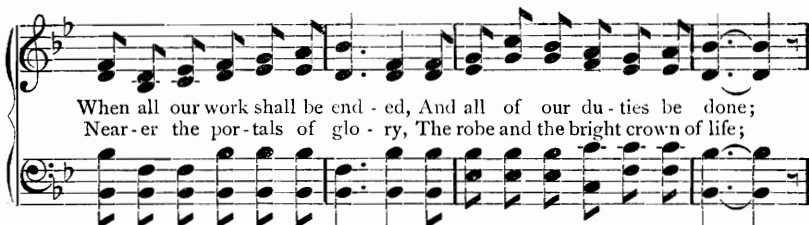
33

VIOLET E. KING.

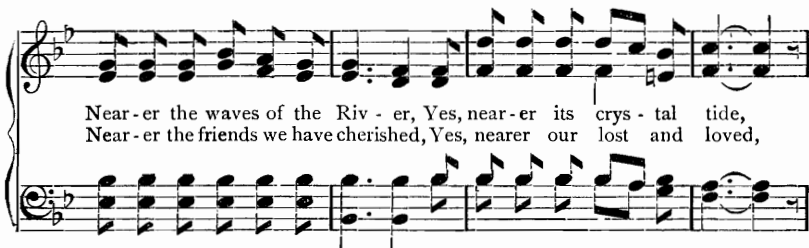
D. W. CRIST.



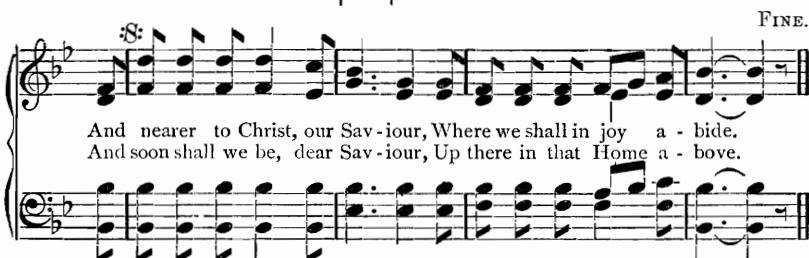
1. Near-er the end of life's jour-ney, Yes, near-er the set-ting sun,
2. Near-er the home for the wea-ry, Where cometh no toil or strife,



When all our work shall be end-ed, And all of our du-ties be done;
Near-er the por-tals of glo-ry, The robe and the bright crown of life;



Near-er the waves of the Riv-er, Yes, near-er its crys-tal tide,
Near-er the friends we have cherished, Yes, nearer our lost and loved,



And nearer to Christ, our Sav-iour, Where we shall in joy a-bide.
And soon shall we be, dear Sav-iour, Up there in that Home a-bove.

.S. Where Thou wilt wait to welcome, Yes, welcome Thy loved and own.
CHORUS.



Near-er to Thee, our Re-deem-er, Near-er Thy beau-ti-ful throne.

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ONE LOOK AT THE CROSS.

D. W. CRIST.

1. One look at the cross on Cal-vary's brow, Where Christ, the Redeemer,
 2. One look at the cross suf-fic-ient will be, To save thee from sin and
 3. Then look to the cross, O burdened of soul! Where floweth the blood that

suffered and died, Will satisfy all who look and believe On Jesus, the crucified.
 set thy soul free, The promise is, look and only believe, And mercy thou shalt receive.
 maketh thee whole; That one look of faith to Calvary's brow, Will bring thee salvation now.

CHORUS.

One look at the cross..... on Calvary's brow,..... Will cleanse you [from
 One look at the cross, on Calvary's brow,

sin,..... who look and believe,..... One look at the cross.....
 Will cleanse you from sin, who look and believe, One look at the

..... will satis-fy all,..... Who only will look,..... will look and live.
 cross, Will satisfy all, who only will look,

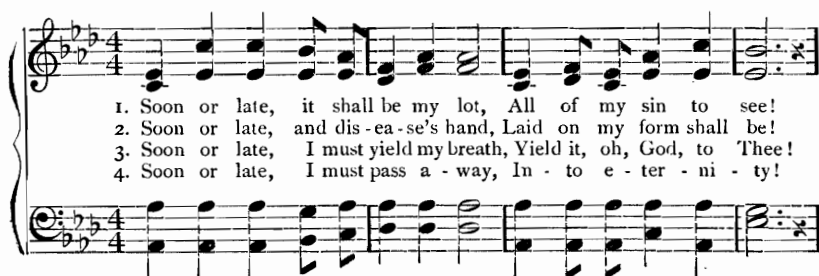
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WHAT SHALL IT BRING TO ME?

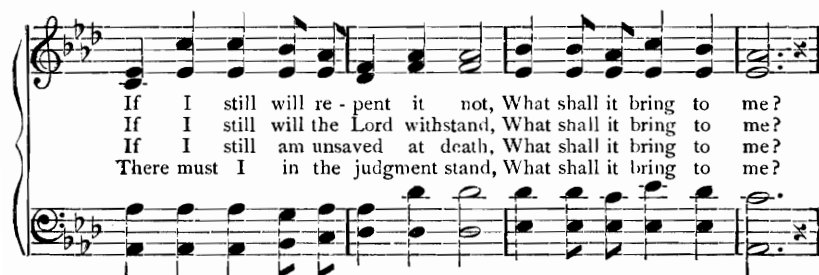
35

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. Soon or late, it shall be my lot, All of my sin to see!
 2. Soon or late, and dis-ease's hand, Laid on my form shall be!
 3. Soon or late, I must yield my breath, Yield it, oh, God, to Thee!
 4. Soon or late, I must pass a-way, In-to e-ter-ni-ty!

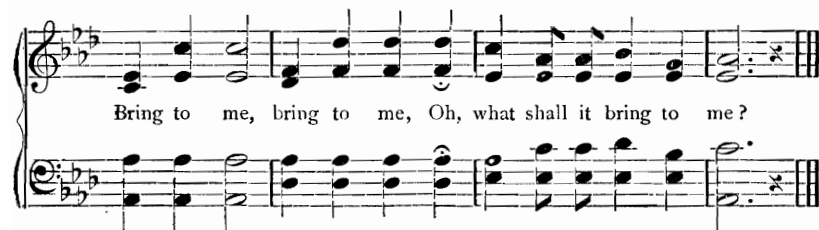


If I still will re-pent it not, What shall it bring to me?
 If I still will the Lord withstand, What shall it bring to me?
 If I still am unsaved at death, What shall it bring to me?
 There must I in the judgment stand, What shall it bring to me?

CHORUS.



Bring to me, bring to me, What shall it bring to me?



Bring to me, bring to me, Oh, what shall it bring to me?

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THAT CITY OF REST.

Slow and well accented.

Words and Music by W. G. TOMER.

1. 'Tis not for the beau - ty of Heav - en, 'Tis
 2. 'Tis not for its walls of fine jas - per, 'Tis
 3. It is for the rest I am long - ing, The

not for its pure gold - en street, 'Tis not for its bright, pearly
 not for its crys - tal - ine sea, 'Tis not for its beau - ti - ful
 rest that sweet Heaven con - veys: Oh! when shall I en - ter that

gate - way, That Heav - en to me is so sweet.
 tow - ers, That Heav - en's so dear un - to me.
 ci - ty And dwell with my Sav - iour al - ways?

CHORUS.

Ci - ty of rest, ci - ty of rest, Beau - ti - ful ci - ty of rest,.....
 sweet rest,

Ci - ty of rest, ci - ty of rest, When shall I en - ter that rest,.....
 ci - ty of rest.

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BESIDES THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

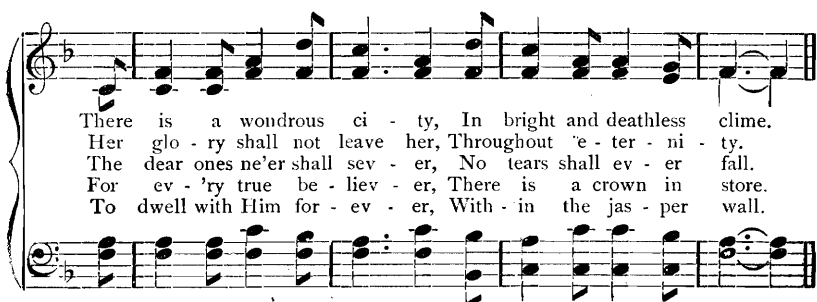
37

E. R. LATTI.

D. W. CRIST.

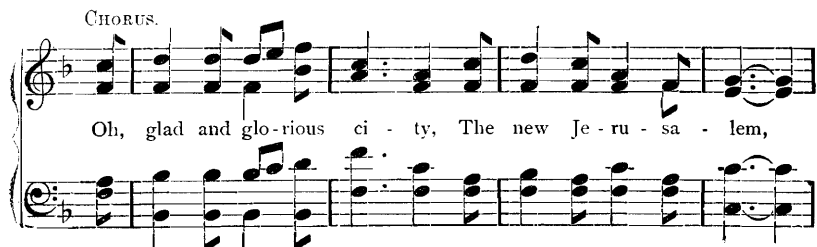


1. Be - sides the crys - tal riv - er, Be - yond the bounds of time,
 2. Be - sides the crys - tal riv - er, That ci - ty still shall be,
 3. Be - sides the crys - tal riv - er, When Christ is all in all,
 4. Be - sides the crys - tal riv - er, Up - on that bliss - ful shore,
 5. Be - sides the crys - tal riv - er, My Sav - iour me will call,

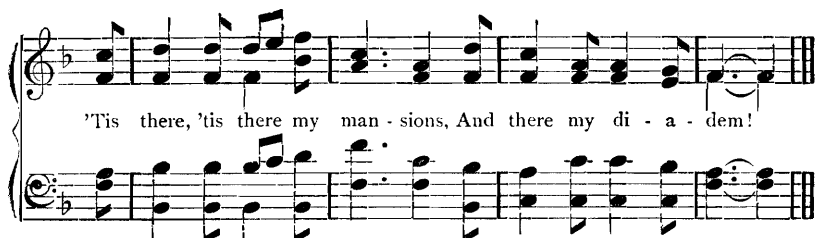


There is a wondrous ci - ty, In bright and deathless clime.
 Her glo - ry shall not leave her, Throughout 'e - ter - ni - ty.
 The dear ones ne'er shall sev - er, No tears shall ev - er fall.
 For ev - 'ry true be - liev - er, There is a crown in store.
 To dwell with Him for - ev - er, With - in the jas - per wall.

CHORUS.



Oh, glad and glo - rious ci - ty, The new Je - ru - sa - lem,



'Tis there, 'tis there my man - sions, And there my di - a - dem!

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WHAT SHALL WE DO?

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. What shall we do for the Mas - ter, O what shall we do to - day?
 2. What shall we do for the Sav - iour? Be read - y at His com - mand,
 3. What shall we do for the Sav - iour? We'll try e'er to do the right,

There's work we know for the will - ing, Ah! yes, all a - long life's way;
 To work for His cause and king - dom, To work with a will - ing hand;
 And in the pathway of du - ty, We'll share of its true de - light,

As long as the fields are wait - ing, With sheaves to be gathered in,
 In homes where there's grief and sadness, To hearts sore oppressed with care;
 That's found in His lov - ing ser - vice, At last to be glo - ri - fied,

As long as some poor one lin - gers With - out, in the ways of sin.
 Go take thee the oil of glad - ness, And the balm of sun - shine there.
 When our work on earth is end - ed, And we reach the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is calling to-day, Why tar - ry a - way, tar - ry a - way,
 Je - sus is calling, He's calling to-day, Why tar - ry a - way, tar - ry a - way,

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Repeat pp.

Work..... in my vineyard I pray, Go work in my vineyard to - day.
Work in my vineyard,

I HAVE NEED OF THEE.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus, I have need of Thee, Need that Thou with me a - bide;
2. Je - sus, I have need of Thee, When my way - ward feet would stray;
3. Je - sus, I have need of Thee, In the time of doubt and fear;
4. Je - sus, I have need of Thee, And Thy pre - cious prom - is - es;
5. Je - sus, I have need of Thee, When my heart is sore - ly tried;

Need of Thee each day and hour, As my guard and as my guide!
Need that, in Thy gen - tle - ness, Thou shouldst keep them in the way!
Need to feel, what - e'er may come, That Thou wilt my spir - it cheer!
Need of Thee to strengthen me, For my strength but weak - ness is!
Need to feel Thy pres - ence near, What - so - ev - er be de - nied!

D.S. Need of Thee each day and hour, Je - sus, I have need of Thee!

Need of Thee, need of Thee, Je - sus I have need of Thee.

MEET ME IN THAT LOVELY LAND.

Music by W. G. TOMER.

Feelingly and moderately slow.

1. Meet me in that love-ly land, Where the white-robed angel-band Round the
 2. Meet me on that peaceful shore, When earth's toilsome work is o'er, Where our
 3. Meet me in that world of cheer, Where is seen no fall-ing tear, Where no
 4. Gen-tle Spir-it, Heav'nly Dove, Guide us to that realm above, Where the

CHORUS.

throne of glo-ry stand; Meet me at the Lord's right hand. Meet in
 friends have gone be-fore; Meet me where we'll part no more.
 clouds of night ap-pear, Meet me in that land so dear.
 saints the fullness prove, Of Thy wondrous, purest love.

bliss no tongue can tell, Meet with an-gel bands to dwell, Meet in

Heav'n where all is well; Meet me, meet me in that land.

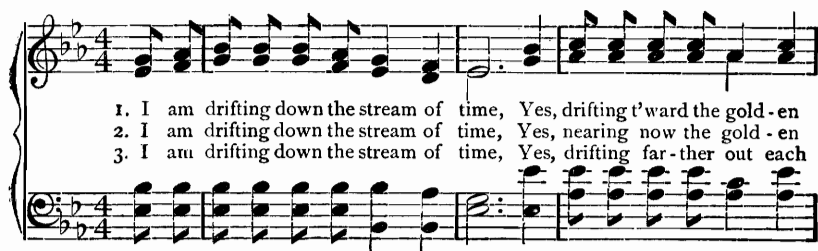
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DRIFTING TOWARD THE GOLDEN SHORE. 41

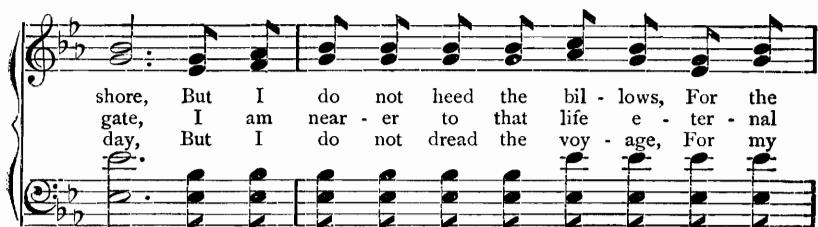
MRS. ALLIE L. CRISS.

By Permission.

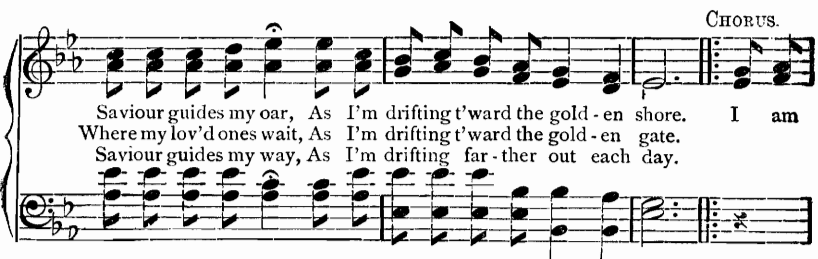
C. E. LESLIE.



1. I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes, drifting t'ward the gold-en
 2. I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes, nearing now the gold-en
 3. I am drifting down the stream of time, Yes, drifting far-ther out each



shore, But I do not heed the bil-lows, For the
 gate, I am near-er to that life e-ter-nal
 day, But I do not dread the voy-age, For my



CHORUS.
 Saviour guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold-en shore. I am
 Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold-en gate.
 Saviour guides my way, As I'm drifting far-ther out each day.



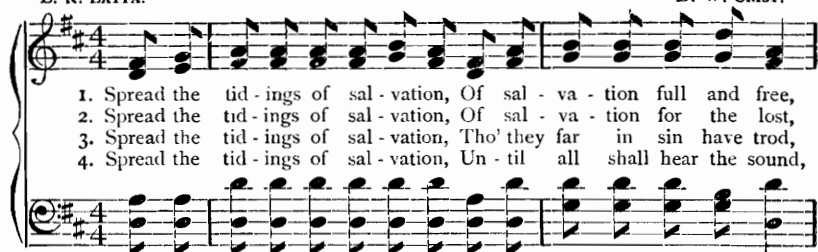
drift-ing, Yes, drift-ing, I am drifting t'ward the golden shore, But I
 I am drifting, Yes, drifting,



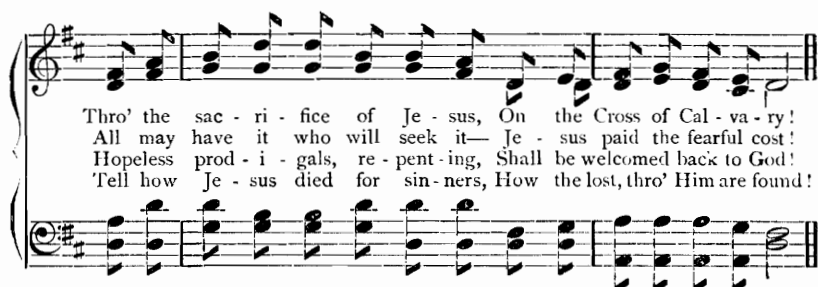
do not heed the billows, For the Saviour guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the golden shore.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

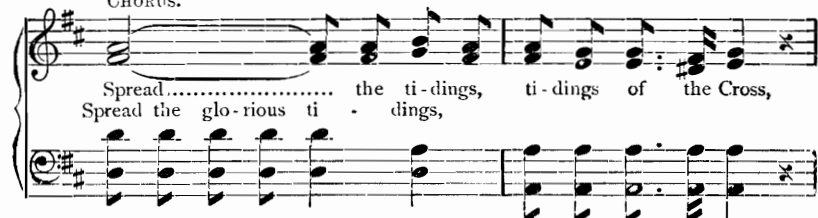


1. Spread the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Of sal - va - tion full and free,
 2. Spread the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Of sal - va - tion for the lost,
 3. Spread the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Tho' they far in sin have trod,
 4. Spread the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Un - til all shall hear the sound,



Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus, On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!
 All may have it who will seek it— Je - sus paid the fearful cost!
 Hopeless prod - i - gals, re - pent - ing, Shall be welcomed back to God!
 Tell how Je - sus died for sin - ners, How the lost, thro' Him are found!

CHORUS.



Spread..... the ti - dings, ti - dings of the Cross,
 Spread the glo - rious ti - dings,



Send..... the mes - sage, mes - sage to the lost,
 Send the glo - rious mes - sage,



Let the wind the message bear, Spread the tid - ings ev - ery where!
 message bear

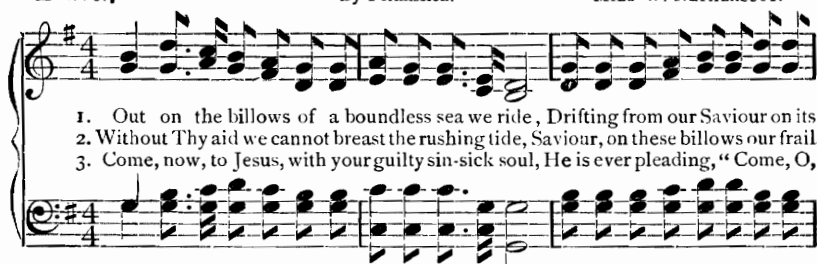
CALLING, SWEETLY CALLING.

43

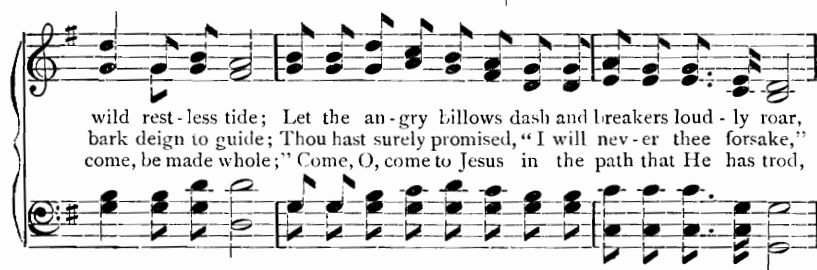
M. W. N.,

By Permission.

MILO W. NETHERCUTT.

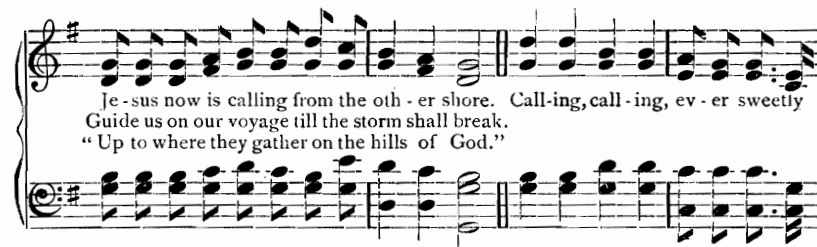


1. Out on the billows of a boundless sea we ride, Drifting from our Saviour on its
2. Without Thy aid we cannot breast the rushing tide, Saviour, on these billows our frail
3. Come, now, to Jesus, with your guilty sin-sick soul, He is ever pleading, "Come, O,



wild rest-less tide; Let the an-gry billows dash and breakers loud-ly roar,
bark deign to guide; Thou hast surely promised, "I will nev-er thee forsake,"
come, be made whole;" Come, O, come to Jesus in the path that He has trod,

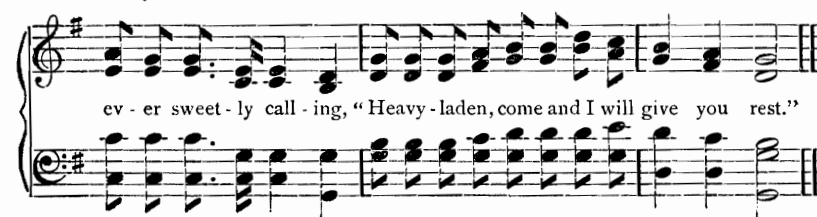
CHORUS.



Je-sus now is calling from the oth-er shore. Call-ing, call-ing, ev-er sweetly
Guide us on our voyage till the storm shall break,
"Up to where they gather on the hills of God."



call-ing, "Weary one, come to me, Seek me and be blest;" Calling, call-ing,



ev-er sweet-ly call-ing, "Heavy-laden, come and I will give you rest."

WHEN THE VEIL SHALL LIFTED BE.

VIOLET E. KING.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Tho' the way at times be drear - y, In the tur - moil of this life,
2. Tho' we meet with sore temp - ta - tion, And our barque is tempest tossed,
3. When we've passed the lone - ly cross - ing, And the si - lent hours of night,

Tho' we fear, and sometimes fal - ter, When we toil a - mid the strife,
Let us look to Christ, our Captain, Bless - ed Sav - iour of the lost;
When the morn for us is breaking, We shall see the hills of light;

Yet, there still is joy in sor - row, And thro' darkness, light we see,
He who stilled the an - gry tem - pest, And who calmed the troubled sea,
D.S. In that bliss - ful land of E - den, Sale be - yond the mys - tic sea,

FINE. *CHORUS.*
For we know the time is coming When the veil shall lift - ed be. When the
Will in safe - ty guide us ev - er, Till the veil shall lift - ed be.
O, what joy shall be in waiting, When the veil shall lift - ed be.

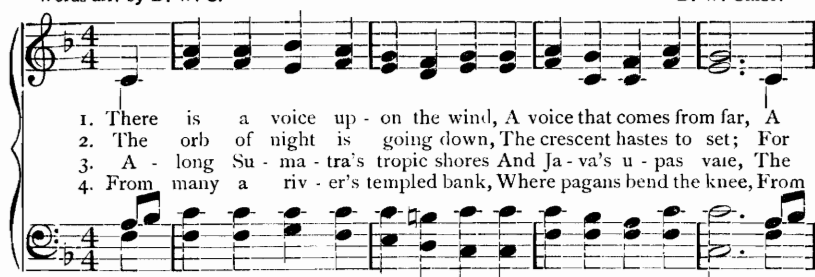
D.S.
veil..... shall lifted be, And the glo - ries we shall see.
When the veil shall lifted be, And the glo - - ries we hall see.

GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

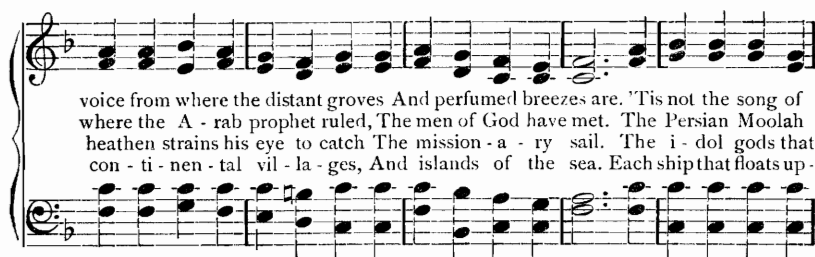
45

Words arr. by D. W. C.

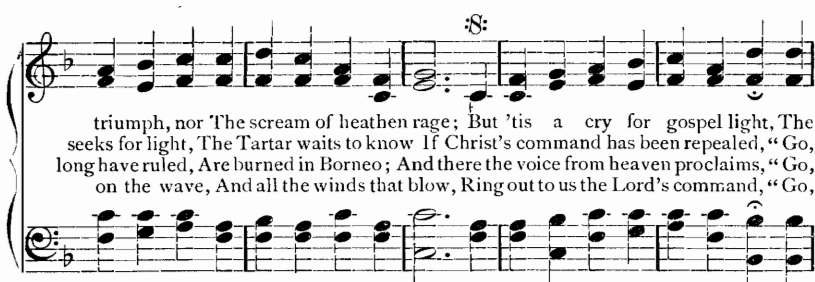
D. W. CRIST.



1. There is a voice up - on the wind, A voice that comes from far, A
 2. The orb of night is going down, The crescent hastes to set; For
 3. A - long Su - ma - tra's tropic shores And Ja - va's u - pas vaie, The
 4. From many a riv - er's templed bank, Where pagans bend the knee, From



voice from where the distant groves And perfumed breezes are. 'Tis not the song of
 where the A - rab prophet ruled, The men of God have met. The Persian Moolah
 heathen strains his eye to catch The mission - a - ry sail. The i - dol gods that
 con - ti - nen - tal vil - la - ges, And islands of the sea. Each ship that floats up -



triumph, nor The scream of heathen rage; But 'tis a cry for gospel light, The
 seeks for light, The Tartar waits to know If Christ's command has been repealed, "Go,
 long have ruled, Are burned in Borneo; And there the voice from heaven proclaims, "Go,
 on the wave, And all the winds that blow, Ring out to us the Lord's command, "Go,

D. S. Ring out, ring out the Lord's command, "Go,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*



ech - o of the age. Go preach, go preach, Go, preach my gospel, go,
 preach my gospel, go."
 preach my gospel, go."
 preach my gospel, go." Go preach, go preach,
 preach my gospel, go."

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LAMBS OF MY BOSOM, COME HOME.

Feelingly.

Music by W. G. TOMER.

1. Out in the darkness of midnight, Out in the tempest's wild roar, Guided alone by the
2. Child of the fold have you wand' red 'Way from your Shepherd and Guide? Gone to [the mountains of

starlight, Searching the rough mountains o'er, Goeth the Good Shepherd, seeking pleasure, Gone 'mid the shadows to hide? Oft when the damp dews are fall - ing,

Lost sheep all straying alone, Calling in ac - cents so tender: "Lambs of my bo -
Oft when at night all alone, Listen! the Good Shepherd calling: "Lambs of my bo -

CHORUS.

som, come home." Come home,..... come home, "Lambs of my bosom, come
som, come home." Come home, come home, come home, come home,

home, Come home,..... come home,..... "Lambs of my bosom, come home."
home, Come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

47

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,
 2. For be - hold, I bring Tid - ings of great joy,
 3. Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,

Peace on earth, good-will to men, for ev - er, ev - er more.
 For be - hold, I bring you tid - ings, tid - ings of great joy.
 Praise His name, His ho - ly name, for ev - er, ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry be, the an - gels sing, And on earth
 Yes, glo - ry be, the an - gels sing,

peace, good-will to men, Peace on earth for ev - er
 And on earth peace good-will to men,

more, ev - er more, Spread the news from shore to shore.
 shore to shore.

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JUST OVER THE RIVER.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Just be-yond the shining riv - er Lie the sun - ny fields of bliss;
 2. Just be-yond the shining riv - er O - pens wide the pearl - y gate,
 3. Just be-yond the shining riv - er Dawns the light of per - fect day,

I can see, as thro' a shad - ow, O - ver in that land of bliss.
 Swing - ing on its gold - en hing - es, — Just be - side it an - gels wait.
 Soon we'll join the ho - ly num - ber; Earth-born shadows flee a - way.

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, The an - - gels wait,.....
 Over the river, just o - ver there, The an - gels wait, the an - gels wait,

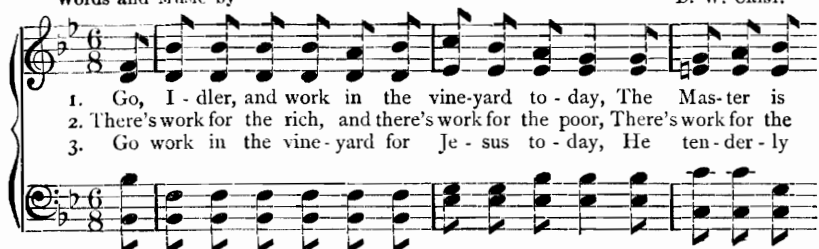
O - - ver the riv - er, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.
 Over the river, just o - ver there,

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD TO-DAY.

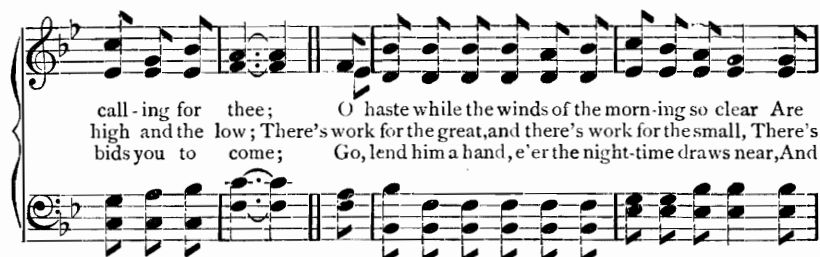
1

Words and Music by

D. W. CRIST.

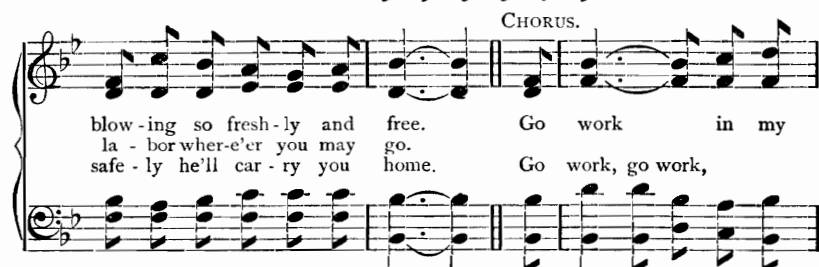


1. Go, I - dler, and work in the vine-yard to - day, The Mas-ter is
 2. There's work for the rich, and there's work for the poor, There's work for the
 3. Go work in the vine-yard for Je - sus to - day, He ten - der - ly



call - ing for thee; O haste while the winds of the morn - ing so clear Are
 high and the low; There's work for the great, and there's work for the small, There's
 bids you to come; Go, lend him a hand, e'er the night-time draws near, And

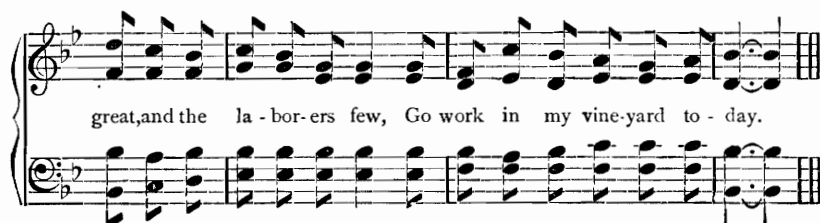
CHORUS.



blow - ing so fresh - ly and free. Go work in my
 la - bor wher - e'er you may go.
 safe - ly he'll car - ry you home. Go work, go work,



vineyard to - day, Go work in my vineyard to - day, The harvest is
 Go work, go work



great, and the la - bor - ers few, Go work in my vine - yard to - day.

Copyright, 1892, by D. W. CRIST.

WATCHING THE FOE.

A. D. KENNEDY.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Go, set a watchman at ev-'ry post, Foemen recruit now their mighty host;
 2. Watch for the en - e - my of your soul Who o'er your life seek to gain control;
 3. Stand in the watch-tower night and day, 'Till all our foes shall have vanquish'd away;

Now they are marching with measured time Un - der the banner of Sin and Crime.
 Loy - al to God, then, let each one be Watching by pray'r, for the en - e - my.
 Watch till the day of our triumph shines Bright o - ver all our victorious lines.

CHORUS.

We are watch - ing for the foe,
 We are watching for the foe, We are watching for the foe,

We are trust - ing in the Lord,
 We are trust-ing in the Lord, We are trust-ing in the Lord,

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THE NEW-MADE SONG.

D. W. CRIST.

1. A - wake and sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; sing of His ris - ing power;
 3. Sing till we feel our hearts as - cend - ing with our tongues;
 4. Sing on your heav'n - ly way, ye ran - somed sin - ners sing;

Wake ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
 Sing how He in - ter - ced - a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing till the love of sin de - parts, And grace in - spires our song.
 Sing on re - joic - ing ev - ery day In Christ th'e - ter - nal King.

CHORUS.
 Sing the song,..... the new-made song, Good ti - dings for
 Sing the song, The new-made song,

you and for me; Sing the song, the new-made
 sing the song, sing the song,

song,..... The song of sal - va - tion so free.
 the new-made song,

SING, CHILDREN, SING!

5

LAURA E. NEWELL.

QUARTET. *With animation.*

SCHOOL.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Sing, children, sing of the heav-en-ly King! Joy-ful-ly sing, joy-ful-ly sing!
 2. Sing, children, sing, let the ech-oes re-sound! Joy-ous-ly sing, joy-ous-ly sing!
 3. Sing, children, sing of His pardon-ing love! Earnest-ly sing, hope-ful-ly sing!

QUARTET. SCHOOL.

Loud let your music-al mel-o-dies ring, Glad as the birds on the wing!
 Tell how the Saviour may ev-er be found, Bless-ed Re-deem-er and King!
 Tell how he guides to the mansions above, Hearts as your of-fer-ings bring!

FULL-CHORUS.

Sing, sing, Sing, children, sing! Sweet - - est

Sing, children, mer-ri-ly, Sing, children, hap-pi-ly, Joy-ous-ly, thank-ful-ly.

Sing, sing, Sing, children, sing! Sweet - - est

trib-utes you bring;

sweet trib-utes bring; Loud be your prais-es to Je-sus, our King,

trib-utes you bring;

Let your mu-sic-al mel-o-dies ring.

From "Bethel Chimes," by per.

AT ANCHOR.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

D. W. CRIST.

SOLO.

1. I've sailed till the sun - set is tint - ing the sky, The
 2. The friends who sailed with me when first out at sea, My
 3. He calls, oh, He calls me, I come, aye, I come, My

ORGAN.

night with its si - lence is draw - ing so nigh, The shadows are deep'ning, life's
 Captain has called and they've all gone from me, And now, while the wa - ters are
 Cap - tain is wait - ing to welcome me home, Earth's last gale I've weathered, the

voy - age is o'er, At an - chor I wait, I shall jour - ney no more.
 dark - ling and still, I list for His call, I o - bey to His will.
 storms are at rest, I'm nearing the har - bor, the port of the blest.

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CHORUS.

AT ANCHOR. Concluded.

7



At anchor, oh, Captain, Thy or-ders I wait, I'm nearing the port and 'tis
grow-ing so late; At an-chor, oh, Cap-tain, Thy or-ders I wait, I'm
near-ing the port and 'tis grow-ing so late.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

GOD, PITY THE POOR.

A. D. KENNEDY.

Ps. 103: 13.

D. W. CRIST.

1. God, pit - y the chil-dren, bare-foot - ed and cold, Who sit in the
 2. God, pit - y the wid - ow la - ment-ing in tears How once she was
 3. God, pit - y the mourner whose heart is cast down, Be-cause of mis-
 4. God, pit - y the pris - on - er in his dark cell, A serv-ing his

door-way in garments so old, And ask for a mor-sel of bread as they
 hap - py and gladdened by cheers, But now she is heart-bro-ken with bit-ter
 deeds he still wears a dark frown, And drowns all his sor-rows in th' maddening
 sentence for Heaven or Hell; We'll tell him of mer-cy and par - don, re-

D. S. Of friendship or joy for to cheer their dark

CHORUS.
 FINE.
 mourn Because they are homeless and sad and for-lorn.
 grief, A drunkard's lone grave brings to her no re-lief.
 bowl, De-bauch-ing his manhood, rum gaining con-trol. } God, pit-y
 prieve, For all who on Je-sus the Saviour be-lieve.
 home, Help us to re-lieve them from sadness and gloom.

D. S.
 poor in the cit-y to - night, In gar-ret or hov-el where cometh no light,

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ALREADY CONDEMNED.

9

He that believeth not, is condemned already.—JOHN 3: 18.

FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. God so loved the world that in mercy He gave, His Son as a ransom lost sinners to save,
2. Already condemn'd in the sight of the Lord, Because thou art turning away from His word,
3. Already condemn'd unbeliever thou art, O think what a sentence hangs over thy heart,
4. Already condemn'd wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the spirit now pleading within.

[claim.
O thou who hast never believed on His name, Remember the truth that the scriptures pro-
Thou chooseth the evil, rejected the right, Thou lovest the darkness far better than light.
Yet why wilt thou perish? when thou canst be free, If thou wilt accept it there's pardon for thee.
Thro' faith and repentance yield Jesus thy heart, Delay not a moment but come as thou art.

Con - demned, con - demned, On Jesus, the Saviour, thou hast not believed,
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

Con - demned, con - demned, The life that He offers thou hast not received.
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

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AROUND THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. A - round the great white throne some day Dear friends shall gathered be,
2. A - round the great white throne, sweet thought, I may be kneeling there,
3. Teach me the way, O Saviour dear, I am so weak in pray'r,

A - round the great white throne, O God, Shall I be there with Thee?
 For Christ has said there is a way It may be found by pray'r.
 O that I may not go a - stray, I want to meet Thee there.

CHORUS.

Shall I be there?..... Shall I be there?..... When ma-ny
 Shall I be there? Shall I be there?

friends.....Shall gather'd be..... Around the throne, The great white
 When many friends Shall gather'd be Around the throne,

throne,..... Shall I be there,.....Dear Lord, with Thee?
 the great white throne, Shall I be there, Dear Lord, with Thee?

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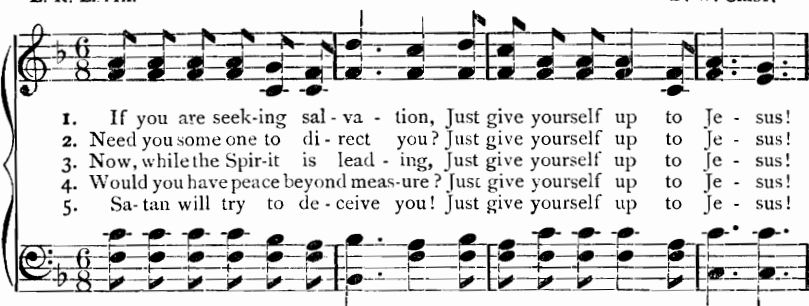
JUST GIVE YOURSELF UP TO JESUS.

11

Dedicated to the Evangelist, Rev. C. W. Garlock, of Iowa.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. If you are seek-ing sal - va - tion, Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 2. Need you some one to di - rect you? Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 3. Now, while the Spir-it is lead - ing, Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 4. Would you have peace beyond meas-ure? Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 5. Sa-tan will try to de-ceive you! Just give yourself up to Je - sus!

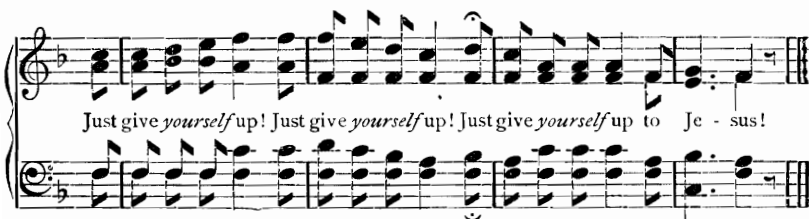


He is the on - ly foun-da - tion; Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 Fear not that He will re - ject you! Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 Christ is for you in - ter - ced - ing! Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 Would you have heav-en - ly treas - ure? Just give yourself up to Je - sus!
 Quick-ly His arms will re - ceive you! Just give yourself up to Je - sus!

CHORUS.



Just give *yourself* up! Just give *yourself* up! Just give *yourself* up to Je - sus!



Just give *yourself* up! Just give *yourself* up! Just give *yourself* up to Je - sus!

6. Sinners may sneer, and deride you!
 Just give yourself up to Jesus!
 Friends may, with bitterness, chide you!
 Just give yourself up to Jesus!
 CHO.—Just give *yourself* up! &c.

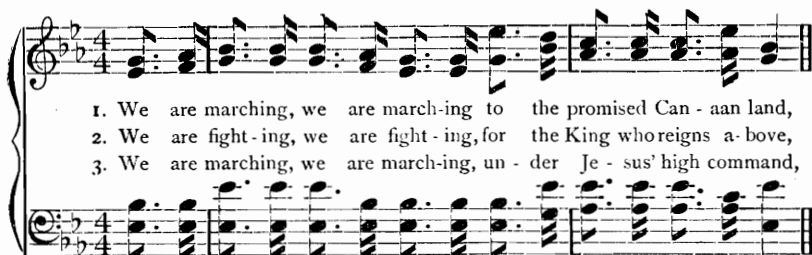
7. Think not a moment to tarry!
 Just give yourself up to Jesus!
 Give Him your burden to carry!
 Just give yourself up to Jesus!
 CHO.—Just give *yourself* up! &c.

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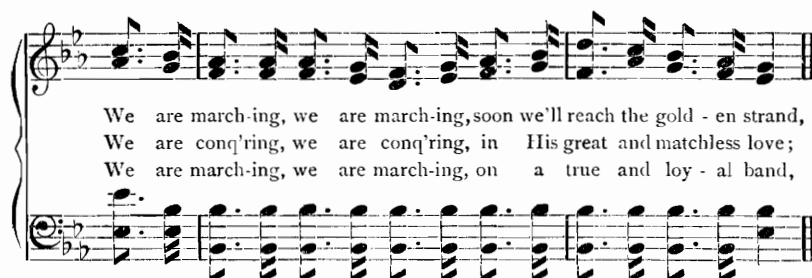
A. D. KENNEDY.

JER. 46 : 22.

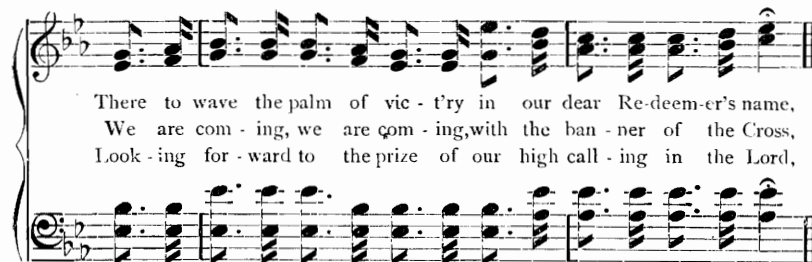
D. W. CRIST.



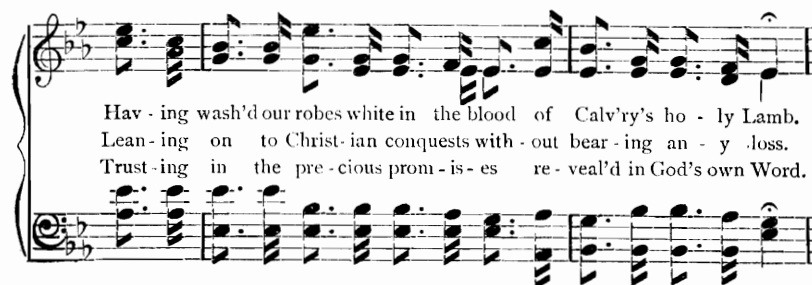
1. We are march-ing, we are march-ing to the prom-ised Can-aan land,
 2. We are fight-ing, we are fight-ing, for the King who reigns a-bove,
 3. We are march-ing, we are march-ing, un-der Je-sus' high com-mand,



We are march-ing, we are march-ing, soon we'll reach the gold-en strand,
 We are conq'ring, we are conq'ring, in His great and matchless love;
 We are march-ing, we are march-ing, on a true and loy-al band,



There to wave the palm of vic-t'ry in our dear Re-deem-er's name,
 We are com-ing, we are com-ing, with the ban-ner of the Cross,
 Look-ing for-ward to the prize of our high call-ing in the Lord,



Hav-ing wash'd our robes white in the blood of Calv'ry's ho-ly Lamb.
 Lean-ing on to Christ-ian conquests with-out bear-ing an-y loss.
 Trust-ing in the pre-cious prom-is-es re-veal'd in God's own Word.

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THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. Concluded.

13

CHORUS.

Fight-ing on, for the King, In our

might, for the right, With the hel-met of sal-

-va-tion, Faith the Christian's mighty shield, Fighting on, for the

King, In our might for the right, for the King, In our might, for the right,

With the two-edged sword to aid us on the Christ-ian bat-tle-field.

ANCHOR BY AND BY.

J. L. O.

J. L. ORR.

1. On the trou - - bled sea we ride, Outward
 2. Life's the bark..... we're sailing in, And the
 3. Hope's the star..... whose gleaming ray Cheers us
 4. With our change - - ful voyage done, We shall

On a troubled, on a troubled sea we ride,

bound up - on its tide; Fierce the storms..... that sweep us
 port we strive to win Is a home..... beyond the
 on our wea - ry way; Faith, with nev - - er sleeping
 see the Ris - en One. And in that..... sweet home on

Outward bound upon its tide, on its tide; Fierce the storms, yes, fierce the

by, But we'll an - chor by and by. By and by, by and
 sky, Where we'll an - chor by and by.
 eye, Points us to that by and by.
 high, Anchor in the by and by. Anchor by and by.

storms that sweeps us by, But we'll anchor by and by.

by, We will an - chor by and by, By and by,
 Anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, by and by, Anchor by and by,

By and by, Yes, we will anchor by and by. by and by.
 Anchor by and by,

THE GLORIOUS MORNING.

15

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN. By per.

1. I love to think of the glo - rious morning, When the righteous shall
 2. I love to think of the time that's coming, When all tears shall be
 3. I love to think of the glo - rious morning, When shall come from all

shine as the sun, In the brightness of our Father's kingdom, When the
 wiped from our eyes; We shall see the King in all his beauty, And new
 na - tions and clime Those who've borne the heat and bur - dens heavy, Trusting

CHORUS.

la - bors of earth all are done. } They shall shine, They shall
 scenes to our vis - ion a - rise. }
 all to our Sav - iour di - vine. } They shall shine,

shine, In my Father's kingdom bright and fair; O, may
 They shall shine, bright and fair;

I, may I, O, may I, may I, A home in that blessed kingdom share!

ROOM AT THE CROSS.

W. B. B.

By permission of W. B. Blake.

WM. B. BLAKE.

DUET.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you ;
 2. Room at the Cross for a break-ing heart, Room at the Cross for you ;
 3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you ;

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.
 Choose, then, like Ma ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.
 Come, then, oh, come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you ;

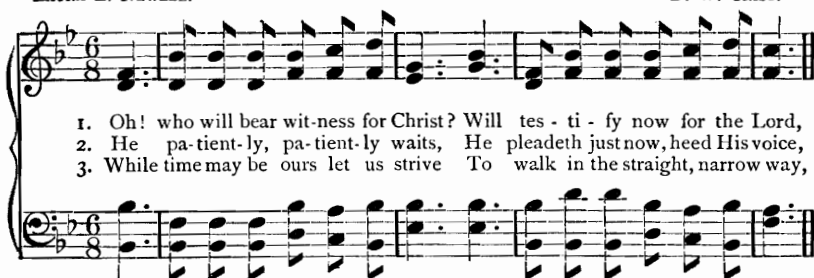
Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

WITNESS FOR CHRIST

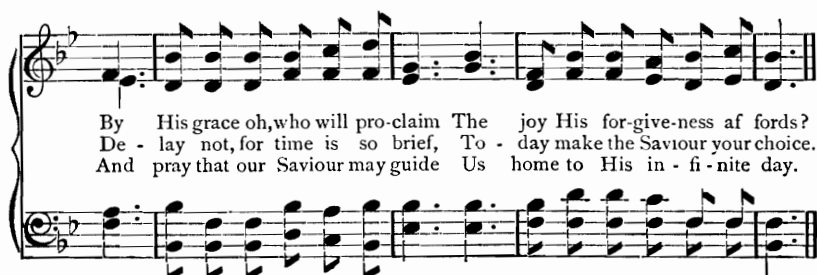
17

LAURA E. NEWELL.

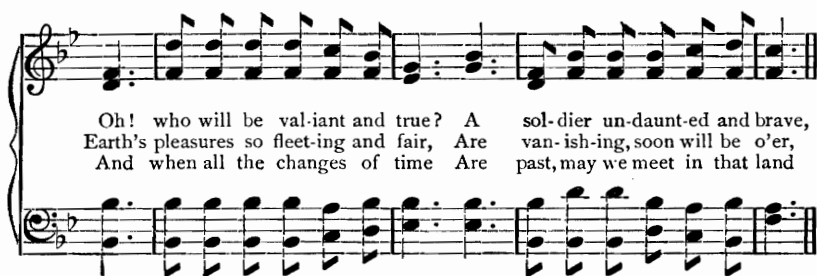
D. W. CRIST.



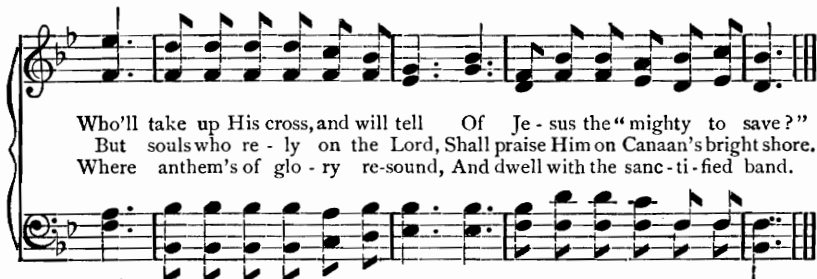
1. Oh! who will bear wit-ness for Christ? Will tes - ti - fy now for the Lord,
 2. He pa-tient-ly, pa-tient-ly waits, He pleadeth just now, heed His voice,
 3. While time may be ours let us strive To walk in the straight, narrow way,



By His grace oh, who will pro-claim The joy His for-give-ness af fords?
 De - lay not, for time is so brief, To - day make the Saviour your choice.
 And pray that our Saviour may guide Us home to His in - fi-nite day.



Oh! who will be val-iant and true? A sol-dier un-daunt-ed and brave,
 Earth's pleasures so fleet-ing and fair, Are van-ish-ing, soon will be o'er,
 And when all the changes of time Are past, may we meet in that land



Who'll take up His cross, and will tell Of Je - sus the "mighty to save?"
 But souls who re - ly on the Lord, Shall praise Him on Canaan's bright shore.
 Where anthem's of glo - ry re-sound, And dwell with the sanc - ti - fied band.

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SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

E. R. LATTÄ.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Loved and lov - ing here must part, Shall we meet a - gain?
 2. Je - sus did a home pre - pare, Shall we meet a - gain?
 3. If we will the Lord o - bey, Shall we meet a - gain?
 4. He has our sal - va - tion bought, Shall we meet a - gain?

Here must be the strick - en heart, Shall we meet a - gain?
 It is free for all to share, Shall we meet a - gain?
 If we serve Him day by day, Shall we meet a - gain?
 If we love Him as we ought, Shall we meet a - gain?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet? shall we meet? Oh, how sweet it will be then!

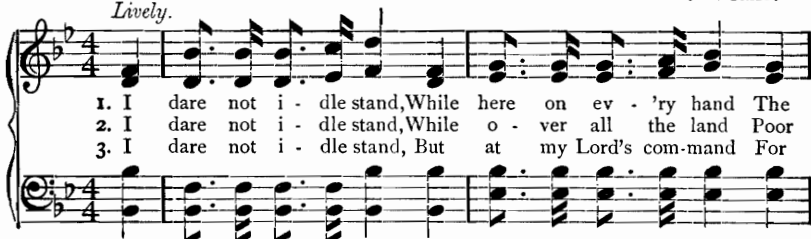
Shall we meet? shall we meet? Shall we ev - er meet a - gain?

I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

19

D. W. CRIST.

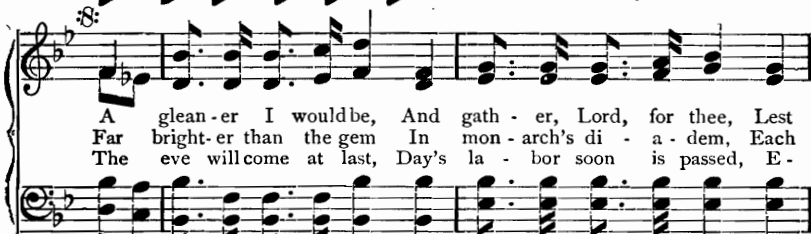
Lively.



1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The
 2. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor
 3. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's com-mand For



whiten-ing fields de - clare the har - vest near, (har - vest near;)
 wand-ring souls need hum - ble help like mine, (help like mine;)
 Him I'll la - bor on thro' life's short day, (life's short day;)



A glean-er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for thee, Lest
 Far bright-er than the gem In mon - arch's di - a - dem, Each
 The eve will come at last, Day's la - bor soon is passed, E -

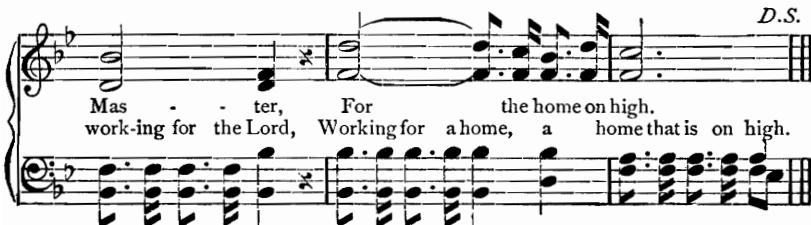
D.S. A glean-er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Yes,

FINE. CHORUS.



I with emp - ty hands at last ap - pear. Work - ing for the
 soul a star in Je - sus' crown may shine.
 ter - nal rest will then my toil re - pay. Working for the Mas - ter,
 gath - er for his gar - ner in the sky.

D.S.



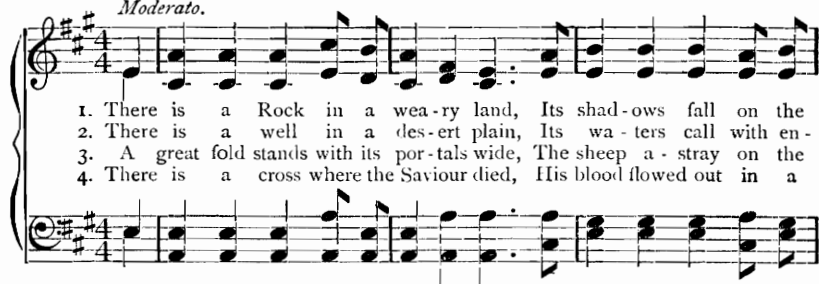
Mas - ter, For the home on high.
 work-ing for the Lord, Working for a home, a home that is on high.

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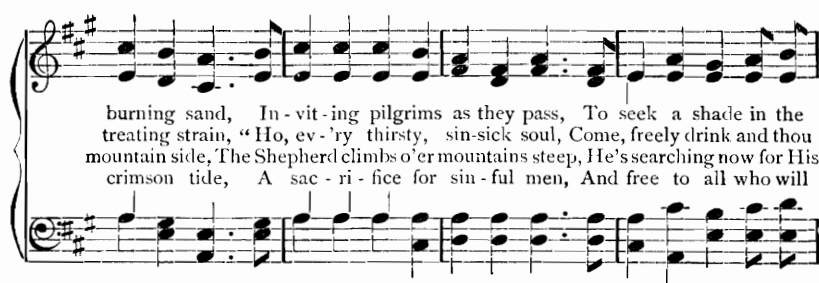
THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

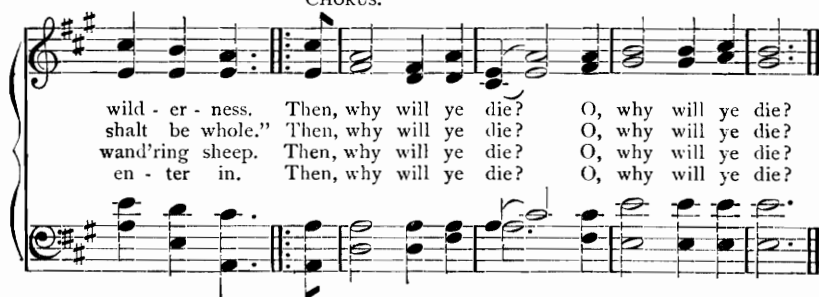
Moderato.


1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ows fall on the
 2. There is a well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
 3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
 4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flowed out in a

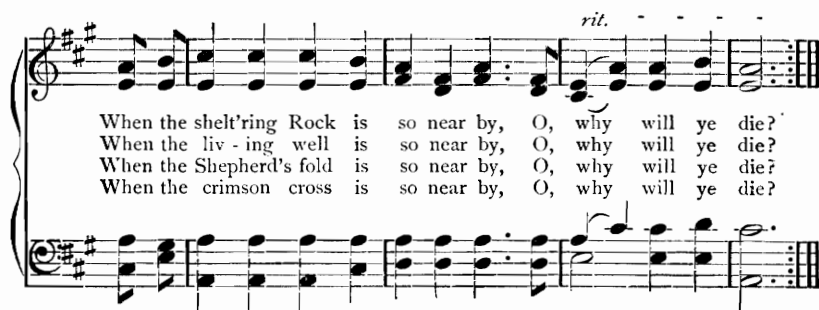


burning sand, In-vit-ing pilgrims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
 treating strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirsty, sin-sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
 mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
 crimson tide, A sac-ri-fice for sin-ful men, And free to all who will

CHORUS.



wild-er-ness. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
 shalt be whole." Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
 wand'ring sheep. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
 en-ter in. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?



rit.
 When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, O, why will ye die?
 When the liv-ing well is so near by, O, why will ye die?
 When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, O, why will ye die?
 When the crimson cross is so near by, O, why will ye die?

From Harvest Bells, by per. of W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

21

HAZEL.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. There's a sol - emn day a - head, O, my broth - er, hear, Are you
 2. There's a bright, sweet day a - head for the pure in heart, They shall
 3. There's a sad, sad day a - head for the soul in sin, Hear "De -

read - y for it now? It is not a far off day, but is
 see their long loved King And will live and reign with Him, nev - er
 part, I know ye not," You can miss this aw - ful doom and a

CHORUS.

ver - y near, Can you to the great Judge bow?
 to de - part, And with an - gels ev - er sing. } O the judgment, the
 sweet rest win, Go to Him who your souls bought.

great Judgment Day! Are you read - y for the Judgment Day? Is your

heart made right, are you free to - night? Are the stains all washed a - way?

From Chords of Joy, by permission.

BUILDING UP THE TEMPLE.

Arr. A. N. N.

Arr. A. N. N.

We're building up the tem - ple, Building up the tem - ple, Building up the

tem - ple of the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! We're build - ing up the tem - ple,

Build - ing up the tem - ple, Building up the tem - ple of the Lord.

CHORUS.

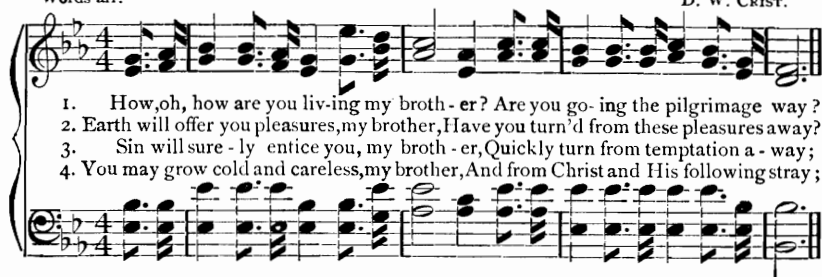
O brothers, will you help us,	O brothers, will you help us,
O fa - thers, will you help us,	O fa - thers, will you help us,
O sis - ters, will you help us,	O sis - ters, will you help us,
O mothers, will you help us,	O mothers, will you help us,

O brothers, will you help us	To build up the tem - ple of the Lord.
O fa - thers, will you help us	To build up the tem - ple of the Lord.
O sis - ters, will you help us	To build up the tem - ple of the Lord.
O mothers, will you help us	To build up the tem - ple of the Lord.

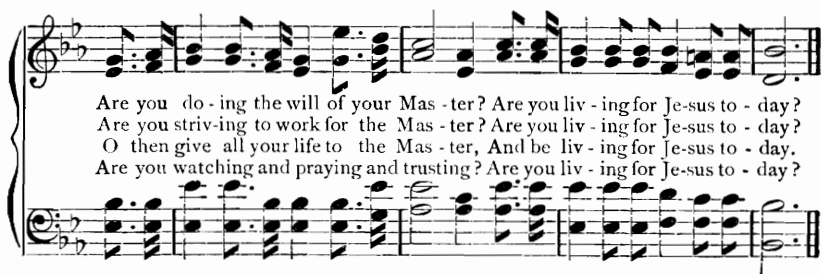
"From Chords of Joy," by permission.

Words arr.

D. W. CRIST.

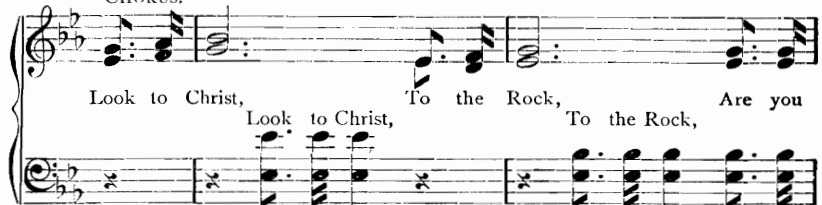


1. How, oh, how are you liv-ing my broth - er? Are you go-ing the pilgri-mage way?
 2. Earth will offer you pleasures, my brother, Have you turn'd from these pleasures away?
 3. Sin will sure - ly entice you, my broth - er, Quickly turn from tempta-tion a - way;
 4. You may grow cold and careless, my brother, And from Christ and His following stray;

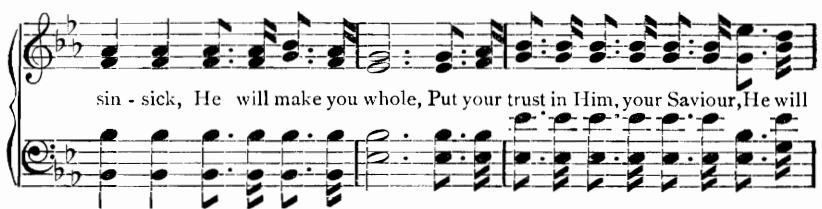


Are you do-ing the will of your Mas - ter? Are you liv-ing for Je-sus to - day?
 Are you striv-ing to work for the Mas - ter? Are you liv-ing for Je-sus to - day?
 O then give all your life to the Mas - ter, And be liv-ing for Je-sus to - day.
 Are you watch-ing and pray-ing and trust-ing? Are you liv-ing for Je-sus to - day?

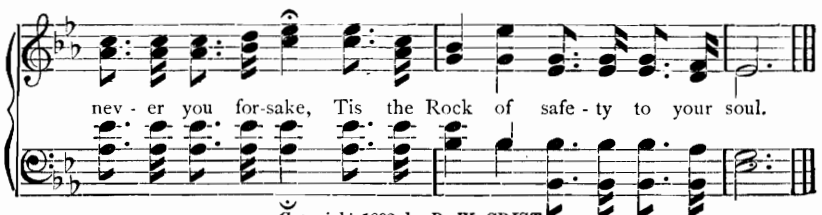
CHORUS.



Look to Christ, Look to Christ, To the Rock, To the Rock, Are you



sin - sick, He will make you whole, Put your trust in Him, your Saviour, He will



nev - er you for-sake, Tis the Rock of safe - ty to your soul.

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24 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

m

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - is'd, Prom - is'd for

you and for me; See on the port - als He's waiting and watching,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are coming,
 you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has mercy and par - don,

CHORUS. *m*

Watching for you and for me;
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me.

Come home,..... Come home;.....

Come home, Come home,

cres.

pp

pp

Ye who are wea - ry, come home,..... Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

By permission of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, To
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring
 Him all ma - jes - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all; To
 join the ev - er - last - ing song And crown Him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Him all ma - jes - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

E. A. H., by per.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you washed in the blood
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood

of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
 of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
 of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 of the Lamb? There's a fount-ain flow-ing for the soul un-clean, O be

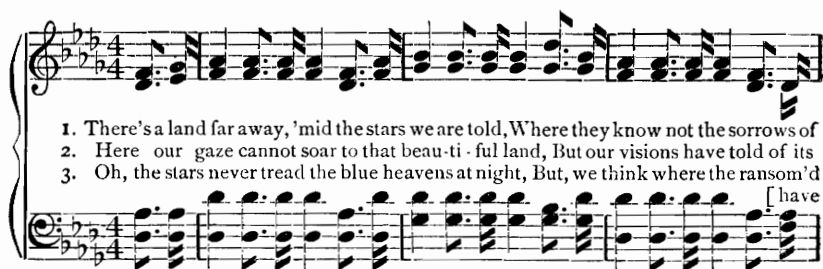
CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,

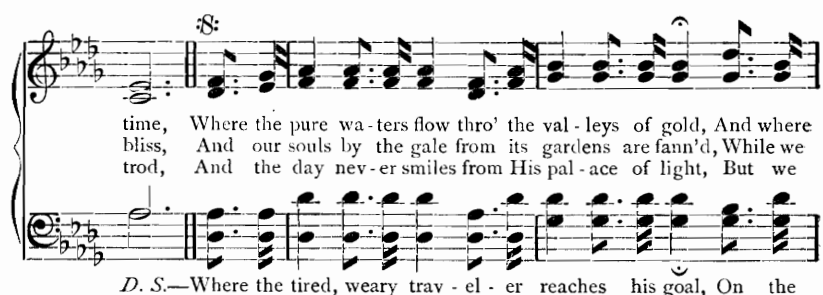
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your gar-ments spot-less?
 of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. W. CRIST.



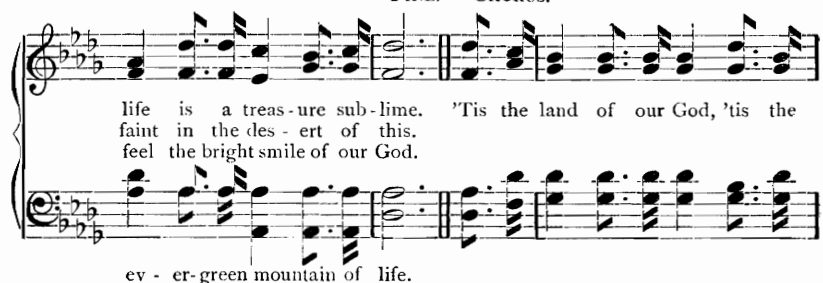
1. There's a land far away, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of
2. Here our gaze cannot soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our visions have told of its
3. Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night, But, we think where the ransom'd [have



time, Where the pure wa-ters flow thro' the val-leys of gold, And where
bliss, And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd, While we
trod, And the day nev-er smiles from His pal-ace of light, But we

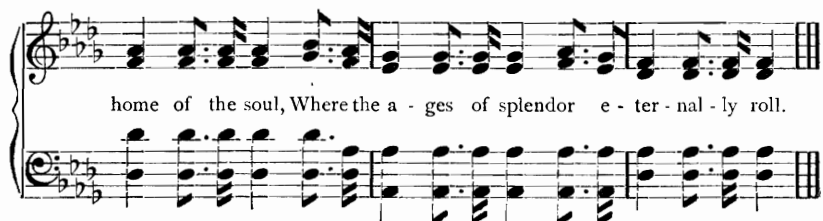
D. S.—Where the tired, weary trav-el-er reaches his goal, On the

FINE. CHORUS.



life is a treas-ure sub-lime. 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the
faint in the des-ert of this.
feel the bright smile of our God.

ev-er-green mountain of life.



home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splendor e-ter-nal-ly roll.

LEAD ME SAFELY ON.

J. H. LESLIE.

R. A. GLENN, by per.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
 2. With a Shepherd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly

time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by thy
 on to my heavenly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 tend - er love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

REFRAIN.

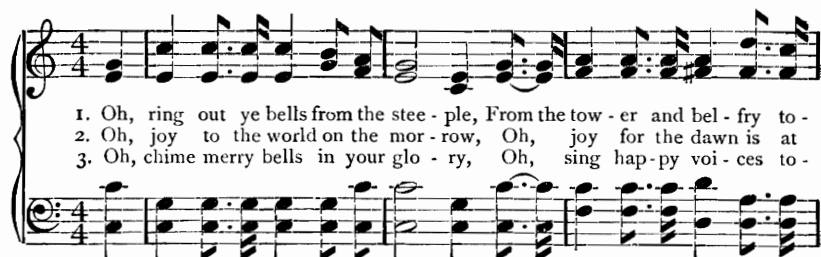
Lead me on, lead me on, Lead me
 Lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way,

on, lead me on,
 Lead me on, lead me on To the realms of end - less day.

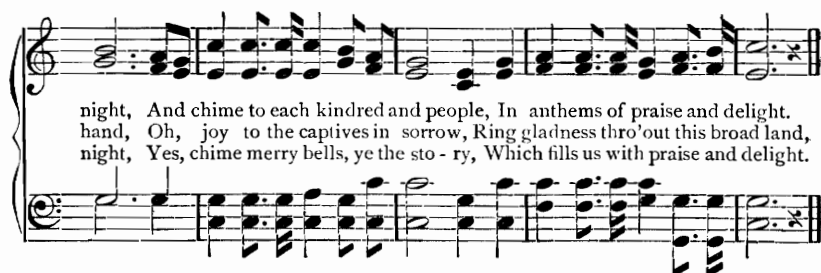
CHIME, SWEET BELLS

29

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.



1. Oh, ring out ye bells from the stee - ple, From the tow - er and bel - fry to -
 2. Oh, joy to the world on the mor - row, Oh, joy for the dawn is at
 3. Oh, chime merry bells in your glo - ry, Oh, sing hap - py voi - ces to -



night, And chime to each kindred and people, In anthems of praise and delight.
 hand, Oh, joy to the captives in sorrow, Ring gladness thro'out this broad land,
 night, Yes, chime merry bells, ye the sto - ry, Which fills us with praise and delight.

CHORUS.



Chime on sweet bells, Ring out the joy - ous strain, Good
 Chime in your beauty, chime sweet bells, Chime in your gladness, chime sweet bells.



will to men from the Fa - ther above, Till Je - sus shall come a - gain.

By permission of H. A. LEWIS.

SAFE ON THE SHINING STRAND.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Oh! the white-robed throng On the shining strand, Oh! the grand "new song" Of the
 2. Sweet the peaceful rest, When the toil is done, Then all strife shall cease, And a
 3. Lo! the sun-set tints, Light the wes-tern sky, For the day is past, And the
 4. Oh! the white-robed throng On the shining strand, Sweet the grand "new song" Of the

an - gel band, When the gold - en harps, Sweetest tones re - sound When the
 crown be won, Oh! the home, sweet home, Oh! the joys that wait When we
 night is nigh. But His voice calls soft, O'er death's stormy sea, "I will
 an - gel band. Soon we'll sing with them That ex - ult - ant strain, With our

CHORUS.

word comes home, That "the lost is found!"
 en - ter in, At the pearl - y gate. } Oh! the white-robed an - gel
 bear thee home, On - ly trust in Me." }
 loved and lost, We shall meet a - gain.

band, Oh! that home be - yond the sea,
 an - gel band, o'er the sea,

Safe up - on the shin-ing strand, There my loved ones wait for me.
 shining strand,

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WILL YOU COME?

31

C. E. LESLIE.

Allegro.

1. Will you come, one and all, to the Lamb that was slain? Will you come to His arms
2. There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear, There's a crown to be won,
3. You have friends who have gone to that haven of rest, Whom you promised to meet,

and be cleansed from all stain, He in-vites you to-day, do not then stay a-way.
there's a crown you should wear, He in-vites you to-day, do not then stay a-way.
in that land of the blest, Do not then stay a-way, He in-vites you to-day.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the Lord, He in-vites you to-day, Bless-ed be the Lord,

bless-ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, He in-vites you to-day.

From Leslie's "Service of Song" by permission.

I'M SAFE IN HIS KEEPING.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

D. W. CRIST.

1. If wak - ing or sleep - ing, I'm safe in His keep - ing, And
 2. If sor - row be - fall me, No doubts may en - thrall me, For
 3. Come rap - ture or cry - ing If liv - ing or dy - ing, My

trust - ful what - ev - er be - tide; He leads me, He loves me, If
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour and Friend; So lov - ing and ten - der, My
 Sav - iour will keep me His own; His grace is suf - fi - cient, On
D.S.—Thro' shad - ow and sun, Till our

FINE.

smil - ing or weep - ing, The Lord is my Shep - herd and guide.
 might - y De - fend - er, Will nev - er for - sake till the end.
 Him I'm re - ly - ing, And nev - er I jour - ney a - lone.
 la - bors are done, And then serve my own Mas - ter a - bove.

D.S.

I'm His, what trans - port di - vine, To walk in the light of His love;
 He is mine,

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THE SAVIOR'S CALL.

33

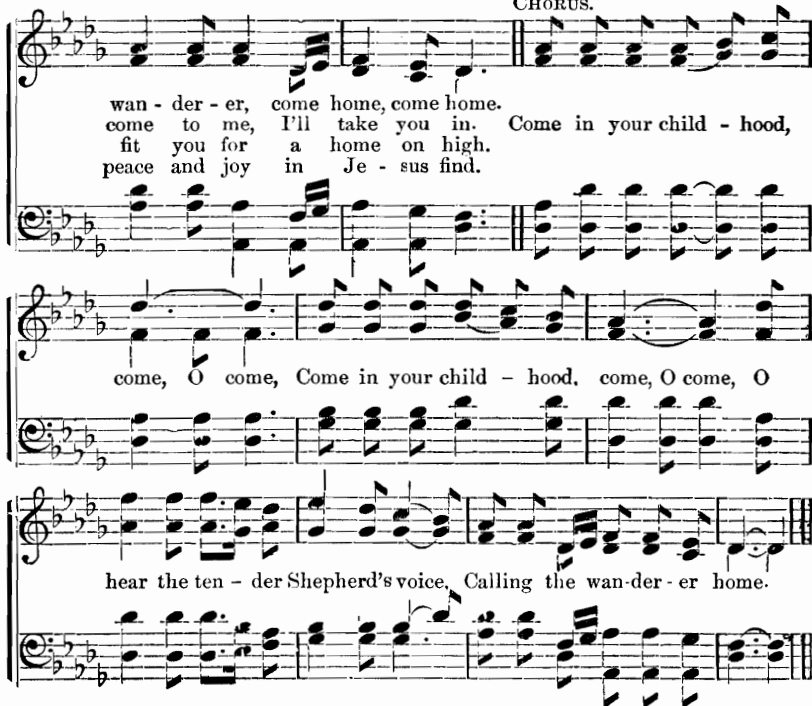
J. L. MORRISON,

ANNIS V. THOMAS.



1. Oh, hear the Sa - vior gent - ly say: Come un - to me, I
 2. With ten - der love be - hold he stands, And shows to us his
 3. My love em - brac - es all mankind, Who - ev - er comes will
 4. Why long - er from the Sa - vior stay? Oh, hear his voice, I
 am the way; No more in sin and fol - ly roam, O,
 bleed - ing hands, And says, no long - er live in sin, But
 par - don find, I'll wash, and purge, and pur - i - fy, And
 come to - day, And leave your woes and sins be - hind, And

CHORUS.



wan - der - er, come home, come home.
 come to me, I'll take you in. Come in your child - hood,
 fit you for a home on high.
 peace and joy in Je - sus find.
 come, O come, Come in your child - hood. come, O come, O
 hear the ten - der Shepherd's voice, Calling the wan - der - er home.

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JUST BESIDE THE RIVER.

J. C. B. by per.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Just be-side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait-ing there to take us home;
 2. Just be-side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait-ing there to take us o'er;
 3. Just be-side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait-ing till our work is done,

Soon we'll see the shin-ing pear - ly gate, Of our Father's heav'nly throne.
 Soon we'll join the glorious song of praise, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
 If we faith-ful prove, we'll rest at last, 'Mid the shin-ing ran-som'd throng.

CHORUS.

Just..... be-side the riv - er, Wait-ing near the
 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait-ing near the

gold - en throne..... Just..... be - side the
 gold - en, near the golden throne, Just be - side the riv - er

riv - er, Wait - ing there to take us home.
 an - gels wait,

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SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

35

Lively.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies
2. Je - sus conquer'd when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;
3. On - ward, then, ye hosts of God, Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod,

Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry!
Now He leads you on to swell The tri - umphs of His cross;
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod, You soon shall see His face;

Seize your arm - or, gird it on, Now the bat - tle will be won;
Though all earth and hell ap - pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear?
Soon your en - e - mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain;
D.S. Seize your arm - or, gird it on, Now the bat - tle will be won;

FINE.

See, the strife will soon be done, Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.
God, our strength and shield is near, We can - not loose our cause.
Rise to join that glo - rious train, Who shout their Sa - viour's praise.
See, the strife will soon be done, Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Rouse, ye sol - diers, to the Saviour's call, Rouse, ye soldiers, rouse ye, one and all.

COME UNTO ME.

A. D. KENNEDY.

D. W. CRIST.

1. O, thou child of er - ror's way, Come un - to me,
 2. Are you wea - ry un - der sin?
 3. O, thou a - ged one in sin, Come un - to me,

Come un - to me, Je - sus calls to thee to - day,
 A new life would you be - gin?
 Come un - to me, List the voice that calls with - in,

Come un - to me, Come un - to me, Come un - to me,
 Come un - to me,

He in - vites you to come home, Come un - to me,
 Then all world - ly cares re - sign,
 Have you hope be - yond the grave? Come un - to me.

Come un - to me, Wilt thou fur - ther from Him roam?
 And claim Je - sus to be thine,
 Come un - to me, Do you know that Christ can save?

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COME UNTO ME Concluded.

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Musical score for "Come Unto Me" in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Come un - to me, Come un - to me, Come un - to me, Come un - to me." The melody features triplet eighth notes and quarter notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes.

BETHANY. 6s. & 4s.

LOWELL MASON. 1859.

Musical score for "Bethany" in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
2. Though like the wand - er - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heaven; All that Thou
4. Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

Musical score for "Bethany" in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "be a cross, That rais - eth me, Still all my songs shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
send'st to me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be

Musical score for "Bethany" in G major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Near - er, my God, to Thee— Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near - er, my God! to Thee,—Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near - er, my God! to Thee,—Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Near - er, my God! to Thee,—Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Hap - py chil - dren of the King, How our joy - ous an-thems ring,
 2. Blest the day we heard His voice, When we hark - ened to re-joice,
 3. Hap - py chil - dren of the King, How we love Him as we sing,

As our songs to Him we sing, we glad - ly sing, (glad - ly sing,)
 And we made Thee, Lord, our choice, O praise His name, (praise His name,)
 And our lives to Him we bring, So free - ly giv'n, (free - ly giv'n,)

Hop - ing, trust - ing day by day, Walk - ing in the nar - row way,
 So se - cure with-in the fold, Half our joys could not be told,
 They who earl - y seek His face, He will save them by His grace,

To His shrine our youth-ful hearts we hum - bly bring, (hum - bly bring.)
 For His good-ness as of old is still the same. (still the same.)
 When at last shall end life's race safe, safe in heav'n. (safe in heav'n.)

CHORUS.

Chil-dren sing,..... Oh! glad-ly sing,

Chil - dren sing, Oh! glad - ly sing,

Let your voice,..... His praise pro-claim,

Let your voice His praise pro-claim,

Blest the day we heard His voice, When we hark-ened to re-joice,

And we made Thee, Lord, our choice, O praise His name. praise His name.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

WILL. C. BROWN

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

CHORUS.

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
 Sure I must fight if I would reign, if I would reign,

In-crease my cour-age Lord, I'll bear the toil,..... endure the
 I'll bear the toil,
 I'll bear the toil,

pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.
 pain, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.
 en-dure the pain,

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MY HEAVENLY HOME.

J. B. FERGUSON.

41

1. { My home is in the heavenly land, Where an gels bright and fair,
And while I la - bor to se - cure A bliss - ful home a - bove,
2. { Oft while I jour - ney here be - low, A - mid the bus - y throng,
{ For with my pray'r the soft re - frain In ho - ly sweetness blends;

Be - fore the throne of glo - ry stand, And crowns of vict'ry wear, (Omit.....)
I have a treas - ure rich and sure, 'Tis found in Je - sus' love.
I hear a voice and seem to know The sing - er and the song; (Omit.....)
And while I list - en to the strain, A bliss - ful calm de - cends.

CHORUS.
Oh, home, sweet home, so bright and fair, Oh, hap - py
Oh, home, sweet home, so bright and fair,

an - gels o - ver there, With them my joy shall
Oh, hap - py an - gels o - ver there, o - ver there, With them my joy

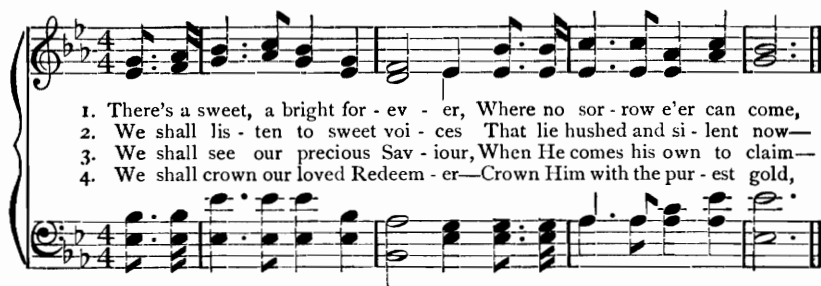
be com - plete, While rest - ing at the Sa - vior's feet.
shall be complete,

Repeat pp

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EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor - row e'er can come,
 2. We shall lis - ten to sweet voi - ces That lie hushed and si - lent now—
 3. We shall see our precious Sav - iour, When He comes his own to claim—
 4. We shall crown our loved Redeem - er—Crown Him with the pur - est gold,

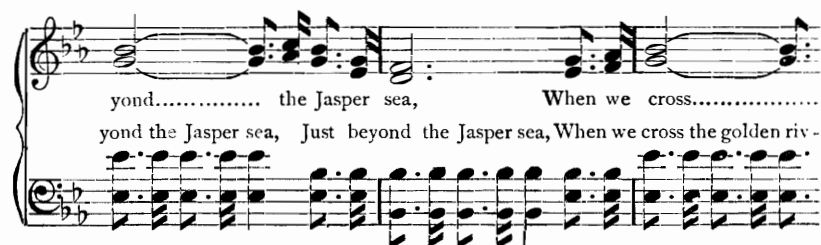


'Tis a - cross the gold - en riv - er Je - sus has a glorious home.
 How my earth-worn soul re - joic - es! As be - fore the throne I bow.
 Oh, we'll bask in Je - sus' fav - or, Singing glo - ry to the Lamb.
 Strike ten thousand harps to praise Him, Yet His love can ne'er be told.

CHORUS.



Oh, the sweet,..... the bright for - ev - er, Just be -
 Oh, the sweet, the bright forev - er, Oh, the sweet, the bright forev - er, Just be -



yond..... the Jasper sea, When we cross.....
 yond the Jasper sea, Just beyond the Jasper sea, When we cross the golden riv -

From "Harvest Bells," used by per. of W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

that golden riv - er, With our dear ones we shall be.
er, When we cross the golden river, With the dear ones, with the dear ones we shall be.

SPEED THEE ON.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Oh, speed thee on the heav'nly way, And to thine ar - mor cling;
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up - ward race to run;
3. Oh, faint not, for thy pray'rs and sighs Are heard be - fore the throne;

With gird - ed loins the call o - bey, The call of Christ, thy King!
A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.
The race must come be - fore the prize, The cross be - fore the crown.

D. S.—We'll strive by faith to gain a crown, A home in heav'n to win.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Speed thee on, Speed thee on, Trust in God and flee from sin.
Speed thee on, Speed thee on,

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

D. W. CRIST.

Con spirito.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair;
 2. We speak of the peace and its love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear;
 3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care;
 4. Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe, For heav-en our spir-it pre-pare?

And oft are its glo-ries con-fest, But what must it be to be there!
 The songs of the bless-ed a-bove, But what must it be to be there!
 From tri-als with-out and with-in, But what must it be to be there!
 Then short-ly we al-so shall know, And feel what it is to be there!

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there!
 To be there, To be there,

To be there, To be there, Oh, what must it be to be there.
 To be there, To be there, to be there.

Repeat pp.

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HOME OF THE BLEST.

45

D. W. CRIST.

Con spirito.

1. O, when shall I dwell in the mansion all bright, And Je-sus, my Saviour, behold?
 2. No pearl from the ocean, nor gold from the mine, Can pardon or pur-i-ty buy;
 3. Tho' light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gentle the tempest of woe;

Or walk by His side like an an-gel of light, In a cit-y all garnished with gold?
 I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine; And will cling to the cross till I die.
 I long for the land which was never defiled; To the throne of the blest would I go.

CHORUS.

Home of the blest, Beau-ti-ful Home, An-gels of
 Home of the blest, Beautiful Home,

Love, cir-cle the throne, Home of the just, There shall I
 Angels of Love, cir-cle the throne, Home of the just,

rest, Beautiful home, Home of the blest.
 There shall I rest, Beautiful home, Home of the blest.

LOOK UNTO ME.

A. D. KENNEDY.

ISA. 45 : 22.

D. W. CRIST.

QUARTETTE.

1. A new life now.....would you be - gin.....With Christ your
A new life now would you begin.

2. Would you know why..... God did so love..... This sin - ful
Would you know why God did so love

3. O, would you have..... your sins this hour,..... All washed a -
O, would you have your sins this hour,

on - ly hope with-in, And be made free.....from bonds of
With Christ your on - ly hope within, And be made free

world,.....that from a - bove, He sent His Son..... His love to
This sinful world, that from above, He sent His Son

way.....by His own pow'r, That He may be.....your Great High
All washed away by His own pow'r, That He may be

sin,..... Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.
from bonds of sin, Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.

prove?..... Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.
His love to prove, Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.

Tow'r?..... Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.
your Great High Tow'r? Look un- to Je - - - sus and be saved.

CHORUS.

"Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, Look unto Me, and be ye saved; For I am

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LOOK UNTO ME. Concluded.

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rit.

God,.....there is none else,.....“Look unto Me,..... and be ye saved.”
For I am God, there is none else, “Look unto Me, and be ye saved.”

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and cre - ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-mun - ion (*Omit.*) with saints!
2. { An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace,
I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (*Omit.*) to trace;
3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*Omit.*) de - cay;

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful a
But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on

D. S.—Pre - pare, me, dear

FINE.

D. S.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
earth, and a man - sion in heaven. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

Sav - iour, for glo ry, my home.

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