

Advance Pages from

Hymns New and Old.

BY

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FLEMING H. REVELL,

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HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

No. 1.

Gloria Patri.

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the begin-
ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A - men.

No. 2.

Guide Me.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Psalm 31: 3.

Rev. W. WILLIAMS.

WM. L. VINER.

FINE.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jeho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
D.C.—Bread of heaven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
D.C.—Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
D.C.—Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev-er give to Thee.

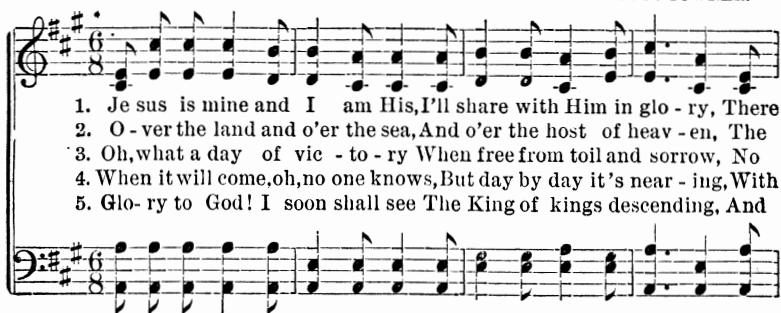
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fie-ry cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my journey through:
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

No 3. I have a Crown.

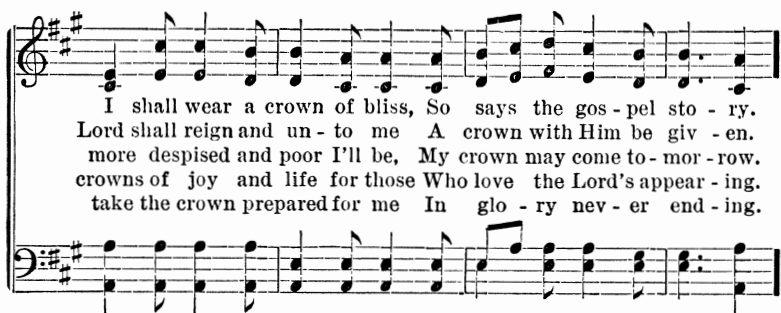
"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."—2 Tim. 3: 8.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

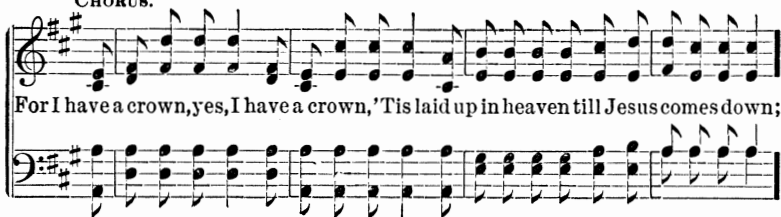


1. Je - sus is mine and I am His, I'll share with Him in glo - ry, There
 2. O - ver the land and o'er the sea, And o'er the host of heav - en, The
 3. Oh, what a day of vic - to - ry When free from toil and sorrow, No
 4. When it will come, oh, no one knows, But day by day it's near - ing, With
 5. Glo - ry to God! I soon shall see The King of kings descending, And

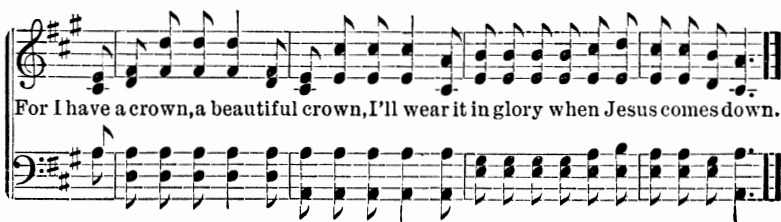


I shall wear a crown of bliss, So says the gos - pel sto - ry.
 Lord shall reign and un - to me A crown with Him be giv - en.
 more despised and poor I'll be, My crown may come to - mor - row.
 crowns of joy and life for those Who love the Lord's appear - ing.
 take the crown prepared for me In glo - ry nev - er end - ing.

CHORUS.



For I have a crown, yes, I have a crown, 'Tis laid up in heaven till Jesus comes down;



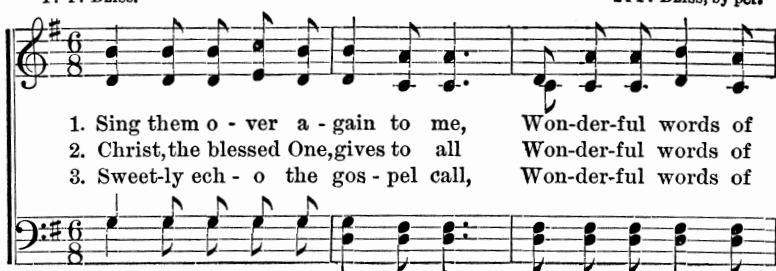
For I have a crown, a beautiful crown, I'll wear it in glory when Jesus comes down.

No. 4. Wonderful Words of Life.

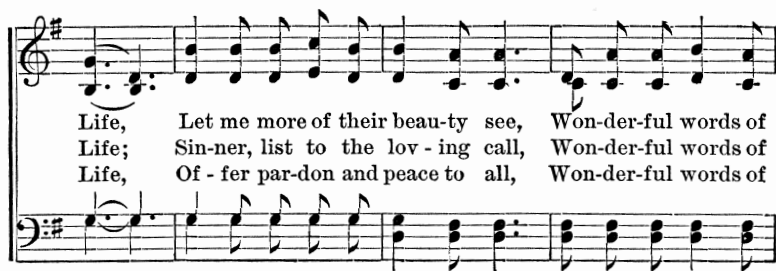
"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 61.

P. P. BLISS.

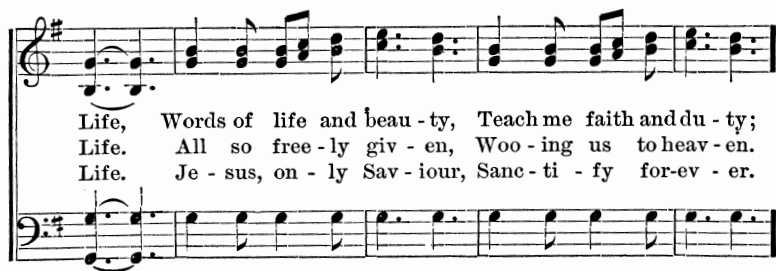
P. P. BLISS, by per.



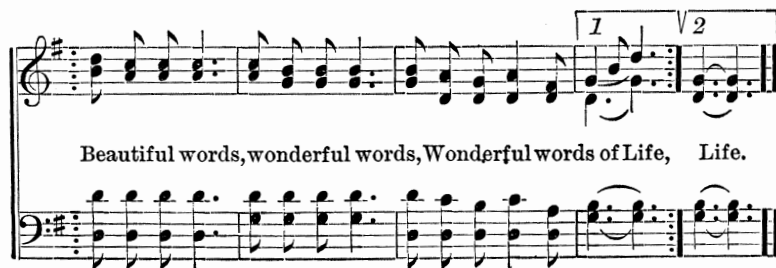
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of
 2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of
 3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of



Life, Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of
 Life; Sin-ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of
 Life, Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of



Life, Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for-ev - er.



Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

No. 5. Blessed be the Fountain.

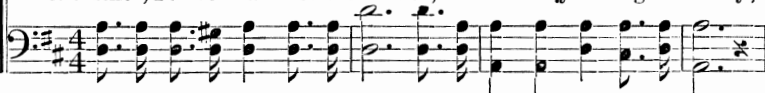
E. R. LATTA.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Psalm 51: 7. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.



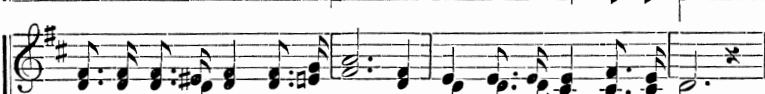
1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'ercame;
3. Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray;



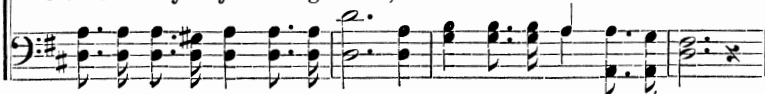
Blessed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered not thus in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can-not wash them away.



Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below!
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise, I go;



Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow!
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow!
Cleans me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow!



CHORUS.

Whi - - ter than the snow! . . . Whi - - ter

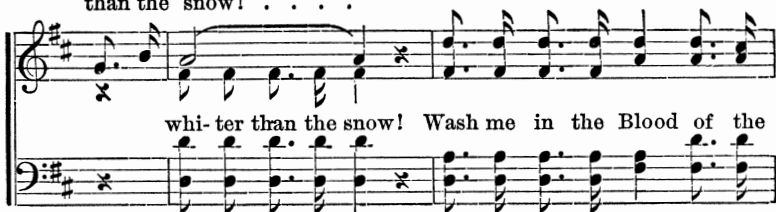


Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!



Blessed be the Fountain.

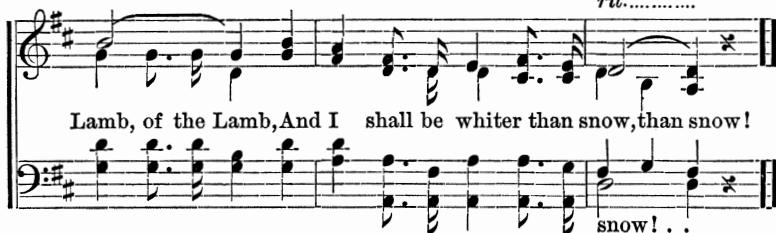
than the snow!



whi-ter than the snow! Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb, . . . And I shall be whi-ter than snow! . .

rit.....



Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow!

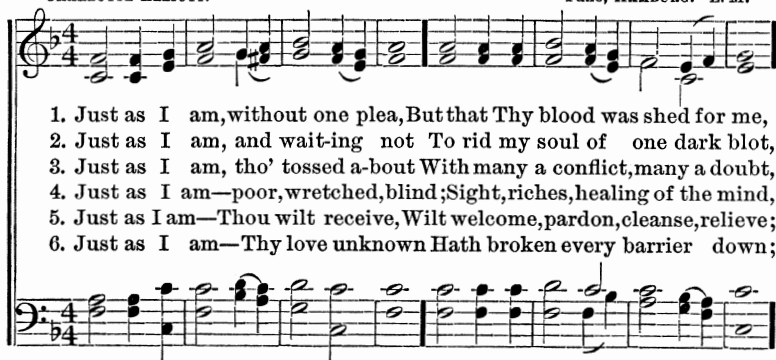
snow! . .

No. 6.

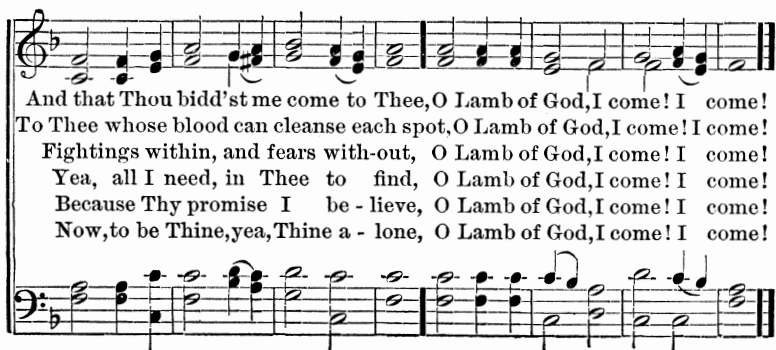
Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Because Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 7. Nearer the Cross!

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians 6: 14.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the
 2. Nearer the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing nearer, Feasting my
 3. Nearer in pray'r my hope aspires I am com-ing nearer, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am coming near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
 love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er: Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Saviour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Nearer to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am coming near - er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be: Still I'm coming near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am coming near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

No. 8.

My Mission.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God. — 1 Pet. 5: 6.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have no gift of el - o - quence To preach, ex - hort or pray, I
 2. I can - not cast the fish - er's net In - to life's deep, dark sea; The
 3. I can - not go to for - eign lands On mis - sions grand - ly great, And
 4. I can - not give rich gifts of gold To send the truth a - far, That

can - not point with glow - ing words To "Christ the liv - ing way;" But
 wis - dom for that heav - y task, Was nev - er giv - en me; But
 warn the sin - ner to re - pent Be - fore it is too late; But
 na - tions all may see the gleam And glim - mer of life's star, But

I can tell how won - drous dear My Je - sus is to me, And
 I can kneel up - on the shore And pray for those who toil, And
 I can speak a kind - ly word With gen - tle voice and sweet, And
 I can give my - self to God, A sac - ri - fice com - plete, And

let His light so clear - ly shine, That all a - round may see.
 when the boats come slow - ly in, Help gath - er up the spoil.
 cheer the lone - ly sad - dened heart, That I may chance to meet.
 lay my world - ly hopes and cares All down at Je - sus' feet.

5 I cannot reap the golden grain
 Or bind the gathered sheaves,
 I cannot see the ripened fruit
 Amid the falling leaves;
 But I can glean the scattered ear
 And follow One I know,
 Content to do just what he bids
 Because I love him so.

6 The Master sees the lowliest work
 Of all his children true,
 And in the crowning day will give
 To each his honest due;
 And when the sheaves are gathered in
 From fields that I have sown,
 I then shall take from His own hand
 The palm, the robe, the crown.

No. 9. Hiding in the Rock.

"Thou art my rock and my fortress."—Ps. 71. 3.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re -
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re -
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect

The first system of music is in 4/4 time. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

treat; In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
pose, Where the grace of God for - ev - er Like a mighty riv - er flows.
peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

CHORUS.

While the storm a - round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows

The chorus begins with a new musical phrase. The treble staff melody is more active, with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff accompaniment is also more rhythmic.

roar, I am hiding in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er - more.

The final system concludes the piece. The melody in the treble staff ends with a final chord. The bass staff accompaniment also concludes with a final chord.

No. 10. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come:and He will give you rest; Trust Him: for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re- ceiv-eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est, Christ re-ceive - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain, Christ re -

Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er again: Christ re -

ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - sage

ceiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,

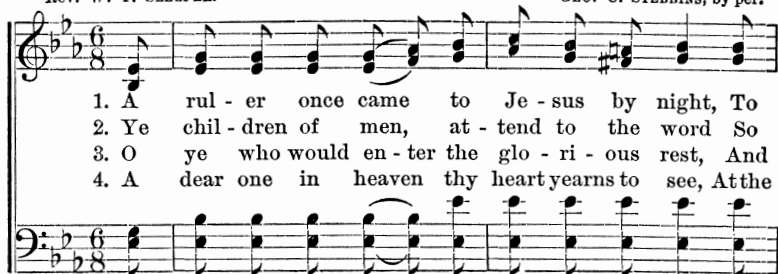
clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:

No. 11. Ye Must be Born Again.

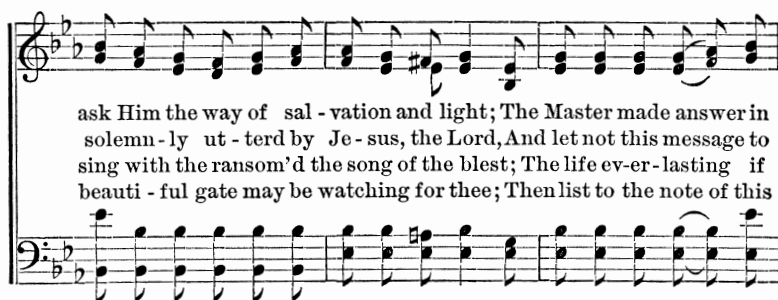
Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3: 3.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

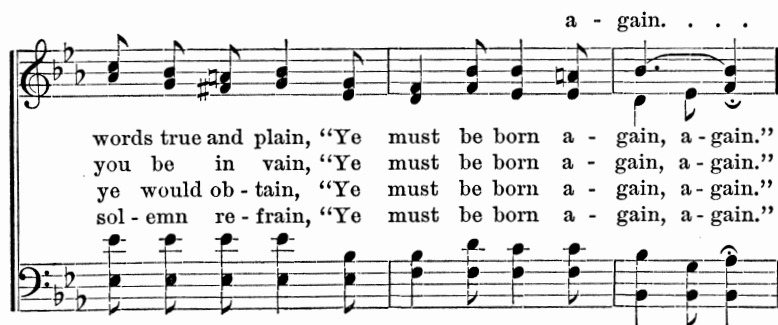


1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter the glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the



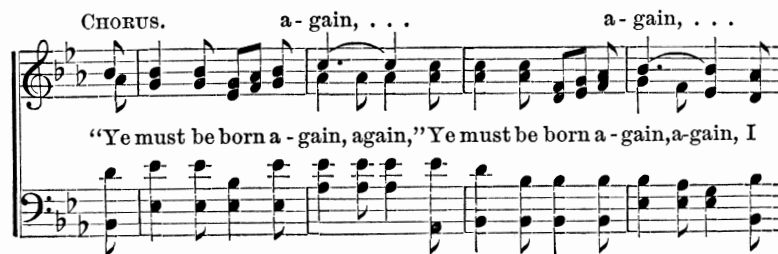
ask Him the way of sal - vation and light; The Master made answer in
 solemn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to
 sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life ev - er - lasting if
 beauti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain. . . .



words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

CHORUS. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .



"Ye must be born a - gain, again," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

Ye Must be Born Again.

a - gain. . .

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un-to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, again.

The musical score for 'Ye Must be Born Again.' is written in G-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 12. Just as Thou Wilt.

Not my will, but Thine be done.—Luke 22: 42.

F. P. BLISS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Just as Thou wilt, no more I pray That Thou wouldst take this cross away:
 2. Just as Thou wilt, I cannot see the The path Thy love marks out for me:
 3. Just as Thou wilt, full well I know Thy hand in mer-cy deals the blow:
 4. Just as Thou wilt, tho' call'd to part With dearest friends, until my heart
 5. Just as Thou wilt, O Lamb divine, What grief can be compared to Thine?
 6. Just as Thou wilt, till life be past, Then, safe beyond earth's stormy blast,

The musical score for 'Just as Thou Wilt.' is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, and G4, then a half note A4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I on - ly ask for grace to say, Thy will, not mine be done.
 Resigned, I leave the choice to Thee, Thy will, not mine be done.
 Then tho' my cherished hopes lie low, Thy will, not mine be done.
 Shall quiv - er'neath Thy piercing dart, Thy will, not mine be done.
 Then let Thy prayer henceforth be mine, Thy will, not mine be done.
 My soul shall sing with joy at last, Thy will, not mine be done.

The musical score for 'Just as Thou Wilt.' continues with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, and G4, then a half note A4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 14.

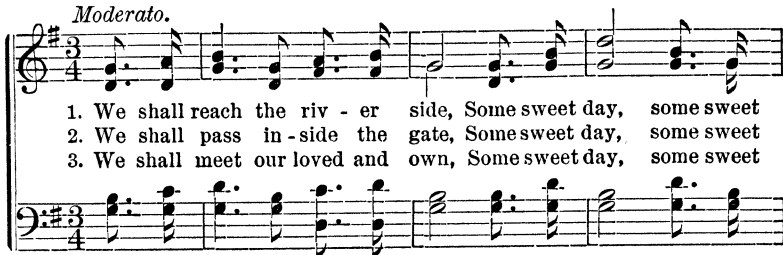
Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

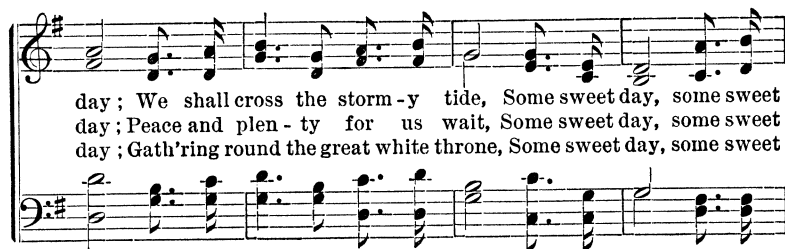
"The hour is coming." John 5: 28.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

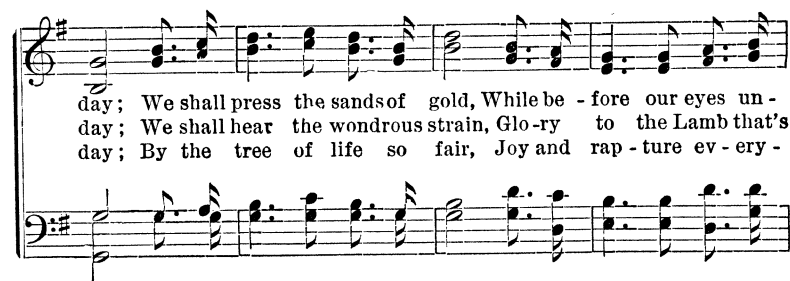
Moderato.



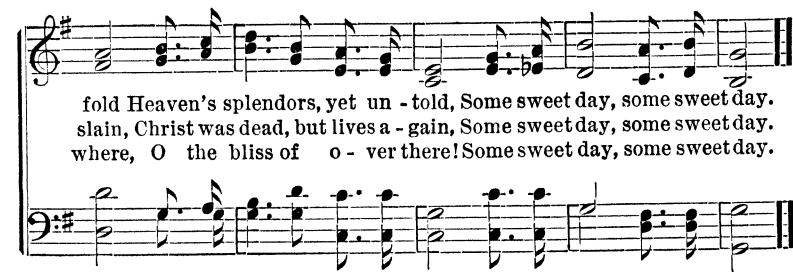
1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
 3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet



day ; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day ; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
 day ; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet



day ; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
 day ; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's
 day ; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - ery -



fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 15. We're on the Way!

S. M. SAYFORD.

Isaiah 35: 8 to 10.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glory gilds the day, Where
 2. The promised land! where thousands dwell, Who've washed their robes in Jesus' blood, With
 3. The promised land! with gates of pearl. Ajar for all the blood-wash'd throng, A
 4. The prom-ised land! with mansions fair, Where Je-sus now pre-pares a place, From
 5. The promised land! the Father's house Awaits us on the shining shore, When

we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
 them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the narrow flood.
 few more marches—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Redemption's song.
 whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him, face to face.
 there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name forev - er more.

CHORUS.

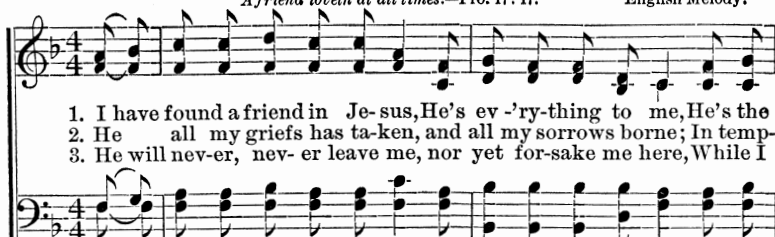
We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo-ry-land, We're on the way; We

fol-low Je-sus day by day, He leads us all a-long the way.

No. 16. The Lily of the Valley.

A friend loveth at all times.—Pro. 17: 17.

English Melody.



1. I have found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has ta-ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
 3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Valley, in
 tation He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him forsaken, and
 live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

D.S. Lil-y of the Valley, the



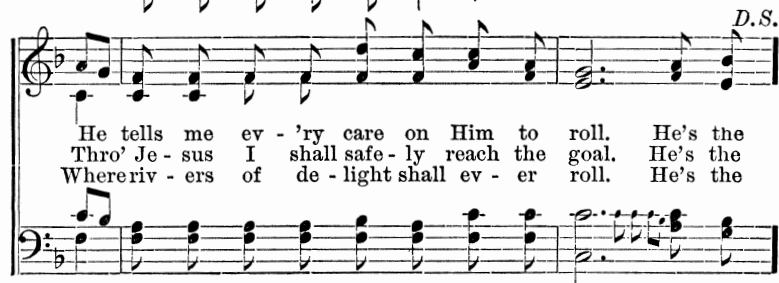
FINE.

Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
 all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
 nothing now to fear, With His manna He my hun-gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thou-sand to my soul.



In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore,
 Then sweeping up to glo-ry, to see His bless-ed face,



D.S.

He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the

No. 17.

Travelling Home.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

J. CENNICK.

T. C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us
 2. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our
 3. Lord, o - be - dient-ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav-ing all be-

sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
 land, Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.
 low, On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will follow Thee.

CHORUS.

We are trav'ling home, trav'ling home to God,
 We are trav - - 'ling home to God, In the

In the nar-row way, Way our fa-thers trod,
 way our fa-thers trod, They are

They are happy now, happy now and we Soon their happiness shall see.
 hap - - py now and we Soon their happiness shall see.


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No. 18. The Child of a King.



Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BURELL.


REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



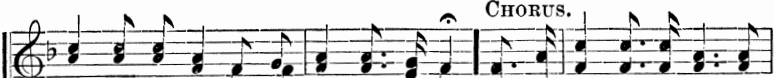
1 My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for




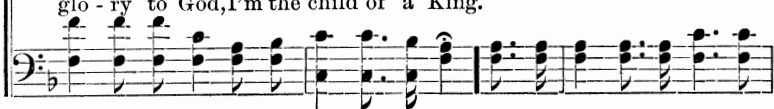
world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
"a - lien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
me o - ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All




CHORUS.



cof - fers are full, He has rich - es untold. I'm the child of a King, the
give us a home in the sweet by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



child of a King; With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.



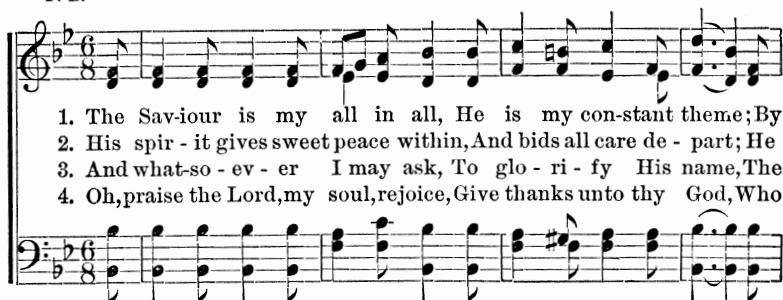
By permission.

No. 19. The Saviour is my All.

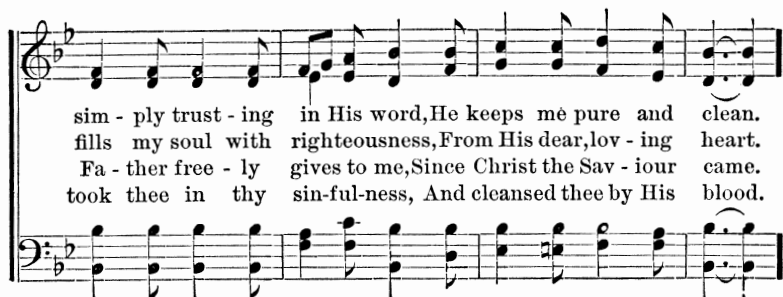
Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost.—Heb. 7: 25.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.



1. The Sav-iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme; By
 2. His spir - it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part; He
 3. And what-so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His name, The
 4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God, Who

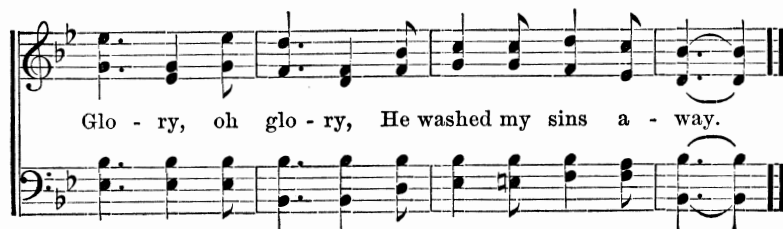


sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
 fills my soul with righteousness, From His dear, lov - ing heart.
 Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
 took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, Je - sus hath redeemed me,



Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, He washed my sins a - way.

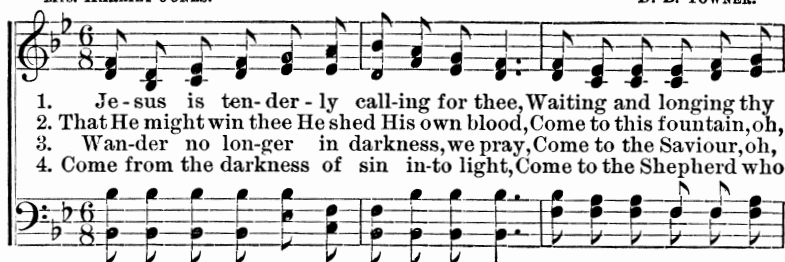
No. 20.

Calling for Thee.

Arise, He calleth for thee. —Mark. 10: 49.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

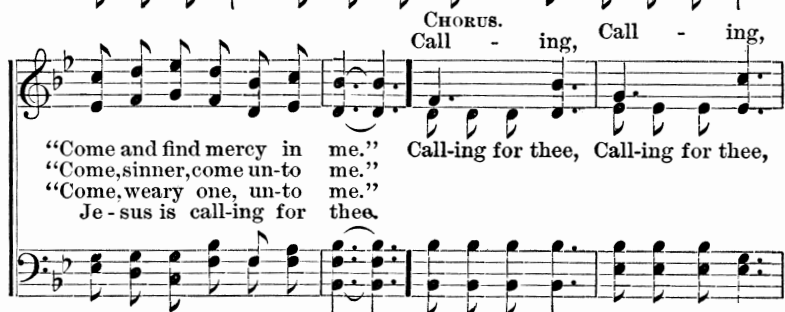
D. B. TOWNER.



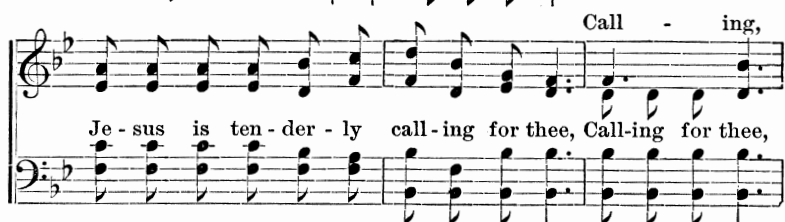
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Waiting and longing thy
 2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh,
 3. Wan - der no lon - ger in darkness, we pray, Come to the Saviour, oh,
 4. Come from the darkness of sin in - to light, Come to the Shepherd who



comfort to be. Lov - ing - ly now He is say - ing to thee,
 bathe in the flood. Come while the slain One is say - ing to thee,
 make no de - lay. Je - sus is say - ing this moment to thee,
 lead - eth a - right. Come to the foun - tain now o - pen and free,



CHORUS.
 Call - ing, Call - ing,
 "Come and find mercy in me." Call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,
 "Come, sinner, come un - to me."
 "Come, weary one, un - to me."
 Je - sus is call - ing for thee.



Call - ing,
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee,



Call - ing for thee, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

No. 21. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care; With

CHORUS.
 Then day by

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
 joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day along your way, The seeds of prom - - - ise

Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the
 cast, That ripened grain from hill and

seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain
 plain, Be gathered home. . . . at last. . . .
 from hill and plain,

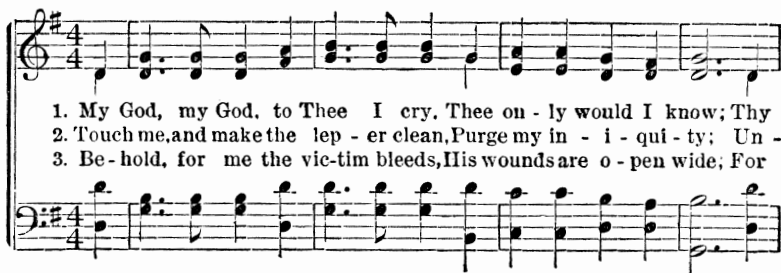
Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
 Be gathered home at last. . . .
 from hill and plain,

No. 22. Wash me White as Snow.

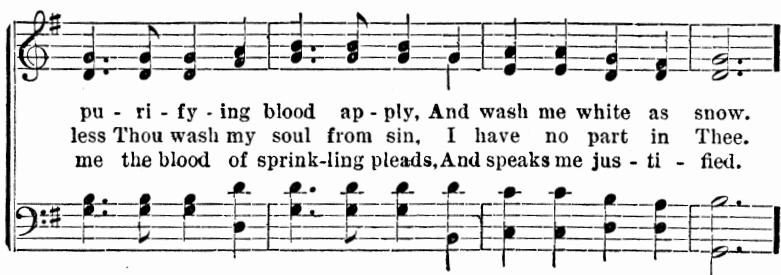
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51: 7.

CHARLES WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

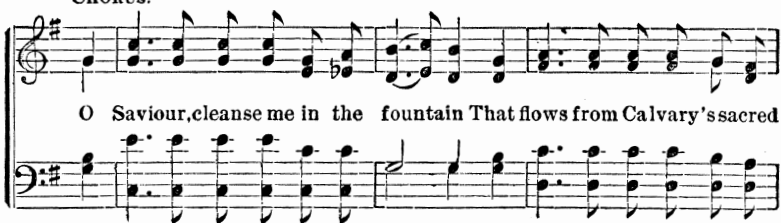


1. My God, my God, to Thee I cry, Thee on - ly would I know; Thy
2. Touch me, and make the lep - er clean, Purge my in - i - qui - ty; Un -
3. Be - hold, for me the vic - tim bleeds, His wounds are o - pen wide; For

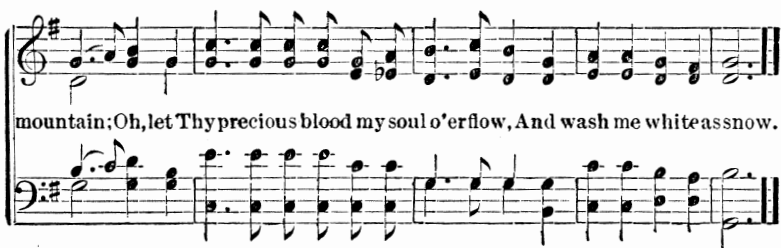


pu - ri - fy - ing blood ap - ply, And wash me white as snow.
less Thou wash my soul from sin, I have no part in Thee.
me the blood of sprink - ling pleads, And speaks me jus - ti - fied.

CHORUS.



O Saviour, cleanse me in the fountain That flows from Calvary's sacred



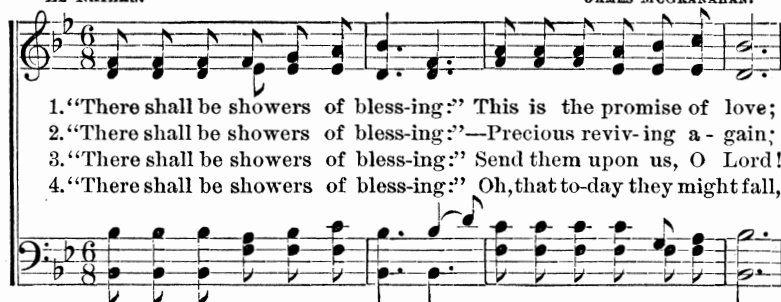
mountain; Oh, let Thy precious blood my soul o'erflow, And wash me white as snow.

No. 23. There shall be Showers of Blessings.

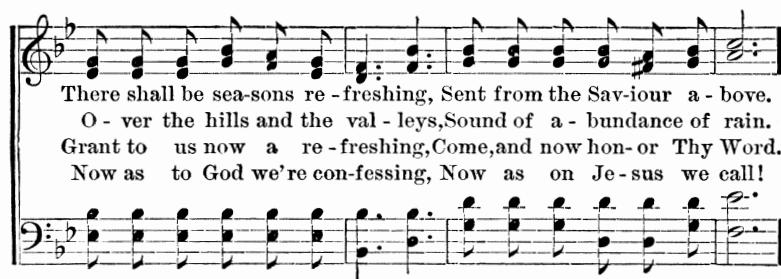
Ezek. 34: 26.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



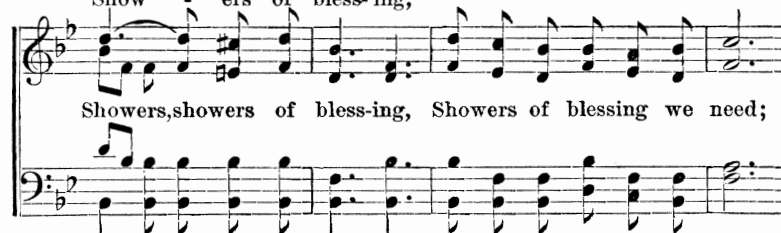
1. "There shall be showers of blessing:" This is the promise of love;
 2. "There shall be showers of blessing:"—Precious reviv-ing a - gain;
 3. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Send them upon us, O Lord!
 4. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re - fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bundance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,



Showers, showers of blessing, Showers of blessing we need;



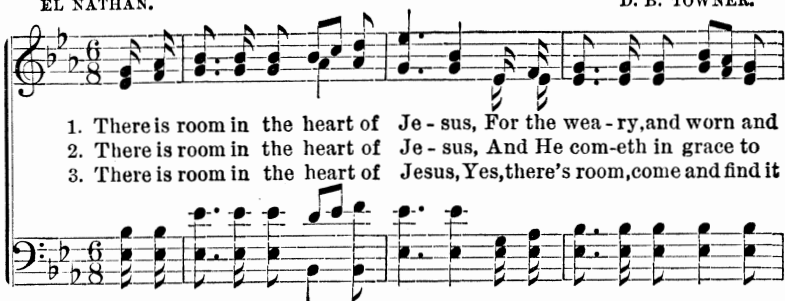
Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

No. 24. Room in the Heart of Jesus!

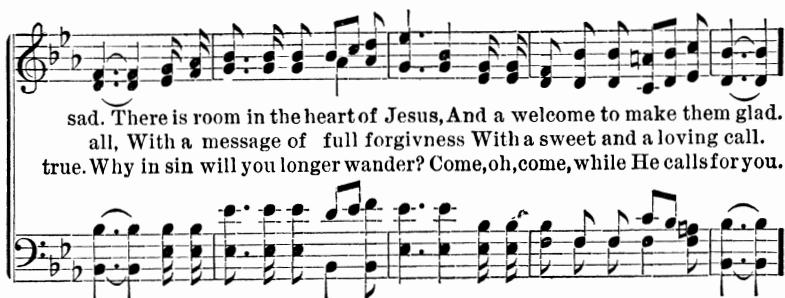
Matt. xi. 28.

EL NATHAN.

D. B. TOWNER.

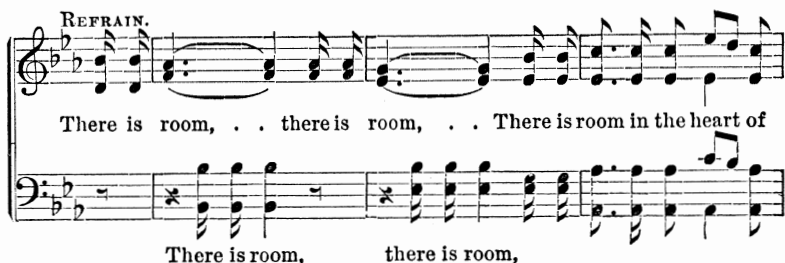


1. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, For the wea - ry, and worn and
 2. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, And He com - eth in grace to
 3. There is room in the heart of Jesus, Yes, there's room, come and find it



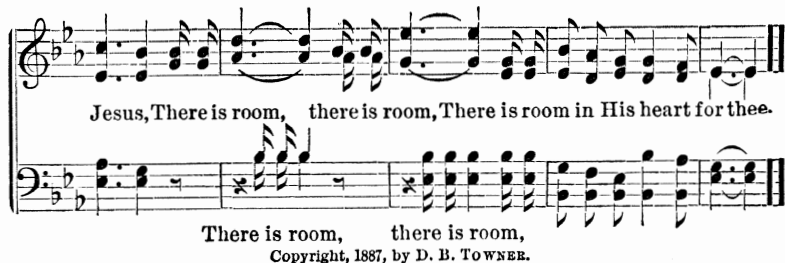
sad. There is room in the heart of Jesus, And a welcome to make them glad.
 all, With a message of full forgiveness With a sweet and a loving call.
 true. Why in sin will you longer wander? Come, oh, come, while He calls for you.

REFRAIN.



There is room, . . there is room, . . There is room in the heart of

There is room, there is room,



Jesus, There is room, there is room, There is room in His heart for thee.

There is room, there is room,

No. 25. The Handwriting on the Wall.

And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.—Dan. 5: 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.
Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaazar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they
2. See the brave cap-tive Daniel as he stood before the throng And re-
3. See the faith zeal and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the

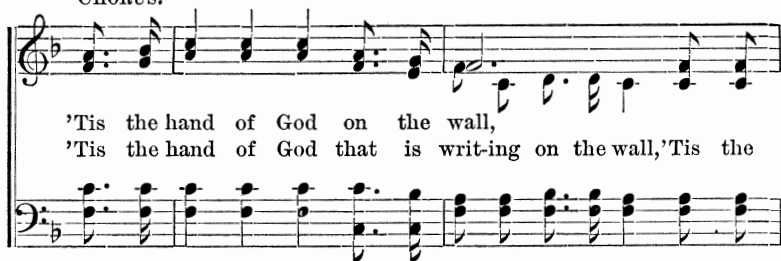
drank from golden ves-sels as the book of truth re-cords, In the
buked the haughty monarch for his migh-ty deeds of wrong, As he
spir-it gave to Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might, In his

night as they rev-el, in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They are
read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all, For the
home in Ju-de-a or a cap-tive in the hall, He

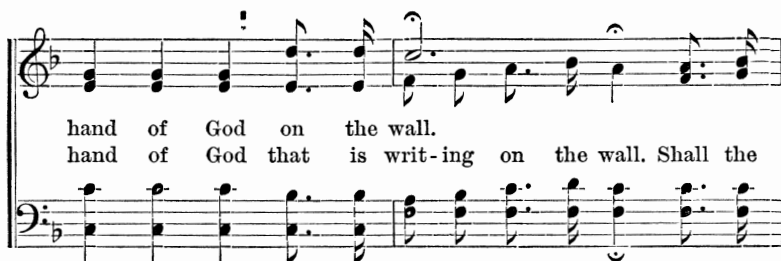
siezed with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
king-dom now is fin-ished, said the hand up-on the wall.
un-derstood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

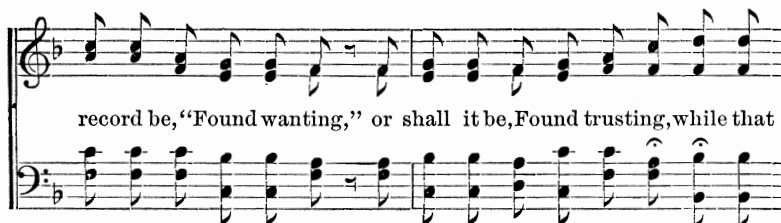
CHORUS.



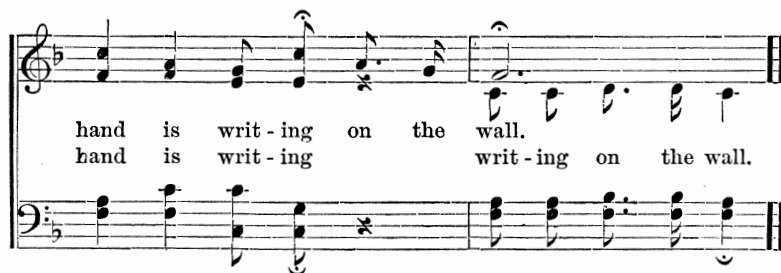
'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall,'Tis the



hand of God on the wall.
hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall. Shall the



record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be, Found trusting, while that



hand is writ - ing on the wall.
hand is writ - ing writ - ing on the wall.

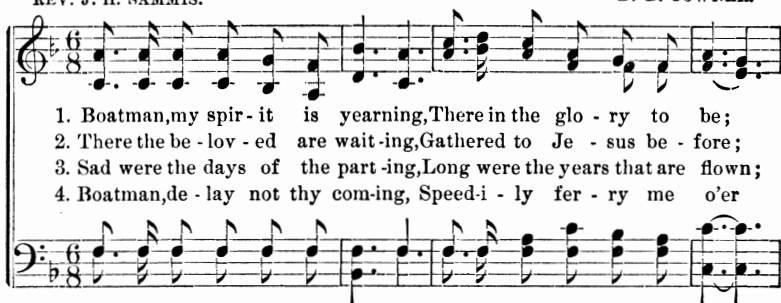
4 So our deeds are recorded— there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandate bow,
For the day is approaching— it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

No. 26. Row Me over the Stream.

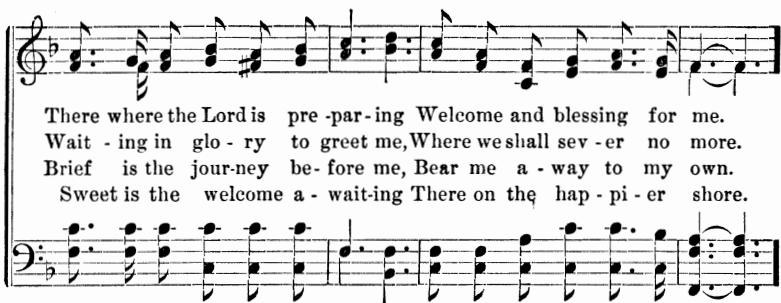
"And it was a river that I could not pass over." Ezek. 42: 5.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.




1. Boatman, my spir - it is yearning, There in the glo - ry to be;
 2. There the be - lov - ed are wait - ing, Gathered to Je - sus be - fore;
 3. Sad were the days of the part - ing, Long were the years that are flown;
 4. Boatman, de - lay not thy com - ing, Speed - i - ly fer - ry me o'er

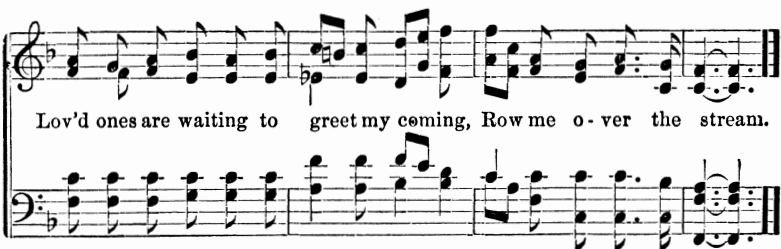


There where the Lord is pre - par - ing Welcome and blessing for me.
 Wait - ing in glo - ry to greet me, Where we shall sev - er no more.
 Brief is the jour - ney be - fore me, Bear me a - way to my own.
 Sweet is the welcome a - wait - ing There on the hap - pi - er shore.

REFRAIN.



O - ver, o - ver, Boatman, row me o - ver the stream.
 Row me o - ver, row me o - ver,



Lov'd ones are waiting to greet my coming, Row me o - ver the stream.

No. 27.

Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

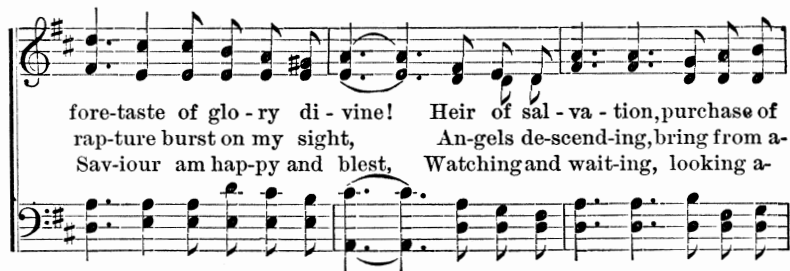
By per.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

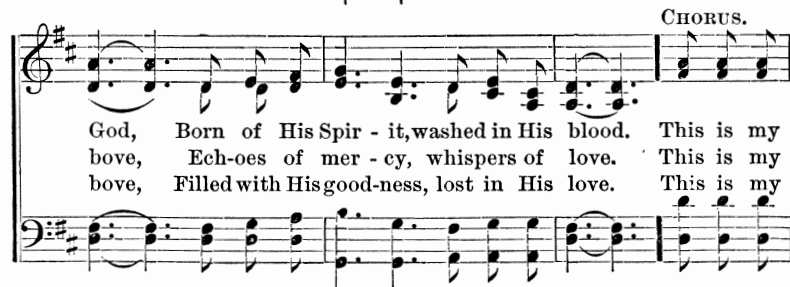


1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

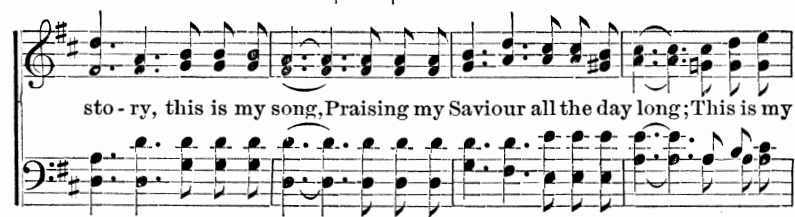


fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
 rap - ture burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - iour am hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

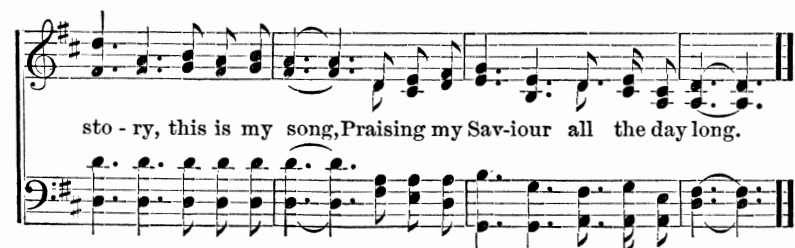
CHORUS.



God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my
 bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my
 bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

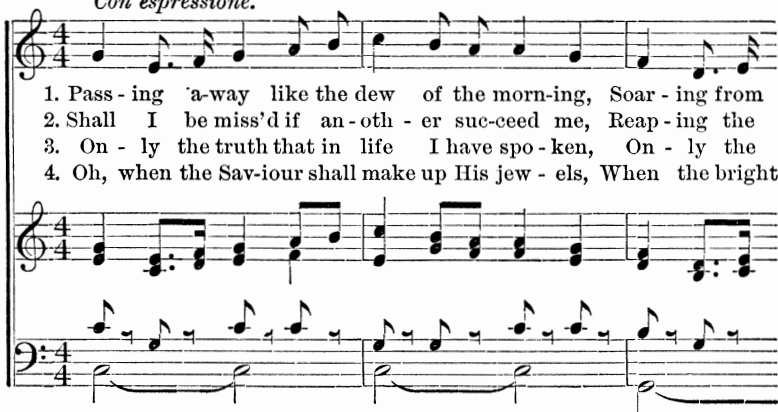
No. 28. Only Remembered.

He shall reward every man according to his works.—Mat. 16: 27.

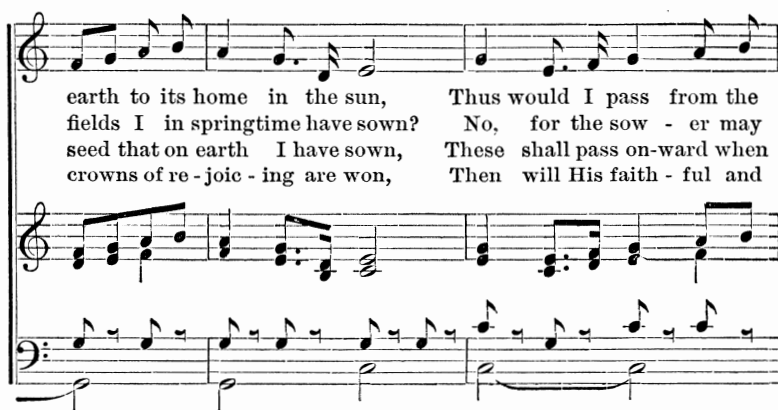
H. BONAR, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

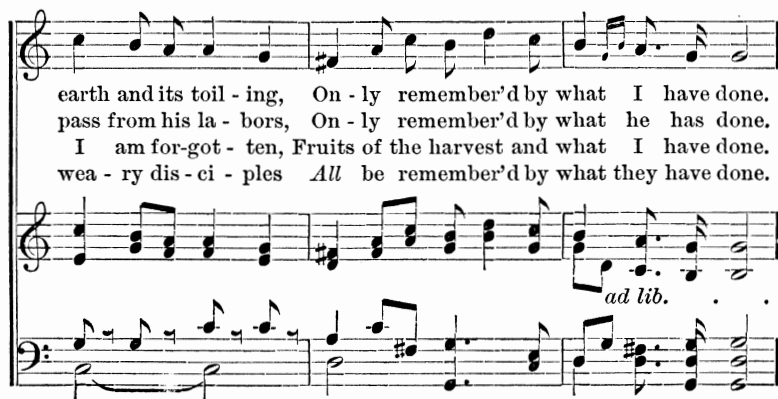
Con espressione.



1. Pass - ing 'a-way like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar - ing from
 2. Shall I be miss'd if an-oth - er suc-ceed me, Reap - ing the
 3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo - ken, On - ly the
 4. Oh, when the Sav-iour shall make up His jew - els, When the bright



earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
 fields I in springtime have sown? No, for the sow - er may
 seed that on earth I have sown, These shall pass on-ward when
 crowns of re-joic - ing are won, Then will His faith - ful and



earth and its toil - ing, On - ly remember'd by what I have done.
 pass from his la - bors, On - ly remember'd by what he has done.
 I am for-got - ten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
 wea - ry dis - ci - ples All be remember'd by what they have done.

ad lib.

Only Remembered.

CHORUS.

On - ly re - member'd, on - ly re - member'd, On - ly re - member'd by
 what I have done, *rit.* On - ly re - member'd by what I have done.

No. 29. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

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

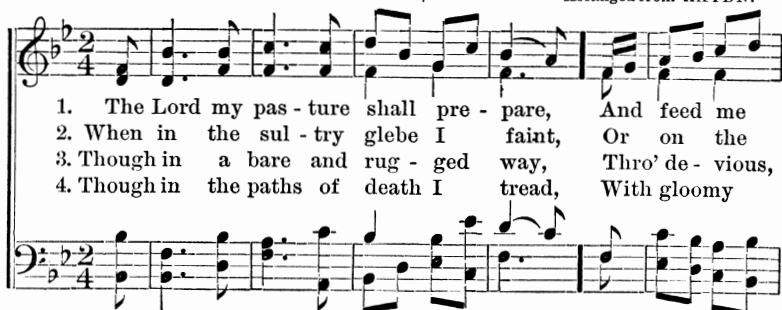
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

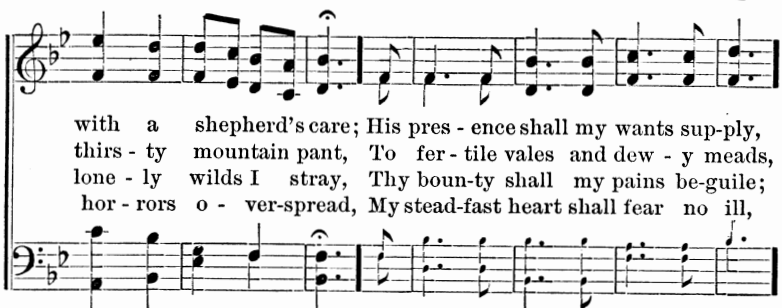
No. 30. The Lord my Pasture shall Prepare.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23: 1.

Arranged from HAYDN.




1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
 2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the
 3. Though in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious,
 4. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy



with a shepherd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,
 thirs - ty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,
 lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile;
 hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day
 My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful
 The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend - ly



walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours defend.
 riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.
 greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall murmur all a - round.
 crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

No. 31.

Meet me There!

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Rev. xxii:1, Ezekiel xlvii: 12.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home o'er the riv - er, And its
 2. O how sweet is the welcome of an - gels, When the
 3. In that home, for the earth's bro - ken - heart - ed, There are

mansions are pleasant and fair; There is joy that en - dur - eth for -
 ransomed are gath - er - ing home; How the an - thems of glad - ness are
 pleasures and peace ev - er - more; For the des - o - late, lone - ly, and

CHORUS.
 ev - er, For the King in His glo - ry is there. Meet me there, meet me
 swelling, When the blest of the Father are come.
 wea - ry, There is rest on that beau - ti - ful shore. Meet me there,

there, oh, meet me there, On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me

there, meet me there, Meet me there, oh, meet me there, Meet me there when the journey is o'er.

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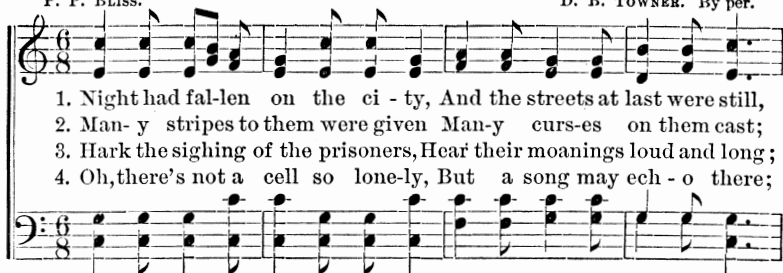
No. 32.

Paul and Silas.

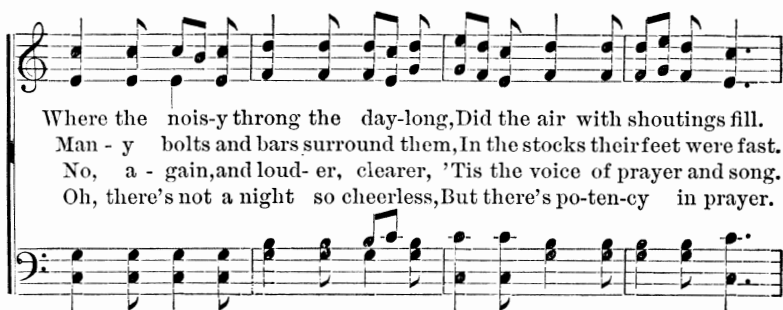
Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God.—Acts 16: 25.

P. P. BLISS.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.



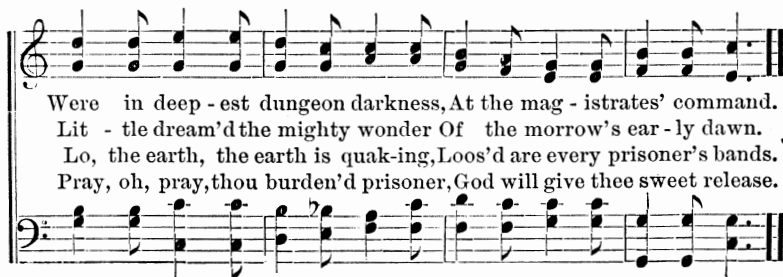
1. Night had fal-len on the ci - ty, And the streets at last were still,
2. Man - y stripes to them were given Man-y curs-es on them cast;
3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;
4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;



Where the nois-y throng the day-long, Did the air with shoutings fill.
Man - y bolts and bars surround them, In the stocks their feet were fast.
No, a - gain, and loud-er, clearer, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless, But there's po-ten-cy in prayer.



And the wea - ry way-worn trav'lers Preaching Jesus thro' the land,
While the trust - y Ro-man jail-or, All se-cure - ly slumb'ring on,
See, the pri - son walls are shaking, And the door wide o - pen stands;
Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim, Song will bring thee heav'nly peace,



Were in deep - est dungeon darkness, At the mag - istrates' command.
Lit - tle dream'd the mighty wonder Of the morrow's ear - ly dawn.
Lo, the earth, the earth is quak-ing, Loos'd are every prisoner's bands.
Pray, oh, pray, thou burden'd prisoner, God will give thee sweet release.

No. 33. Let the Saviour In.

"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

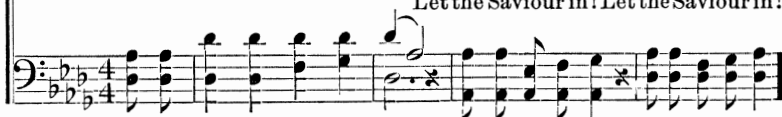
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



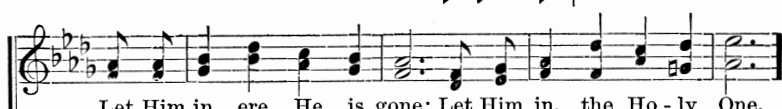
- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Stranger at the door: | Let | Him in! |
| 2. O-pen now to Him your heart: | Let | Him in! |
| 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? | Let | Him in! |
| 4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest: | Let | Him in! |

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

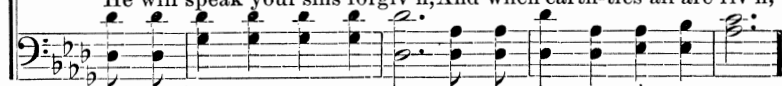


He has been there oft be-fore:	Let	Him in!
If you wait He will de-part:	Let	Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice:	Let	Him in!
He will make for you a feast:	Let	Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;
He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,



Jesus Christ, the Father's Son:	Let	Him in!
He will keep you to the end:	Let	Him in!
And His name you will adore:	Let	Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n:	Let	Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



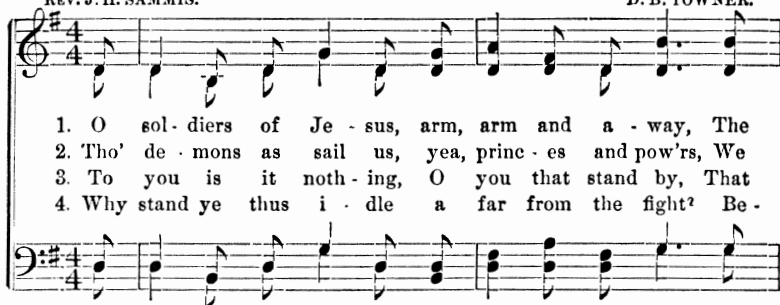
May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Saviour in."

No. 34. Soldiers of Jesus.

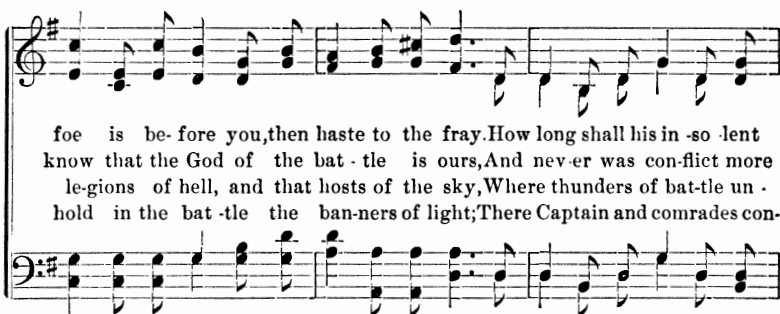
REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6: 12.

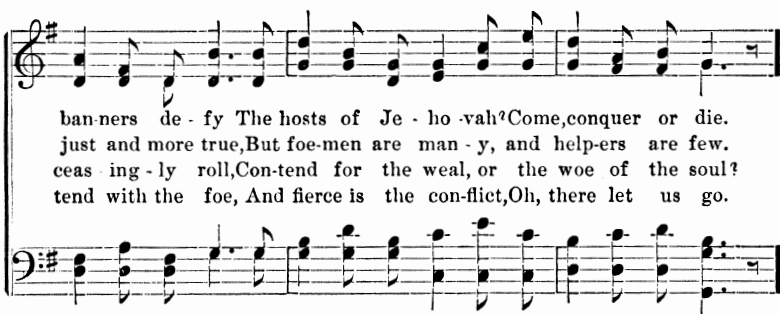
D. B. TOWNER.



1. O sol - diers of Je - sus, arm, arm and a - way, The
 2. Tho' de - mons as sail us, yea, princ - es and pow'rs, We
 3. To you is it noth - ing, O you that stand by, That
 4. Why stand ye thus i - dle a far from the fight? Be -

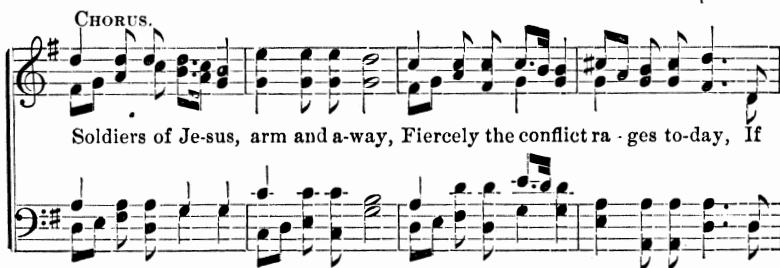


foe is be - fore you, then haste to the fray. How long shall his in - so - lent
 know that the God of the bat - tle is ours, And nev - er was con - flict more
 le - gions of hell, and that hosts of the sky, Where thunders of bat - tle un -
 hold in the bat - tle the ban - ners of light; There Captain and comrades con -



ban - ners de - fy The hosts of Je - ho - vah? Come, conquer or die.
 just and more true, But foe - men are man - y, and help - ers are few.
 ceas - ing - ly roll, Con - tend for the weal, or the woe of the soul?
 tend with the foe, And fierce is the con - flict, Oh, there let us go.

CHORUS.



Soldiers of Je - sus, arm and a - way, Fiercely the conflict ra - ges to - day, If

Soldiers of Jesus.

all were but gather'd with shield and with sword, We'd conquer the foe in the Name of the Lord.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

No. 35. At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking, I
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask
 3. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Je-
 4. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking, I
 5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking, I

The musical notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

could for- ev- er think and sing, I'm on my journey home. Glo- ry to
 and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.
 sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.
 meet the ob-ject of my love, I'm on my journey home.
 drink and yet am ev - er dry, I'm on my journey home.

The musical notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, I'm on my journey home.
last verse, My soul is sat-is-fied.

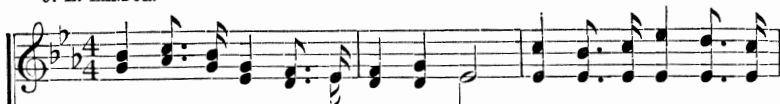
The musical notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

No. 36. When the King comes in.


J. E. LANDOR.

Matt. 22: 11.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where His
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied He who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding




peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
 garments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.



When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes



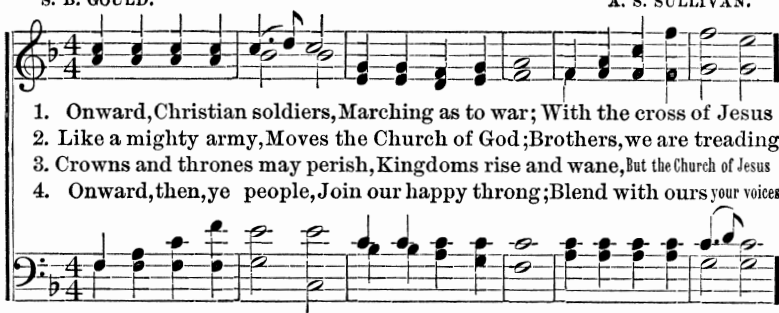
in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

No. 37. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

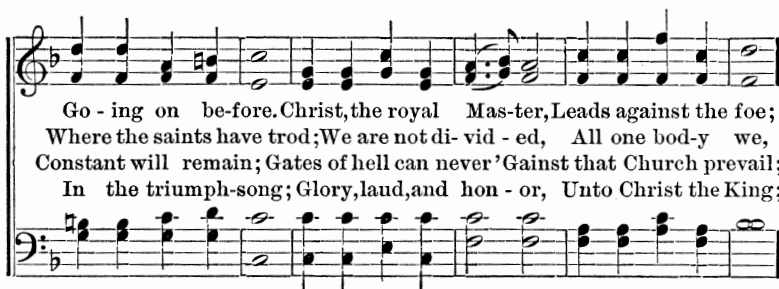
S. B. GOULD.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim 6: 12.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

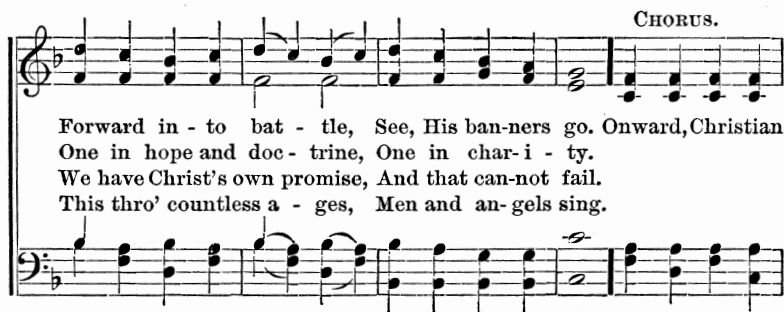


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

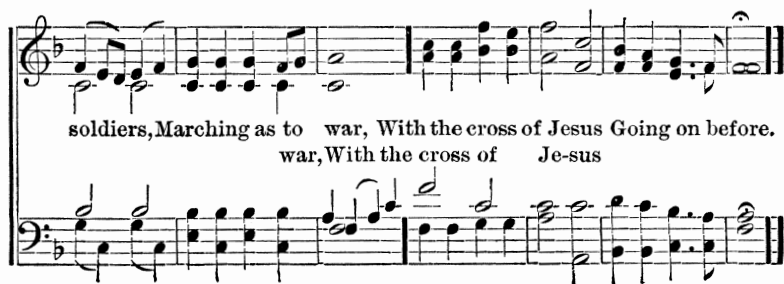


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King;

CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

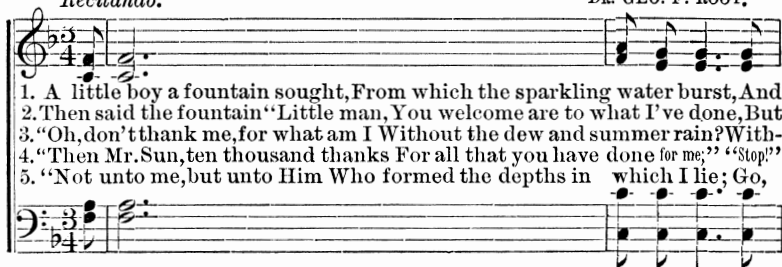


soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

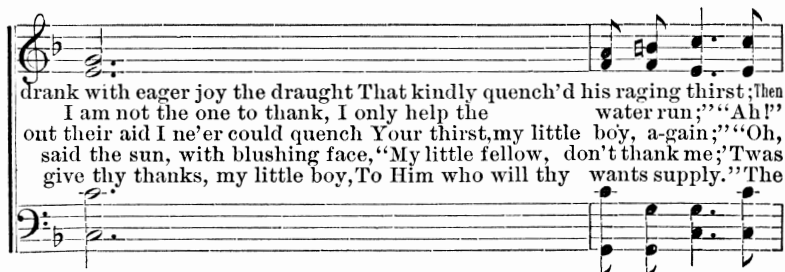
No. 38. The Boy and the Fountain.

Recitando.

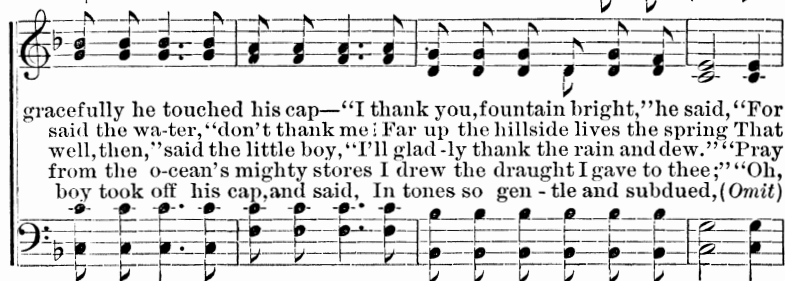
DR. GEO. F. ROOT.



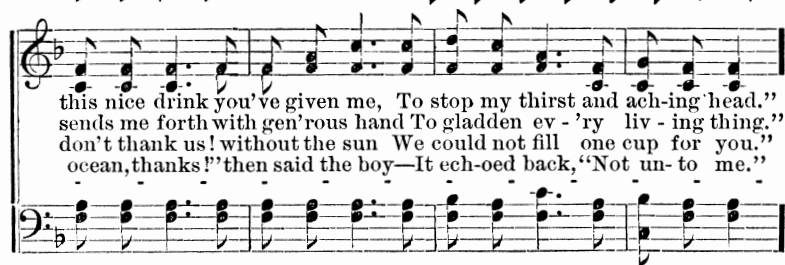
1. A little boy a fountain sought, From which the sparkling water burst, And
 2. Then said the fountain "Little man, You welcome are to what I've done, But
 3. "Oh, don't thank me, for what am I Without the dew and summer rain? With-
 4. "Then Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks For all that you have done for me;" "Stop!"
 5. "Not unto me, but unto Him Who formed the depths in which I lie; Go,



drank with eager joy the draught That kindly quench'd his raging thirst; then
 I am not the one to thank, I only help the water run;" "Ah!"
 out their aid I ne'er could quench Your thirst, my little boy, a-gain;" "Oh,
 said the sun, with blushing face, "My little fellow, don't thank me;" 'Twas
 give thy thanks, my little boy, To Him who will thy wants supply." The

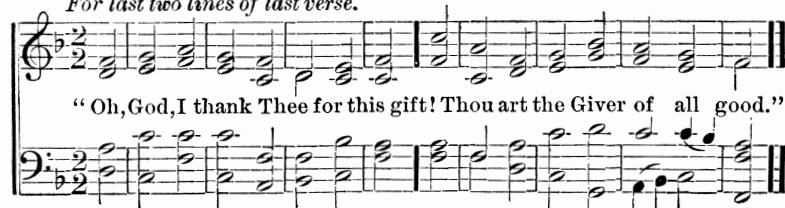


gracefully he touched his cap—"I thank you, fountain bright," he said, "For
 said the wa-ter, "don't thank me: Far up the hillside lives the spring That
 well, then," said the little boy, "I'll glad-ly thank the rain and dew." "Pray
 from the o-cean's mighty stores I drew the draught I gave to thee;" "Oh,
 boy took off his cap, and said, In tones so gen-tle and subdued, (Omit)



this nice drink you've given me, To stop my thirst and ach-ing head,"
 sends me forth with gen'rous hand To gladden ev-'ry liv-ing thing,"
 don't thank us! without the sun We could not fill one cup for you."
 ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—It ech-oed back, "Not un-to me."

For last two lines of last verse.



"Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift! Thou art the Giver of all good."

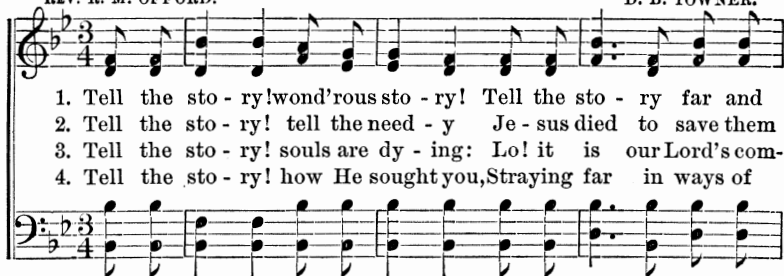
No. 39.

Tell the Story.

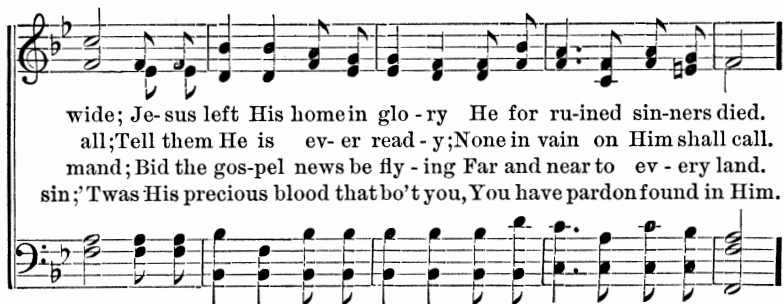
While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5: 8.

REV. R. M. OFFORD.

D. B. TOWNER.

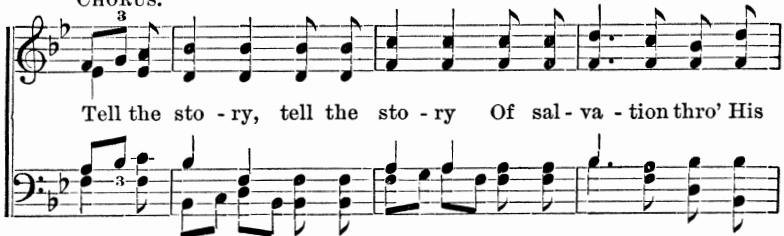


1. Tell the sto - ry! wond'rous sto - ry! Tell the sto - ry far and
 2. Tell the sto - ry! tell the need - y Je - sus died to save them
 3. Tell the sto - ry! souls are dy - ing: Lo! it is our Lord's com -
 4. Tell the sto - ry! how He sought you, Straying far in ways of

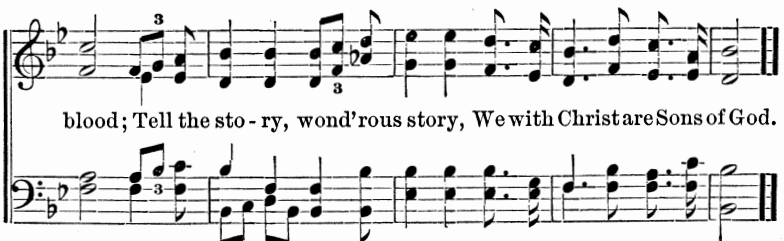


wide; Je - sus left His home in glo - ry He for ru - ined sin - ners died.
 all; Tell them He is ev - er read - y; None in vain on Him shall call.
 mand; Bid the gos - pel news be fly - ing Far and near to ev - ery land.
 sin; 'Twas His precious blood that bo't you, You have pardon found in Him.

CHORUS.



Tell the sto - ry, tell the sto - ry Of sal - va - tion thro' His



blood; Tell the sto - ry, wond'rous story, We with Christ are Sons of God.

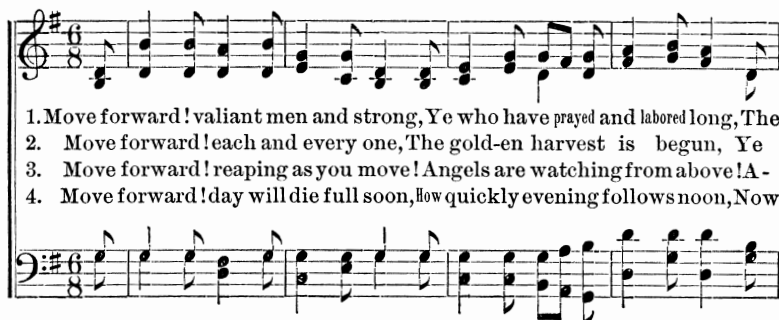
No. 40.

Move Forward!

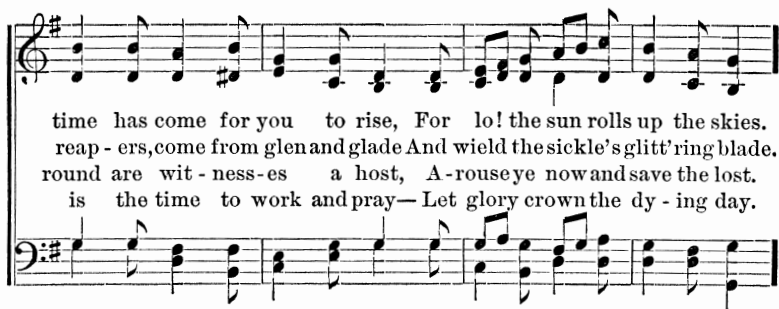
G. W. CROFTS.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. 27: 1.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The
 2. Move forward! each and every one, The gold-en harvest is begun, Ye
 3. Move forward! reaping as you move! Angels are watching from above! A -
 4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening follows noon, Now



time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
 reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
 round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.
 is the time to work and pray— Let glory crown the dy - ing day.

CHORUS.



Move for - ward, move for-ward, All a - long the line, Move
 Move forward, move forward, All a - long the line, move forward,



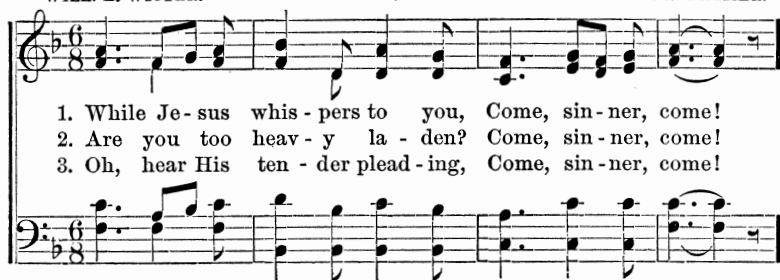
for - ward, move for - ward, The light be-gins to shine.
 move forward, move forward,

No. 41. While Jesus Whispers to you.

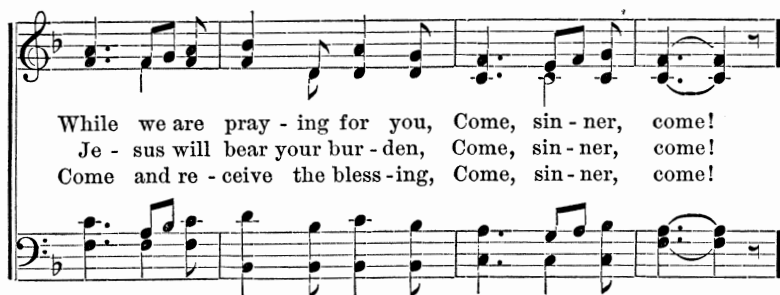
Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11: 28.

WILL. E. WITTER.

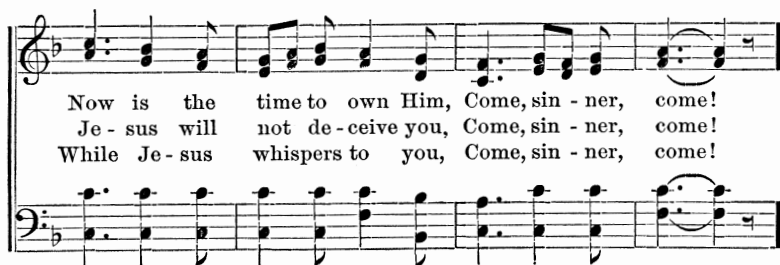
H. R. PALMER.



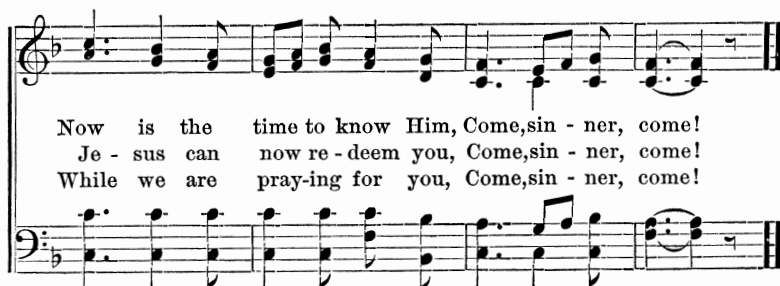
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

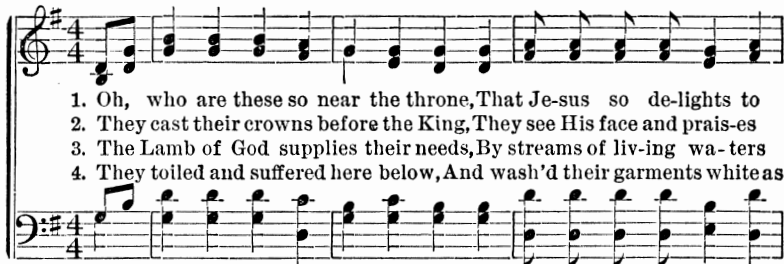


Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

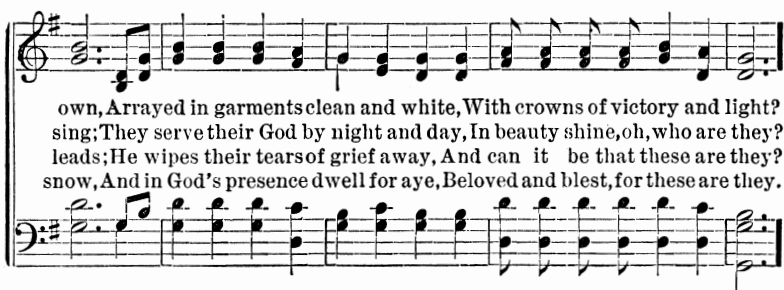
No. 42. These are They.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

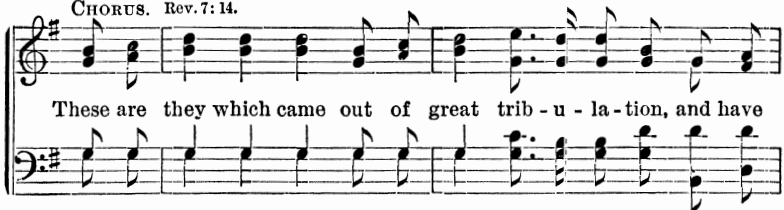


1. Oh, who are these so near the throne, That Je-sus so de-lights to
 2. They cast their crowns before the King, They see His face and prais-es
 3. The Lamb of God supplies their needs, By streams of liv-ing wa-ters
 4. They toiled and suffered here below, And wash'd their garments white as

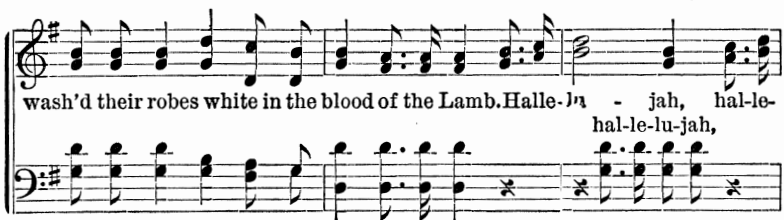


own, Arrayed in garments clean and white, With crowns of victory and light?
 sing; They serve their God by night and day, In beauty shine, oh, who are they?
 leads; He wipes their tears of grief away, And can it be that these are they?
 snow, And in God's presence dwell for aye, Beloved and blest, for these are they.

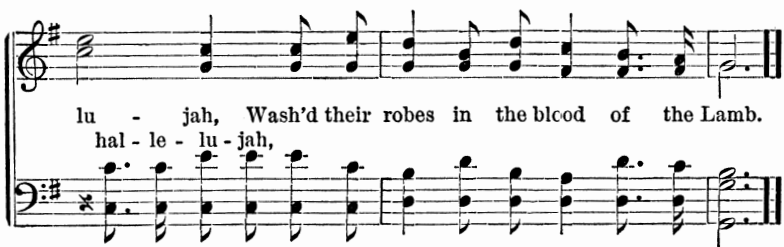
CHORUS. Rev. 7: 14.



These are they which came out of great trib-u-la-tion, and have



wash'd their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Halle-lu-jah, hal-le-
 hal-le-lu-jah,



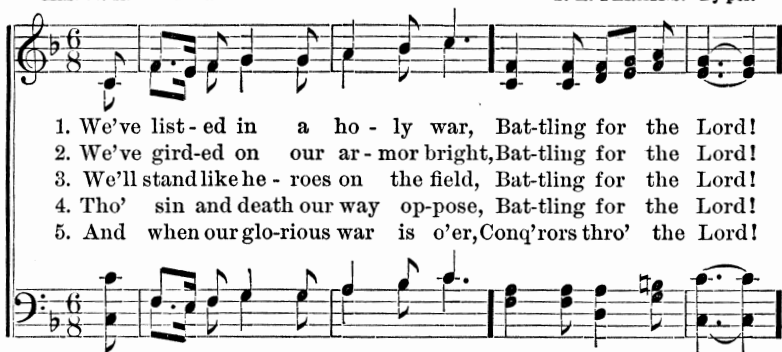
lu-jah, Wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.
 hal-le-lu-jah,

No. 43. Battling for the Lord.

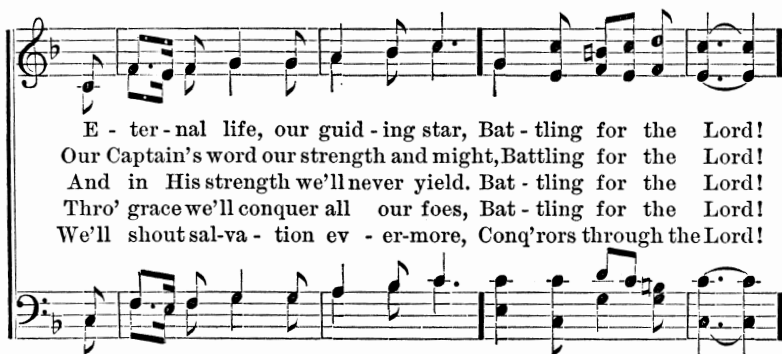
Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Timothy 6: 12.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

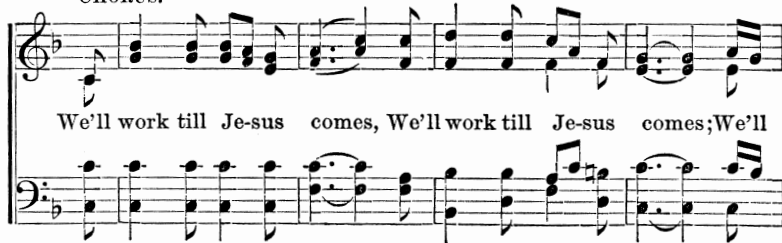


1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-ting for the Lord!
2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Bat-ting for the Lord!
3. We'll stand like he-roes on the field, Bat-ting for the Lord!
4. Tho' sin and death our way op-pose, Bat-ting for the Lord!
5. And when our glo-rious war is o'er, Conq'rors thro' the Lord!




E - ter-nal life, our guid-ing star, Bat-ting for the Lord!
Our Captain's word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!
And in His strength we'll never yield. Bat-ting for the Lord!
Thro' grace we'll conquer all our foes, Bat-ting for the Lord!
We'll shout sal-va-tion ev-er-more, Conq'rors through the Lord!

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes; We'll



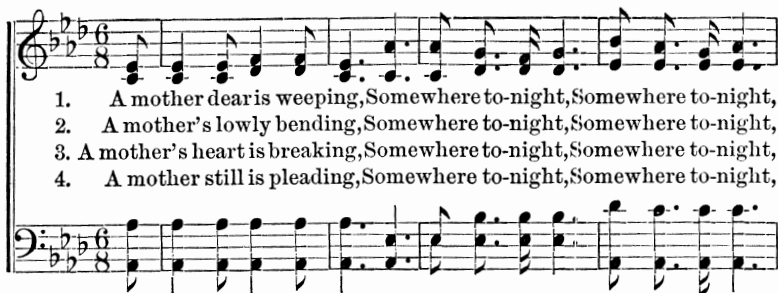
work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

No. 44. Somewhere To-night.

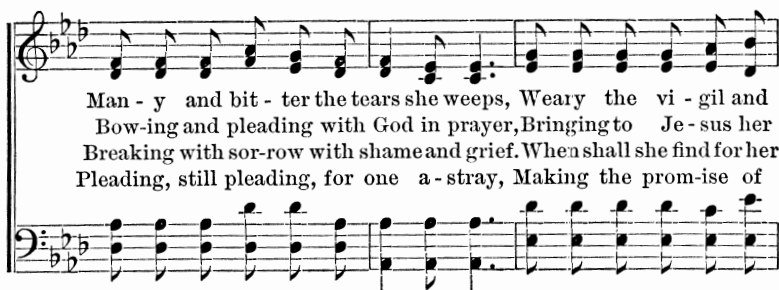
REV. R. M. OFFORD.

Prov. 23: 22.

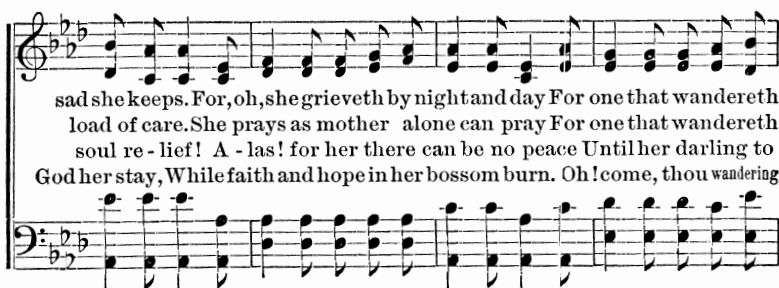
D. B. TOWNER.



1. A mother dear is weeping, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
 2. A mother's lowly bending, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
 3. A mother's heart is breaking, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
 4. A mother still is pleading, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,

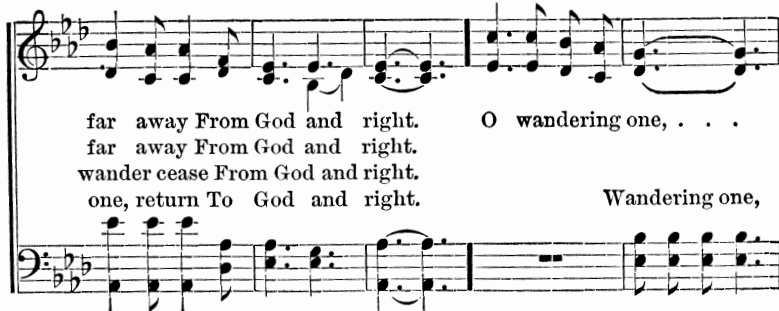


Man - y and bit - ter the tears she weeps, Weary the vi - gil and
 Bow-ing and pleading with God in prayer, Bringing to Je - sus her
 Breaking with sor-row with shame and grief. When shall she find for her
 Pleading, still pleading, for one a - stray, Making the prom-ise of



sad she keeps. For, oh, she grieveth by night and day For one that wandereth
 load of care. She prays as mother alone can pray For one that wandereth
 soul re - lief! A - las! for her there can be no peace Until her darling to
 God her stay, While faith and hope in her bosom burn. Oh! come, thou wandering

REFRAIN.



far away From God and right. O wandering one, . . .
 far away From God and right.
 wander cease From God and right.
 one, return To God and right. Wandering one,

Somewhere To-night.

List, list to the plea, Thy mother is praying, is praying for thee.

List to the plea,

No. 45. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap - py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. { Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart; With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd.
5. { High Heaven that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

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

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

No. 46. Come Spirit, Come.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord, He is our help and our shield.—Ps. 33: 20.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.

1. Come, Spirit, come, with light di - vine Il - lu - mi -
 2. Dear Saviour, be my con-stant guide, My ev - er -
 3. - A stronger faith is my de - sire, A nearness,

1. Come, Spir - it, come,
 2. Dear Sav - iour, be
 3. A stron - ger faith

with light di - vine
 my con - stant guide,
 is my de - sire,

Il -
 My
 A

nate my soul; Come, soothe and cheer this heart of
 pres - ent friend, Oh, keep me near Thy bleeding
 Lord, to Thee, Oh, send just now the ho - ly

lu - mi - nate my wait - ing soul;
 ev - er - pres - ent, lov - ing friend.
 nearness, bless - ed Lord, to Thee.

Come, soothe and cheer
 Oh, keep me near
 Oh, send just now

this
 Thy
 the

ad lib.

mine, And ev - ery foe . . . con - trol.
 side, Till all the toil . . . shall end.
 fire, To ev - er dwell . . . in me.

heart of mine,
 bleed - ing side,
 ho - ly fire,

And
 Till
 To

ev - ery in - ward foe con - trol.
 all the toil and strife shall end.
 ev - er sweet - ly dwell in me.

CHORUS.

Come, Spir - it, come with light di - vine, De - scend, O heav'n - ly

Dove, Shine in, un - til this heart of mine is all a - glow with love.

No. 47. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 48. Jesus is Calling You Now.

How long halt ye between two opinions?—1 Kings 18: 21.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.

Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.

QUARTET.

1. Why do you wait a con - venient day? Je-sus is calling you now;
 2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je-sus is calling you now;
 3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je-sus is call-ing you now;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Why do you turn from His pleadings away? Je-sus is calling you now.
 Joys have depart-ed and sorrow appears, Je-sus is calling you now.
 What if the Spir-it left you to your fate? Je-sus is calling you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on His brow;
 The promise you made Him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd and wept.
 Es-cape for thy life, tar-ry not, O soul, Es-cape for thy life, you may miss the goal.

QUARTET.

He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to Him now?
 Turn to Him now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?
 And if you miss it, what horrors, O soul! O will you not come to Him now?

Jesus is Calling.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to Him now? Will you not trust in Him now?
Come to Him now, Come just now, right now,

Just now, right now, O hear Him, He's calling you now.
Come to Him now, trust in Him now,

No. 49.

Rock of Ages.

A. TOPLADY.

Tune, TOPLADY. 6 lines, 7s.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for-ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
D.C.—In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C.—Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

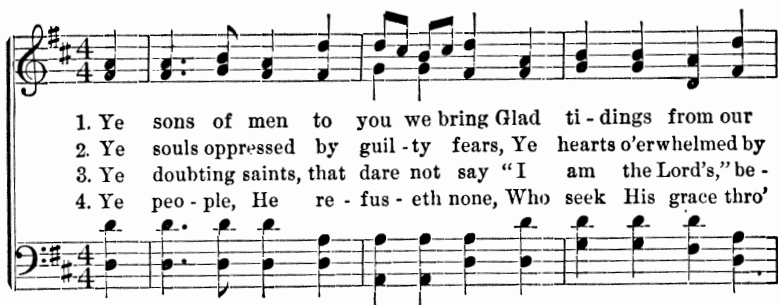
D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

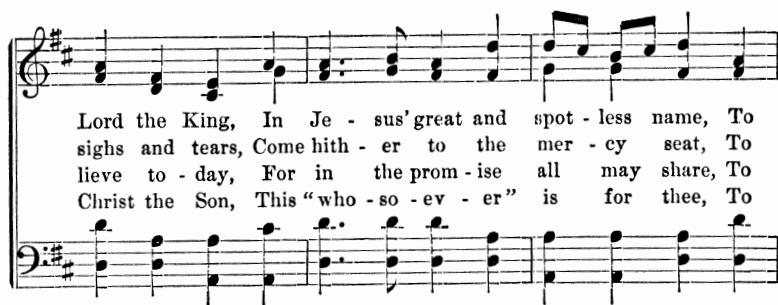
No. 50. And the Spirit and the Bride.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

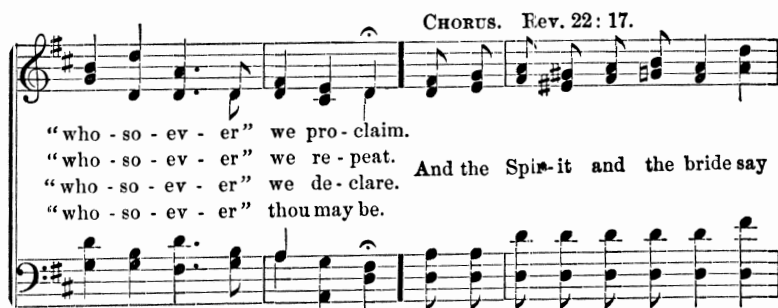


1. Ye sons of men to you we bring Glad ti - dings from our
 2. Ye souls oppressed by guil - ty fears, Ye hearts o'erwhelmed by
 3. Ye doubting saints, that dare not say "I am the Lord's," be -
 4. Ye peo - ple, He re - fus - eth none, Who seek His grace thro'

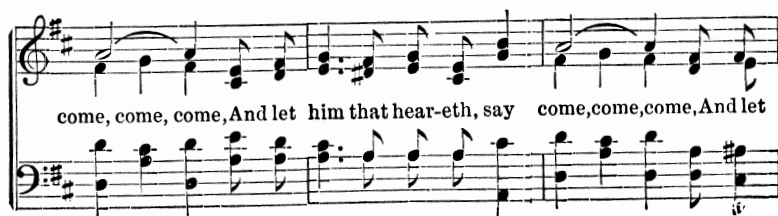


Lord the King, In Je - sus' great and spot - less name, To
 sighs and tears, Come hith - er to the mer - cy seat, To
 lieve to - day, For in the prom - ise all may share, To
 Christ the Son, This "who - so - ev - er" is for thee, To

CHORUS. Rev. 22: 17.



"who - so - ev - er" we pro - claim.
 "who - so - ev - er" we re - peat. And the Spir - it and the bride say
 "who - so - ev - er" we de - clare.
 "who - so - ev - er" thou may be.

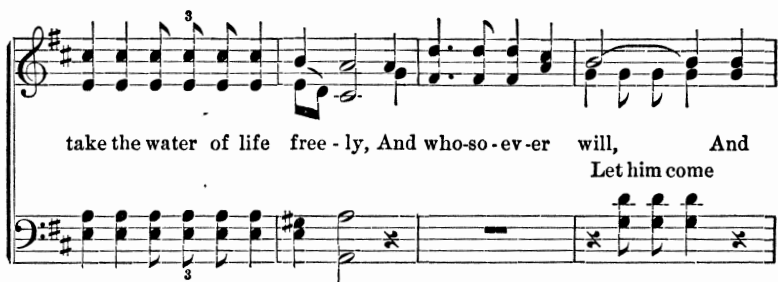


come, come, come, And let him that hear - eth, say come, come, come, And let

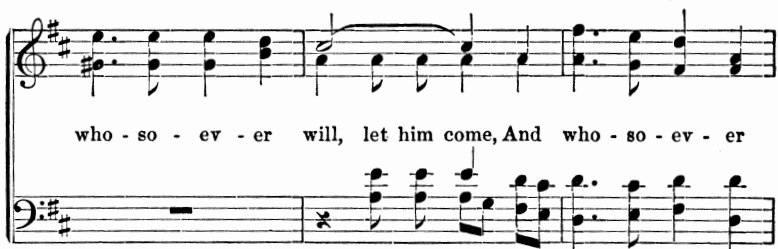
And the Spirit and the Bride.



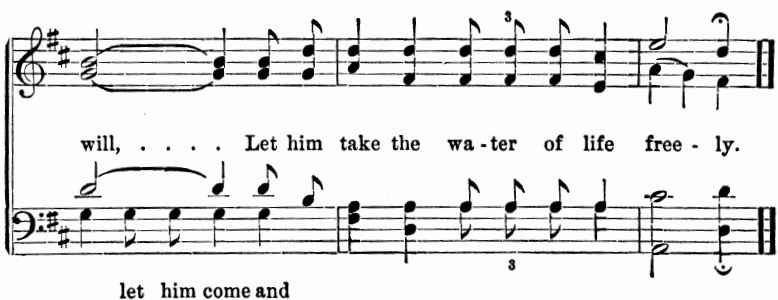
him that is athirst, come, let him come, And whoso-ev-er will, let him



take the water of life free-ly, And who-so-ev-er will, And
Let him come



who-so-ev-er will, let him come, And who-so-ev-er



will, Let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly.
let him come and

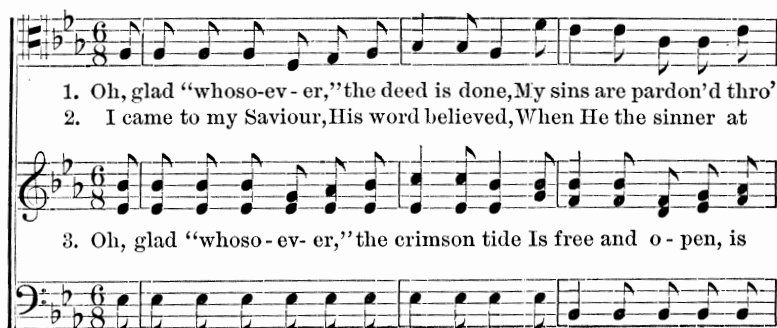
No. 51.

Redeemed!

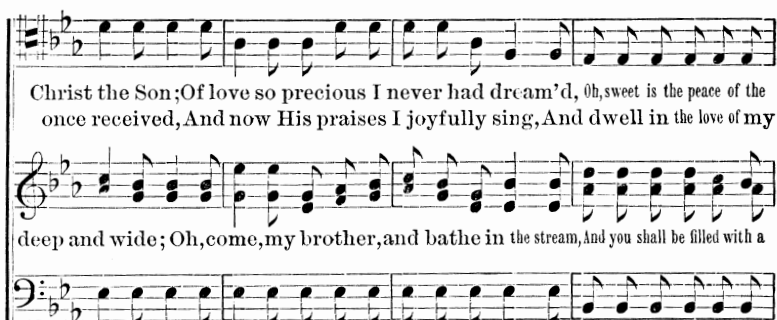
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107:2.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

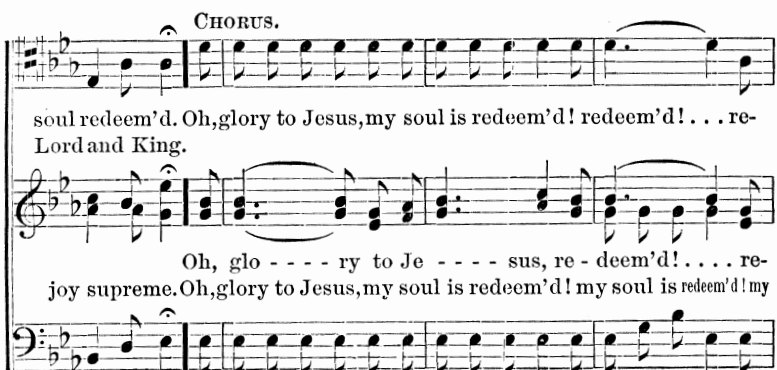
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Oh, glad "whoso-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardon'd thro'
2. I came to my Saviour, His word believed, When He the sinner at
3. Oh, glad "whoso-ev-er," the crimson tide Is free and o-pen, is



Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, Oh, sweet is the peace of the
once received, And now His praises I joyfully sing, And dwell in the love of my
deep and wide; Oh, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be filled with a



CHORUS.
soul redeem'd. Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeem'd! redeem'd! . . . re-
Lord and King.
Oh, glo - - - ry to Je - - - sus, re - deem'd! . . . re-
joy supreme. Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my

Redeemed.

deemed! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd, Oh
 soul is redeem'd! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh

rap - - - tur-ous sto - - ry, redeem'd! . . . redeem'd! . . Oh,
 rapturous story, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,
 Oh,

rall.
 glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeem'd! redeemed!
 glo - - ry! Oh, glo - - ry, re-deemed! . . - re-deemed! . .
 glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

No. 52. Dear Saviour, Come in !

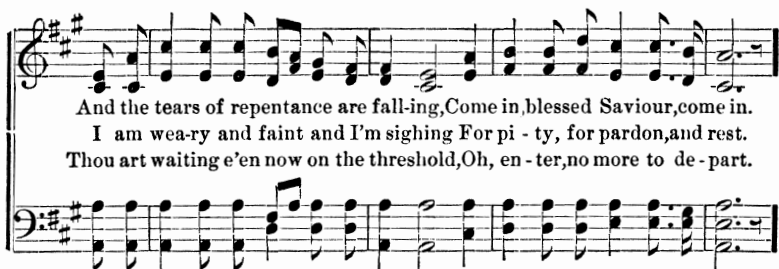
"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1:9.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

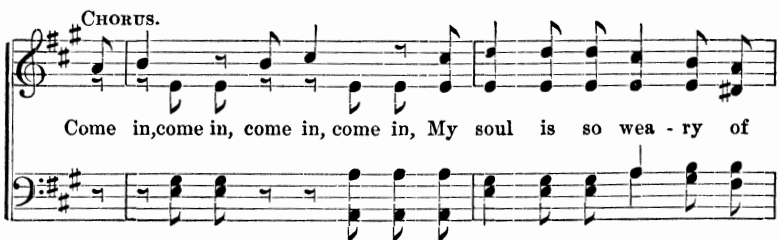


1. I'm athirst for the fountain of mercy, My soul is o'er - burden'd with sin,
 2. I have wander'd so long in the darkness, So far from the path of the blest,
 3. Let the light of Thy presence forever, Il - lumine the depths of my heart;



And the tears of repentance are fall-ing, Come in, blessed Saviour, come in.
 I am wea-ry and faint and I'm sighing For pi - ty, for pardon, and rest.
 Thou art waiting e'en now on the threshold, Oh, en - ter, no more to de - part.

CHORUS.



Come in, come in, come in, come in, My soul is so wea - ry of



sin; The door of my heart is now open, Come in, dear Saviour, come in.
 Come in, for

No. 53.

God be with You.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER. By per.

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 hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly manna still provide 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.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

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

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

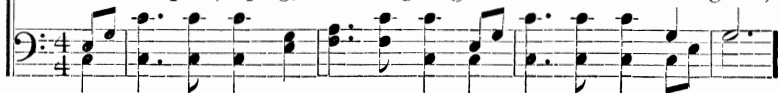
No. 54.

There is a Fountain.

Western Melody.



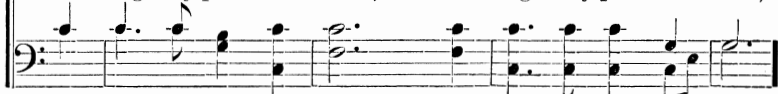
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power,
4. When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave,



And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
And there do I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Then, in a no-ble, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save.



Lose all their guilt-y stains,	Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way,	Wash all my sins a-way;
Are saved, to sin no more,	Are saved, to sin no more;
I'll sing Thy power to save,	I'll sing Thy power to save;



And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there do I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Then, in a no-ble, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save.



1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

3 Salvation! oh, Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

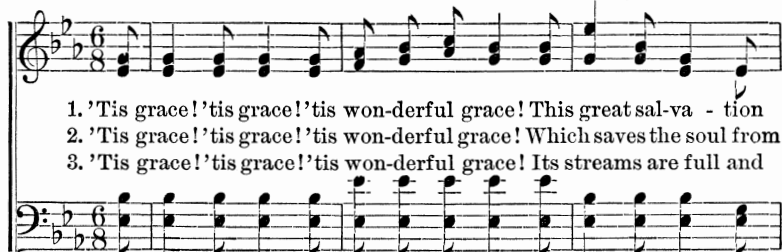
No. 55.

Wonderful Grace.

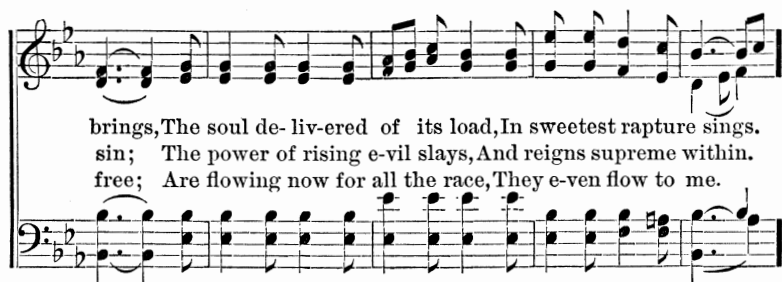
"For by grace are ye saved through faith." Eph. 2: 8.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

Rev. I. BALTZELL. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

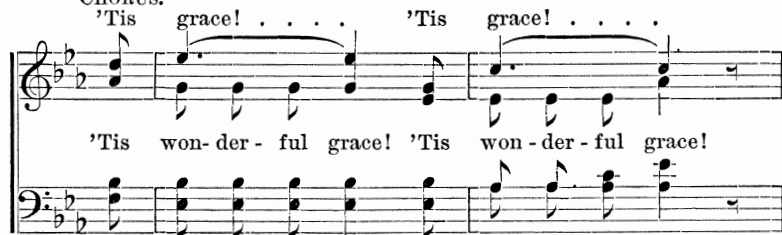


1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! This great sal-va - tion
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! Which saves the soul from
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! Its streams are full and

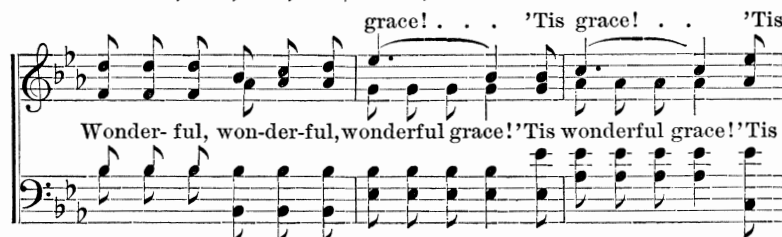


brings, The soul de-liv-ered of its load, In sweetest rapture sings.
sin; The power of rising e-vil slays, And reigns supreme within.
free; Are flowing now for all the race, They e-ven flow to me.

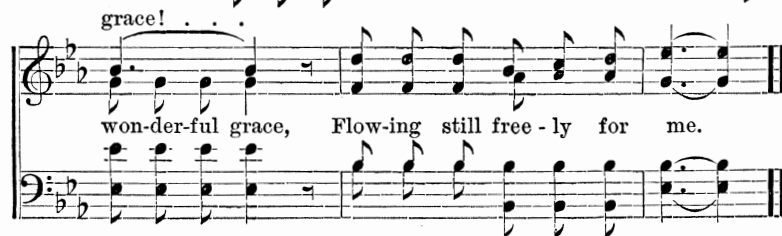
CHORUS.



'Tis grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . .
'Tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis won-der-ful grace!



grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . . 'Tis
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, wonderful grace! 'Tis wonderful grace! 'Tis



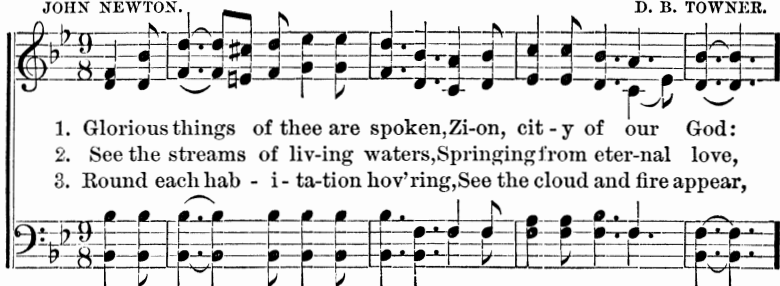
grace! . . .
won-der-ful grace, Flow-ing still free-ly for me.

No. 56. Glorious Thing of Thee are Spoken.

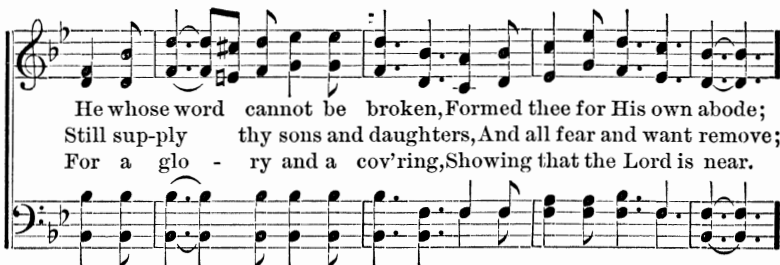
Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.--Ps. 87: 3.

JOHN NEWTON.

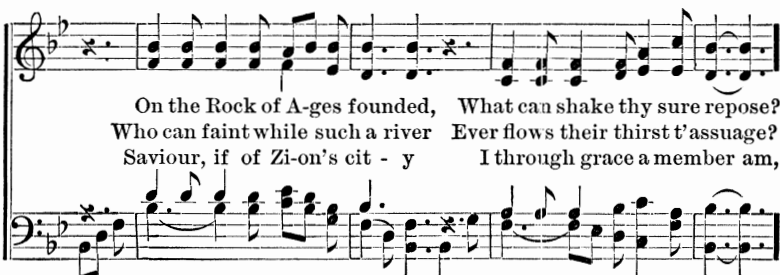
D. B. TOWNER.



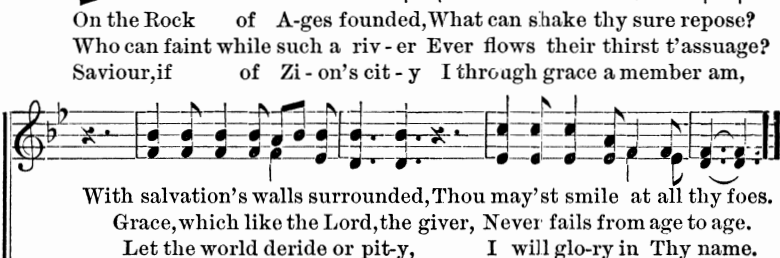
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God:
 2. See the streams of liv-ing waters, Springing from eter-nal love,
 3. Round each hab-i-tation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear,



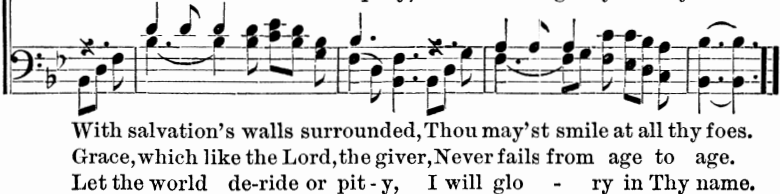
He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode;
 Still sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear and want remove;
 For a glo-ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near.



On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
 Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
 Saviour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I through grace a member am,



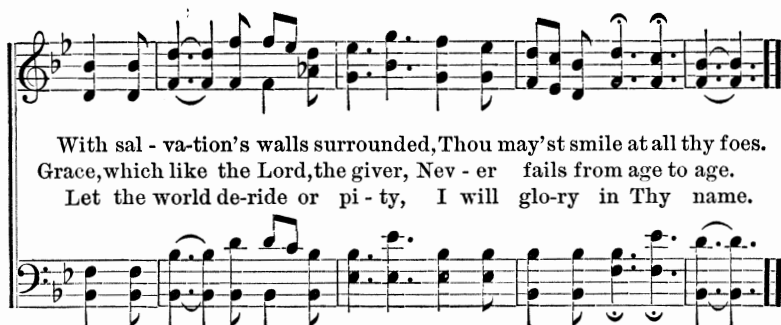
On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
 Who can faint while such a riv-er Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
 Saviour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I through grace a member am,



With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
 Let the world deride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
 Let the world de-ride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.

Glorious Things.

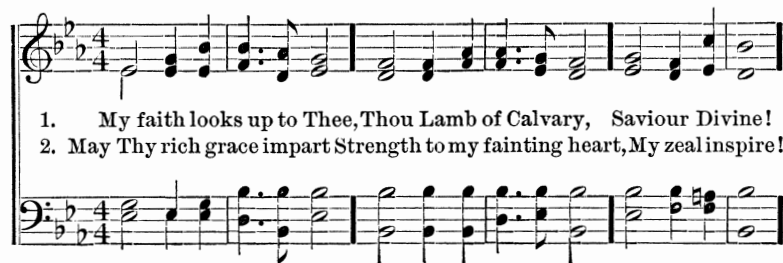


With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Let the world de-ride or pi - ty, I will glo-ry in Thy name.

No. 57. My Faith looks up to Thee.

Words by RAY PALMER.

Music by L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour Divine!
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire!



{ Now hear me while I pray; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly Thine!
 { Take all my guilt a-way; }
 { As Thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire!
 { Oh, may my love to Thee }

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

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

No. 58. Deliverance will Come.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.—Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M.

REV. J. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.

1. { I saw a wayworn trav'ler In tat-ter'd garments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home;
3. { The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood beside the way,
His watchword be-ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And strug-gling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victo-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:

They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

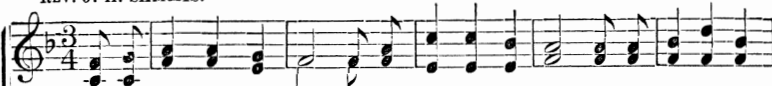
No. 59.

Trust and Obey.



The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. 25: 14.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.


D. B. TOWNER.



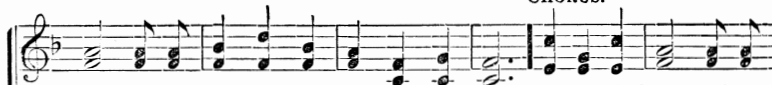
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His


sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh or a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief or a loss, Not a frown or a
 al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will



CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
 tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
 stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
 go, Never fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.




no oth-er way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.



No. 60. Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, 3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
Above the world of sin, [white, To feel the blood applied;
With heart made pure and garments And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
And Christ enthroned within. My Jesus crucified.

61. Beulah Land.

- 1 I've reach'd the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines, undimm'd, one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore.

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees;
And flowers that, never fading, grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-rob'd throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

62. The Great Physician.

- 1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus; [cheer,
He speaks, the drooping heart to
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

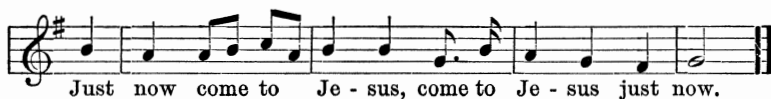
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

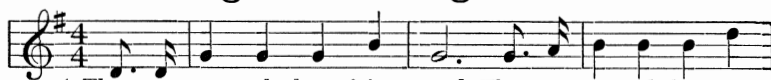
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

No. 63. Come to Jesus, just now.



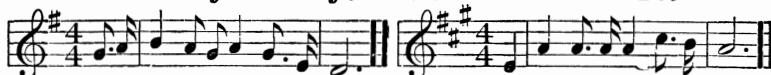
- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 6 O believe Him. | 10 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 He is able. | 7 O receive Him. | 11 Only trust Him. |
| 4 He is willing. | 8 Jesus loves you. | 12 Let us praise Him. |
| 5 He is waiting. | 9 He will bless you. | 13 Hallelujah. Amen. |

No. 64. Angels Hovering Round.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 To carry the tidings home, etc. | 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. |
| 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc. | 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. |
| 6 There's glory all around, etc. | |

65. Sweet By and By. 66. Over There.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 There's a land that is fairer than day. 1 And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there. | Oh, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white. |
|---|--|

CHORUS.

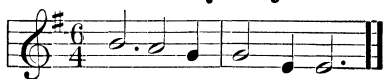
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there,
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore, 2 The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. | Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God. |
| 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days. | 3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see.
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me |

No. 67. Bethany.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

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

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

68. 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.

DR. H. BONAR.

No. 69. Lenox. H. M.



1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary Spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

70. Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care;
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

REV. W. W. WALFORD.