Harp of Ages

Containing a Special Collection of

SACRED SONGS

adapted for use in Singing Schools,
Singing Conventions and in the
CHURCH AND HOME.

SONGS

our Fathers and Mothers sang together, with
some of modern production.

... ...

Original HARP OF AGES Published in
1925

New Edition
1973

... ...

Order from

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FOREWORD

The *Harp Of Ages* hymnal was first published by A. N. Whitten in 1925, through his love of gospel singing, in an effort to bring together those songs beloved by the Lord's people. Our purpose in adding the new section of hymns to the original *Harp Of Ages* is to edify the Cause of Christ and to benefit the individual in being comforted by song.

Many persons have aided in this effort by recommending additional hymns, by writing words and music, and by encouraging us in compiling this edition. We want to acknowledge the help of James Baethge, Beth Baker, Merle Benbow, W. G. Bingham, Darrene Collins, Allen Cook, Minnie Gowens, Oscar Hanks, Frank Haynie, Terrell Huneycutt, Sonny Lowrance, Clark Lumpkin, Otis Mobley, Morris Nowlin, Jimmie Oakley, Curtis and Edith Owen, Joe and Norma Owen, James Parker, Mary D. Phillips, Elder and Mrs. Ray Rotenizer, J. A. Rowell, Jr., W. C. Spies, Lutisha Watson, Donie Weldon, Sara White, Karen Winchester and Jack Young.

Of particular significance in the formative stages of this edition were the writings of the late Elder J. A. Rowell.

We thank you for your prayers throughout this effort, and desire that the Lord will bless you in your use of this hymnal, that His name be glorified.

HARP OF AGES, INC.
President,
Harvey L. Bass
Vice-President,
Elder Afton E. Richards

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

LESSON I

Music is a combination of tones and is represented by characters called notes, thus:—

\[ \text{Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do} \]

The comparative lengths of tones are represented by characters called notes, thus:—


The pitch of tones is represented by lines and spaces called the staff.

Illustration:

The ordinary staff has nine degrees.
The degrees of the staff are named from below upward, thus:—

\[ \text{Fifth line Fourth line Third line Second line First line} \]

The staff may be enlarged by adding short lines above and below the staff.

Illustration:

Added lines above

Added lines below

Music is divided into three departments: Rhythms, Melodies, and Dynamics.
Rhythms treats of the length of tones. Melodies treats of the pitch of tones. Dynamics treats of the power of tones.
The scale is a series of eight tones in successive order from keytone to keytone.
In the major scale the keytone is Do.
LESSON 2
Music is divided into small portions called measures, by vertical lines drawn across the staff.
A measure is the space between the lines.
Music is subdivided by figures written in the form of a fraction at the beginning of each song, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$, which means two parts to the measure and two beats to the measure.
The first beat in each measure is an accented beat, the second is unaccented.

Beating time is indicated by a particular motion of the hand.
Double measure is a measure with two beats which are indicated by counts, One, Two; or by motion of the hand, Down, Up.
The sign for double measure is two over four at the beginning.
Double measure has two pulsations to the measure.
Two or more staves connected together are called a brace.
A score is a brace extending once across the page including all the parts connected by it.

Form 1.

Form 2.
Form 3.

Form 4.

Form 5.

LESSON 3
A dot placed after a note or rest adds one half to the rhythmical value of a note or rest.
The figure 3 placed over or under three notes indicates that they are to be sung in the same time of two notes of the same denomination.
Such a group of notes is called triplet.

Illustration:

A repeat is a row of dots placed across the staff and shows that the passage is to be repeated.
D. C. means to return to the beginning.
Fine indicates the place to end after a D. C.

Illustration:

D. S. means to return to the sign $\frac{2}{4}$ and close at the word Fine.
A hold or pause denotes that the tone indicated is to be prolonged at the option of the leader.

Illustration:

First time and Second time have reference to the first and second endings. Omit first time in the repeat and pass to second time.

Illustration:

Syncopation is the beginning on an unaccented beat and the continuing of it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

Illustration:

SYNCOPTION.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

LESSON 4

The tones of the scale are named by the numerals, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Also by the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.

The scale is represented by the staff, thus:

![Staff Representation of the Scale]

The staff is made to represent pitches in a fixed or determinate way by the use of Clefs.

There are three Clefs in general use as follows:—G clef, C clef and F clef. Absolute pitch is represented on the staff by the first seven letters of the alphabet, namely: C, D, E, F, G, A, B. These particular pitches constitute the key of C.

A key is always named from the pitch that is taken for keytone. C, being about the middle of the compass of the human voice, all classes of voices being considered, is called middle C.

The G clef is written on second line and the first added line below represents middle C.

The C clef makes the staff represent pitches an octave lower.

The F clef is written on the fourth line and the first added line above represents middle C.

In ordinary four-part music the lowest part is named bass.
The name of the part next above the bass is tenor.
The name of the part next above tenor is alto.
The name of the part next above alto is soprano.
The following letters represent absolute pitch:

![Staff Representation of Absolute Pitch]

LESSON 5

Short silence in music are named rests, the same as their corresponding notes.

Illustrations in common use:


The whole rest is a measure rest.

A primary accented beat marks the beginning of each measure.

The name of a measure having two beats, one accented and the other unaccented, is double measure.

The sign for double is two over four.

Double measure is indicated by counting one, two; or by two motions of the hand, down, up.

The accent is upon the first part.

A measure having three parts or pulsations, is triple measure.

Triple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three; or by three motions of the hand, down, left, up.

The accent is on the first part.

Quadruple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three, four; or by four motions of the hand, down, left, right, up.

There are two accents in quadruple measure, strong on the first pulse and light on the third.

Sextuple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three, four, five, six; having six pulsations and two beats to the measure. There are three pulsations to the beat.

There are two accents in sextuple measure, strong on the first pulse and light on the fourth.

Triple measure is compounded by three counts, or three beats, three pulsations to each beat. It is accented on the first, fourth and seventh pulses.

Compound quadruple measure is indicated by four counts, or four beats, three pulsations to each beat. It is accented on the first, fourth, seventh and tenth pulses.

TABLE OF THE USUAL VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measure Type</th>
<th>Notation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Double Measure</td>
<td>2 ( \text{against} ) 2 ( \text{against} ) 2 ( \text{against} ) 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triple Measure</td>
<td>3 ( \text{against} ) 3 ( \text{against} ) 3 ( \text{against} ) 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quadruple Measure</td>
<td>4 ( \text{against} ) 4 ( \text{against} ) 4 ( \text{against} ) 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sextuple or Compound</td>
<td>6 ( \text{against} ) 6 ( \text{against} ) 6 ( \text{against} ) 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Measure</td>
<td>8 ( \text{against} ) 8 ( \text{against} ) 8 ( \text{against} ) 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compound Triple</td>
<td>8 ( \text{against} ) 8 ( \text{against} ) 8 ( \text{against} ) 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compound Quadruple</td>
<td>12 ( \text{against} ) 12 ( \text{against} ) 12 ( \text{against} ) 12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LESSON 6

The difference of pitch between two tones is called an interval.
There are two kinds of intervals in the scale, the larger called steps and
the smaller half-steps.
Between the tones four and five an intermediate tone may be introduced.
The name of this intermediate tone is sharp four.
Sharp four is represented on the staff by the same degree that repre-
sents four, modified by a sharp (♯).
The influence of the sharp extends through the remainder of the measure
in which it occurs.
The influence of the sharp is cancelled by the natural.
In the sharp keys, sharp four is indicated by a sharp, and is cancelled
by a natural.
Sharp four in the flat keys is indicated by a natural, and cancelled by
a flat.
The sharps, flats, or naturals, that occur incidentally in a tune are called
accidentals.
Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step an
intermediate tone may be introduced, viz.: between one and two, two and
three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven.
The intermediate tone between one and two is called sharp one or flat two.
The intermediate tone between C and D is called C sharp, or D flat.
A sharp makes a degree represent a tone a half-step higher.
A flat makes a degree represent a tone a half-step lower.

LESSON 7

The pitch C is the Keytone in the model or standard scale.
Any other pitch than C may be taken as the Keytone.
Changing the pitch is called transposition.
A scale or key is named from the letter that is taken as Keytone.
The different keys are indicated by sharps or flats placed on the staff,
which are called signature (sign) of the key.

TABLE OF THE SCALE IN ALL THE KEYS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Key of C</th>
<th>Key of G</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>♭</td>
<td>♯</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♯</td>
<td>♮</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>♦</td>
<td>♪</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Key of D.

Key of A.

LESSON 8

The intermediate tones are called chromatic tones.
The other tones are called diatonic tones.
The diatonic scale is composed of the diatonic tones only.
The chromatic scale consists of thirteen tones, with twelve intervals of
a half-step each.
In transposing the scale the proper order of intervals must be preserved.
There are two methods by which the scale is transposed: first, by fifths.
Take five of the old key for the keytone of the new key. Second, by
taking four of the old key for the keytone of the new key.
Sharp four transposes the scale a fifth.
Flat seven transposes the scale a fourth.

Names of the tones of the scale.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do</td>
<td>Re</td>
<td>Mi</td>
<td>Fa</td>
<td>Sol</td>
<td>La</td>
<td>Ti</td>
<td>Do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fa</td>
<td>Sol</td>
<td>La</td>
<td>Fa</td>
<td>Sol</td>
<td>La</td>
<td>Mi</td>
<td>Fa</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LESSON 9

A change of key during the progress of a piece of music is called modulation.

Modulation is produced by the introduction of the distinguishing tone of the new key.

For instance, if, during the progress of a tune beginning in C, the tone F♯ is introduced, in a prescribed way, it will cause a modulation into the key G. To return from G to C the tone F must be used.

Again, if the tone B♭ is introduced in a tune during its progress in C it will produce a modulation into the key of F. To return from F to C the tone B must be used.

In addition to the names, step and half-step, intervals are called by other names; seconds, thirds, fourths, etc.

An interval that embraces two degrees of the staff is called a second, three degrees a third, four degrees a fourth, five degrees a fifth, six degrees a sixth, seven degrees a seventh and eight degrees an octave.

All intervals of the same name look alike on the staff, but they do not sound alike. Their difference in sound is caused by the steps and half-steps of the scale.

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff is called a slur.

A straight line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff is called a tie. Only one word is to be applied to the slur or tie.

A broad bar drawn across the staff denotes the beginning and ending of a line of poetry.

The close consists of two broad bars.

Slur. Tie. or Slur. Tie.

Illustration:

LESSON 10

The scale with La as the keytone is called the minor scale.

When La is the keytone the effect of the music is usually sad and plaintive.

The major and minor scales are said to be related.

Each major scale has its relative minor, and each minor scale has its relative major.

The minor scale has different forms. The forms most commonly used are, the natural minor, the harmonic minor, and the melodic minor.

Illustration:

Natural Minor.

Harmonic Minor.

La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.

Melodic Minor.

La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La. La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

DEGREES OF POWER, LEGATO, Etc.

The following table shows the names of different degrees of power, the abbreviations and marks by which they are known, and their definitions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pronounced</th>
<th>Marked</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pianissimo</td>
<td>Pe-ah-nissimo</td>
<td>pp</td>
<td>Very Soft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pianissimo</td>
<td>Pe-ah-nissimo</td>
<td>pp</td>
<td>Very Soft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Pe-ah-no</td>
<td>p</td>
<td>Soft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mezzo</td>
<td>Met-za</td>
<td>m</td>
<td>Medium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forte</td>
<td>Four-tay</td>
<td>f</td>
<td>Loud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortissimo</td>
<td>Four-tissimo</td>
<td>ff</td>
<td>Very Loud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crescendo</td>
<td>Cre-shen-do</td>
<td>cres. or &lt;</td>
<td>Increase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diminuendo</td>
<td>Dim-in-oo-en-do</td>
<td>dim. or &gt;</td>
<td>Diminish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swell</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Increase and Diminish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sforzando</td>
<td>Sfor-zan-do</td>
<td>sf or fs or &gt;</td>
<td>Explosive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legato</td>
<td>Lay-gah-to</td>
<td>‾</td>
<td>Smooth, Connected</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staccato</td>
<td>Stock-kah-to</td>
<td>‾</td>
<td>Short, Detached</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LESSON 11

The particular individuality of tones is called tonality. The Tonic is a firm restful tone. The Super-Tonic is a rousing hopeful tone. The Mediant is a calm gentle tone. The Sub-Dominant is a bold kind of tone. The Dominant is a bright joyous tone. The Sub-Mediant is a mournful tone. Ti, Leading-Tone, Sub-Tonic, is a sharp piercing tone. A Chord is a combination of three or more tones. Do, Mi, Sol, constitute the Tonic chord. Fa, La, Do, the Sub-Dominant chord. Sol, Ti, Re, the Dominant chord. La, Do, Mi, the minor Tonic chord. Any chord thus formed is called a triad, and is named from the lowest tone.

The triads are Tonic, Super-Tonic, Mediant, Sub-Dominant, Dominant, Sub-Mediant, Sub-Tonic. The triad consists of but three tones.

LESSON 12

No. 2. Exhortation. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice ascending high;
   To Thee will I direct my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.

To Thee will I direct my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.

To Thee will I direct my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.

To Thee will I direct my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
   To plead for all His saints,
   Presenting at His Father's throne
   Our songs and our complaints.

3. O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
   In ways of righteousness;
   Make every path of duty straight,
   And plain before my face.

No. 3 Olney. 8s and 7s. 8 Lines.

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer, High by Thy grace I've come;
3. Oh! to grace how great a debt, O Dailey I'm constrained to be!
4. Oh! that day, when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy loveliness face;
5. If Thou ever didst dissemble, To my faith the promised land,

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I trust by Thy good pleasure Safe to arrive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Richly clothed in blood-washed linen, How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace.
Bid me now the streams pass o'er; On the heavenly border stand.

Teach me some molossian sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
Come dear Lord, no longer tarry; Take my rap-tured soul away;
O'er-coming what e'er oppos'es, In Thine embrace I'd fly.

Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed with precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it. Seal it for Thy courts above.
Send Thine angels down to carry me to realms of endless day.
Speak the word Thou spak'st to Moses, Bid me 'get me up and die.'
No. 4  Oliphant. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-bo-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy power's hand;
Let the sleet-y, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey thro';
Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong Deliverer, Strong Defender, Be Thou still my shield,
Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

No. 5  Social Band. L. M. 8 Lines.

1. Say now, ye love-ly social band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
2. Be ware of pleasure's si-ren song; A-ways it cannot soothe you long;
3. There see the glo-rious hosts on wing, And hear the heart-ly seraphs sing!
4. Be hold! I see a-mong the rest, A host in rich-er garments dressed;
5. These are the fol-lowers of the Lamb; From trib-u-la-tion great they came;

Ye who have fled from Sod-om's plain, Say, would you now re- turn a-gain?
It cannot qui-et Jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and si-lent grave.
The shining ranks in or-der stand, Or move like light-ning at com-mand.
A host that near His presence stands, And palms of vic-'try grace their hands.
And on the hill of sweet re-pose They bid a-dieu to all their woes.

Have you just ven-tured to the field, Well armed with helmet sword and shield,
O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more;
Je-bo-vah there reigns not a-lone, The Saviour share His Father's throne.
Say, who are these I now be-hold, With blood-washed robes and crowns of gold?
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly, To join them in that world on high-

And shall the world, with dread a-larms, Compel you now to ground your arms?
Ex-plore by faith the hea-venly fields, And pluck the fruit that Ca-naan yields.
While angels cir-cle round His seat, And worship pro-strate at His feet.
This glorious host is not un-known To Him who sits up on the throne
O make it now your chief-est care The im-age of your Lord to bear.
No. 6  Martyn. 7s. 8 Lines.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, All in all in Thee I find;
4. Pleading grace with Thee is found; Grace to pardon all my sin;

While therag-ing bil-lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, oh! leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and con-fort me.
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past:
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee must spring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cover my de-fense-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart; Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 7  Parting Hand. L. M. 8 Lines.

1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
2. How sweet the hour has passed away Since we have met to sing and pray!
3. And since it is God's holy will We must be parted for a while,
4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
5. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;

Your friendship's like a draw-ing hand, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.
How loth we are to leave the place, Where Jesus shows His smiling face!
In sweet sub-mis-sion, all as one, We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Your hearts with love were set on flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore!

Your com-pa'y's sweet, your union dear, Your words do-light-ful to my ear;
O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my drooping mind!
My youth-ful friends in Christian ties, Who hope for man-sions in the skies,
Ye mourn-ing souls, lift up your eyes To glo-rious man-sions in the skies;
I hope you'll all re-member me, If you on earth no more I see;

Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a-round my heart.
But du-ty makes me un-der-stand That we must take the part-ing hand.
Fight on, we'll gain that hap-py shore Where parting will be known no more.
O trust His grace, in Canaan's land We'll no more take the part-ing hand.
An in-terest in your pray'rs I crave, That we may meet be-yond the grave.
No. 8. Bozrah. 7s. 8 Lines.

Slow.

1. Who is this who comes from far, With His garments dipped in blood,
2. "Wide, ye heav'n-ly gates un-fold, Closed no more by death or sin;
3. "He whose pow'r-ful arm, a- lone, On His foes de-struc-tion hurled;

Strong, tri-um-phant trav- el-er— Is He man or is He God?
Lo, the con-q'ring Lord be-hold; Lot the King of glo-ry in.”
He who hath the vic-t'ry won; He who saved you by His blood;

I that reign in right-eous-ness, Son of God and man I am;
Hark, th' an-gelic host in-quire, "Who is He, th' al-might-y King?"
He who God's pure law ful-filled; Je-sus, the in-car-nate Word;

Might-y to re-dem your race, Je-sus is your Sav'our's name.
Hark a-gain, the an-sw'ring choir Thus in strains of tri-umph sing—
He whose truth with blood was sealed; He is heav'n's all-glo-rious Lord.”

No. 9. Land of Promise. C. M.

Watts.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E-telial and on high,
2. And here my spir-it wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly;
3. Short-ly this pris-on of my clay Must be dissolved and fall.

D. C.—And each a star-ry crown re-cieve, In that bright world on high.

No. 10. Mear. C. M.

Watts.

1. How did my heart re-joice to hear, My friends de-vout-ly say,
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a-dorned with grace,
3. Up to her courts, with joys un-known, The ho-ly tribes re-pair;
4. He hears our praise-and and com-plains, And while His aw-ful voice
5. Peace be with-in this sa-cred place, And joy a con-stant guest!
6. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still, While life or breath re-mains;

Mighty to re-deem your race, Jesus is your Saviour's name.
Hark a-gain, the an-sw'ring choir Thus in strains of tri-umph sing—
He whose truth with blood was sealed; He is heav'n's all-glo-rious Lord.”

In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-enn day!
Stands like a pal ace built for God To show His mild-er face.
The Son of Da-vid holds His throne, And sits in judg-ment there.
Di-vide the sin-ners from the saints, We trem-ble and re-joice.
With ho-ly gifts and heav'n-ly grace, Be her at-teed ants blast.
There my best friends, my kin-dred dwell, There God my Sav-iour reigns.
No. 11.  
Happy Land. P. M. 
L. P. Breedlove.

1. There is a happy land, Far far away, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a way; Why will you doubting stand—
3. Bright in that happy land Beams every eye; Kept by a Father's hand—

Bright, bright as day, Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our
Why yet delay? Oh, we shall happy be, When from sin and
Love cannot die; Then shall His kingdom come, Saints shall share a

Saviour King, Loud let His praise ring, Praise, praise for aye!
sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
glorious home, And bright above the sun We'll reign for aye!

No. 12.  
Mercy-Seat.

1. From every stormy wind that blows From every swelling
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness
3. There is a scene where spirit's blend, Where friend holds fellow
4. Ah, whither could we flee for aid, When tempt-ed, des-o-
5. There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and guilt seem
6. O let my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent,
No. 14 Greenville. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
   Life and health and peace possessing From the sinners dying Friend.
2. Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie;
   While I see compassion floating on His languid eye.
   On constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

Here I'll sit, forever view-ing, Mercy streaming in His blood;
Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze:
May I still enjoy this feeling, In all need to Jesus go;

Precious drops my soul be-dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love I much—He gave me His life, A price so dear, so dear.
Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Himself more deeply known.

No. 15 Windham. L. M.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there;
   “Do thyself, and take thy cross,” Is the Redeemer's great command;
2. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
   Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart entirely new.
   Chart and compass came from thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   Won'drous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
   May I hear Thee say to me, “Fear not! I will pilot thee!”

No. 16 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea;
   As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
   When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar.

   Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
   Bolsterous waves obey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, “Be still!”
   Twist me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast.

Windham. Concluded.

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-’er;
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruc-tion sure.
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, And false apostles never knew.
No. 17. Tender Care. C. M. 8 Lines.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,
   Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder love and praise.
2. When in the slippery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
   Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul, Thy tender care bestowed.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanksgiving.

Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

No. 18. Ortonville. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear It soothes his wound.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna dear.
3. By Him my prayers acceptance gain, Allbho' with sin deiled; Satan acc.
4. Dear name, the rock on which I build—My shield and hiding place—My never er.
5. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My People, Priest and King, My Lord, My Lord.
6. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
7. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the

No. 19. Pleading Saviour. 8s & 7s.

1. Gently, Lord, gently lead us, Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
   Thro' the changes Thou'lt de-creed us, Till our last great change appears.
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death begins,
   Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear.

When temptations dart as s.craft us, When in derisions paths we stray,
And when mortal life is ended, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

Let Thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in Thy perfect way.
Till by angel bands attended, We awake among the blest.
No. 20.  
Saint’s Delight.  C. M.  
F. Price.

1. In all my Lord’s appointed ways, My journey I’ll pursue,  
   Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
2. Thro’ floods and flames, if Jesus lead I’ll follow where He goes;  
   Hinder me not, shall be my cry, The earth and hell oppose.
3. Thro’ duty, and thro’ trials, too, I’ll go at His command;  
   Hinder me not, for I am bound to my Emmanuel’s land.
4. And when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be:  
   Hinder me not; come, welcome death, I’ll gladly go with Thee.

Chorus.

I feel like, I feel like I’m on my journey home;....

I feel like, I feel like I’m on my journey home.

No. 21.  
Corinth.  L. M.  
John Massengale.

1. Jesus and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
2. Ashamed of Jesus soon I am, Let evening blush to own a star;  
3. Ashamed of Jesus just as soon Let mid-night be ashamed of noon;  
4. Ashamed of Jesus that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav’n depend!  
5. Ashamed of Jesus yes, I may, When I’ve no guilt to wash away,  
6. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Saviour slain;

No. 22.  
Sharpsburg.  C. M.  
J. P. Rees and A. T. Shell.

1. Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh I hold my frail abode,  
2. On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes, Then raise them to Thy seat,  
3. Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms, Be dead to every sin.

Still would my spirit rest on Thee, My Saviour and my God.  
Till love dissolves my inmost soul At my Redeemer’s feet.  
And tell the boldest foe with out That Jesus reigns within.

No. 22 A.  
Doxology.  
(SESSIONS, L. M.)  
E. O. Emerson.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
No. 23. Cross of Christ. C. M. 8 Lines.

L. P. Breedlove.

1. Did Christ the great example lead For all His humble train, In washing the disciple's feet, And wiping them again? 2. O, blessed Jesus, at Thy board I have Thy children's seat; The bread I've broke, the wine I've poured, We've washed each other's feet! 3. Yes, blessed Jesus, I, like Thee, Would Christians oft en meet; The least of all the flock would be, And wash His children's feet.

No. 24. Devotion. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repentant rebel live; 2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass The pow'r and glo'ry of Thy grace; 3. To wash my soul from ev'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; 4. My lips with shame my sins confess Against Thy law, against Thy grace; 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath I must pronounce Thee just in death.

Devotion. L. M. Concluded.

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee? Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found. Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offensives pain my eyes. Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear. And if my soul were sent to hell, The righteous law approves it well.

No. 25. Nettleton. 8s. & 7s. D.

Robinson. J. Wyeth's Coll.

1. Come, Thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace! Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. 2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hitherto by Thy help I've come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. 3. O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be: Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Teach me some meek and lowly sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above: Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love!
No. 26  Green Fields. 8s.

Webster. S. M. Concluded.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see!
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweetness to me.
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
   His presence dispenses my gloom, And makes all with in me rejoice.
3. Content with beholding His face, My all to His pleasure resigned,
   No change of seasons or place Would make an exchange in my mind!

The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,
I should, were He always thus high, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
While blessed with a sense of His love, A palace a toy would appear;

But when I am happy in Him December's as pleasant as May,
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

No. 27  Webster. S. M.

1. Awake and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dying love; Sing of His rising pow'r;
3. Sing, till we feel our hearts As cond - ing with our tongues;
4. Sing, on your heav'nly way, Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Webster. S. M. Concluded.

1. Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
   Sing how He intercedes a-bove, For those whose sins He bore.
   Sing that the love of sin de-parts, And grace inspires our songs.
   Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day In Christ th'exalted King.

No. 28  Guide. 7s. D.


1. Holy Spirit, faithful guide, Ever near the Christian's side,
   Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land.
   For us present, truest friend, Ever near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Gropping on in darkness drear.
2. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release.
   Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there.

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Webster. S. M. Concluded.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see!
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweetness to me.
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2. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release.
   Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there.

Weary souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Wading deep the dia - mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Js - ear blood,

Whis-per soft - ly, wan - der - er come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
No. 29. Downs. C. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Lord, I believe; Thy pow'r, I own, Thy word I would obey;
2. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears Some times beset my soul and weak;
3. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know My faith is cold and weak;
4. Yes, I believe; and only Thou Canst give my soul relief;

I wander, comfortless and lone, Wherefrom Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee with pray'ers and tears; And cry for strength and light.
My weakness strengthen, and bestow The confidence I seek.
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow; "Help when my unbelief!"

No. 30. New Britain. C. M.

Chapter.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,
6. The world shall soon to ruin go, The sun for bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.
This grace has bro't me safe this far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.
I shall possess with in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
But God, who called me here below, Shall be forever mine.

No. 31. Ninety-Third. S. M.

1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear!
2. Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man;
3. Grace first in-scribed my name In God's eternal book;
4. Grace led my roving feet To tread the heavenly road;
5. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made mine eyes overflow;
6. Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days;

Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the saints shall hear.
And all the steps of grace display Whose drawn the wondrous plan.
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.
And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
It lays in heaven's topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

No. 32. Idumea. S. M.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this body down!
2. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from the grave shall rise,
3. How shall I leave the tomb? With triumph or remorse?
4. I must from God be driven; Or with my Savior dwell;

And must this trembling spirit fly Into a world unknown.
To see the Judge with glory crowned, And view the blazing shafts.
A fearful or a joyful doom? A curse or blessing meet?
Must come at His command to heaven, Or else depart to hell.
No. 33.  Soft Music.  7, 6, 7, 7.  

B. F. White.

1. Soft, soft music is stealing, Sweet, sweetingers the strain;
2. Join, join children of sadness, Send, send sorrow away;
3. Hope, hope, fair and enduring, Joy, joy, bright as the day;
4. Loud, loud now it is psalming, Waking the echoes again!

No. 35.  Satisfied

J. R. B., Jr.

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in "Boundless Love"  J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Over the river I'll abide, Livethereforever,
2. Sickness and sorrowNe'erbe-tide, Gladness to-morrow, Sat-is-fied.
3. Song will be ringing On that side, 'Till join the singing.

No. 36.  Struggle On.


1. Our praying time will soon be o'er, Hal-le-lu-jah, We'll
2. To love and bless and praise the name, Hal-le-lu-jah, Of

join with these who've gone before, Hal-lelu-jah; Struggle on, struggle on,
Jesus Christ, the bleeding Lamb, Hal-le-lu-jah; Struggle on, struggle on,

Hal-lelu-jah, Struggle on, for the work's not done, Hal-le-lu-jah.

No. 34.  Wake With God.  L. M.

Watts.  L. O. Emerson.

1. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship Thee
2. I have been there, and still would go; 'Tis like a light hearth below;
3. O, write upon my memory, Lord, The text and doctrine of Thy word,
4. With the'st of Christ and things divine, Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
No. 37.  Hebron.  L. M.  Dr. L. Mason.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head,
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell, Tell me a thousand frightful things.

And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace,
But He forgives my follies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed,
My God in safety makes me dwell Beneath the shadow of His wings.

No. 37 A.  My Soul, Be On Thy Guard
George Heath  Lowell Mason

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle never give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the victory won; Nor lay thine armor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies,
new it boldly ev'ry day, And help divine implore,
work of faith will not be done; Till thou obtain the crown,
take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.

1. Sweet rivers of redeeming love Lie just before mine eyes;
2. While I'm imprisoned here below In anguish, pain and smart,
3. I view the monster Death, and smile, For he has lost his sting;
4. A few more days or years at most, My troubles will be o'er.

Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those rivers rise;
Oft-times my troubles I forego, While love surrounds my heart;
And Satan trembles all the while, Triumphant I can sing;
And I shall join the heav'nly host On Canaan's peaceful shore.

SWEET RIVERS.

Arranged.

1. Sweet rivers of redeeming love Lie just before mine eyes;
2. While I'm imprisoned here below In anguish, pain and smart,
3. I view the monster Death, and smile, For he has lost his sting;
4. A few more days or years at most, My troubles will be o'er.

I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind,
In dark-est shadows of the night, Faith mounts the upper sky;
I hold my Saviour in my arms, And will not let Him go;
My happy soul will drink and feast On love's unbounded sea;

And cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave this world behind.
I then behold my heart's de-light, And could rejoice to die!
I'm so de-light-ed with His charms, No other good I know.
The glorious hope of endless rest Is pleasing news to me.
Passing Away. C. M.

1. Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come,
2. There shall my dis-em-bodied soul View Jesus and adore;
3. Shall see Him wear that very flesh On which my guilt was lain;
4. Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear The trumpet's quickening sound,
5. If such the views which grace unfold, Weak as it is below,
6. O may theunction of these truths For ever with me stay;

Angels will hover 'round my bed And waft my spirit home.
Be with His likeness satisfied, And grieve and sin no more.
His love intense His merit fresh, As though but newly slain.
And by my Saviour's power re-built, At His right hand be found.
What rapture must the church have In Jesus' presence know!
Till from her sinful rage dismissed My spirit flies away.

CHORUS.

We are passing away, We are passing away.

We are passing away. To the great rising day.

No. 40. All To Christ I Owe.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now I find Thy power and Thine alone,
3. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—
4. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise,
5. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Then Jesus paid it all, Shall read the vaulted skies.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all, All the debt I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed me white as snow.
No. 41  
Preservation.  C. M.  
John R. Daily

1. Now in Thy praise, eternal King, Be all my that's employed:
2. Oft the united powers of hell My soul have sore annoyed;
3. In all the paths thro' which I've pass'd, What mercies I've enjoyed,
4. When I with God in heaven appear, There shall I Him adore.

While of this precious truth I sing, "Cast down but not destroyed," And yet I live, this truth to tell, "Cast down but not destroyed," And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not destroyed," Destroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

No. 42  
Conquering Love  
Songs of Solomon 2:8-13  
Elder John R. Daily

1. The voice of my beloved spoke And sweetly said to me.
2. The flow'rs now are sending out The breath of sweet perfume.
3. "The fig tree put forth her figs The vines with grapes abound,
4. "Tis my desire to dwell below With Him my Husband, Friend.

A-rise, my love, the world for-sake, And come a-way with me.
The hills sides echo with a shout, The birds their songs resume.
The buds adorn the tender twigs, The hills with grass are crowned.
And when from this vain world I go, To His abode ascend.

For lo! the winter now is past, The chilling winds are o'er.
"The turtle dove lifts up her voice To sing her Maker's praise;"
"A-rise, my love, and come a-way My fair one, hear My voice,"
There, there, a mid that holy throng, I hope to find a place.

The sweet springtime has come at last, The sun shines out once more.
Come now and let your heart rejoice, Your voice in rapture raise.
In darkness now no longer stay, In holy light rejoice.
While endless ages roll along To rest in His embrace.
No. 43  Gospel Trumpet.  7s and 6s.

1. Be hold the mount of Zion, The city of our God!
The beauty of creation, And place of His abode.
Christ is the great foundation On which the building stands;
He reared for His own glory, This temple, without hands.

2. Thro' everlasting ages This house shall stand secure;
The Lord for it engages His wisdom, love and pow'r;
Christ shall the hosts of Satan against it e'er prevail;
The kingdoms be demolished, And heaven and earth should fail.

3. The Rock on which it's founded Will last without decay;
With walls it is surrounded, Which guard it ev'ry way.
Each stone is wisely polished, And fitted to its place;
And all are well cemented With God's redeeming grace.

4. Nor storms nor persecutions Shall ever beat it down;
Nor floods of tribulation Shall move a single stone.
With Christ they all shall triumph Over sin, and death and hell.
And with Him in His glory They shall forever dwell.

No. 44.  Pleasant Hill.  C. M.  8 Lines.

1. Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn, Its sweetest virtue know.
More needful this than glistening wealth, Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health Could give us such relief.

2. O may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stub-born will subdued, His government to own.
Let deep repentance, faith and love, Be joined with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove My heart to be sincere.

3. Preserve me from the snares of sin, Thro' my remaining days.
And in me let each virtue shine, To my Redeemer's praise.
Let lively hope my soul inspire, Let warm affections rise,
And may I wait with strong desire To mount above the skies.
No. 45  Sweet Hour of Prayer.  8s.

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W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
   2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear,
   3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I Thy consolation share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless,
Till, from Mt. Pis-gah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight;

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft'en found relief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my every care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 46  Tennessee.  C. M.  8 Lines.

1. Afflictions, tho' they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," He said, "But hunger, shame and fear!
3. His father saw Him coming back; He saw, and ran and smiled,
4. "Now let the fat-ted calf be slain; Go spread the news a-round;

They stopped the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent.
My father's house abounds with bread, While I am starving here.
And threw His arms around the neck Of His repenting child.
My son was dead, but lives again. Was lost, but now is found.

Altho' he no relenting felt, Till He had spent his store...
I'll go and tell Him all I've done, And fall before His face;
Father, I've sinned, but O forgive! "E-nough," the Father said;
Tis thus the Lord His love reveals, To call His children home;

His stub-born heart began to melt, When famine pinched him sore.
Unworthy to be called His son, I'll seek a servant's place.
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive, For whom I mourned as dead."
More than a Father's love He feels, And bids the needy come.
No. 47
White. C. M.

E. Dumas.

1. Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell, Your springs of joy are dry;
2. Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care Has long engaged my love;
3. Cheerful I leave this vale of tears, Where pains and sorrows grow;
4. No more shall sin disturb my breast, My God shall frown no more;
5. Fly, then, ye interposing days, Lord, send the summons down;

My soul now seeks another home, A brighter world on high.
Your fond embrace I now exchange For better friends above.
Welcome the day that ends my toil And every scene of woe.
The streams of love divine shall yield Transports unknown before.
The hand that strikes me to the dust Shall raise me to a crown.

Chorus.

I'm a long time traveling here below, I'm a long time traveling a-
way from home: I'm a long time traveling here below, To lay this body down.

No. 48
The Land of Rest. C. M.

James G. Douthit and Wm. Walker.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints imm mortal reign;
2. There ever-laiting spring abounds, And never-failing flowis;
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea;
5. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
And fitter, shining on the brink, And fear to launch a way.
And see the Canaan that we love With unclouded eyes.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Shall fright us from the shore.

Chorus. Slow and soft.

O heaven, sweet heaven! Home of the blest! How I long to be there,

In its glories to share, And to lean on my Saviour's breast.
No. 49.  **When I Am Gone.**

With feeling.

Arr.

1. Shed not a tear o'er a friend's ear-ly bier, When I am gone,
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in pray'ring, When I am gone,
3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone,

when I am gone; Smile when the slow toll-ing bell you shall hear,
when I am gone; Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
when I am gone; Sing a sweet song such as an-gels may have,

When I am gone, when I am gone, Weep not for me as you
When I am gone, when I am gone, Sing of the Lamb who on
When I am gone, when I am gone, Praise ye the Lord that I'm

stand 'round my grave, Think who has rest, His be-lov-ed to save, Think of the earth once was slain, Sing of the Lamb who in heav-en doth reign, Sing till the freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord, that my joy you may share, Look up to
crown all the ran-som'd shall wear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
earth shall be filled with His name, When I am gone, when I am gone.
heav'n and be-lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, when I am gone.

No. 50.  **Bethany.** 6s. & 4s.

Sarah Flower Adams.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee;
2. Theo' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n;
4. Then with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise;
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Clear-ing the sky,

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-es me,
Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,
All that Thou send-ed me In mer-cy giv'n,
Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars for-got, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
No. 51.  Peaceful Slumber.

A. N. W.

1. Thou art gone, our precious loved one, Never more canst thou return;
2. Then beyond there'll be no sorrow, We'll be free from every care;
3. Thou art gone, our precious loved one, Never more we'll meet again;
4. Some sweet day we'll meet our loved ones, In that home so bright and fair;

Thou shalt sleep a peaceful slumber, Till the resurrection morn.
In that city bright, eternal, And its joys for ever share.
Till we meet beyond the river, Free from all our toil and pain.
There we'll meet to part, no, never, In the resurrection morn.

Chorus.

We shall meet to part, no, never, By and by, by and by.

We shall meet to part, no, never, In the resurrection morn.

No. 52.  Beyond.

Fred. Woodrow.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

1. There's a city bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the river,
2. Sin and sorrow are no more, Just beyond, beyond the river,
3. There we shall with Jesus meet, Just beyond, beyond the river,
4. In that city bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the river,

All are good and happy there, Just beyond, beyond the river;
Death comes not upon the shore, Just beyond, beyond the river;
And the good in glory meet, Just beyond, beyond the river;
All the saints may gather there, Just beyond, beyond the river;

Streets of gold are shining bright, Angels walk the plains of light,
None are sad with want or care, Pain or sickness none shall bear.
Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Man or God and saints of old,
We may meet to part no more, All our troubles will be o'er,

And there never cometh night, Just beyond, beyond the river.
All are happy over there, Just beyond, beyond the river.
 Martyrs with their crowns of gold, Just beyond, beyond the river.
 When we reach that shining shore, Just beyond, beyond the river.
No. 53  Wondrous Love. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What
2. When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down, When
3. Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear the news, Ye
4. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing, To
5. Ye friends of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise, Ye

wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this,
I was sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking down
winged seraphs fly, bear the news, Ye winged seraphs fly,
God and to the Lamb, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb,
friends of Zion's King, join the praise, Ye friends of Zion's King,

That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my
Beaath God's righteous frown, Christ laid aside His crown for my
Like comet's thru the sky, Fill vast eternity with the
Jehovah, great I am, While millions join the theme, I will
With hearts and voices sing, And strike each tuneful string, In His

soul, for my soul! To bear the dreadful curse of my soul
soul, for my soul! Christ laid aside His crown for my soul
news, with the news. Fill vast eternity with the news,
sing, I will sing, While millions join the theme, I will sing,
praise, in His praise, And strike each tuneful string in His praise.

No. 54. Garden. C. P. M.

1. A walk'd by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
2. And I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell,
3. I heard with rap-ture tell How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
4. But while I thus in anguish lay, Jesus of Nazareth passed that way;
5. To heaven my joyful praises flew, Singing that song forever new,

And knew not where to go, And knew not where to go;
For death and hell drew near, For death and hell drew near;
And broke the fowler's snare, And broke the fowler's snare;
It was the time of love: It was the time of love:
To Christ my voice did raise: To Christ my voice did raise;

O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain, Twas said I must be born again,
I strove in deed, but strove in vain; The sinner must be born again,
Yet when I found this truth remain, The sinner must be born again,
He then released me from my pain, By showing me I was born again,
All hail the Lamb that once was slain, Unnumbered millions born again,

Or sink in endless woe, Or sink in endless woe.
Still sounded in my ear, Still sounded in my ear.
I sunk in deep despair, I sunk in deep despair.
To dwell with Him above, To dwell with Him above.
Shall shout Thine endless praise, Shall shout Thine endless praise.
No. 55  Remembers.  8s & 6s.
J. R. D.
Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

1. Amid the sorrows of the way, Thro' starless night and cloudy day,
2. The cares of life are crowding fast, And o'er my way their shadows cast,
3. Then on Him let me cast my care His guidance and support to share,

This is my hope—my only stay, The Lord remembers me.
But this supports me to the last, The Lord remembers me.
I'll never sink in dark despair, For He remembers me.

REFRAIN.

The Lord remembers me, The Lord remembers me,

I need not fear if He is near, The Lord remembers me.

No. 56  Am I A Soldier Of The Cross?
L. P. Breedlove.
Alto by W. M. McGee.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.

Must I be carried to the skies on flow'ry beds of ease;
Sure I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord!
When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine

While others fought to win the prize, And bled thro' blood - y seas?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
In robes of vic'try thro' the skies, The glory shall be Thine.
No. 57.  Better Farther On.
A. N. W.  A. N. Whitten, owner, 1924.  A. N. Whitten

1. Oft I hear hope sweetly singing, Softly in an under-tone:
2. Farther on, but how much farther? Count the milestones one by one;
3. Hope, my soul, hope on forever, All thy doubts and fears be gone,

Sing-ing as if God had taught her, It is better farther on.
No, no counting, only trusting, It is better farther on.
Jesus will forsake thee never, It is better farther on.

No. 58.  There Is A Fountain.
Wm. Cowper, 1779.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear, dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
4. Ever since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. They in a nobler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as He Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lis-ping, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Refrain.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as He, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lis-ping, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.
No. 59. Over the River.

Kate Cameron.

By permission. R. M. McIntosh.

1. When our work is ended, we shall sweetly rest, Mid the sainted spirits,
   Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last, And our greatest troubles
   When the storm is o’er, sweet will be the calm, After life’s long battle
   safe on Jesus’ breast; All our trials o’er, we shall gladly sing,
   quickly will be past; If we look to Jesus, He will give us strength;
   bright the victor’s palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down;

Chorus.

Gravel! where is thy victory? Death! where is thy sting!
By His grace we shall be conquerors at length, The dark waves roll
We’ll exchange in heaven for a shining crown.

high, we will be undismayed, “Let us pass over the river, And
rest under the shade, rest under the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees.”

*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The
   closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

No. 60. Words of Love. 8s and 7s. Double.

A. J. S. G. W. Kesler.

1. By and by, O weary brother, By and by all toil will cease,
2. By and by, O soul disheartened, By and by we’ll cease from sin,
3. By and by, O soul impatient, By and by the call will come;

And the ills which here beset us, Will be lost in endless peace.
By and by we’ll reach that city, By and by we’ll enter in.
By and by we’ll hear the summons, “Weary child, come home, come home.”

Chorus.

By and by! O words of comfort! By and by! O words of love!
By and by we’ll find our haven in the port of heaven above.
No. 61. Zion
Thos. Kelly

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands,Welcome
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? How thy
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee, He Himself appears thy friend; All thy
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee; All thy warfare now be past; God, thy

news to Zion bearing—Zion, long in hostile lands: Mournings captive,
foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved, O God, how mourning;
foes shall flee before thee: Here the boast of triumphant end: Great deliverance
Savior will defend thee: Victor is thine at last: All thy conflicts

God Himself will loose thy band: Mournings captive, God Himself will loose thy bands,
Zion still is well-beloved: Overseas mourning: Zion still is well-beloved: Zion's King will surely send, Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send:
End in everlasting rest, All thy conflicts sent in everlasting rest.

No. 62. Mother, Tell Me Of The Angels.
Wyatt Minshall.

1. Mother, tell me of the angels, Tell me of that joyous band;
2. I am weary waiting, mother; Long ago He went away:
3. Mother, let us go, and meet Him O'er the bounding billows foam;

Tell me of their blest employment In the glorious spirit land,
And He said He'd bring back brother, oh, how sweetly we would play.
Yes, I know that we shall greet Him In the angels heav'nly home.

Tell me, mother, where is father? Is He on that blissful shore,
Mother, when I wake at morning, Then I think that father's near;
There we'll part again, O never, But, with joy no tongue can tell,

Cho.—Angels, blessed, shining angels, Soon will bear us to the shore,

No. 61A. GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, I AM THINE.
A. C. DENGE. Re-written by H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, I would Thine forever be; Let Thy love within me shine, Let me fully trust in Thee.
2. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, O's Thy bosom let me rest; Let Thy arms around me twine, As with care I'm sore oppressed.
3. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, O the joy of such a claim; And I know that Thou art mine, Sire, To Thy blessed name.

Where He said we'd dwell forever, And sad partings come no more?
But I wait till twilights coming, Still my father is not here.
We shall live together, ever, Where angelic spirits dwell.

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And sad partings come no more.
No. 63  I Would See Jesus

L. P. Breedlove

1. I would see Jesus when the flower's Of joy adorn my way.
2. To those who know the Lord, I speak! Is my beloved near?
3. Grace flies before and love attends His steps wherever He goes.
4. Then love in every heart would reign, And war would cease to roar.

When sunshine and when hope surrounds My path from day to day,
The Bridegroom of my soul I seek, O when will He appear?
Though none can see Him but His friends, And they were once His foes.
And cruel and bloodthirsty men Would thirst for blood no more.

When friends I cherish most are near, And hearts encircle mine,
Though once a man of grief and shame, Yet now He fills a throne,
He speaks obedient to His call Our warm affections move,
Such Jesus is, and such His grace; Oh may He shine on you:

Then Father, would I turn from all, To lean alone on Thee,
And bear the greatest, sweetest name, That earth or heav'n has known.
Dost He but shine a little on all, Then all a little would love,
And tell Him when you see His face, I long to see Him, too.

No. 64  Canaan's Land. C. M. D.

E. I. King

1. Oh, for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul a-way
2. I need the influence of Thy grace To speed me on my way,
3. From rocks of pride on either hand, From quicksands of despair,

To that celestial world above, Where pleasures never decay,
Lest I should loiter in my race, Or turn my feet a-stray.
Oh, guide me safe to Canaan's land, Through every Lauren another.

Eternal Spirit, design to be My Pilot here below,
Are not Thy mercies Sovereign still, And Thou a faithful God?
Anchor me in that port of love, On that celestial shore.

To steer thro' life's tempestuous sea, Where stormy winds do blow.
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer soul To run the heavenly road?
Where dashing billows never move, Where tempests never roar.
No. 65. Happy To Meet Again.

Anon.  J. F. Kens.

1. Brethren, we have met again; Let us join to pray and sing;
2. Many days and weeks have past; Since we met together last,
3. Many of our friends are gone To their long, eternal home;
4. Brethren, tell me how you do, Does your love continue true?
5. If you wish to know of me, How I am, or what I be,
6. Weak and wounded, sick and lame, All un-holy, all unclean;

Christ our blessed Saviour reigns, Praise Him in the highest strains.
Yet our lives do still remain; Here on earth we meet again.
We are waiting here below; Soon we shall rise and go.
Are you waiting for your King, When He shall return again.
Here I am—behold who will—Sure I am a sinner still.
Yet I would from sin be free, And the Lord remember me.

No. 65½ Parting, When Languor And Disease Invade.

Toplady.  A. N. Whitten.

1. When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay,
2. Sweet to look in ward and attend The whispers of His love;
3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down;
4. Sweet on His faith fulness to rest; Whose love can never end;
5. Sweet in the confidence of faith, To trust His firm decrease;
6. If such the sweetness of the stream, What must the fountain be;

'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain, And long to fly away.
Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads above.
Sweet to look for ward, and be hold Eternal joys my own.
Sweet on the promise of His grace For all things to depend.
Sweet to His presence in His hands, And know no will but His.
Where saints and angels draw their bliss, Directly, Lord, from Thee.

No. 66. Firm Foundation.

George Keith. 1787.  Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your feet.
2. In every condition—in sickness, in health; In poverty's
3. 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy Guide.
4. 'When thou' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of
5. 'When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient.
6. 'Even down to old age all my people shall prove My sov'reign, et.
7. 'The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose, I will not, I

1. faith in His excel lent word! What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a bound ing in wealth; At home and abroad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
4. wo shall not thee o ver flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. client, shall be thy sup ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. ter nal, un change a ble love; And when hoary hairs shall their
7. not, do sort to His feet; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un to Jesus for refuge have fled?
2. land, on the sea—'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be;
3. cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
4. trou bloes to bless, And sanctified to thee thy deep est distress.
5. om ly do sign Thy dews to con sume, and thy gold to re fine.
6. tem ples a dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
7. de avor to shake, I'll nev er, no nev er, no nev er for sake!
No. 67

The Beautiful Land.

H. E. Eagle.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je-sus, my
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from
3. We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land on high, And be with the

Sav-iour, is there; He has gone to pro-pare me a home on high-
- sor-row and care; And I trust I shall meet them above the sky-
bright and the fair; Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-

CHORUS.

Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there! In that beau-

In that beau-ti-ful land,

We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land.

No. 66.

Enough For Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free!
2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal-

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel that sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel its clean-sing pow-er, And that's e-nough for me!

And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me,
And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me,
And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me,

I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel that sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel its clean-sing pow-er, And that's e-nough for me.
No. 69. Over There.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, (o-ver there,) Where the saints, all immor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white (o-ver there,) O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

2. Oh think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us their journey have tred, (o-ver there,) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God (o-ver there,) O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

Refrain.

No. 70. God Be With You.
J. E. Rankin.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, up-hold you; With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we

2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you; Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you; God be with you till we

3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-li's thick con-found you; Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we

4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you; Smite the threat'ning waves before you; God be with you till we

Chorus.

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

meet at Je-sus' feet; till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

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

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
No. 71.  Columbus.

1. Oh, once I had a glorious view, Of my redeeming Lord,
2. Oh, what immortal joys I felt, On that celestial day,
3. Once I could joy His saints to meet, To me they were most dear;
4. I forward go in duty's way, But can't perceive Him there;
5. What shall I do? shall I lie down, And sink in deep despair?

He said, "I'll be a God to you," And I believed His word.
When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissolved a way!
I then could stoop to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear;
Then backwards on the road I stray, But cannot find Him there:
Will He forever wear a frown, Nor hear my feeble prayer?

But now I have a deeper stroke, Than all my groanings are;
But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone;
But now I meet them as the rest, And with them joy less stay;
On the left hand where He doth work, Among the wicked crew,
No; He will put His strength in me, He knows the way I've strolled:

My God has me of late forsaken, He's gone I know not where;
I've strayed, I'm left, I know not how; The light's from me withdrawn.
My conversation's spiritless, Or else I've naught to say.
And on the right I find Him not, Among the favored few.
And when I'm tried sufficient, I shall come forth as gold.

No. 72.  Wayfaring Stranger.

1. I am a poor, way-faring stranger, While journeying thro' this world of woe;
2. I know dark clouds will gather round me, I know my way is rough and steep;
3. I'll soon be freed from every trial, My body'll sleep in the old church yard;
4. I want to wear a crown of glory, When I get home to that good land:

Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor danger In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me, Where God's redeemed vigil keep.
I'll drop the cross of self-denial, And enter there to see my Lord.
I want to shout salvation's story, In concert with the blest redeemed.

Chorus.

I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm going there to see my mother, She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm going there to see my demons, We're gone before me one by one;
I'm going there to see my Saviour, To sing His praise for ever more;

I'm only going o'er Jordan, I'm only going o'er homes—
No. 73.   Dear Mother.

A. N. W.    A. N. Whitten.

1. I hear the low winds sighing, Among the bows that wave; Beneath dear
2. The pale moon shines so faintly, Yet I in fancy see Her face so
3. I feel so very lonely, The future seems so drear, My dear Re-

mother lying So quiet in her grave, Unbidden tears have started, As
pure and saintly, As when she smiled on me. Although she's safe in glo-

deemer only, Can make the pathway clear. Of wounds past mortal healing, There's

by the mound I bow, I think of when we parted, I have no mother now.
care beclouds my brow, There's sorrow in my story, I have no mother now.

few like this I trow, This sad heart-broken feeling, I have no mother now.

No. 74.    No Vacant Seats In Heaven

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MRS. J. B. EDWARDS SOPRANO
A. N. WHITTEM HARMONY

1. Our hearts are filled with sorrow, When Jesus calls to
2. No heart-aches up in Heaven, No sad farewells to
3. I long for that bright City, By faith I view that

claim His own. A seat is then left vacant, Yes, those we love, No earthly ties are
happy band, Hark; hear the angels singing, So

va-cant in our earth-ly Home, Jesus reigns in Heav'n a-
sweet-ly in the glo-ry land.

Heav-en, No va-cant seats a-round God's Throne, Up there tis

joy and gladness Oh, glo-ry land sweet Heav'n-ly Home.

P. S. Composed by Mrs. J. B. Edwards. After hearing a sermon preached
by Elder E. C. Mahurin.
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail Him who saved you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Let every kindred every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all.
4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all.

Refrain

And crown Him Lord of all.

By and By.

1. O'er Jordan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that happy land so sweet, By and by, by and by;
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall join the heavenly choir, By and by, by and by; We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
4. There we'll join the ransomed throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;

We shall gather on the shore, With our kindred gone before, We shall gather on the shore, With our kindred gone before.

And the Saviour's name adore, By and by, by and by.
Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by, by and by.
We shall praise forever there, By and by, by and by.
And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.
No. 77. Beyond The Golden Sunset Sky.
W. C. H.
W. C. Hafle.

1. Beyond the golden sunset sky, Beyond the rolling wave,
2. Beyond these pangs that parting bring, Beyond this earthly vale,
3. Our refuge is the Lord our God; His life for us He gave,
4. Then as we journey let us sing—Sing of His pow’r to save;

Beyond each earth-ly tear and sigh, We’ll meet beyond the grave.
We’ll meet where joys e-ter-nal spring; And love shall nev-er fail.
His gave that life that we might live, And His a-lone can save.
Sing How He burst the bars of death, And triumphed o’er the grave.

Chorus.
We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more;
Yes, we’ll meet, Yes, we’ll meet, part no more;

We shall meet, we shall meet, We’ll meet to part no more.
Yes, we’ll meet, Yes we’ll meet,

No. 78. We’ll Wait Till Jesus Comes.
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.
Dr. Wm. Miller. Arr. by W. J. E.

1. Oh, land of rest for Thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tranquill joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt’ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour’s side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world’s a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He can-duct me home.
With Him I’ll brave death’s chill-ing tide, And reach my heav’n-ly home.

Chorus.
We’ll wait, till Je-sus comes, We’ll wait, till Je-sus comes,
We’ll wait, till Je-sus comes, We’ll wait,

We’ll wait, till Je-sus comes, And we’ll be gath-ered home.
We’ll wait,
No. 79.  The Great Physician.


1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. Your many sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glory to the dy-ing Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
4. The chil-dren too, both great and small, Who love the name of Jesus;
5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise, Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
6. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus;
7. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Jesus.

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
May now accept the gracious call To work and live for Jesus.
Come, sinners, all your voices raise, Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.
We'll sing a round the throne of love His name, the name of Jesus.

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

No. 80.  Thorny Desert

From The Christian Harmony

Rev. Wm. Walker  Arr. Roland Graen

1. Dark and thorny is the desert Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
2. Oh young soldiers, are you weary Of the troubles on the way?
3. He whose thorns and thistles cause you pain Who hides the plans of evil;
4. There on flow'ry hills of pleasure In the fields of endless rest;
5. Oh! their crowns how bright they sparkle Such as monarchs never wear,

But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day;
Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vigour to decay;
He who rides up on the tempest, And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Love and joy and peace shall ever reign in triumph in your breast.
They are gone to heav'nly pasture; Jesus is their Shepherd there.

Friends, loud howling thro' the desert, Make them tremble as they go;
Jesus will go with you; He will lead you to His throne.
Round Him are ten thousand angels, Ready to obey command;
Who can paint the scenes of glory Where the ransomed dwell on high?
Hail, ye happy happy saviour! Welcome to the blissful plain!

And the fiery darts of Satan Often bring their courage low,
He who dyed His garments for you, And the wine-press trod alone.
They are all as boisterous round you, Till you reach the heavenly land,
Where the golden harps for ever Sound redemption thru' the sky.
Glorious, honor, and salvation Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

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No. 83  Last Words. C. M.

Miss Sarah Lancaster.

1. Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

And thou refulgent

And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,

And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,

And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,

And thou refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall see my God.
The Father of eternal light Shall there His beams display; Nor shall our moment's darkness mix With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes; Nor the meridian sun decline. Amidst those brighter skies.

There are the millions of His saints Shall in one song unite; And each the bliss of all shall view With infinite delight.

No. 84. The City of Light. 12s and 9s.

Used by permission of A. S. Kiefer.

Words and Music by A. S. Kiefer.

1. There's a city of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a sorrow or care; And the gates are of pearl, and the street are of gold, And the building exceeding fair.

2. Broth-er dear, nev-er fear—we shall triumph at last, Let us weep-ings are past, We shall meet in that home, up in heav'n. Let us pray for each bra-cies-ly clear, And your morning shall turn to a song.

3. Sis-ter dear, nev-er fear—for the Savour is near, With His streets are of gold, And the building exceeding fair.

4. Let us walk in the light of the gos-pel di-vine; Let us al-most in sight And I trust in my heart we'll be there.

D. S. For that home is so bright, and is oth-er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sorrow and care;
No. 85 Angel Band. C. M.

1. My last sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run,
2. I know I'm near the holy ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear;
3. I've almost reached my heav'nly home, My spirit loud-ly sings;
4. O, bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strong'est tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be-gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross-ing must be near.
The ho-ly ones, be-hold, they come! I hear their ves-per wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic-to-ry.

Chorus.

O, come, an-gel band, Come and a-round me stand, O,
bear me a-way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home,

No. 86 Raymond. C. M. John G. McCurry.

1. My soul, come med-i-tate the day, And think how near it stands
When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands,
unknown lands, And fly to un-known lands,

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands,

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands,

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to un-known lands, unknown lands.

2 And you, my eyes look down and view 3 O could we die with those that die,
The hollow, gaping tomb; And place us in their stead,
This gloomy prison waits for you, Then would our spirits learn to fly
When-ever the summons come. And converse with the dead.
No. 87

Sherburne. C. M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around:

And glory shone around, And glory shone around;

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around;

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

No. 88

Primrose. G. M.

Chapin

1. Salutation! O the joyful sound! Tis pleasure to my ears;

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay!

3. Salutation! Let the echo fly. The spacious earth around,

A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

But we arise by grace divine. To see a heavenly day.

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

No. 89

My Dream

J. M. HENRY

1. I sat by my Saviour, and looked on His face. True full of His glory. And smiling with grace.

2. His smile was endearing. His touch so divine. His presence made me shudder. This vision of mine.

3. I could not leave it, that was such and such. Could sit down with Jesus in glory on high.

4. The poor soul tells us, and we all of us deep with His power.

5. O wonderful story! I would still dream, And rest with my Saviour by life's flowing stream,
No. 90  Stratfield. L. m.

1. Thro' ev'ry age, e-ter-nal God, Thou art our rest, our

High was Thy throne ere

safe...... a-bode;

High

was Thy throne ere hea'n was made, Or earth, Thy hum-ble foot-stool, laid.

No. 91.  Fair Haven.

Slow.  Scotch Air.

1. Hail, sweet-est, de-arest tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;

2. No lin-gering hope, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows;

High was Thy throne ere hea'n was made, Or earth, Thy hum-ble foot-stool, laid.

D. S.—The hope when days and years have passed, We all shall meet in hea'n.

was Thy throne ere hea'n was made, Or earth, Thy hum-ble foot-stool, laid.

High was Thy throne ere hea'n was made, Or earth, Thy was

Fine.

Sacred hope that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine.
The friend-ship beams from ev'-ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows.

D. S. It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sac-red hope, oh, bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;
No. 92  
From All That's Mortal  
Adams, C. M.  

1. From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly clothe.  
2. In all the beauty of the skies, Wherever thou hast trod.  
3. Not life, nor all the toys of art, Nor pleasure's flowery road.  
4. When I am made in love to bear Affliction's needful load.  
5. And when the icy hand of death Shall chill my flowing blood.  
6. When I at last to heav'n ascend, And gain my bliss above.  

A rise, my soul, and strive to gain Sweet fellowship with God.  
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys, Like fellowship with God?  
Can to my soul such bliss impart, As fellowship with God;  
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear, Thro' fellowship with God.  
O, may I yield my lastest breath In fellowship with God.  
There an eternity I'll spend, In fellowship with God.  

Sweet fellowship with God, Sweet fellowship with God,  
Like fellowship with God, Like fellowship with God,  
As fellowship with God, As fellowship with God,  
Thro' fellowship with God, Thro' fellowship with God.  
In fellowship with God, In fellowship with God,  
In fellowship with God, In fellowship with God.  

A rise my soul and strive to gain, Sweet fellowship with God.  
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys, Like fellowship with God.  
Can to my soul such bliss impart, As fellowship with God;  
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear, Thro' fellowship with God.  
O, may I yield my lastest breath In fellowship with God.  
There an eternity I'll spend, In fellowship with God.  

No. 93  
Through The Shadow.  
R. W. Cothern.  

1. Master, why do the clouds hang low; Why does the sun no longer glow;  
2. Give us the courage to bear our cross, Counting our life as all but loss;  
3. Life is a tangle of toil and care, Doubts and dark fears, so hard to bear,  

Why is my going so stayed and slow, Over the sands of time?  
Sweeten the purging of every cross, Bringing us forth as gold.  
Frighten our soul from its bow'r of prayer When Thou art far away.  

Thro' the dark skies, O, let me see Glimmerings of eternity,  
Tell us, 0 Lord, Thou art not far; Come in Thy love right where we are,  
Grant us thro' faith an open door, Looking beyond this earthly shore,  

Hold-ing a welcoming light for me Over the path divine.  
0 for a gleam of that great Day Star, Shining within our soul.  
Where the poor pilgrim will doubt no more, In that Eternal Day.
No. 94

Ballstown. L. M.

1. Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
   To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
   To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Little children are left to their father's care, Wending their feet oft will tire in the rugged road; Sad and lone they will be;
   But a dear mother's hand beckons in the blessed way, Till they all meet her there in the home.
   They on earth exceed a thousand days of mirth.
   To spend one day with Thee on earth.

3. God is our sun, He makes our day;
   From all the assaults of hell and sin,
   From foes without, from foes within.

2. Might I enjoy the pleasant place
   Within Thy house, O God of grace;
   Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
   Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
   To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
   To spend one day with Thee on earth...
No. 96.  
**Ester, L. M.**

**John S. Terry**

1. Poor, weak and worthless tho' I am, I have a rich, Al-might-y Friend;
2. He ransomed me from hell with blood, And by His pow'r my foes confounded;
3. He cheers my heart, my want supplies, And says that I shall shortly be,

Jesus, the Sav'our, is His name—He freely loves, and without end.
He found me wand'rering far from God, And brought me to His chosen fold.
Enthroned with Him a-bove the skies—O what a Friend is Christ to me.

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No. 96A.  
**I Would Not Live Alway**

**J. M. Hendon**

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay, Where storms after
2. I would not live al-way thus fet-tered by sin— Tem-psta-tions with-
3. I would not live al-way; no—wel-come the tom-b; Since Je-sus hath
4. Who would live al-way, a-way from His God— A-way from you
5. There saints of all ages in har-mo-ny meet, Their Sav'our and

storm rises dark on the way; The few lu-cid morn-ings that
out and cor-rup-tion with-in; Even the rap-ture of par-don is
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till He
heav-en, that bliss-ful abode, Where riv-ers of pleas-ure flow
breth-ten transport-ed to greet; While an-thems of pleas-ure un-

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No. 97  
**I'd Like to See Beyond the Veil**

**Elder S. F. Moore**

1. Oh, paradise, sweet home above, Roll high your screen I pray And let me see the
2. Where nothing more can steal my soul For worship, joy and praise Her shift my gaze from
3. I long to have a brighter view Of Jesus and His train Of saints and happy

things I love Which nev-er can de-cay. Remove the veil that in-ter-venes And
things sublime To sin-ful, car-nal ways. Oh, let my soul dive deep to hide In
an-gels too Be-yond the stormy main. Lord, o-pen wide the por-tal gate Thru

blinds my faith and hope That I may ponder ho-ly scenes Up in a bright-er scope...
No. 98.  **It Is I. 12s and 8s.**  
I. Baltzell.  
Used by permission of Koechlin Kieffer & Co.  
A. S. Kieffer.

1. When the storm in its fury on Galilee fell, And  
2. The storm could not bury that word in the wave, Twas  
3. When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care, And  
4. When death is at hand, and  

lifted its waters on high, And the faithless disciples taught through the tempest to fly. It shall reach His disconsolate heart is ready to die, Then darkness shall pass, left with a tremendous sigh, The gracious Redeemer.  

FINE.  

Chorus:  

D.S.—“Fear not, trembling one, it is I.”  

“It is I. . . . . . It is I. . . . . . Fear not, trembling one,  

D.S.  

It is I.” In the midst of the storm, In the midst of the gloom,  

No. 99.  **Glory Shone Around.**  

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,  

The angel of the Lord came down and glo  

ry shone around,  

The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone around, The angel of the Lord came  

down and glory shone around, The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.  

The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone around, The angel of the Lord came  

shone a-round, The angel of the Lord came down and glory shone a-  

round,  

D. S.  

down, And glory shone a-round, and glory shone a-round.
No. 100  The Golden Harp.  L. M.  

1. Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind, To play on the golden harp,
   And fit me to approach my God, To play on the golden harp.
   I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the golden harp.

2. Remove each vain, each earthly thought, To play on the golden harp.
   And lead me to Thy blest abode, To play on the golden harp.
   C H O R U S.

3. Hast Thou imparted to my soul, To play on the golden harp.
   A living spark of holy fire, To play on the golden harp.
   To play on the golden harp, To play on the golden harp.

4. Oh, kindle now the sacred flame, To play on the golden harp.
   And make me burn with pure desire, To play on the golden harp.
   I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the golden harp.

5. A bright,er faith and hope impart, To play on the golden harp.
   And let me now my Savour see, To play on the golden harp.
   I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the golden harp.

6. Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, To play on the golden harp.
   And bid my spirit rest in Thee, To play on the golden harp.
   I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the golden harp.

No. 101. The Saints Bound For Heaven.  

1. Our bondage, it shall end, by and by, Our bondage it shall end, by and by;
   De-liv-er shall come, by and by, De-liv-er shall come, by and by;
   Hail the glorious jubilee; And to Canaan we’ll return, by and by.

2. Our De-liv-er shall come, by and by, Our De-liv-er shall come, by and by;
   And sorrows have an end, And sorrows have an end;
   With our three-score years and ten, And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3. Thou en-e-mies are strong, we’ll go on, we’ll go on, Thou en-e-mies are strong, we’ll go on;
   Our hearts melt with fear, Our hearts melt with fear;
   While the fiery pillar moves we’ll go on.

4. Thou, Marah’s bitter streams we’ll go on, we’ll go on, Thou, Marah’s bitter streams we’ll go on;
   When to Jordan’s floods we are come; Je-hovah rules the tide,
   To a land of corn and wine we’ll go on.

5. And when to Jordan’s floods we are come, we are come, And when to Jordan’s floods we are come, we are come;
   And the ransomed host shall shout, We are come.
   And the ransomed host shall shout, We are come.
No. 102
Sweet By and By.

5. Fillmore Bennett.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo-di-ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will offer our tribute of

CHORUS.

1. dwelling place there, In the sweet by and by We shall
2. bless-ing of rest, In the sweet by and by
3. hal-low our days, In the sweet by and by

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

No. 103
Hallelujah. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

1. And let this fee-ble bod- y fail, And let it faint and die;
2. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain;
3. O what hath Jo-sus bought for me? Before my rap-tured eyes,
4. With that en-rap-tured host I appear And wor-ship at Thy feet.

Chorus.

And I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah! And you'll sing hal-le-lu-jah!

And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah! When we ar-rive at home.
No. 104  Ocean.  C. M.  8 Lines.

1. Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rules the boundless sea,
The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way.

At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring wave;

At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring wave;
The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way.

At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring wave;

At Thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring wave; The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way.

No. 105.  Alas And Did My Saviour Bleed?

1. Alas and did my Saviour bleed? Alas and did my Saviour bleed?
2. Would He devote His sacred head, Would He devote His sacred head, For my Saviour bleed? Alas and did my Saviour bleed? And His sacred head, Would He devote His sacred head, For

CHORUS.

did my Sovereign die? I have but one more river to cross, I have but one more river to cross, and then I'll be at rest.
No. 106.  REDEEMING LOVE.

HENRY H. MUMAN.  A. S. KIEFFER.  By per.

1. O' help us, Lord! each hour of need, Thy heav'n-ly succor give;
2. O' help us, thro' the pray'r of faith, More firm-ly to be-lieve;
3. But be it, Lord of mer-cy, all, So Thou wilt grant but this:

Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live!
For still the more the serv-ant hath, The more shall he receive.
The crumbs that from Thy ta-ble fall Are light and life and blest.

O help us when our spir-its bleed, With con-trite an-guish more;
If stran-gers to Thy fold we call, Im-plor-ing at Thy feet,
O help us, Je-sus, from on high; We know no help but Thee:

And when our hearts are cold and dead, 'O help us, Lord, the more!
The crumbs that from Thy ta-ble fall, 'Tis all we dare on-treat.
O help us so to live and die, As Thine in heav'n to be!

No. 107.  Twilight Is Falling.


1. Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea; Shadows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of loved ones Songs of the past Still linger round me While life shall last;
3. Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bringing some mes-sage O-ver the sea,

Borne on the night-winds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far-off shore.
Lonely I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.
Cheer-ing my path-way While here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

Far and beyond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies.
Gleameth a man-sion fill'd with delight, Sweet hap-py home so bright!

Chorus.
No. 108. Mother, Childhood, Friends and Home.

A. S. Kieffer.

Moderato.

1. Twin'd with ev'ry earthly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can-not die,

Breathing still where'er we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

Yet we murmur as we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

2. Oth'er climes may charm a-while, Oth'er eyes in beauty smile.

Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev-er heard His name.

E'er try to fi-e give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?

No. 109. King of Peace.

Arr. by F. Price.

With earnest expression.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus-es anx-i-ous tho',

Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev-er heard His name.

E'er try to fi-e give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?

No. 109-a. Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick. 1742

Arr. H. F. Morris.

1. Child-ren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing;

Sage our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious is His works and ways,

They are hap-py now and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Fits you un-dis-mayed to go on.

On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod;

2. Oth'er climes may charm a-while, Oth'er eyes in beauty smile.

Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev-er heard His name.

E'er try to fi-e give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?

3. Fear not breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land;

All of joy we fond-ly prize, Twin'd with all our fond-est ties;

In our dreams how oft they come, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

Sacred still where'er we roam, Mother, childhood, friends and home.

4. Lord sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly leav- ing all be-low;

Sage our Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious is His works and ways,

They are hap-py now and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Fits you un-dis-mayed to go on.

On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.
No. 110. Kindred In Christ For His Dear Sake.
John Newton.

1. Kin - dred in Christ, for His dear sake, A heart-y welcome here receive;
2. May He, by whose kind care we meet, Send His good spirit from a-bove;
3. For - get - ten be each world-ly theme, When Chris - tians meet to-geth'er thus;
4. We'll talk of all He did, and said, And suf - fered for us here be - low;
5. Thus - as the mo - ments pass a-way—We'll love, and won - der, and a - dore;

May we to - geth'er now par-take The joys which on - ly He can give,
Make our com - mu - ni - ca-tions sweet; And cause our hearts to burn with love.
We on - ly wish to speak of Him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
The path He marked for us to tread, And what He's do-ing for us now.
And hast'en on that glori - ous day When we shall meet to part no more.

No. 111. Show Pity, Lord.
Isaac Watts, 1708.
Jno. Manselge, Alto, W. M. C.

1. Show pity, Lord; O Lord for-give, Let a re - pent-ing rebel live;
2. My crimes, the great, can not sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace.
3. Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope still hov - ring round Thy word,

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound; So let Thy par - d'ning love be found.
Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure re - port a-gainst des-pair.

No. 110A. Down By The Water Side.

1. Down by the wa - ter side we meet, To tread the path that Jesus trod.
2. In Mat - thew third there we see - hold, John did im - merse the Son of God,
3. Out of the wat - er up He came, Young con - verts come and do the same;
4. Buried in bap - tism with our Lord, To life we rise, o - bey His word,
5. 'Go, teach the na - tions, and bap - tize,' A - loud as com - ing Je - sus cries;
6. Come, prec - ious souls, that love the Lord, Ful - fill this rite, o - bey His word;

His name to us is ever sweet, We fol - low Him, He is our God.
Laid Him be - neath the yield - ing wave, An em - blem of His fu - ture grave.
His re - sur - rec - tion here we see, Our death to sin—our lib - er - ty.
And soon our mould-ing dust shall rise Like Him, and meet Him in the skies.
Thy pre - cept, Lord, we would o - bey, and fol - low Thee without de - lay.
With cheer - ful hearts join in His praise, And love and serve Him all your days.

No. 111A. Footsteps Of Jesus.
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, how we ha - rd The calling, Come follow me! And we see where Thy
2. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the.
3. By and by thro' the shin'ing portal - s, Turn-ing our feet, We shall walk with the.
4. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the.

D. S.—We will fol - low the

Footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord. Foot - prints of Jesus, that make the path way glow;
glad im - mortals, Here's glad streets.
steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

steps of Je - sus, Where'er they go.
No. 112.  She Is Sleeping.  Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Mrs. Underwood.

1. She is sleep-ing, calm-ly sleep-ing, In a
   new-made grave to-day; We are weep-ing, sad-ly
   weep-ing, For the dar-ling gone a-way. One by
   one the gen-tle Shep-herd Gath’ers lambs from ev’ry fold,

2. She is sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, In the
   pat-a-disk a-bove, Where ce-sus’ is the blest
   ring-ing With the mel-o-dy of love. One by
   one the Sav-iour gath’ers Earth-ly min-is-ters for His own,

3. She is bloom-ing, bright-ly bloom-ing, ’Mid the
   fair-est flow’rs of light, In the gar-den of sweet
   E-den Where the flow’rs nev-er blight. One by
   one the Father gath’ers Chloest flow’ers, rich and rare,

4. She is wait-ing, ev-er wait-ing, For the
   she loved the best, And she’ll glad-ly hail their
   com-ing. To the man-sions of the blest. One by
   the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done;

She Is Sleeping.  Concluded.

Folds them to His lov-ing bo-som With a ten-der-ness un-told,
And our Maud has joined the chor-us of the an-gels round the throne.
And transplants them in His gar-den; They will bloom for-ev-er there.
And then as we cross the riv’er, We may meet her one by one.

No. 113.  Coronation.  C. M.

O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow’r of Je-sus’ name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-ra-el’s race—A rem-nant weak and small—
   Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;

3. Ye Gen-tle sin-ners, nev-er for-get The won-derwood and the gall;
   Go spread your troph’ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

4. Let ev-ery kind-red, ev-ery tribe, On this te-res-tial ball,
   To Him all maj-es-ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;

5. O, that with you and sa-crific’d throng, We at His feet may fall;
   We’ll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

   one the gen-tle Shep-herd Gath’ers lambs from ev’ry fold,
   one the Sav-iour gath’ers Earth-ly min-is-ters for His own,
   one the Fa-ther gath’ers Chloest flow-ers, rich and rare,
   one the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done;

   one the gen-tle Shep-herd Gath’ers lambs from ev’ry fold,
    one the Sav-iour gath’ers Earth-ly min-is-ters for His own,
    one the Fa-ther gath’ers Chloest flow-ers, rich and rare,
    one the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done;

   one the gen-tle Shep-herd Gath’ers lambs from ev’ry fold,
    one the Sav-iour gath’ers Earth-ly min-is-ters for His own,
    one the Fa-ther gath’ers Chloest flow-ers, rich and rare,
    one the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done;
No. 114.  Condescension.

1. Je - sus, in Thy trans - port - ing name What bliss - ful glo- ries rise;
2. Je - sus, and didest Thou leave the sky For mis - er - ies and woes?
3. Vin - to - rious love! can lan - guage tell The won - ders of Thy pow'r,
4. What glad re - turn can I im - part For fa - vors so di - vine?

Jesus—The an - gels' sweetest theme—The won - der of the skies, skies.
And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die For vile, re-bel-lious foes? foes?
Which con - quered all the force of hell In that tre - men - dous hour? hour?
Oh take my heart, this broken heart, And make it on ly Thine, Thine.

No. 114A.  BALERMA

"Bear ye one another's burden."—Gal. 6: 2.  Arr. by B. SIMPSON.

1. Help us to help each oth - er, Lord, Each other's cross to bear;
2. Help us to build each oth - er up, Our lit - tle stock im - prove;
3. Up - in - to Thee, the liv - ing Head, Let us in all things grow,
4. Then, when the mighty work is wrought, Receive thy read - y bride.

Let each his friendly aid af - ford, And feel his broth - er's care.
In - crease our faith, con - firm our hope, And per - fect us in love.
Till Thou hast made us free in - deed, And spotless here be - low.
Give us in heav'n a hap - py lot With all the san - ti - fled.

No. 114 C  Cross And Crown.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once were sor - row - ing here;
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the cry - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
5. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O re - sur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - ged love, And joy with out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Yea angels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.
No. 115. *Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs.

1. Yes, we will meet beyond the flood, In robes made white in
2. I care not now what its may come Since hope sustains this
3. That meeting, oh, how sweetly dear! What sounds shall greet the

Jesus' blood, And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ever fear to
thought of home, And spirit volee softly say, 'Thy God shall wipe all
list-bung earl! What thrills of rapture wake the soul, As back these golden-

Chorus.

part again, Beyond the swelling flood. j Beyond the swelling flood.

1. Beyond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
2. Beyond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
3. Beyond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.

No. 116. Newry. S. M.

M. C. H. Davis.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;
2. In Zion God is known, A refuge in distress;
3. When kings a-gaint her joined, And saw the Lord was there;
4. Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have oft-en seen,
5. In every new distress, We'll to His house re-pair;

He makes His churches His abode, His most delightful seat.
How bright has His salvation shone, Thro' all her pal-aces.
In wild confusion of the mind, They fled with has-ty fear.
How well our God secures the fold, Where His own sheep have been.
We'll call to mind His won-drous grace, And seek do-liv-rance there.

*From Golden Sunbeams, by per.
No. 117. Deliverance Will Come.

Arr. by D. W. McDonald.

1. I saw a way-worn traveler In tattered garments clad,
2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on His brow,
3. The song-sters in the arbor That grew beside the way,
4. I saw Him in the evening, The sun was bending low,
5. While gazing on that city, Just o'er the narrow flood,
6. I heard the song of triumph They sang upon that shore,

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that He was sad;
His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow;
Attracted His attention, Inviting His delay:
Had o-ver-topped the mountain And reached the vale below;
A band of holy angels Come from the throne of God:
Saying, Jesus has re-ceived us, To suf-fer nev-er-more:

His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone,
But He kept pressing onward, For He was wending home;
His watch-word being "Onward," He stopped His ears and ran,
He saw the golden city, His ever-lasting home,
They bore Him on their pinions, Safe o'er the dashing foam,
Then casting His eyes back-ward On the race which He ran,

Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Yet he shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.
And joined him in his triumph, De-liv-er-ance has come.

No. 118. Fairfield. C. M.

2. Oft the u-nit-ed pow'rs of hell, My soul have sore an-noyed;
3. In all the paths thro' which I've passed, What mer-cies I've en-joyed!
4. When I in heav'n with God ap-pear, There I shall Him ad-ore;

While of this pre-cious truth I sing—Cast down, but not de-stroyed;
And yet I live this truth to tell—Cast down, but not de-stroyed;
And this shall be my song at last—Cast down, but not de-stroyed;
De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more:

While of this pre-cious truth I sing—Cast down, but not de-stroyed.
And yet I live this truth to tell—Cast down, but not de-stroyed.
And this shall be my song at last—Cast down, but not de-stroyed.
De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear—And I cast down no more.
No. 119  
Penick. C. M.  
My mother passed sweetly away singing this song.—A. N. Whitson.  
M. Sikes.

1. While trav'ling thro' the world below Where sore afflic tions come,
2. My soul's de light has been to sing Of glo ries days to come,
3. Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod y cease to roam.
4. My ceaseless pleas ure then shall be Thro' endless days to come,
5. And then I want these lines to be In scribed up on my tomb,

My soul a bounds with Joy to know That I will rest at home.  
When I shall, with my God and King For ever rest at home.  
I'll bid fare well to all be low And meet my friends at home.  
To sing that Je sus died for me And range my peace ful home.  
Here lies the dust of S. R. P. His Spir it sings at home.

Chorus.

Car ry me home, car ry me home...... When my life is o'er,

Then car ry me to my long sought home, Where pain is felt no more.

No. 120.  
Let Us Sing.  
W. F. Moore, 1867.

Shall we ev er meet a gain at the house, at the house, Then to make the

Let us sing..... sweet ly sing,

chor us ring at the house of God? Let us sing, sweetly sing.

Let us sing, sweet ly sing,

Sing, at the house then we'll sing, Sweetly sing at the house of God.
No. 121 Leaning On Jesus' Breast.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

0 that my Lord would come.... and meet My soul would stretch..... her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thru' death's iron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed; Jesus can make a dy-ing bed feel soft as soft as down-y pil-lows are, While on His breast I

Leaning On Jesus' Breast. Concluded.

lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And breathe, And breathe my life and breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there, out sweet-ly there ..... And breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 121½. The Throne of Grace. S. M.

Newton.

1. Be-hold the throne of grace, The prom-ise calls me near; 2. That rich a-ton-ing blood, Which sprink-led round I see, 3. Be-yond thy ut-most wants His love and pow'r can bless; 4. Thine im-age, Lord, be-stow, Thy pres-ence and Thy love; 5. Teach me to live by faith, Con-form my will to Thine;

There Je-sus shows a smil-ing face, And waits to an-swer pray'r. Pro-vide for those that come to God An all-pre-vail-ing plea. To pray-ing souls He ev-er grants More than they can ex-press. I ask to serve Thee here be-low And reign with Thee a-bove. Let me vic-to-rious be in death, And then in glo-ry shine.
No. 122

The Morning Trumpet.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.

1. Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with Him above, And shall
   And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love, And shall

2. When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin? And shall
   And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in? And shall

Then and thee sound in that morning, Shout, O glory! for I shall

Chorus:

mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

No. 123.

Liverpool. C. M.

1. A throne of grace! then let us go And offer up our prayer;
2. A throne of grace! O at that throne Our knees have often bent;
3. A throne of grace! re-joice, ye saints, That throne is open still;
4. A throne of grace we yet shall need, Long as we draw our breath,
5. The throne of glory then shall glow With beams from Jesus' face;

A gracious God will mercy show, To all that worship there.
And God has done His blessings down As often as we went.
To God un-bosom your complaints, And then inquire His will.
A Saviour too to intercede, Till we are changed by death.
And we no longer want shall know, Nor need a throne of grace.

No. 123 A.

Avon. C. M.

Joseph Hart.

Hugh Wilson.

1. That dreadful night before His death, The Lamb, for sinners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord we have met, And to remember Thee;
3. Thy suff'rences, Lord, such sacred signs To our remembrances bring;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee;

Did almost with His dying breath This solemn feast begin.
Help each redeemed one to re-peat, 'For me, He died for me!'
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no bler things.
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!
No. 124
Bound For Canaan.
E. J. King

1. O when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with Him a-bove?
2. When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin?
3. But now I am a sol-dier, My Cap-tain's gone be-fore;
4. His prom-is-es are faith-ful, A right-eous crown He'll give,
5. Thro' grace I feel de-ter-mined To con-querr, tho' I die;

And from the flow-ing foun-tain Drink ev-er-last-ing love!
And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink end-less plea-sures in.
He's giv-en me my or-ders, And bids me ne'er give o'er.
And all His val-iant sol-diers, Eter-nal-ly shall live.
And then a-way to glo-ry, On wings of love I'll fly.

No. 125.
Ragan.

1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm going home; I be-long to this band, hal-le lu-jah,
2. Sweet an-gels beckon me a-way, I belong to this band, hal-le lu-jah,

My Sav-iour smiles and bids me come; I be-long to this band, hal-le lu-jah,

To sing God's praise in end-less day, I be-long to this band, hal-le lu-jah,

Chorus.
I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Chorus.
Hal-le lu-jah, hal-le lu-jah, I be-long to this band, hal-le lu-jah;

Hal-le lu-jah, hal-le lu-jah, I be-long to this band, hal-le lu-jah.
No. 126  I'm Going O'er Home, O Wonderful Trip

1. I'm going away some wonderful day, To heaven's fair
   foam With Christ at the helm I'm going o'er home.
2. I'm looking away beyond the deep sea, Awaiting the
   land just over the way; His promise is sure my Jesus will
   day He calleth for me; I'm nearing the end my race is near
   come, Some wonderful day I'm going o'er home.
   come, Some wonderful day I'm going o'er home.
   The Tempest may roar The billows may
   1. When shall I reach those mansions fair, My Saviour has prepared, I long to
   2. There shall I bathe my weary soul, In peaceful heav'nlly rest, Where Jesus
   3. Come Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, And bear my soul a-way, To that cease
   reach my heav'nly home Where all is peace and love.
   Christ my Saviour dwells Where all is peace and love. Where all is peace and love, Where all is peace and love.
   We'll sing God's praise in endless day, Where all is peace and love.

No. 127  From The Heavenly Choir

1. When shall I reach those mansions fair, My Saviour has prepared, I long to
2. There shall I bathe my weary soul, In peaceful heav'nly rest, Where Jesus
3. Come Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, And bear my soul a-way, To that cease
   reach my heav'nly home Where all is peace and love.
   Christ my Saviour dwells Where all is peace and love. Where all is peace and love, Where all is peace and love.
   We'll sing God's praise in endless day, Where all is peace and love.


1. When that great illustrious day shall come, And my Master calls me to my home, I will lay my cross and armor down, And take up my testimony; Oh, the rapturous joy and sweet delight, When my Saviour's safe at home, I will lay my cross and armor down, And take up my

testimony:

2. Then to Him who washed and made me white, I will clave throughout eternity: Oh, the rapturous joy and sweet delight, When my Saviour's safe at home, I will lay my cross and armor down, And take up my

cross and armor down, And take up my

testimony:

3. When that great illustrious day shall come, And forever more I'm golden harp and crown, Oh, I'll have a golden harp and crown, radiant face I see, golden harp and crown, golden harp and crown, golden harp and crown, golden harp and crown, golden harp and crown. When I lay my cross and armor down, Yes, I'll have a armor down,

When I lay my cross and armor down, armor down,

When I lay my cross and armor down, armor down,

When I lay my cross and armor down, armor down,

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When I lay my cross and armor down, armor down,

When I lay my cross and armor down, armor down,
No. 130.  Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartet."

J. C. B.  J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Jesus wept! those tears are over, But His love is
   still the same, Kinsman, friend and elder brother,
   In His ever-lasting name, Weeping one, weeping
   one, Savior who can love like Thee, Weeping one,
   Weeping one,  Weeping one of Bethany.

2. Jesus wept! and still in glory, He must mark the
   mourners tear, Loving still to trace the story
   of love, Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
   one, weeping one, Weeping one of Bethany.
   Weeping one, weeping one.

Refrain.

No. 131.  Sweet Canaan.

E. J. King.  Aito by W. M. C.

1. O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Canaan,
   I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
   Where sin and sorrow are no more, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
   Oh, Canaan, sweet Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan, Sweet

Chorus.

Canaan, 'tis my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.
No. 132 I'm Going Home. L. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

Farewell, vain world, I'm going home!
Sweet angels beckon me away.
To sing God's praise in endless

No. 133. The Morning Light. 10, 9, 10, 7.

Words and Music by A. S. Kleffer. By per.

1. Oh, the night of time soon shall pass away, And the happy
golden day will dawn, When the pilgrim staff shall be laid aside,
come to earth again! Oh, the happy hearts that shall welcome Him,
an eternal day! When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King,

Chorus.

And the kings' crown put on.
When He comes once more to reign! We are watching now for the
in their golden glad array!

morning light, For the New Jerusalem to come; We are

way up yonder; Yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.
waiting still for the Saviour, Christ, Who will call His children home.
No. 134  Pisgah.  C. M.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinners' Friend, As such I look to Thee;
2. Re - member Thy pure word of grace, Remember Cal-vay - ry;
3. Thou wondrous ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee;
4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile, Yet Thy sal - va - tion's free;
5. How - e'er for - sak-en or distressed How - e'er opprest I be,
6. And when I close my eyes in death, And creature helps all flee,

Now in the full - ness of Thy love, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Then in Thy all - a-bound-ing grace, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
How - e'er af - flic - ted here on earth, Do Thou re - mem - ber me.
Then, O my great Re - deem - er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

D. S.—Now in the full - ness of Thy love, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Then in Thy all - a-bound-ing grace, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
How - e'er af - flic - ted here on earth, Do Thou re - mem - ber me.
Then, O my great Re - deem - er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

O Lord, re - mem - ber me; And then re - mem - ber me.
O Lord, re - mem - ber me; And then re - mem - ber me.
O Lord, re - mem - ber me; O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
O Lord, re - mem - ber me; O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
I pray, re - mem - ber me; I pray, re - mem - ber me.

No. 135.  I'll Shout And Sing.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O the trans - port - ing, rap - t'rous scenes, That ris - es to my sight;
3. There gen - t'rous fruits that nev - er fall, On trees im - mor - tal grow;
4. All o'er these wide ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
5. No chill - ing winds, nor pois - nous breath Can reach that health-ful shore;
6. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
7. Filled with de - light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;
8. There, those high and flow - r'y plains, Our spir - its ne'er shall tire,

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
There rocks, and hilts, and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
There God, the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And is His bo - som rest?
Though Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way.
But in per - pet - ual joy - ful strains, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire.

CHORUS.

And when my Sav - iour calls me home, To that bright land on high;
I'll shout and sing re - deem - ing love In sweet - er stra ins on high.
No. 136. No Shadows Yonder.


1. No shad-ows yon-der, Far be-yond the sun-set's bars; No shad-
2. No shad-ows yon-der, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shad-
3. No shad-ows yon-der, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shad-

yon-der, Far be-yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming.
yon-der, Sin can-not an-noy; There no hearts are sigh-ing,
yon-der, O'er the crys-tal sea; There no cross-es bear-ing,

Fad-less sun-light streaming, Eyes of God are beam-ing,
There no thought of cry-ing, There no pain or dy-ing,
In a great love shar-ing, Crowns of glo-ry wear-ing,

Chorus.

On the loved ones there.
There no dark de-spair, No shad-ows yon-der,
All the tears are
In that home so fair.

wiped a-way, No shad-ows yon-der, Land of end-less day.

No. 137 The Promised Land. C. M.

Miss M. Durham.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
2. O the trans-port-ing rap-tous scene, That rises to my sight!
3. There gen-rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow;
4. All o'er these wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day!
5. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath Can reach that health-ful shore;
6. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
7. Filled with de-light my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
8. There, on those high and flow-er-y plains, Our spir-its ne'er shall tire,

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales With milk and hon-ey flow.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And sea-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-son rest?
Though Jor-dan's wa-voes a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
But in per-pet-u-al, joy-ful strain, Re-dream-ing love ad-mire.

Chorus.

I am bound for the prom-ised land... I am bound for the prom-ised land,

O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.
No. 138. **Beautiful Home Above.**

1. There is a home, a peaceful home, A home of joy and love,
2. No night shall dim that glorious home, For Jesus is the Light,
3. With palms of victory in their hands They with the ransomed sing:

And they that bear the cross below, Shall wear a crown above,
And mourning pilgrims here below, Shall there be clad in white.
All praise to Him who wash'd us white, Our Saviour, God, and King.

**Chorus.**

My home, sweet home, My beautiful home above;
My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beautiful, beautiful home above;

My home, sweet home, ... My beautiful home above.
My home, beautiful home of joy and love,

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No. 139. **Conflicts By The Way. 7s and 6s.**

1. Bliss comes through sore temptations And conflicts by the way;
2. The suffering church of Jesus Was chosen and redeemed;
3. How sad was their condition Till Jesus made them whole;
4. And now we're bound for Canaan, That blessed happy home,
5. Farewell to all our kindred In this sad world below;
6. Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Oh, death, where is thy sting?

Remember blessed Jesus And don't forget to pray.
Contained in that great number Some martyrs can be seen.
He is the good Physician That cares the sick soul.
Where sorrow ever entered And trou ble never come.
We're going home to Jesus To praise Him ever more.
We're going home to glory. There we'll forever sing.

**Chorus.**

I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan,

I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Jerusalem.
No. 140. Babylon is Fallen. 8s and 7s.

1. Hail the day so long expected, Hail! the year of full release;
2. All her merchants stand with wonder, What is this that comes to pass?
3. Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion! Christ shall come the second time;

Zion's walls are now corrected; And her watchmen publish peace.
Murmuring like distant thunder, Cry, 'O, a last a last!'
Ruling with a rod of iron, All who now are foes combine.

No. 141. House of the Lord. 12s.

1. You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
2. You may boast of the sweetness of days early dawn,
3. You may value the friend ships of youth and of age,
4. You may talk of your prospects of fame and of wealth,
5. Ever hail, blessed temple, a bode of my God,

Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of the vale;
Of the sky's soft-ming gra ces when day is just gone;
And select for my com rades the noble and sage;
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
I will turn to thee often to hear from His word;

4. Chorus.

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,

But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
But there's no other season or time can compare
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
But the hope of bright glory of heaven by bliss!
I will walk to the altar with those that love,

5. Babylon is fallen to rise no more.
No. 142  
**Some Sweet Day.**

Arthur W. French.  
D. B. Towne.

1. We shall reach the river side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;  
2. We shall pass inside the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;  
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;  
Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;  
Gathering round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While before our eyes unfold  
We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glory to the Lamb that's slain,  
Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture everywhere,

Heaven's splendors, yet untold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
Christ was dead, but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
O the bliss of over there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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No. 143  
**in the Heavenly Morning.**

Words and Music arranged from a "Spiritual."  
by J. R. Murray.

1. We shall meet and sing together, In the heavenly morning,  
2. We shall sing the blessed story, In the heavenly morning,

Meet and sing together, In the heavenly morning,  
Sing the blessed story, In the heavenly morning,

Meet and sing together, In the heavenly morning,  
Sing the blessed story, In the heavenly morning,

CHORUS.

Meet and part no more. Worthy the Lamb, we'll sing, Glory to  
Sing of Jesus' love.

God, our King, Heav'n with our song shall ring, Song of redeeming love.
No. 144 When I Can Read My Title Clear

1. When I can read my title clear, to mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, and fier-y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, and storms of sorrow fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul in seas of heav’n-ly rest.

I’ll bid fare-well, I’ll bid fare-well to I’ll
Then I can smile, Then I can smile at Then
May I but safe, May I but safe May
And not a wave, And not a wave of And

1. bid fare-well to
ev’ry fear, And wipe ...... my weeping eyes.
2. I can smile at Sa-tan’s rage, And face ...... a frowning world.
3. I but safe-ly reach my home, My God ...... my heav’n my all.
4. not a wave of trou-ble roll A-cross ...... my peace-ful rest.

No. 145 Lord, Dismiss Us

(E. Smyth) J. J. Boase

(Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heav’n-ly man-na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

D.C. - When we reach our bliss-ful sta-tion, then we’ll give Thee no-bler praise.

No. 146 Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 Lines

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fill the law’s demands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,
Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace,
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the doub-lo cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow’r;
All for sin could not a-tone—Thou must save and Thou a-lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav'our, or I die.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

Lord Dismiss Us. Concluded.

Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion; Up to Thee our hearts we raise;

No. 146. Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 Lines.

Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fill the law’s demands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,
Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace,
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the doub-lo cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow’r;
All for sin could not a-tone—Thou must save and Thou a-lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav'our, or I die.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.
No. 147. New Jerusalem.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten. 1926.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I long for thee; When will my sorrows

2. Thy gardens and thy pleasant trees, My study long have been; Such sparkling light by

3. Rack down, each dow, this arm of grief And cause me to ascend, Where congregations

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most

human sight Hath never yet been seen, If heaven be thus glorious, Lord, Why ne'er break up, And sabbaths never end, Je sus, my love, to glory's gone, Him

No. 148. O How Happy Are They.

C. Wesley.

Arr. by H. N. Lincoln.

1. O how happy are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And whose

2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first

3. Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re - deem - er to know; And the

4. Je - sus, all the day long, Was my joy and my song; O, that

5. O, the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I

treas - ured are laid up a bove; Tongue can - ner ex - press

found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I believed, an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at His feet, all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried, felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour possessed,
glor - ious to be - hold; Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are pure with gold, shall I stay from thence? What folly 'tis that makes me dread, To die and go low hence will I go and see; And all my brethren here be - low, Will soon come after me.

That sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its car - li - est love.
O, what joy I re - ceived! What a hear - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the stry re - peat, And the loyer of sin - ners a - dore. "He hath suf - fered and died To re - deem such a reb - el as me." I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the ful - ness of God.
No. 149. Redeeming Love. C. M. D.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high,
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
O Galilee, sweet Galilee, I love to sing, to sing of Thee;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in His day;
And there may I, tho' vile as He, Wash all my sins away.
And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high,
O Galilee, sweet Galilee, I love to sing, to sing of Thee;

3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed sons of God Are saved to sin no more.
And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high,
O Galilee, sweet Galilee, I love to sing, to sing of Thee;

No. 150. Galilee. L. M. Double.

1. O fragrant plains of Galilee, Where Jesus loved so much to be,
I often see thee in my dreams, Thy sunny fields and purling streams.

2. High o'er the plains the stars once shone, That led the wise men to the throne.
Of Him who perished on the tree, But loved thee well, sweet Galilee.

3. Up on the sea, amidst a-larm, His voice I hear above the storm,
"Be not afraid, I'm with you yet," O Galilee canst thou forget.

F. A. Evans.

M. Turbyfill.
No. 151  Star In The East

1. Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator, down from the regions of glory descend! Shepherds worship the babe in the manger, for He was God's Son, born to save all mankind.

2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining; low lies His head, with the stars of the east, and the shepherds compass Him round, with their flocks of benignant mirth.

3. Say, shall we sing Him, in costly devotion, O, ders of Eden, and Venusly we offer each ample oblation, vainly with gold would His eye be appeased.

4. What, e'er Thou destinedst, O give me Thy grace, The Spirit's sure soul is communion with saints! To find at the banquet of Jesus, whose love cannot cease; The oft from Thy presence in joy and communion with Thee; Thou dost my temptations like misery and strength as my day; In all my afflictions to witness, and smiles of Thy face; In dulge me with patience to

CHORUS

Lo! for His guard the bright angels attend. Wise men and shepherds before Him do fall. Brightest and best of the Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine? Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Chorus

Sons of the morning! Dawn on our sinness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

No. 152.  Sweet Home. 11s.

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints! To find at the banquet of Jesus, whose love cannot cease; The oft from Thy presence in joy and communion with Thee; Thou dost my temptations like misery and strength as my day; In all my afflictions to witness, and smiles of Thy face; In dudge me with patience to

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice blessed mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus, at home! Sadness I roam, I long to behold Thee in glory at home. Bills of banners may fall, All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at home. Thee I would come, rejoicing in hope of my glorious home. Wait at Thy throne And find even now a for-taste of my home.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
No. 153. How Happy Are They. 11s and 8s.

Fowler.

1. How happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And whose
2. That comfort was mine When the fav'ring divine, I find:
3. Twas a beacon below The Redeemer to know, And the
4. Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song; O that
5. Now my remnant of days Would I spend to His praise, Who hath

Commack.

treasures are laid up above! Tongue can not express The sweet
found in the blood of the Lamb; When my reverent believed, O what
angels could do nothing more Than to fall at His feet. And the
all His salvation might see: He hath loved me I cried; He hath
died my poor soul to redeem; Whether many or few, All my

comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.
joy I received! What a heaven in Jesus's name!
story repeat, And the Saviour of sinners adore!
suffered and died, To redeem such a rebel as me.
years are His due, May they all be devoted to Him.

No. 154. When Sorrows Encompass Me Round.

1. When sorrows en-com-pass me round, And man-y dis-
2. Few sea-sons of peace I en-joy, And they are su-
3. O, when will my sor-row sub-side, O when shall my
4. My spir-it to glo-ry con-verged, My bod- y laid

When Sorrows Encompass Me Round. Concluded.

I see, Astonished, I cry, can a mor-
ceed by pain; If e'er a few mo-ments of praise
sufferings cease? O, when to the bosom of Christ
low in the ground, I wish not a tear at my grave

No. 155. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bliss-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-pre-me-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! far from Thee Thy kindred and their graves shall be,

William B. Bradbury.

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
With-holy con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.
No. 156. The Blind Girl.
J. M. and J. C. B.

1. Mother, they say the stars are bright, And the broad heaven are blue,
   I dream of them by day, by night, And think them all like you,
   I cannot touch the distant skies, The stars ne'er speak to me,
   Yet their sweet images arise And blend with thou's of thee.
2. I know not why but often think of thee, fair lands of bliss;
   When my sad heart to thine is pressed, My follies all forgiven,
   Dear mother, leave me not alone, Go with me when I die;
   Sweet pleasures warm my beating heart, And this, I say is heaven.
3. O mother, will the God above Forgive my faults like thee?
   Will He bestow such care and love On a blind girl like me?
   Dear father, lead me to the throne And stay in yonder sky.

No. 157. We'll Cross the River of Jordan.
A. N. Whitten. Arr.

1. Jesus my all to heaven is gone, Happy, O happy, He whom I
   fixed my hopes upon, Happy in the Lord; His tracks I see and
   I'll pursue, Happy, O happy, The narrow way till Him I view,
   Happy in the Lord, We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy
   have, We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy in the Lord.
2. The way the holy prophets went, Happy, O happy, The road that
   leads from banishment; Happy in the Lord; I'll go, for all His
   paths are peace, Happy, O happy, The King's highway of holiness,
   Happy in the Lord, We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy
   have, We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy in the Lord.
3. Then when I've crossed the stormy wave, Happy, O happy, I'll sing my
   Saviour's pow'r to save, Happy in the Lord; I'll sing of His re-
   I'll pursue, Happy, O happy, The narrow way till Him I view,
   I'll pursue, Happy, O happy, The narrow way till Him I view,
No. 158. **Love Divine.**

J. P. Rees.

1. Love divine, how sweet the sound; May the theme on earth abound;  
2. Love a-grand and free, Love unknown, to think on me;  
3. Better than earth's gilded tons, Or an age of carnal joys;  
4. Better than the life of mine, Saviour, is Thy love divine;  
5. While in Mecca's tomb I sing, Love divine shall take my lay;  

May the hearts of saints below, With the sacred rapture flow.  
Let that love upon me shine, Saviour, with its beams divine.  
Better far than O-phir's gold, Love that never can be told.  
Drop the veil, and let me see Rivers of this love in Thee.  
When I soar to bliss above, Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

No. 159. **Home. S. M.**

W. L. Montague.

1. My Father's house on high Is my eternal home;  
2. My Father and my God, O lead me safely on;  
3. Then join the heavenly throng, To sing redeeming love;  

O, God forbid that I should sigh While travelling here alone.  
Till in that heavenly world I love I feel my work is done.  
While endless ages roll along We'll praise our God above.

No. 160. **The Child Of Grace**

E. J. King.

1. How happy's every child of grace, That feels his sins forgiven!  
2. A stranger in this world be low, I only sojourn here.  
3. O what a blessed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay!  
4. When He shall more of heaven bestow, And bid my soul remove.

This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek a place in heav'n;  
Nor can its hap pi ness or woe Provoke my hope or fear;  
We more than taste the heav'n ly powers, And an to date that day.  
And let my trembling spirit go, To meet the God I love.

A country far from mortal sight, Yet oh! by faith I see,  
Its e vils in a moment end, Its joys as soon are past;  
We feel the re sur rec tion near, Our life in Christ con cealed;  
With rapturous awe on Him I'll gaze, Who died to set me free.

The land of rest, the saints' delight, A heav'n prepared for me.  
But oh! the bliss to which I tend Eternal shall last.  
And with His glorious presence here Our long ing hearts are filled.  
And sing and shout redeeming grace In vast e ter ni ty.

1. Hum-bow Soul-who seek Sal-va-tion Thro' the Lambs re-deem-ing blood,  
2. Pe-ple Him, your only Sav-iour, In His might-y name con-duire.  
3. Hear, the bless'd De-see-men calls you, Lit-ten to the gra-cious voice;  
4. Je-sus says, "Let each be-lie-ver be bap-tis-ed in my name."

Hear the voice of revo-lu-tion, Tread the path that Je-sus trod.  
In the whole of your be-hav-iour, Own Him as your sov-reign guide.  
Dread no ill that can be-fall you, While you make His ways your choice.  
He Him-self in Jo-ri's riv-er Was im-mer-sed be-neath the stream.

No. 162. Concord

1. In songs of sub-lime ad-o-ra-tion and praise, Ye pilgrims for Zi-on who press,  
2. His love from a ter-ni-tied up on you, Broke for thee and dis-covered its flame;  
3. O, had He not pity of thee you were in, Your bosoms He love had ne'er felt.  
4. What was the road that could not be seem; Or, gave the Cro-a-tor da-light?  
5. I was a spec-tac-ular grace was bestowed o'er you; While others were suffered to go.  
6. Then give all the glory to His ho-nour, To Him all the glo-ry be-long:

Break forth and, ex-tol the great, Ancient of days, His rich and distin-guishing grace.  
When each with the cords of His kin-dness He drew, And brot He to love His peti-tus.  
You I will would a-beat, was how die, too, in stin, And sunk was the load of your guilt.  
"I was o-ven so, Fa-ther," you ex-claim to all, Because un-have-d in Thy sight.  
The road which, by nature, we choose is our way, Which is to the reg-ion of woe.  
Be yours the high joy to sound forth, His fame, And crown Him in each of your songs.

No. 161A Detroit

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be hold my heart and see,  
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me no-thing love,  
3. Is it Thy name, o di-ous still To mine at-tentive ear?  
4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would dis-dain to feed;  
5. Thou know'st I love Thee, dear-est Lord. But Oh! I long to soar

And turn each curs-ed i dol out That dares to ri-val Thee.  
Dread be my heart to every joy Which Thou dost not ap-prove.  
Dread not each pulse with pleas-ure beat, My Sav-iour's voice to hear?  
Hast Thou a foe before whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?  
Far from the sphere of mor-tal joys That I may love Thee more.

No. 162 -a Idumea

1. I love my Sav-iour, God. Be-cause He first loved me;  
2. Twas love my bos-o-m felt, And made me wipe mine eyes.  
3. Touch'd by His dy-ing love, I melt-ed in to grief;  
4. With my whole heart I love The God that loved and bled;  
5. Who can for-bear to love, A God so good and kind?

Be-cause He shed His pre-cious blood To set my spir-it free.  
When low be-fore His throne I knelt To pour my fee-ble cries.  
Swift on the wings of love He moved And brought me sweet re-lief.  
Who left the shin-ing realms a-love And suffered in my stead.  
Sure He is worth-y to be loved By me and all man-kind.
**No. 163.**

**BROWN.**

*Wm. B. Bradbury*

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ry cumb - ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n,
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray

And spend the hour of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros - spect doth my strength re - new While here by tem - pest driv'n.
Be calm as this im - press - ive hour, And lead to end - less day.

163A. How Sweet, How Heavenly, is the Sight

*J. Swain (Brown) William B. Bradbury*

1. How sweet, how heav'n ly, is the sight, When those that love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth'er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from ev - ry, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all - a - bove.
4. When love in one de - light - ful stream Thro' ev - ry bos - om flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill the word.
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
Each can his broth'er's fall - ings hide, And show a broth'er's love.
When un - ion sweet and dear es - teem In ev - ry ac - tion glows,
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos - om glow with love.

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**No. 164.**

**How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.**


1. We read of a place that's called heaven; It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en no droop - ing nor pin - ing, No wish - ing for else where to be;
3. Pure wa - ters of life there are flow - ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an - gels so sweet - ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful sea;

Those truth's in God's word He hath giv - en, How beau - ti - ful heav'en must be.
God's light is for - ev - er there shin - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav'en must be.
Rare jew - els of splendor are glow - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav'en must be.
Sweet sounds from their gold harps are ring - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav'en must be.

W. H. Bathurst.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by every foe;
2. That will not murmur nor complain, Beneath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When temptations rage without;
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what'er may come.

That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe.
But in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean upon its God.
That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, even here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

165A.  O For a Closer Walk With God.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.  THOM. HARTING.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to 2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the 3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have 4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the 5. The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So pure

1. shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
2. soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word, Of Je-sus and His word?
3. left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
4. sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
5. tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.
6. light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet among them now Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
3. Pre-vent, pre-vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
4. Let me among Thy saints be found Where'er th' archangel's trump shall sound.

To fetch Thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand?
Before Thy gracious feet to bow, Though viler of them all;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding place, In this accepted day;
When'er th' archangel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smiling face.

Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who some-times am a-fraid to die,
But can I bear the pierc-ing thot? What if my name should be left out,
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still my un-biev-ing fear;
Then loud among the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,

Who some-times am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call!
To still my un-biev-ing fear; And grant me faith, I pray.
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sovereign grace.
No. 167. **What A Friend We Have.**

No. 168. **Free Salvation. L. M.**

No. 168a. **Boylston. S. M.**
No. 169. When The Savior Stands By Me.

When the toils and cares of life, seem to mix with sin and strife, And the ills that come my way, seem to make me sad and low,
I am glad when the Lord stands by me, For he is my light and my salvation. (Refrain)

1. When the toils and cares of life, seem to mix with sin and strife, And the ills that come my way, seem to make me sad and low,
I am glad when the Lord stands by me, For he is my light and my salvation. (Refrain)

2. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

3. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

4. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

5. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

6. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

7. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

8. I am so weak, and I am so low, But the Lord is my strength and my song. (Refrain)

No. 170. I Am A Stranger Here Below

1. I am a stranger here below, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
2. When I experience the ways of life, I find myself so weak and low,
3. I find myself so weak and low, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
4. I am often far from God's house, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
5. When I pray, I seem to lie, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
6. When I study, I seem to be, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
7. When I work, I seem to be, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
8. When I rest, I seem to be, And what I am 'tis hard to know;

No. 170A. Your Office Is A Sacred Trust.

1. Your office is a sacred trust, For God Himself has made it thus,
2. The sheep are His, He leads them to the fold,
3. As your head, you guide the flock, To lead the sheep against the foes,
4. You are a shepherd of the flock, To lead the sheep against the foes,
5. Your office is sacred, You are the shepherd of the flock,
6. Oh, precious gift; Oh, love supreme; That you should tell the precious theme;

He called you from the path of sin, And sends you out the fight to win,
His little lambs, with care to feed, And keep the fold in time of need.
The precious trust your soul adores, And for His grace you should implore.
To reconcile the mourning ones, By leading them to bear His groans.
His power and love, no limits know, So trust His grace wherever you go.
This, office, you, to magnify, Should take your cross to live and die.
No. 171.  
Blessed Ones.
William H. Crouse.

1. Blest are the hum-blo souls that see Their emp-ti-ness and pov-er-ly;
2. Blest are the meek, who stand a-far From rage and pas-sion, noise and war;
3. Blest are the men of peace-ful life. Who quench the coals of grow-ing strife.

Treasures of grace to them are giv’n, And crowns of joy laid up in heart’s
God will se-cure their hap-py state, And plead their cause against the great.
They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

D. C. — The blood of Christ di- vine-ly flows, A heal-ing balm for all their woes.
D. C. — They shall be well sup-pied and fed With liv-ing streams and liv-ing bread.
D. C. — Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glo-ry and joy are their re-ward.

No. 172.  
Oh, Jesus, My Savior
Arr. H. F. Rees. Alto Mrs. E. D. B.

1. O Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I know Thou art mine. For Thee all the
2. The spir-it first taught me to know I was blind. Then taught me the
3. In vain I at-tempt to de-scribe what I feel, The lan-guage of

pleas-ures of sin I re-sign; Of ob-jects most pleas-ing I
way of sal-va-tion to find; And when I was sink-ing in
mor-tals or an-gels would fail; My Je-sus is pre-cious, my

No. 171 A.  
The Happy Day.

1. The happy day will soon appear: And we’ll all shout together in that morning.
2. Behold the righteous tur-diug base, And we’ll all shout together in that morning.
3. And all the an-gels bid them come, And we’ll all shout together in that morning.

love Thee the best; With-out Thee I’m wret-ched, but with Thee I’m blest.
gloom- y des-pair. Thy mer-cy re-lieved me and bid me not fear.
souls in a flame; I’m raised to a rup-ture while praise-ing His name.
No. 173

Thus Will I Sing.

J. P. Rees.

Great God let all my tune-ful pow’rs a-wake and sing Thy mighty name; Thy hand revolves my circling hours, Thy hand from whence my boundless grace Through ever-last-ing years adore

No. 174.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have I on

Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore.

Thus will I sing, Till na-ture cease, Till sense and

D. S.—While on oth-ers

D. S.

FINE. CHORUS.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

deep con-tri-sion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace,
earth beside Thee, Whom in heav’n but Thee?

Thus will I sing, Till na-ture cease, Till sense and lan-guage are no

sense and lan-guage are no more. And af-ter death Thy

lan-guage are no more...... and af-ter death Thy
No. 175. There'll Be No More Good Byes.

A. N. Whitten.

Copyright by A. N. Whitten.

A. N. Whitten.

1. We bid fare-well to those we love, when we are called to die,
   In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.
   There'll be no more good byes, In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.

2. We'll join the happy angel band, where saints shall never die,
   There'll be no more good byes, In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.
   There'll be no more good byes, In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.

3. 'Tis sad to part with those we love, when we are called to die,
   There'll be no more good byes; In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.

Chorus.

No. 176

The Bitter Cup. C. M.

W. C. Ewens.

Faire, re-mor e this bit-ter cup, If such Thy sa-cred will; It

Go to the gar-den,

Go to the gar-den, sinner, see .... Those pre-cious drops that flow.

Go to the garden, sinner, see Those pre-cious drops that flow.

Go to the garden, sinner, see Those pre-cious drops that flow.

No. 175 A.

Alas And Did

Isaac Watts

Hugh Wilson

1. Alas and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my So-vereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done? He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe,

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head for such a worm as I.

A-maz-ing pi-t y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.

Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

The heavy load He bore for thee.

For thee He lies so low.

The heavy load He bore for thee.
No. 177

When Shall We All Meet Again.

Thomas Hastings

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again?
2. Though in distant lands we sigh, Parched beneath a burning sky,
3. When our burnished locks are gray, Thinned by many a toil-spent day,

D. C. — Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.
And in fancy wilder dream, Oft shall we all meet again.
Long may the loved bow'rs remain, Ere we all shall meet again.

Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire,
Though the deep beneath us roll, Friendship shall unite our soul.
When around the youthful pine, Moss shall creep and ivy twine,

No. 177 a

Precious Memories.

J. B. F. W.

1. Precious memories, unseen angels, Sent from somewhere to my soul;
2. Precious father, loving mother, Fly across the lonely years;
3. In the stillness of the midnight, Echoes from the past I hear;
4. As I travel on life's path-way, Know not what the years may hold;

How they linger, ever near me, And the sacred past unfold.
And old sweet scenes of my childhood, In fond memory appear.
Old-time singing, gladness bringing, From that lovely land some where,
As I ponder, hope grows fonder, Precious memories flood my soul.

D. S. — In the stillness of the midnight, Precious, sacred scenes unfold.

Chorus:

Precious memories, how they linger, How they ever flood my soul.

No. 178

Here In The Vineyard

J. T. White

1. Here in the vineyard of my Lord I love to live and labor,
2. We oft-times meet, both night and day A faithful band of soldiers,
3. But if on earth we meet no more I hope we'll meet in heaven.

(Where con-gre-ga-tions never breakup, But dwell in sweet com-mu-nion)

I love to see the lil'lies grow, And view them all standing
But while we sing this mournful song Our hearts are deep-ly wounded;
Where all the ransomed church of God Shall meet no more to sor-re,

In the right place while here below, Just as the Lord com-mand-ed.
Perhaps we all may meet no more Here in a con-gre-ga-tion.
With not a sorrow, sin or tear, But shout His praise for ev-er.

No. 178A

To The Temple We Repair.

J. R. W.

1. To Thy temple we repair, Lord, we love to worship there;
2. While Thy glorious name is sung, Tune our lips, unloose our tongue;
3. While to Thee our prayers ascend, Let Thine ear in love at tend;

There, within the veil we meet Thee upon the mercy seat.
Then our joyful souls shall bless Thee the Lord our Righteousness.
Hear us when Thy Spirit it pleads—Hear for Jesus intercedes.
No. 179  I Know That My Redeemer Lives. L. M.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, Glory hallelujah!
2. He lives to bless me with His love; Glory hallelujah!
3. He lives my kind and gracious friend; Glory hallelujah!
4. He lives all glory to His name; Glory hallelujah!

What comfort this sweet sentence gives, Glory hallelujah!
He lives to plead my cause above; Glory hallelujah!
He lives and loves me to the end; Glory hallelujah!
He lives, my Jesus still the same; Glory hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory hallelujah!
He lives my hungry soul to feed; Glory hallelujah!
He lives and while He lives I'll sing; Glory hallelujah!
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives; Glory hallelujah!

The dead's alive, the lost is found, Glory hallelujah!
He lives to help in time of need; Glory hallelujah!
He lives my Prophet, Priest and King; Glory hallelujah!
I know that my Redeemer lives; Glory hallelujah!

No. 180  Liberty.
Stephen Jenks, 1803.

No more beneath th'oppressive hand of tyranny we groan,
Ge - hold the smil - ing hap - py land, Be - hold the smil -
ing hap - py land that free - dom calls her own,..............

Be - hold the smil - ing hap - py land, Be - hold the smil -
ing hap - py land be - hold the smil - ing hap - py land, That

That free - dom calls her own,................... .............
No. 181

Come On, My Fellow Pilgrims.

Miss Sarah Lancaster.

Come on my fellow pilgrims come, And let us all be

We soon shall land on yon blest shore where

We soon shall land on yon blest shore! Where pain and sorrow

We soon shall land on yon blest shore! Where pain and sorrow are no more.

Jesus shall adore, forever blest.

Jesus shall adore, forever blest.

No. 182

Tarry With Me. 8s and 7s.

Mrs. C. S. Smith. By permission of John Church & Co. Knowles Shaw.

1. Tarry with me, Oh, my Saviour, For the day is passing by;
2. Many friends were gathered round me, In the bright days of the past;
3. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Fainter now the glowing west,
4. Tarry with me, Oh, my Saviour, Lay my head upon thy breast

See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
But the grave has closed above them, And I linger here the last.
Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morning, then awake me, Morning of eternal rest.

Chorus.

Tarry with me, blessed Jesus, Leave me not till morning light;

For I'm lonely here without thee, Tarry with me thro' the night.
**The City of Gold**

And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. — Rev. 21:19

Adger M. Pace

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W. Z. Kitts

1. In the Bible we read of a city Where the faithful shall never grow old; I have heard that its wonderful roadways Are never told of; And he saw that its walls were of jasper, This God, we are told, Is the light of that wonderful city, The terrible roll; I expect to live there with my Savior in the city.

2. On the island of Patmos John saw it, In its grandeur he saw it unfold; And he saw that its walls were of jasper, This God, we are told, Is the light of that wonderful city, The terrible roll; I expect to live there with my Savior in the city.

3. O, they need not the sun in that city, For the glory of God will forever shine upon it. This God, we are told, Is the light of that wonderful city, The terrible roll; I expect to live there with my Savior in the city.

4. I expect to live there in that city While the years of life on earth are past. This God, we are told, Is the light of that wonderful city, The terrible roll; I expect to live there with my Savior in the city.

**Chorus**

built of the purest of gold, I long for that beautiful city of gold. I long for that city.

5. I expect to live there in that city While the years of life on earth are past. This God, we are told, Is the light of that wonderful city, The terrible roll; I expect to live there with my Savior in the city.

6. It is a sweet employ, To join in worship there; But walk in paths of righteousness, And fly from every sin, do I prize their faithful love, Their kind and tender care.

**I Love The Sons Of Grace.**

1. I love the sons of grace, The heirs of bliss divine; Who walk in paths of righteousness, And fly from ev'ry sin, do I prize their faithful love, Their kind and tender care.

2. They will my faults reprove, When heedless I err; How shall at length with Him appear, In ev'ry lastling light, humbly follow Christ, the Lamb, In righteousness and zeal.

3. They Jesus, for the name bear, How lovely the sight; They see the Father's name, And gladly do His will; Their footsteps I'll pursue, With vigil till I die; Rejoicing in the pleasant view, Of meeting them on high.

4. They love the Father's name, And gladly do His will; They see the Father's name, And gladly do His will; Their footsteps I'll pursue, With vigil till I die; Rejoicing in the pleasant view, Of meeting them on high.

5. Their footsteps I'll pursue, With vigil till I die; Rejoicing in the pleasant view, Of meeting them on high.

6. It is a sweet employ, To join in worship there; But walk in paths of righteousness, And fly from ev'ry sin, do I prize their faithful love, Their kind and tender care.

**HEAVEN IS MY HOME.**

Dr. L. Marion, 1836

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desolate sea, Heaven is my home. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desolate sea, Heaven is my home.

2. What thou hast, the tempest's rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home. What thou hast, the tempest's rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.

3. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

4. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

5. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home. There at my Savior's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

6. Round me on ev'ry hand, Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home. Shall soon be overpast, I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home. Round me on ev'ry hand, Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home. Shall soon be overpast, I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
No. 185.  Longing For Home.
Elder Len Dalton, owner.
J. D. Center, Jr.

1. I'm longing for that future home.
2. Its streets are all of gold so rare.
3. Our God shall wipe all tears away.
4. The crowning joy of that sweet home.

And hoping that its joys are mine.
Its gates of pearl are never closed.
Sorrows nor crying enter there.
If I may view its wonders bright.

And though visions now are only pale,
I hope to view those mansions fair.

I want to go no more to roam.
Its walls are all of jasper fair.
For death shall be no more they say.
Will be to see Him on the throne.

And be forever in that clime.
And God Himself is the light we're told.
And the redeemed will only share.
Who gave Himself to win the fight.

I long to see beyond the veil.
I long to see beyond the veil.

No. 186.  Kedron. L. M.
Dare.

1. Twas on the dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose.
2. Before the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
3. "This is My body, broke for sin, Receive and eat the living food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In memory of your dying Friend;
5. Jesus, Thy feast we cel-ebrate, We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,

A - gainst the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His actions ran, What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine— "Tis the new cov-hant: in My blood,
Meet at My table and record The love of your de-part-ed Lord.
Till Thou return, and we shall eat The marriage sup-per of the Lamb.
No. 187.  When The Evening Shadows Gather.


1. When the ev'n-ing shad-ows gath-er, And the bus-y day is done,
2. Mem'ry paints a scene of beau-ty In the old home far a-way;
3. Far-ther on in life so fleet-ing, Mem'ry flies on pin-ions light,
4. For dear mo-ther now is sleep-ing 'Neath the daisies' pur-ple bloom,

Mem'ries come on gold-en pin-ions, Bring-ing vis-ions one by one:
Fa-ther, mo-ther, sis-ter, bro-ther, Gath-er round the hearth to pray;
To the day that I de-part-ed From my child-hood home so bright,
And her dy-ing words, they tell me, Were "Dear chil-dren, still there's room,

Vis-ions full of love and beau-ty, Tho'ts of hap-py child-hood's hour,
We can hear the pray'r to hear- en That we heard in days of yore,
I can hear my mo- ther's bless-ing, As she bade her boy good bye,
Room a-mong the shin-ing an-gels, There I'll meet her bye and bye,

Tho'ts of man-hood, joy or sor-row, With their bless-ed soothing power.
And the songs we sung so oft-en, We can hear them o'er and o'er.
I shall hear it, too, for-ev-er, Till I meet her in the sky.
Meet to know no pangs of part-ing, Meet for-ev-er in the sky.

No. 188.  Morning Meditation.


1. As I stroll out each morn-ing here, my heart all filled with cares,
2. O, why should I in sad-ness live, while I am blessed to roam;
3. Should I be called be-fore Him now, to speak of His dear Son,
4. I can not stand be-fore Thee, Lord, and give Thee that sweet praise;

I look to Him who blessed me here, my soul is filled with cheers,
O, why should I not bless His name, though I be far from home?
O, could He cheer my droop-ing heart, my task would soon be done.
Should Thou with-hold Thy grace and word, my voice I could not raise.

No. 188 A.  Still Better.

Bradford and Muggs.  Alto Miss Minnie Floyd.

Teach me how to do my du-ty in the ser-vice of my Lord,
Then when time with me is o-ver, I'll re-ceive the great re-ward.

D. C.—When my sor-rows and my toil-ing Shall be ban-ished far a-way.

And with Je-sus Christ my Sav-iour, I shall live in end-less day.
No. 189. O Mother, How We Miss You
Dedicated to Mrs. Ray Post, Tupelo, Miss.

W. A. McKinney
E. M. Kitchen, owner, 1930

1. We have lost our dear, sweet mother,
   She no more on earth shall roam;
   And there'll never be another,
   Who can take her love, Trusting Jesus as her Savior.
   Till she joined Him by skies, I can think of nothing sweeter
   Than our meeting place at home.
   O dear mother, how we miss you,
   But no more on earth you roam; Some sweet day we'll all be
   With you, In that bright eternal home.

2. Mother's life was true and faithful,
   And her heart was filled with roam;
   And there'll never be another,
   Who can take her love, Trusting Jesus as her Savior.
   Till she joined Him by skies, I can think of nothing sweeter
   Than our meeting place at home.
   O dear mother, how we miss you,
   But no more on earth you roam; Some sweet day we'll all be
   With you, In that bright eternal home.

3. Some day I shall go to meet her,
   Where there'll be no more good-
   And there'll never be another,
   Who can take her love, Trusting Jesus as her Savior.
   Till she joined Him by skies, I can think of nothing sweeter
   Than our meeting place at home.
   O dear mother, how we miss you,
   But no more on earth you roam; Some sweet day we'll all be
   With you, In that bright eternal home.

No. 190. The Master Of Love.

Elder Len Dalton.
Elder Len Dalton, owner.

1. On the Master of love I am trusting to-day,
   That He'll guide me a-
   And by faith I can see my sure fate,
   And by faith I can see my sure fate, He has promised His
   help when my burdens are great, And by faith I can see my sure fate.

2. On His promises divine I am resting secure,
   That He'll help me to
   And by faith I can see my sure fate,
   And by faith I can see my sure fate, He has promised His
   help when my burdens are great, And by faith I can see my sure fate.

3. When I'm called to go hence, and the battle is won,
   I hope God will then
   And by faith I can see my sure fate,
   And by faith I can see my sure fate, He has promised His
   help when my burdens are great, And by faith I can see my sure fate.

Note—Repeat words of the other verses as in first for Refrain.
No. 191. Where Jesus Is Will Be Heaven For Me.

J. R. Bickerstaff.
Arr. by A. N. Whitten

1. It may not be so far away,  
2. In that sweet home, so I've been told,  
3. A time will come when I no more,  

To perfect rest and endless day,  It matters  
Are gates of pearl and streets of gold; But this I  
Shall stray from Him whom I adore; And glory  

not where it may be, Where Jesus  
know, if I can be, Where Jesus  
then will ever be, Where Jesus  

is will be heaven for me. Where Jesus is  
will be heaven for me.  

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Will be heaven for me, will be heaven for me,  
Will be heaven for me, will be heaven for me  

No. 192

Lenox.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound;  
2. Exalt the Lamb of God, The sin-atoning Lamb;  

Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound,  
Redemption by His blood Thro' all the lands proclaim.  

The year of jubilee is come, The  
The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee  
The year of jubilee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, home.  

The year of jubilee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, home.  
Lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, home.  

Lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, home.  

1 2
Bright Morning of Glory

1. Bright morning of glory when Jesus shall come, To gather His jewels and carry them home, The graves shall break open, the saints shall a-
2. The glory of Jesus shall transcend the day, And transform our bodies never to decay, Oh, sing, Holy Angels, this sacred refrain.
3. He is coming again oh, wonderful sight, Eternity gleams like a star in the night, Then breaks the glad morning, and time is no more.
4. Bright morning of glory, bright morning of joy, Our Saviour is coming to destroy, God grant in that morning, a welcome shall be.
5. Bright morning of glory, we long to be there, To live on forever, His glory to share, The gate shall swing open, the vic-

Bright Morning of Glory

1. The graves shall break open, the saints shall arise, To see the Redeemer descend from the skies.
2. Oh, sing Holy Angels, this sacred refrain.
3. Then breaks the glad morning, and time is no more.
4. God grant in that morning, a welcome shall be.
5. The gate shall swing open, the victory won.
No. 194  This Is My Father's World

Malchle D. Babcock 1863-1921
Arr. by F. L. Shepard 1852-1939

Traditional English Melody

1. This is my Father's world, And to my listening ears, All nature sings, and round me rings, The music of the spheres, morning light, the lily white Declare their Maker's praise.
2. This is my Father's world, The birds their carols raise, Though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.
3. This is my Father's world, O let me never forget That this is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought Of this is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair; In this is my Father's world, The battle is not done, Jesus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heaven be one.

It means Thy praise, however poor, And to my listening ears, All nature sings, and round me rings, The music of the spheres, morning light, the lily white Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world, O let me never forget That this is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought Of this is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair; In this is my Father's world, The battle is not done, Jesus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heaven be one.

No. 195  Cowper

Common English Melody

For - give the song that falls so low Beneath the grat - tude I owe;
It means Thy praise, however poor, It means Thy praise, however poor.
It means Thy praise, however poor. An angel's song can do no more.

It means Thy praise, however poor.
It means Thy praise, however poor.
No. 196

He Is My Jesus

Jack Young

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Wayland Ethridge
Artie W. Green

1. Sometimes we have burdens hard to bear, Sometimes it seems there's
no one to care. Christ the King met death on Calvary. He
bide 'til the end. Side by side with you He'll walk each day. He'll

Chorus

is the way, the way for you and me. He is my
go with you, each step along the way. He is my

Je-sus, That Man of Gal-ilee Who bled and died for

me on Calvary's tree. He is my Je-sus. I'll al-ways

No. 197

We Will Sing With The Angels There

D. J. Givens

1. There is a place called heaven, The home-land of the soul,
The an-gels will be sing-ing there, While end-less ages roll.

Chorus

We will sing with the an-gels there, In that hap-py home so fair,

In heav-en above where all is love, We will sing with the an-gels there.

2. That home is made of jasper, Its walks are laid with gold,
The beau-ties of that heav'n-ly place, Have never yet been told.

3. There we shall live for-ev-er, In that e-ter-nal home,
We'll meet our Sav-iour face to face, A-round that hap-py throne.
No. 198

David's Lamentation.

David, the king was grieved and moved. He went to his chamber, his chamber and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,

Would to God I had died,

O my son! Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died, Would to God I had died, O Absalom, my son, my son!

No. 199

Holy City

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B. F. White
arr. V. J. Lowrance, Jr.

1. There is a holy city, A happy world above, Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love; An ev'ry last-ing tem-ple, And saints ar-rayed in white; They serve their great re-deem-er, They dwell with Him in light.

2. It is no world of trouble, The God of peace is there, He wipes away their sorrows, He banishes their care; Their joys are still increas-ing, Their songs are ev-er new; They praise the ter-nal Fa-ther, The Son and Spir-it, too. They came from trib-u-la-tion To ev-er last-ing day.

3. The host of saints a-round Him Pro-claim His work of grace; Their tears and their temp-ta-tions And all the pains they bore; They speak of fier-ry tri-al, And tortures on their way; Amid our fier-c'est dan-gers Our lives are hid in Thee.

4. Now with a ho-ly trans-port They tell their suf-ferings o'er, Their ev-er last-ing tem-ple, And saints ar-rayed in white; They serve their great re-deem-er, They dwell with Him in light.
No. 200

Song Of Thanks

Elder J. A. Rowell

1. With thankful hearts we raise the voice, With thankful-ness we sing, For
2. Accept our thanks in thankful song, We sing of Jesus' love, As

1. We thank Thee Lord for natural food, And for the air we breathe,
humble sing, This prayer of thanks we pray,
2. This song of thanks we humbly sing, This prayer of thanks we pray,

all the blessings He affords, Our thankful songs we bring,
sung by blessed blood-washed throngs. In heaven's courts above.
1. We
2. This

Be cause Thou art both kind and good, Great blessings we receive.
To Christ, our Savior, Priest and King, On this appointed day, day.
1
2

1. I love my precious Lord, Love, love, I love the Lord.
2. I'll sing His happy praise, Yes, sing, yes, sing His praise.
3. He's been so good to me, So good, so good to me.
She Is Sleeping

Arr. T. J. A.

T. J. Allen
Beulah Dauphin

1. There's a land beyond the river, Where the skies are ever fair;

2. She went o'er the silent waters, At the setting of the sun;

3. In that land she is waiting, For the ones she loved on earth;

4. When the solemn summons call us, To that mansion of the blest;

Come, oh boat-man, row me over, To a fairer land than this;

And I have an angel mother, Who is waiting for me there.

And I know that she is happy, For the Christian's course is run.

Sin and sorrow never enter, But eternal days have birth.

We shall lose our earthly sorrow, In a sense of blissful rest.

For my heart grows weary waiting, For my angel mother's kiss.
O Lord We Sing

1. O Lord we sing, How great Thou art, With all Thy riches known;
2. Often our path on earth is dark And weary seems the way;
3. Still we can sing, How great Thou art, With all Thy tender care;
4. Our span of life, is oh so short Com-pa-red to that great time

We get a glimpse of Holy bliss Around the great white throne.
The dawn will come, the sun will shine To drive the clouds away.
In life, in death, in peace and war, We know that Thou art there.
When all God's children are called home For eternal life sublime.

And yet we see only in part, The city called Four Square.
Our hearts are torn; they are at war, That we may worship free.
Are here to tell us Thou art there To tune our hearts to sing.
Unto the place called ecstacy, I think I'm almost there.

Hail Sovereign Love

1. Hail, sovereign love that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man;
2. En-wrapt in thick Egyptian night, And fount of darkness more than light,
3. In dig-nant jus-tice stood in view, To Sinai's holy mount I flew;
4. Should storms of thun-dering vengeance roll, And shake the earth from pole to pole,

Hail, match-less, free, e-ter-nal grace, That gave my soul a hid-ing-place.
Mad-ly I ran the sin-ful race, Se-cure with-out a hid-ing-place.
But jus-tice cried with frown-ing face, "This moun-tain is no hid-ing-place."
No flam-ing bolt shall daint my face, For Je-sus is my hid-ing-place.

A-gainst the God that rules the sky I fought with hand up-lifted high;
But thus the e-ter-nal coun-sel ran, "Al-might-y love ar-rest that man;"
Ere long a heav'n-ly voice I heard, And mer- cy's an-gel form ap-pear-ed;
A few more roll-ing suns at most, Will land me safe on Ca-naan's coast.

De-spi-red His rich, a-bound-ing grace, Too proud to seek a hid-ing-place.
I felt the ar-rows of dis-tress, And found I had no hid-ing-place.
She led me on, with gen-tle pace, To Je-sus as my hid-ing-place.
Where I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glo-rous hid-ing-place.
No. 204  The Lone Pilgrim.  11s and 8s.  Wm. Walker.

1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay, And pensive-ly stood by the tomb,
2. The tem-pest may howl, and the loud thunder roar, And gathering storms may arise.
3. The cause of my Master compelled me from home, I bade my compan-ions farewell;
4. I wandered an ex-ile and stranger from home, No kin-dred or rel-a-tive nigh;
5. Oh, tell my com-pan-ion and children most dear, To weep not for me now I'm gone;

When in a low whisper I heard something say, How sweet-ly I sleep here a-lone!
Yet calm is my feel-ing, at rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—in far dis-tant re-gions they dwell,
I met the con-ta-gion, and sank to the tomb, My soul flew to man-sions on high.
The same hand that led me thro' scenes most severe, Has kind-ly as-sist-ed me home.

No. 206  IN THY GREAT NAME.

1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at Thy feet;
2. We come to hear Je-ho-vah speak, To hear the Sav-iour's voice;
3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear, And understand Thy Word;
4. Let sin-ners now Thy goodness prove, And saints rejoice in Thee;

No. 207  The Fruit of Faith

J.A.M.  Arr. J.A. MUNSEES

1. Faith is the arm that ex-pands grace, O'er ev-er-rent trees we love to trace,
2. Faith leads us where none dare to go, But those to whom the scepter show;
3. Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh;
4. When the rain falls, and pastures lean, Faith helps us wait to lat-ter glee;

Swift as an In-dian arrow flies, Or like a shoot-ing star, star.
That we can nev-er say, "They're here," But on-ly say, "They're past," past.
The mo-ment when our lives be-gin, We all be-gin to die, die.

Faith reaches out to things un-seen,Leads us to feed on pas-tures green,
Faith is God's gift, to guide your feet,Brings heaven near,makes service sweet.

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**No. 208**

**Lone Pilgrim.**

1. Ye pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God, Whose
2. As Jesus in cov - e - nant love, did en - gage A
3. This truth, like its An - thor, e - ter - nal shall stand, Thou:
4. They may on the main of tem - ta - tion be toss'd! Their
5. Sur - round - ed with sor - row, temp - ta - tions and cares, This

spir its are filled with dis - may, Since ye have e - ter - nal re - ful - ness of grace to dis - play, The pow - ers of dark - ness in all things in na - ture de - cay, Up - held by Je - ho - vah's om - sor - rows may swell as the sea; But none of the ran - somed shall
truth with de - light we sur - vey, And sing, as we pass thro' this
demp - tion thro' blood, Ye can - not but hold on your way.
mal - ice may rage, The right - eous shall hold on his way.
nip - o - tent hand, The right - eous shall hold on his way.
ev - er be lost; The right - eous shall hold on his way.
val - ley of tears, The right - eous shall hold on his way.

**No. 210**

**I'll Live On Somewhere**

1. When this life is o'er, and I'm here no more, I'll live on some where;
2. Tho' my bod - y lies in the cold, cold ground,
3. Tho' the grave my bed for ten-thousand years, I'll live on
4. As the days go by, as the ages fly,

In a hap - py home nev - er - more to roam, I'll live on some where.
When the dead a-rise at the trumpet sound,
Free from toil and care, free from pain and tears, I'll live on some where.
In that hap - py place for the saved by grace,

D. 3. — With my loved ones gone, I'll live on and on,
No. 211  Sing An Old Song

Elder J. A. Rowell

1. Oh sing to me an old old song And pitch the key-note low,
   With harmony and melody long, The music soft and slow.
   1. What shall I render to my God For all His kind-ness shown?
   1. { The blest-ed Spir-it, like the wind, Blows when and where He please;
   1. The blessed Spirit, like the wind, Blows when and where He please;
   1. How hap-py are the men who feel The soul en-liv-en-ed.
   2. How hap-py are the men who feel The soul en-liv-en-ed.
   1. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   1. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.

   2. Just sing it like they used to sing, An old song just one more.
   Sweet mem-o-ries such singing bring, Of long-gone days of yore.
   2. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My o-f-ferings shall be paid
   2. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid
   2. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid.
   2. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid.

   3. A sim-ple easy melody A soft and sweet refrain,
   Please sing an old, old song for me, An old song once again.
   3. How much is mer-cy Thy do light, Thou ev-er bless-ed God
   3. How much is mercy Thy do light, Thou ever bless-ed God
   3. How much is mercy Thy do light, Thou ever bless-ed God.
   3. How much is mercy Thy do light, Thou ever bless-ed God.

   4. The songs they sang when I was young, Of grace and hope and love.
   The kind of songs our par ents sang, Of Christ and Jesus' love.
   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.

   5. The old songs may not be the best, I surely do not know.
   But when they carry me to rest, Just sing one soft and low.
   5. Lord, fill each dead, be-night-ed soul With life and light and joy.
   5. Lord, fill each dead, be-night-ed soul With life and light and joy.
   5. Lord, fill each dead, be-night-ed soul With life and light and joy.
   5. Lord, fill each dead, be-night-ed soul With life and light and joy.

No. 212  Mercy And Grace

Elder J. A. Rowell

1. Oh mer-cy is my only plea, Have nothing else to pay, The
   heavy debt I owe to Thee; Grant mer-cy Lord I pray.
   1. How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How pre-cious is Thy blood!
   1. My feet shall vis- it Thine a-bode, My songs ad-dress Thy throne.
   1. My feet shall visit Thine abode, My songs address Thy throne.

   2. By grace the guilty sin-ner lives, Though doomed by sin to die, Grace
   in-ter-cedes the Lord for-gives; The Sav-iour jus-ti-fies.
   2. How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How pre-cious is Thy blood!
   2. How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How pre-cious is Thy blood!
   2. How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How pre-cious is Thy blood!

   3. Ye saints re-deemed with rapture sing, Since Jesus paid and freed, Sing
   glorious an-thems to your King, Now you are free in deed.
   3. My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de-vote to Thee!
   3. My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee!
   3. My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee!
   3. My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee!

No. 213  Solemn Warning

E. P. Brough

1. The blest-ed Spir-it, like the wind, Blows when and where He please;
   He sheds abroad the Fa-thers love, Applies re-deem-ing blood,
   Bids both our guilt and grief re-move, And brings us near to God.
   He takes a-way the heart of stone, And plants His grace within.

   2. How hap-py are the men who feel The soul en-liv-en-ed.
   None can the might-y power control—Thy glo-rious work de-stroy.

   3. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   D.C.—He takes away the heart of stone, And plants His grace within.

   D.C.

   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.

No. 214  Eden

B. F. White. Alt by C. H. C.

1. What shall I render to my God For all His kind-ness shown?
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!
   My feet shall visit Thine abode, My songs address Thy throne.
   There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an-guish made.

   2. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid
   My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee!
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!

   3. Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!
   My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I devote to Thee!
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!

   4. How happy are the men who feel the soul renewed.
   Among the saints that fill Thy house, My offerings shall be paid
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!
   How dear Thy servants in Thy sight How precious is Thy blood!
Sweet Prospect

Wm. Walker

1. Lo! what an entertaining sight, Those friendly brethren prove!
   Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
   Rev'rend head—The trickling drops perfumed His feet,
   Of harmony and love. When streams of bliss from
   And o'er his garments spread. 'Tis pleasant as the
   Christ, the spring Descend to every soul, And heavily
   Morn'ing dews that fall on Zion's hill, Where God His
   Peace, with balm-y wing, Shades and dew the whole.
   Mild est glory shows, And makes His grace distil.

2. 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet, On Aaron's
   Of harmony and love. When streams of bliss from
   And o'er his garments spread. 'Tis pleasant as the
   Christ, the spring Descend to every soul, And heavily
   Morn'ing dews that fall on Zion's hill, Where God His
   Peace, with balm-y wing, Shades and dew the whole.
   Mild est glory shows, And makes His grace distil.

Gethsemane. 7s. 6 Lines.

A. O'headline.

1. Man-y woes had Christ endured, Man-y sore temptations met,
   But the sor est trial yet
   All my sins against His blood—All my sins against His cause:
   Was to be sustained in thee, Gloom-y, sad Geth-se-man-e!
   None can penetrate throu' thee; Dole-ful, dark Geth-se-man-e!
   Sins as boundless as the sea! Hide me, O Geth-se-man-e!
   Not a glimpse of hope for me, On-ly in Geth-se-man-e!

2. Their God bear all my guilt; This, fard greater, can be believ'd;
   But the torments which He felt Are too vast to be conceived:
   All my sins against His blood—All my sins against His cause:
   Was to be sustained in thee, Gloom-y, sad Geth-se-man-e!
   None can penetrate throu' thee; Dole-ful, dark Geth-se-man-e!
   Sins as boundless as the sea! Hide me, O Geth-se-man-e!
   Not a glimpse of hope for me, On-ly in Geth-se-man-e!

Amsterdam. 7s and 6s. D.

1. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;
   Life is but a winter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb;
   Youth and vig or soon will flee, Bloom-ing beaut-y lose its charms;
   But the Chris-tian shall en joy Health and beaut-y soon, a bove,

2. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;
   Life is but a winter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb;
   Youth and vig or soon will flee, Bloom-ing beaut-y lose its charms;
   But the Chris-tian shall en joy Health and beaut-y soon, a bove,
No. 218 Break Thou the Bread of Life.
Mary Ann Lathbury
William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-

break the loaves Bes - side the sea; Now thro' the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee; Then, all my strugg - les o'er,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing - one.

No. 219 Solid Rock.
Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and right -eous - ness;
2. When darkness seems to close around I rest on His unchang - ing grace;
3. On - ly One has set my heart at rest, I am ever with the Lord.
4. When we shall meet in glory bright, He will lead me home.

Je - sus has al - read - y saved you, By His pit - y, love and pow' - er.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

No. 220 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus
Arr. by H. P. Morris.

1. Come, ye sin - ners poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall.

Chor.-I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.
No. 221  I Love The Lord, My God

Karen Winchester

1. I love the Lord, my God. With-in His hand I'm held. He's sheltered me from all dis-tress, And storms a-bout me. He's quelled.
2. When first I knew His name, My mind was so filled with awe. I would not har-k-en to His face, Re-fused to heed His call.
3. Then by His won- drous grace, I felt His mer-cy and His power. He opened my soul blind-ed eyes, I seek Him now this hour.
4. I love the Lord, my God. With-in His hand I'm held. He's sheltered me from all dis-tress, And storms a-bout me. He's quelled.

No. 222  The Gospel

Elder J. A. Rowell

1. The gospel tells how Je-sus came to save His peo-ple from their sin, To heal the sick, the blind, the lame, And con-fort wretch-ed dy-ing men.
2. Grace is the gospel's glo-rious song; It sings of Je-sus and His love, Grace is the gospel's glo-rious song; It sings of Je-sus and His love.
3. The gospel filled with might-ty pow'r, Will com-fort souls in dire dis-tress; Turn men in their saddest hour, From sor-row in to hap-pi-ness.
4. The gospel is a sa-cred trust, Be-stowed up on God's cho- sen race, By Je-sus Christ, the God and just, A Savior full of truth and grace.

No. 223  Balm In Gilead

Karen Winchester

1. Father I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know. If Thou with-draw Thy breath, what la- bor now should feel Thy pow'r. And all my wants Thou wear y long ing eyes; O let me now re- know. If Thou with-draw Thy breath, what la- labor now should feel Thy pow'r. And all my wants Thou wear y long ing eyes; O let me now re-
2. What did Thine on ly Son en-dure Be Thy face; Now let me hear Thy self from me. Awh whither shall I go? to se-cure My soul from end-less death! would'st re-lieve In this ac-cept-ed hour. There's a quick-ning voice, And taste Thy pard-n ing grace.
3. O Je-sus, could I this be lieve, I but see Thy face; Now let me hear Thy quick-ning voice, And taste Thy pard-n ing grace.
4. Au-thor of faith! to Thee I lift My o be-threat. If I were to die, Where would I then be? And I'm so near.
No. 224  
John 4:14  
Morris Newlin  
Carolla Johnson

1. Lord, lead me to the crystal fountain, Where I may bathe my weary soul;  
2. Oh, see the streams of living waters, So freely flowing from His throne;  
3. He bought salvation to His people. Holy and Reverend is His name.  
4. Lord, let me drink of that pure water. Oh, this shall be my daily cry,  

Where I may drink of it so freely, Enveloped in His grace and love.  
To this vain world of sin and sorrow, Where my dear Savior's feet have trod.  
He is the source of all my comfort; In him alone my hope doth cling.  
Or else the weight of sin and sorrow My weary soul would faint and die.  

No. 225  
Prayer  
Drummond  
R. P. Drummond

1. Now unto Thee our Father, We come on bended knees,  
2. Grant as Thy loving presence, Give us the grace to see  
3. Thou art our strength and comfort, And we in Thee believe;  

Our hearts are full of praise That brings us now unto Thee,  
Thy will in our daily lives, And bring us nigh unto Thee,  
But being men, our faith is weak, Help Thou our unbelief.  

No. 226  
The Christian Warfare  
William Walker

1. Ye friends of the Savior, I pray give attention, And I'll tell what  
2. But mercy, free mercy, that still in terror presides, And sheds for the  
3. I soon did discover my guilt was removed, And I was delivered  

Jesus has done for my soul;  
Sinner by grace was made whole;  
For Christ's pure obedience when stricken examined, By justice, it  

And my best performance could do me no good; I cried out for mercy,  
And I was ashamed, and I fell to the ground; Then Jesus appeared,  
And I must appear in the judgment to come, And for my adoption,  

Oh, Lord Jesus, relieve me, Or I must be spared from the presence of God,  
And quickely relieved me, And that very moment the pardon I found,  
And perseverance until I get home.
An Empty Mansion

1. Here I labor and toil as I look for a home, Just an humble abode among men, While in heaven a mansion is waiting for me, Was my sweetest; Nothing more could I ask than a mansion above, Folded in rest, I'll exchange this old home for a mansion up there.

2. Erethankful am I that my Savior and Lord Promised unto the time, Some times I'm full of praising, When Christ reveals His face; Some times in the valley, And sinking down with woe;

3. Whenny labor and toiling have ended below And my hands shall lie Some times He is the neighbor I long the most to see;

Chorus
And a gentle voice pleading 'come in,' There to live with the saved and the blest. There's a mansion now empty, just And invite the archangel as guest.

waiting for me At the end of life's troublesome way. Many friends and dear

loved ones will welcome me there Near the door of that mansion some day.

Mixture. 7s and 6s.

1. Mixtures of joy and sorrow I daily do pass thro';
2. Some times I'm full of doubting, And think I have no grace;
3. Some times I shun the Christian, Lest he should talk to me;

Sometimes I'm in the valley, And sinking down with woe;
Sometimes He is the neighbor I long the most to see;

Sometimes I am exalted, On eagles' wings I fly;
Sometimes my hope's so little, I think I'll throw it by;

Some times we meet together, The season's dry and dull;
Some times it seems sufficient, If I were called to die;

I rise above my troubles, And hope to reach the sky.
No. 229  Poor And Afflicted  A. Gramling
Also by C. H. C.

1. Poor and afflicted, Lord, are Thine, Among the great
2. Poor and afflicted oft they are, Sorely oppressed
3. And while they walk the thorny way, They're oft en heard

unfit to shine; But tho' the world may think it strange
with want and care; Yet He who saves them by His blood,
to sigh and say, "Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come,

They would not with the world exchange. Poor and afflicted,
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good. Poor and afflicted,
And take Thy mourning pilgrims home. Poor and afflicted,
yet they trust in God, the gracious, wise and just; For them He
yet they sing, For Christ, their glorious conquering King, Thrus suff'ring
yet ere long, They'll join the bright celestial throng, And all their

deigns this lot to choose, Nor would they dare His will refuse.
perfect, reigns on high, And does their every need supply.
suffering they shall close, And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

No. 230  Balm  J. N. Pitman

1. Again, from calm and sweet repose, I rise to hail the dawn;
2. Great God of love, Thy praise I'll sing, For Thou hast safely kept;
3. Glory to Thee, eternal Lord, O teach my heart to pray,
4. Let ev'ry thought and word accord With Thy most holy will;
5. From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill, My constant Guardian prove;

A gain my waking eyes un-close To view the smiling morn.
My soul be neath Thy guardian wing And watched me while I slept.
And Thy blest Spirit's help afford, To guide me thru the day.
Each deed the precepts of Thy word With pius aim fulfill.
Oh sanctify my heart and fill With thoughts of holy love.

No. 231  Hester  L. C. E.

1. I love to see the Lord below, His church displays His grace;
2. I love to worship at His feet, Tho' sin enwraps me there;
3. I love to meet Him in His courts, And taste His heav'nly love;
4. O Lord, I love Thy service now, Thy church displays Thy pow'r;

But upper worlds His glory know, And view Him face to face.
But saints exalted near His seat Have no assaults to fear.
But still His visits seem too short, Or I too soon remove.
But soon in heav'n I'll to Thee bow, And praise Thee ev'ry more.
No. 232  
 Refuge. 7s.

1. Wait, my soul, upon the Lord, To His gracious promises flee, 
   Lay ing hold upon His word: "As thy day, thy strength shall be." 

2. Days of trial, days of grief, In succession thou may'st see; 
   This is still thy sweet relief: "As thy day, thy strength shall be." 

D.C.—God has promised jealous grace: "As thy day, thy strength shall be." 
D.C.—Faithful, positive and sure: "As thy day, thy strength shall be." 

If the sorrows of thy case, Seem peculiar still to thee, 
Rock of Ages, I'm secure, With Thy promise, full and free. 

No. 233  
 Lord, Save. L. M.

1. O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn, My sins which have Thy body torn; 
2. O could I gain the mountain's height, And gaze upon that bleeding sight; 
3. I'd smile up on my breast and mourn, And never from the cross return; 

Give me, with broken heart, to see Thy last tremendous agony, 
O that with Jerusalem's daughters I might stand and see my Saviour die! 
I'd weep o'er an expired God, And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
No. 235  I Know Whom I Have Believed

G. W. Whitley 1840 - 1921
(2 Tim. 1:12)

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this saying faith To me He did impart,
3. I know not how the Spirit moves Convinced men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Chorus

But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able To keep that which I've committed Unto Him against that day."

No. 236  Ecstasy

T. W. Carter. Alto by C. H. C.

1. Sometimes a light surprise, The Christian while He sings: It is the Lord who rises With healing in His wings. When comforts are delivered God's salvation. And find it ever new; Set free from present duties. clothed in His people's love, Beneath the spreading field should wither. Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet God the same.

Chorus

clinging, He grants the soul again A season of clearing. To soar. We cheerful. Can say. E'en let the unknown morrow Bring heavy costs. No creature but is fed. And He who feeds the ravens. Will bid His praise shall tune my voice. For while in Him confidence I

Cheer it after rain. With it what it may. Oh, had I wings I would fly away and give. His chieftain bread. Can not but rejoice.

Be at rest. And I'd praise God in His bright abode.
No. 237
I Thank You, Lord

Eldred J. A. Rowell

D.C. al Fine.

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Sara White

1. I come to the end of life’s beautiful day, Through all our trials He still is near.
   For He is gentle and lowly, He knows our burdens He will make them clear.

2. We are thankful for church and a Saviour to love. For the end of the journey we view; With hearts overflowed with joy.
   For a hope of bright glory afar, We gratefully say, Sincerely dear Lord, We thank you.

3. Gratefully say, Sincerely dear Lord, We thank you.

4. Wait ing above, For these blessings, dear Lord, We thank you.

No. 238
Walk With God

Darleen Nowlin Collins

D.C. al Fine.

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Morris Nowlin

1. I love the quietness of the morning, The peace-ful beauty of the day.
2. Oh, what a joy and peace it gives me, To talk to Jesus in a prayer.
3. Things seem brigh-ter in the morn-ing, As God so bold-ly shows His face.

4. I love to go there to my bow-er, And hum-bly bow my head and pray.

5. It gives me hope and con-so-la-tion, It lifts me from my eve-ry care.

6. Makes me want to shout His prai-ses, And thank Him for a-maz-ing grace.

D.S. When the evening sun is set-ting, I have walked with God to-day.

Chorus

D.S. al Fine.

Oh, that His grace and mer-cy guide me, That when it’s finished I can say;
No. 239
Solemn Thought.
In loving memory of L. W. Koen.

1. Thro' all the world below, God is seen all around: Search hills and valleys th'o'.
2. See springs of water rise, Fountains flow, rivers run; The mist below the skies.
3. The sun, to my surprise, Speaks of God as he flies; The comets in their blaze.
4. Then let my station be Here on earth, as I see The sacred One in Three.

There He's found; The growing-of the corn, The Ill-y and the thorn, The pleasant
Hides the sun; Then down the rain doth pour, The ocean, it doth roar. And dash a
Give Him praise; The shin-ing of the stars, The moon as it appears, His sa-cred
All a-gree; Thro' all the world is made, The for-est and the glade; Nor let me

and forever, All de-clare God is there; In the meadows dressed in green, There He's seen
gainst the shore. All to praise, in their lays, That God that o'er-declines His de-sign.
name de-clares. See them shine, all divine! The shades in silence prove God's a-love,
be a-fraid, Tho' I dwell on the hill, Since nature's works declare God is there.

No. 240
Boyston. Dr. Mason. By per.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wound'ring an-gels see; Be-
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In

floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev're eye. Thou as-tonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee, heav'n a-lone no sin is found; And there's no weeping there.
No. 243  In Worlds On High
J. B. W.  COPYRIGHT 1886, IN "GLORY WAVES NO. 11.
OWNED BY MORRIS & HENSON  J. H. WRIGHT

1. There is an land, a gold-en strand, Where saints and angels robed in white;
2. In that sweet home no more to roam, No more to weep o'er scenes of woe.
3. Oh! morning fair, Oh! glo-ries rare, When on that hap-py gold-en shore;
4. Some hap-py time in yon-der clime, Be-yond the reach of pain and care;

Are sing-ing praise thro' end-less days, In shin-ing worlds of pure de-light,
Safe there at last all tri-als past, The won-ders of those worlds to know,
With loved ones meet, with joy complete I'll live with them for-ev-er-more.
In lands of spring where an-gels sing, I'll live for-ev-er o-ver there.

REFRAIN

In worlds on high, In worlds on high, In yon-der sky, In yon-der sky,
Are daz-zling man-sions bright and fair; I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way
Some hap-py day, Some hap-py day, And live for-ev-er o-ver there.

No. 244  Our Father Cares
J. F. P.  Mat. 5 26-28  J. F. PARKER

SLOWLY

1. Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows all we need be-fore we ask, Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows and He cares;
2. See the lil-ies how they grow, and the beau-ty they dis-play, He is watch-ing o-ver them, for He cares;
3. When we find our-selves in need, then we to the Fa-ther plead, For He is our friend in-deed, and He cares;

Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther sees ev-ery spar-row when it falls, Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther sees, and He cares,
When He wa-ters with the dew, lil-ies raise their heads a-new, He will do the same for you, for He cares,
He'll be watch-ing o-ver us when we're sleep-ing in the dust, And He'll come a-gain for us for He cares.

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No. 245  O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. 11s
Wm. BRADBURY

1. O, bliss of the puri-fi'd bliss of the free! I'm plunged in the
   crimson tide opened for me! O'er sin and un-cleanness exulting I stand,
   And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
   Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love mightly to save.

2. O, bliss of the puri-fi'd Jesus is mine, No longer in
dread condemnation I pine; In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth up on me the smiles of His face, O, sing of His mighty love,
No tears, but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
And triumph in death in the mighty to save!

3. O, bliss of the puri-fi'd bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
soul that His blood cannot cure, No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
deeded! my God, and my King! My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given
The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
To her cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe, Shall great deliverance bring.

4. O, Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing! My blessed Re-
   dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
   Her sweet communion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
   The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven

No. 246  Healoth. S. M. D.
DwIGHT.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode,
   I love Thy church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand,
   Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs ascend;
   Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways,
   Her sweet communion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

3. Jesus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King,
   Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given
   The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven

4. Our Sav-iour and our King,
   The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven
   The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven
No. 247  COUNSEL

L. H. C.
LEON H. CLEVENGER, OWNER
LEON H. CLEVENGER

1. Oh dear pilgrim are you troubled, By the darkness of the way?
2. Then, Oh listen to your Saviour, As He kindly sweetly calls,
3. On the road from earth to glory, Many pitfalls do abide,
4. Thus the Saviour gives His counsel, To His children here on earth,
5. Some sweet day we hope to see Him, In that home above the sky.

Do your sorrows and your burdens Fill your heart with dark dismay?
"Come to me ye heavy laden," "I will take your burdens all",
Satan often darkens counsel, And the pitfalls often hide.
For He loves each one so dearly, That for them He gave His life;
Wholly by His grace and favor, We shall see Him by and by.

No. 248  Arlington.

I. Watts.
DR. T. A. ARNHE.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause,
2. Jesus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well secure
4. Then will He own my worthless name, Before His Father's face,

Maintain the honor of His word, The glory of His cross,
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.
And in the New Jerusalem, Appoint my soul a place.

No. 249  Devotion

Kent.

1. When overwhelmed with tears and fear, Great God, do Thou my spirit cheer;
2. When storms of sin and sorrow beat, Lead me to this divine retreat;
3. When guilt lies heavy on my soul, And waves of fierce temptation roll,
4. When called to the vale of Death to tread, Then to this rock may I be led;

Let not mine eyes with tears be fed, But to the Rock of Ages led.
Thy perfect right-eousness and blood, My rock, my Fort-ress and my God.
I'll to the Rock for shelter flee, And take my refuge, Lord in Thee.
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea, Since Thou hast tasted death for me.
No. 250  Our Faith

E. N. Wessen

Arr. by Virginia N. Speiden and J. H. D.

1. When the Lord bids us walk in the valley of woe, We would falter and fail by the way; Were it not for our faith ever strong to press on, 'Till we get to the brightness of day, faith makes us look far a-head With the light that e'er shines on a road that is smooth, Where our footsteps for ever may tread, faith that our vic-t'ry is won.

2. If the path-way be rough as we jour-ney a-long, Then our faith makes us look far a-head For the light that e'er shines on a road that is smooth, Where our footsteps for ever may tread, faith that our vic-t'ry is won.

3. Now our faith is an an-chor to which we may cling, All sea-son long, For the light that e'er shines on a road that is smooth, Where our footsteps for ever may tread, faith that our vic-t'ry is won.

No. 251  God's Promise

Sel. by Eld. T. R. Crawford  Arr. by J. H. D.

J. Harvey Dailey

1. God has not promised skies always blue, Flower-strewn pathway All our lives through, God has not promised sun without rain. Peace without sorrow, joy without pain, Grace for our trials help from above, Un-failing kindness, un-dead love. Let us still trust His mer-cies right on. And sing His praises all the day long.

2. But God has promised strength as our day, Rest when we labor. Light on the way. God has not promised sun without rain. Peace without sorrow, joy without pain, Grace for our trials help from above, Un-failing kindness, un-dead love. Let us still trust His mer-cies right on. And sing His praises all the day long.

3. Tho' we have mingled, sunshine and rain, Floods decked with rainbows, joy mingled with pain. God has not promised sun without rain. Peace without sorrow, joy without pain, Grace for our trials help from above, Un-failing kindness, un-dead love. Let us still trust His mer-cies right on. And sing His praises all the day long.

No. 252  My Jesus, I Love Thee

London Hymn Book

A. J. Gordon

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Redeem-

2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first love-d me, And pur- chased my par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-

3. In mansions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-

No. 253  Where Could I Go?

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J. B. Cook

1. Liv-ing be-low in this old sinful world, Hardly a com-fort can af-ford; Neigh-bors are kind, I love them ev'-ry one, We get a-long in sweet ac-cord;

2. Neigh-bors are kind, I love them ev'-ry one, We get a-long in sweet ac-cord; Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Comfort I get from God's word;

3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Comfort I get from God's word; Striv-ing a-lone to face temptations sore, But when my soul needs man- na from above, Where could I go but to the Lord?

4. Striv-ing a-lone to face temptations sore, But when my soul needs man- na from above, Where could I go but to the Lord? Yet when I face the chill-ing hand of death, Needing a friend to save me in the end, Where could I go but to the Lord?
No. 254  **Blessed Hope. 10s and 9s.**

A. D. Fillmore,

1. Bless-ed hope, with her an-chor of safe-ty, It points up-ward, with
2. When we're pin-ning in sick-ness and an-guish, And the sweet ties of
3. Tho' the cross may be heav-y to carry, The se-vere be the
4. Bless-ed hope be our con-stant com-pa-ny. Ev-er shield from the

in-dex of love, Say-ing, "Chi-dren of sor-row and sad-ness,
friendship are riv'n, Hope is whis-pery in ac-cents of glad-ness,
chas-ten-ing rod, Hope is tell-ing of rest for the wea-ry,
chill of de-spair, Point-ing up-ward to man-sions of glo-ry,

CHORUS.

There's a home with the bless-ed a-love,"
"There's a home with the bless-ed in heav'n," Bless-ed hope—sure and stead-fast,
And a home with the bless-ed of God. Which the Sav-tour has gone to pre-pare.

An-chor of the soul, Guid-ing thro' the vail, To the heav'n-ly goal.

---

No. 255  **Carradoc Plains.**

W. E. Chute,

1. How love-ly the place where the Saviour ap-pears To those who believe in His Word!
2. One day In His courts, than a thou-sand be-side, Is bet-ter and love-lier far;
3. Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints, For low at Thy feet I would lie;
4. Give strength to the souls that now wait upon Thee; Oh, come in Thy chariot of love!

His pre-sence dis-pers-es my sor-rows and fears, And bids me re-jice in my Lord,
My soul hates the place where the wicked re-side, And all their delights I ab-hor.
I know that Thou hearest my fee-ble complaints—Thou hearest the young raven's cry,
From earth's vain enchantments, oh, help us to flee, And set our af-fec-tions a-bove.

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No. 256  **Weeping Sinners.**

J. P. Been

1. God of love, O hear our prayer, Kind-ly for Thy peo-ple care;
2. Save us in the pro-prous hour, From the flat-ter-ing tempt-er's pow'r,
3. Cut off our de-pend-ence vain, On the help of fee-ble man;
4. Men of world-ly, low de-sign, Let not these Thy peo-ple join;

We on Thee a- lone de-pend, Love and save us to the end,
From his un-sus-pected wiles, From the world's peril-ous smiles.
En-vy arm of flesh re-move, Stay us on e-ter-nal love.
Till they noth-ing know be-side Je-sus, and Him cru-ci-fied.
No. 257  The Christian's Hope.

1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end,
   And I shall see my God and friend, And praise His name on high;

2. Then, O my soul, despise no more, The storm of life will soon be o'er.
   And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ever-lasting rest.

3. My soul anticipates the day, I'll joyfully the call obey,
   Which comes to summon me a way To seats prepared a love.

4. Thy dire afflictions press me sore, And death's dark billows roll before,
   Yet still by faith I see the shore, Beyond the rolling flood.

No more to sigh or shed a tear, No more to suffer pain or fear.
O happy day! O joyful hour! When freed from earth my soul shall bow.
There I shall see my Saviour's face, And dwell in His beloved breast.
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair, Before my raptured eyes appear.

But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear Unto the raptured eye.
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for ever best.
And taste the fullness of His grace, And sing redemption love.
It makes me think I'm almost there, In yonder bright abode.

No. 258  Jefferson

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion.
   City of our God, He whose word cannot be broken.

2. See, the streams of living waters springing.
   Formed thee for His own abode. On the Rock of ages founded.

3. Round each habitation hovering.
   Such a Light on the man-na Which He feeds up on.

   river. Ever flows their thirst to quenching, Show ing that the Lord is near. Thus deriving up.

   With salvation, Grace which, va tion's walls surround ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
   Like the Lord, the Giver, Ne ver fails from age to age.

   fire and cloud appear, For a glory and a broken.
   For all the fear of want remove. Who can faint while cov ering, Show ing that the Lord is near. Thus deriv ing.

   such a from their ban ner Light by night and shade by day. Thus they
No. 259  Lead Me On
J. H. Lovell  C. E. Poland

1. Lead me safely on by the narrow way. From the
   shores of time to the realms of day; by the cross of Christ may I
   close to Thee lest I go astray. Lead me safely on by Thy
   ever stand, As I journey on to the better land.

2. With a Shepherd's care through the night and day, Keep me
   hearts of love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a-hove,
   other shore, Let me freely drink till I thirst no more.

3. Thro' the storms of life mid the ocean's foam, Lead me
   I lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way;
   I lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of endless day.

No. 260  People Of The Living God
James Montgomery

1. People of the living God, I have sought the world a-round,
   People of the living God; I have sought the world a-round.
   Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no-where found.
   I have sought the world a-round.

2. Lone-ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
   Lone-ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
   Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave;
   Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.

3. Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en-joy-ment, pomp, or pow'r,
   Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en-joy-ment, pomp, or pow'r,
   Wel-come pov-er-ty and cross, Shame, re-proach, af-flict-ion's hour;
   Wel-come pov-er-ty and cross, Shame, re-proach, af-flict-ion's hour.

D. C. Brethren, where your altar burns, O receive me in to rest.
D. C. Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-ry i-deal I re-sign.
D. C. Now I take this yoke by choice; Light Thy bur-den now to me.
D. C. Brethren, where your altar burns, O receive me in to rest.
D. C. Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-ry i-deal I re-sign.
D. C. Now I take this yoke by choice; Light Thy bur-den now to me.

No. 261  To Die No More.
E. Duwsen

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, No pain or death can en-ter there;
   My heav'nly home is bright and fair, No pain or death can en-ter there;
   I'm go-ing home to Christ a-hove; I'm go-ing to the Chris-tian's rest,
   I'm go-ing home to Christ a-hove; I'm go-ing to the Chris-tian's rest,

2. My Father's house is built on high, Far far a-bove the star-ry sky;
   My Father's house is built on high, Far far a-bove the star-ry sky;
   Glit-tering tow'er's the sun out-shine; I hope that man-sion shall be mine.
   Glit-tering tow'er's the sun out-shine; I hope that man-sion shall be mine.

3. I am not the rich and great, Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
   I am not the rich and great, Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
   My Fa-ther is a rich-er King, That heav'n-ly man-sion still I sing.
   My Fa-ther is a rich-er King, That heav'n-ly man-sion still I sing.

4. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour, or waves d'er-dow,
   Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour, or waves d'er-dow,
   Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.
   Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.
No. 262
To My Dear Friends
Alice Baker
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1. Oh, how I thank you, my dear friends, each and ev'ry one,
   For all your prayers and words of kindness, ev'ry deed you've done;
   Though I'm weak and worth-less, you've been so good to me,
   Why the dear Lord has blessed me thus is more than I can see.

2. I bow my head in gratitude and know that it is right,
   Our Lord has spoken these sweet words, "It seem-eth good in my sight;"
   I know the Lord has touched your heart, and put His spirit in you,
   Oh, may He smile upon you all in ev'ry thing you do.

3. Now we must raise our voices and smile though joyful tears,
   Our Lord has spoken these sweet words, "It seem-eth good in my sight;"
   Our Lord has spoken these sweet words, "It seem-eth good in my sight;"
   And praise His name eternally, His blessed name, Amen.

No. 263
Let Me Stand By the Mountain
Written Aug. 4th 1947; standing near the mountain at the old home place on Rocky Creek, Gordon Co., Ga. While there I could see the old trail leading up the mountain that I crossed to attend my first singing school in 1926
Copyright, 1948, in "Sweetest Melodies"

J. M. Hines
J. M. Hines

1. As I stand by the side of the mountain (of the mountain) And view the handiwork of God; I'm reminded of life's flowing feet no more shall ever be moved; And my cup day by day over-right hand ever is our shield; He'll prepare us for that silent fountain (of-fant); And the rock smitten there by Moses' rod. flow-eth, (e ver-flow-eth) There the power of God is ful-ly proved. reaper, (si lent reaper) There the soul never more shall be a-fraid.

2. From the mountain my help sure-ly com-eth, suet-ly com-eth, (My) And the rock smitten there by Moses' rod. flow-eth, (e ver-flow-eth) There the power of God is ful-ly proved. reaper, (si lent reaper) There the soul never more shall be a-fraid.

3. Here the Lord our own God is the keep-er, (is the keep-er,) On the D. S. — And sit down at the top of Zion's Hill.

REFRAIN
Let me stand by the mountain.... Of the clear flowing brook-let drink my fill; Let me rest by the fountain.

Let me stand by the mountain.
Let me stand by the mountain.

D. S.
No. 264  Span Of Life
S. M. Brown
C. H. Casey

1. My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say,
   As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Proclaim the close of day.
   Oh that my heart might dwell aloof From all created things,
   And learn that wisdom from above, Whose true contentment springs.

2. Soon will the toil-some strife be o'er, Of sub-luna-ry care;
   And life's dull vanities no more This anxious breast en-snare.
   Courage, my soul on God rely, Deliverance soon will come;
   A gracious God the way provides To bring believers home.

3. Ere first I drew this vital breath, From nature's pris-on free,
   With silent and sub-mis-sive awe, Adored a chas't'ning God,
   Taught me to rest my faint-ing head On Christ the corner stone.
   Revered the ter-rors of His law, And hum-bly kissed the rod.

4. So comforted and so sustained, With dark e-vents I strove,
   And found them, right-ly un-derstood, All mes-sen-gers of love;
   That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,
   And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

No. 265  He Hideth My Soul
Tanny J. O'JlSAY
Wm. J. HEPATRICK

1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
   Sav-ior to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
   rivers of pleasure I see. Giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock

2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my
   He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved. He
   such a Re-deem-er as mis-er-ly shott with the mult-i-ions on high.

3. With num-ber-less bless-ing each mo-ment He crowns, And filled with His
   Full-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture o'er, glo-ry to God For
   That shadows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

4. When clothed in His brightness, trans-port-ed I rise To meet Him in
   Per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll
   And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.
No. 266  

**Close to Thee**

*Fanny J. Crosby*  
*Silas J. Vail*

1. Thou, my ever-lasting portion, More than friend or life to me;  
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;

*D.S.*—All along my pilgrim journey, Savior, let me walk with Thee.  
*D.S.*—Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.  
*D.S.*—Then the gate of life eternal May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

**Refrain**  
**D.S.**  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;  

No. 267  

**No More, My God**

*Woodworth L. M.*  
*Wm. B. Bradbury 1816–1868*

1. No more, my God! I boast no more Of all the duties I have done;  
2. Now, for the love I bear His name, What was my gain I count my loss,  
3. Yes, and I must, and will, esteem All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
4. The best obedience of my hands Dares not appear before Thy throne;

Where I can be at rest, And in that home of perfect day To lean on Jesus' breast.  
Thro' faith in God above There they shall see His smiling face, And rest in perfect love.  
And death shall give release, Take us to dwell with God's dear Son in perfect love and peace.
No. 269

Be Still, My Soul

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL

FINLANDIA

JEAN SIBELIUS

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; Bear patient-
   ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to
   order and provide; In every change He faith-ful will
   Thro' thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.

2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un-der-take . . .
   Thy heart is tender; All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at
   His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low. . . .

3. Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on . . .
   When we shall meet at last . . .

No. 270

Minister's Farewell

1. Dear friends, fare-well, I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
   I go a-way, and here you stay, But still we're joined in heart;
   Your love to me has been most free, Your con-ver-sa-tion sweet;
   How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can-not meet?

2. Yet do I find my heart in-clined To do my work be-low;
   When that doth call I trust I shall be read-y then to go;
   Leave you all, both great and small, In God's en-circling arms,
   Who can you save from the cold grave. And shield you from all harms.

3. I trust you'll pray both night and day And keep your gar-ments white
   For you and me, that we may be The chil-dren of the light;
   If you die first, a non you must, The will of God be done,
   While beau-ty bright un-to my sight Thy sa-cred sweets dis-close.

4. If I'm called home whilst I am gone, In-dulge no tears for me;
   I hope the Lord will you re-ward With an im-mor-tal crown.
   Oh may we meet and be com-plete And long to-geth-er dwell,
   And serve the Lord with one ac-cord. And so, dear friends, fare-well.

5. I long to go; the fare-well woe; My soul will be at rest;
   No more shall I com-plain or sigh, But taste the heav'n-ly feast.
   How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can-not meet?
   And so, dear friends, fare-well.
No. 271

Lord, Revive Us.

Arr. by J. B. V.

1. Save, visit Thy plantation; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
   All will come to desolation, Unless Thou return again.
2. Keep no longer at a distance, Shine upon us from on high,
   Lest, for want of Thine assistance, Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
3. Surely once Thy garden flourished, Ev'ry part looked gay and green,
   Then Thy word our spir'rits nourished, Happ'y sea-sons we have seen.
4. Dearest Saviour, hast-hen hither, Thou canst make them bloom again;
   O per-mit them not to with-er, Let not all our hopes be vain.

Chorus.

Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us, All our help must come from Thee;

Lord, revive us; O revive us, All our help must come from Thee.

No. 272

Christian Band.

Words and arr. copyrighted, 1866, by William H. Crouse.

1. So swift the time has passed a-way, And we are blest to see this day,
   Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where He rose.
2. As happy saints we gather round, To hear the bless-ed gospel's sound,
   Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross when He rose.
3. If Christian love and union reigns, God's Hol-y Word our cause sustains,
   Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.
4. This is indeed a sac-red place, As now before His throne of grace,
   Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.
No. 274  Prospect. L. M.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away;
3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
4. Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are,

Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.
Fly fearless through the iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 275 Something New. C. M.

1. Since man by sin has gone from God, He seeks creation thro' And vainly
2. The new possessed, like fading flowers, Soon loses its gay hue, The bubble
3. Now could we call all Europe ours, With India and Peru, The mind would

Hopes for solid bliss, In trying something new, now no longer stays, The soul wants something new, feel an ach'ning void, And still want something new.
In trying something, The soul wants something new, And still want something new.

No. 276 Liverpool

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;
2. Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill,
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take. The clouds we so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His purposes will ripen fast, Telling every hour,
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err, And seen His work in vain,

He plants His footsteps in the sea, He wears His sovereign will.
He treasures up His bright designs, And rides upon the storm.
Are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head.
Be not a frowning presence, He hides a smiling face.
The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

No. 277 ALL GOODNESS FLOWS. C. M.

1. Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee,
2. When groaning on my hardened heart My sins lie heavy, I lie,
3. Temptations sore obstruct my way, And ills I can not flee;
4. Disease with pain, disaster and grief, This feeble body sees;
5. If on my face for Thy dear name, Shame and reproaches be,

In all my sorrows, conflicts, ills, Dear Lord, remember me.
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart, In love remember me.
Give me strength, Lord, as my day, For good remember me.
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Hear and remember me.
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame, If Thou remember me.
No. 278  Prayer  J. C. Moore

1. Once more we come before our God, Once more His blessings ask;
2. Fath-er-thy quick-b'ring spir-it send, From heaven in Je-sus' name;
3. May we receive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart;
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dis-pose, To each Thy bless-ings suit;

O may not duty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task!
To make our waiting minds at-tend, And put our souls in frame.
And keep the precious trea-sure there, And nev-er with it part.
And let the seed Thy ser-vant sows, Pro-duce a bun-dant fruit.

No. 279  KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. Come, gracious Spi-rit, now, Let Thy bright beams a-rise;
2. Con-vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je-sus' blood;
3. Re-vive our droop-ing faith, Our doubts and fears re-move;
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc-ti fy the soul;

Dis-pel the sor-row from our mind, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wand'ring eyes re-veal The se-cret love of God.
And in our hearts the flame Of nev-er-dy-ing love.
To your fresh life in ev-ry part And new cre ate the whole.

No. 280  Christ Satisfies  L. D. Morris

1. When e'er you need a friend, Who is all-wise, On whom you can de-pend,
2. When darkness over near, And turbulence rise, Christ comes the soul to cheer,
3. Nothing of earth is sure, Vain hope soon dies, Things of the Lord endure,
4. Fine. Re-peat

D. S.—On Him your burdens roll,
He sat-is-fies Christ, sat-is-fies the soul, When He has full con-trol;
He sits-is-fies.
D. S.—Christ sat-is-fies.

No. 281  My Faith Looks Up to Thee  Dr. Lowell Mason

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vaa-ry, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my failing heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold smiles stream Shall e'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour!

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, with unchangeable love, A liv-ing fire.
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and distress remove; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul.
No. 282  The Supreme Love

J. A. Monsees, Owner  J. A. Monsees

1. The love of God, tender and sweet, Brings us to bow low at His feet;
2. Others may love and cheer the heart, But from such friends we see no end;
3. Can it be true, dear Lord I pray, That I may dwell with you some day.

In spir ing hearts that oft-en pine, And fills their souls with joy divine, But in God's love, there is no loss, So take the yoke and bear the cross.
In that dear land, a home a bove, Where all is joy, sweet peace and love.

Refrain

Dear Lord em-brace me in Thy love, And take me to
dear Lord em-brace Thy love,

Thy home a bove; Dear Lord em-brace me in Thy
above; Dear Lord em-brace

love, And take me to Thy home a bove.
Thy love, Thy home a bove.

No. 283  In Heav'n My Choicest Treasure Lies

Godfrey's Collection  Zephyr, L. M.

W. B. Bradbury 1810-1883

1. In heav'n my choicest treasure lies, My hopes are placed above the skies;
2. O that my anxious mind were free. From this vile garment of clay,
3. Then should I see, and feel, and know, What it is to rest from sin and woe;
4. Hail, blessed time! Lord, bid me come, And enter my celestial home.

'Tis Christ, the bright and Morning Star, Draws my affection from afar, That I might view the immortal Word. And reign with Christ my Lord.
And all my soul be tuned to sing The praise due to Christ my King,
And drown the sorrows of my heart. In seas of unmoi est ed rest.

No. 284  Meditations

D. P. Bridgman  Copyright, 1963, by D. P. Bridgman

Roland Groce

1. God has been my refuge daily, God has been my hiding place,
2. He knows all my joys and sorrows, He knows all my trials and care.
3. He has taught my heart to love Him, While He found me deep in sin,
4. All my days I want to serve Him, He has been so good to me.

He will ever lead me onward, He will take me home at last.
He knows all my sins and errors, Yet for me He daily cares.
Yet He loved me long before, then, Even before the world began.
Every day shall be to praise Him, Long as breath remains in me.

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No. 285  The Pilgrim's Song

S. M.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more teemsous come,
   And we shall be with those that rest, A-sleep within the tomb.
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore,
   And we shall be where tempests cease, And storms swell no more.
3. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er,
   Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day;

Oh Happy Time Long Waited For

Love. C. M. D.

1. Oh, happy time, long waited for, The comfort of my heart,
   Since I have met the saints once more, May we in union part,
2. My sorrows past, and I, at last, Have heavily comforts found;
   My heart with Jesus and His saints In sweetest union bound,
3. While here we sit and sing His love With raptures so divine,
   Our joys are more like theirs above, While in their songs we join.

No. 286  Oh Happy Time Long Waited For

Love. C. M. D.

1. Oh, happy time, long wait-ed for, The comfort of my heart,
   Since I have met the saints once more, May we in union part,
2. My sorrows past, and I, at last, Have heavily comforts found;
   My heart with Jesus and His saints In sweetest union bound,
3. While here we sit and sing His love With raptures so divine,
   Our joys are more like theirs above, While in their songs we join.

No. 287  The Heavenly Home

Chorus

1. We're trav'ling on to that blest home, Where saints immor-tal dwell,
   For God Himself and His dear Son, Will be the light up there.
2. There'll be no star, nor moon In that sweet home on high,
   For in that home of peace and love, Our loved ones always there.
3. There'll be no aches, no pain, nor tears, No sorrow nor despair;
   For in that home of pure delight For ever before our eyes.
4. There'll be no farewells, tears to shed, And the re'll be no goodbyes;
   We'll all be one united hand, And never feel a sigh.
5. We'll see our Savior as He is, And shout His praise on high,
   D.S.-The song of Moses and the Lamb, The song of God's dear Son.


Chorus

Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

FINE
Meditation.

1. O Lord, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, near the land, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks and ten thousand of angels rejoice, And myriads now wait for His word.
4. Dear Shepherd, near, and will follow Thy call, I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.
Say, why in the valley of death shall I weep, Or alone in this wilderness rove?
He speaks and e-tori-ty, filled with His Vice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
Protect and defend me, for Thou art my all. And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

He Shall Save His People

# J. S. H. Pittman

1. "Je-sus!" His name it "shall be called," The ho-ly an-gel said,
2. This heav- nly mes-sage we be-have, That Christ should come to save,
3. He healed the sick—gave back the dead.—He spake and it was done;
4. He rose a vic-tor o-ver death, And back to Heav'n has gone;
5. Ol-bless-ed Je-sus, my dear Friend, A- lone I look to Thee;

For "He shall save His peo-ple" all, By suf-fering in their stead, This precious ges-pel we re-ceive, And give Him all the praise.
And trust-ing Him we need not dread The cold and si-lent tomb.
But will re-turn a gain to earth, to take His peo-ple home.
And when my lit-tle life shall end, I pray re-mem-ber me.

The Lord Provides. 10, 10, 11, 11.

1. Tho' trou-ble as sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all fall, and foes all unite—Yet one thing secures us, what-learn to trust for our bread; His saints, what is fitting shall be, but can not be lost; Tho' Sa-tan en- rages the deeps, but faith makes us bold; For the we are stran-gers, we

2. The birds with-out barn or store-house are fed; From them let us ev-e-r be-tide, The Scrip-ture as-sures us the Lord will pro-vide.
3. They may, like the ships, by tem-pests be tossed On per-ils of our wind and the tide, The prom-ise en-gages, the Lord will pro-vide.
4. His call we'd o-bey, like A-bra-ham of old, Not knowing our have a good Guide, And trust, in all dan-gers, the Lord will pro-vide.

Blooming Youth. C. M.

1. To-geth-er with these sym-bols, Lord, Thy bless-ed self im-part, And let Thy sa-cred flesh and blood Feed the be-liev-ing heart, Feed the be-liev-ing heart.
2. Let us from all our sins be washed In Thine a-ton-ing blood, And let Thy Spir-it be the seal That we are born of God, That we are born of God.
3. Come, Holy Ghost, with Je-sus' love Pre-pare us for the feast; O let us ban-que-with our Lord And lean up-on His breast, And lean up-on His breast.

No. 288

Joseph Swain. Freeman Lewis.

No. 289

R. H. Pittman

L. C. Everett

No. 290

Henry G. Mann.

No. 291
No. 292   Sons of Sorrow. 8s and 7s. Wm. Hauver. Also by C. H. C.

1. Hail ye sighing sons of sorrow; Learn with me your certain doom;
2. Lo in yonder, for eat standing, Loft — y ce-dars, how they nod;
3. Hollow winds about me roaring, Noisy waters round me rise,

Learn with me your fate to morrow — Dead — perhaps laid in the tomb!
Scenes of nature, how surprising! Read, in nature, nature's God.
While I sit, my fate deploiring, Tears fast streaming from mine eyes.

No. 294 The Babe of Bethlehem. 8s and 7s. Wm. Walker. Also by C. H. C.

1. Ye Christians all, on you I call, Come, hear this declara — tion,
2. To Abraham the promise came, And to his seed forever,
3. His parents poor in earthly store, To entertain the Stranger,

See all nature fading, dying! Silent, all things seem to pine;
While the annual frosts are cropping leaves and tendrils from the trees.
What to me is autumn's treasure, Since I know no earthly joy?

No. 293 This World Not My Home. C. M. C.

1. O let me run the Christian race With diligence and speed;
2. Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss, To save from sin and hell?
3. Those who to Christ for refuge flee, Should in His footsteps tread:

Life from vegetation flying, Bringing to mind the mouldering vine.
So our friends are yearly dropping — We are like to one of these,
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure, Time will health and youth destroy.

As was foretold by prophets old, Isaiah, Jeremiah, God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, Assumed the human nature.
But in the hay the Stranger lay, With swaddling bands around Him.
My Vision

1. I saw in a vision, a beautiful river. This
2. I saw in my vision, a beautiful Saviour. He
3. The end of the river, is a beautiful city. A
4. One glorious morning, is a happy reunion, With

beautiful river is the river of life; It now
who is the way to the river of life; He was
place called heaven where my Saviour I'll see; At the
Jesus my Saviour and loved ones I'll be; All His

wander so freely over the desert and garden; and
tempted in the desert He, prayed in the garden; He
gates of that city are all of our loved ones;
children will be there, in that beautiful somewhere. That's

through the high mountains, to a place called Calvary.
preached on the mountain, and He died at Calvary.
watching and waiting for you and for me.
why He was born and He died at Calvary.

Stand By Me

1. When the storms of life are raging, Stand by me,
2. In the midst of tribulations, stand by me,
3. In the midst of faults and fail- ures,
4. In the midst of per- sec- tu- tion,
5. When I'm growing old and fee- ble,

When the storms of life are raging, Stand by me;
In the midst of tribulations, stand by me;
In the midst of faults and fail- ures,
In the midst of per- sec- tu- tion,
When I'm growing old and fee- ble,

When the world is toss- ing me Like a ship upon the sea,
When the hosts of hell as sail, And my strength begins to fail,
When I do the best I can, And my friends mis- un- der- stand,
When my foes in battle array, Un- der- take to stop my way,
When my life becomes a bur- den, And I'm yearning chill- ly Jor- dan,

Thou who rulest wind and wa- ter, Stand by me,
Thou who never lost a bat- tle,
Thou who knowest all about me,
Thou who saved Paul and Si- las,
O Thou "Lil- ly of the val- ley,"
No. 297
The Lord Has Been So Good to Me
The Lord is good; sing praises to His name: Psa. 115:3
R.H. PITTMAN

1. The Lord has been so good to me, I want to sing His praise;
2. I want to follow in His steps And show my love this way;
3. I want to mingle with His saints While here on earth I stay,
4. Lord Jesus, wilt Thou mercy show And save me by Thy grace,
5. And in the land of endless bliss, Where all the praise is Thine,

I want to glorify His name All my remaining days,
I want to lift His banner up, Each fair or cloudy day,
And meet them on the golden shore On that eternal day,
That I may when this life is o'er Look on Thy lovely face,
Some humble place at Thy dear feet, May this poor sinner find,

REFRAIN

The Lord has been so good to me, I will on Him depend;

And every day where'er I be, I would His truth defend,

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No. 298
Goodwin

1. To Him who did salvation bring, Wake ev'ry tune-ful pow'r and sing
2. We feel re-demp-tion draw-ing near: We soon in glo-ry shall appear,
3. By faith we view Him com-ing down, With angels hor-ving all a-round;
4. The smil-ing mil-lions rise and sing, All glo-ry glo-ry to our King!

A song of sweet-est praise, A song of sweet-est praise;
And be for-ev-er blessed, And be for-ev-er blessed;
He smiles up-on His saints, He smiles up-on His saints:
The Grand As-size is come, The Grand As-size is come;

His grace dif-fus-es, as the rains Crown na-ture's flow-ry hills and plains,
His prom-ise nev-er can de-lay; Our Je-sus, on th' ap-point-ed day,
He cries a-loud, in melt-ing strains, I come to save you from your pains
You ev-er-last-ing doors, fly wide, The church is glo-rious as a bride,

And spread a thou-sand ways, And spread a thou-sand ways,
Will give His peo-ple rest, Will give His peo-ple rest,
And end your sore com-plaints, And end your sore com-plaints,
And Je-sus takes her home, And Je-sus takes her home.
No. 299  The Lord Is My Shepherd
Merle Benbow

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, No want shall I know. He'll stay close beside me wherever I go. And if I should stray, He will show me the way, He'll keep me from harm if near Him I stay, He will be with me, I know.

2. Beside the still waters He leads me each day. I feel in green pastures along the way. No harm will befall me if near Him I stay, Trust Him each day more and more. And when through the valley of shadow I go, Unto the end, Cheering, upholding, keeping me strong, King of day; Guiding my footsteps, keeping control, Giving me light. Then when the morning breaks on the shore,

3. My soul He restores. My cup runneth over. I'm learning to trust Him each day more and more. And when through the valley of shadow I go, Fearless and loyal, shielding from wrong. Making me happy, keeping me whole. Wonderful Jesus! This He will whisper, "Mine ever more."

Chorus
And lead me back safe to the fold. He'll take me home safe to the fold. His rod and His staff they will comfort me, His mercy endures forever, No evil I fear when my Shepherd is near, He'll take me home safe to the fold.

No. 300  Wonderful Jesus
James Rowe

1. Wonderful Jesus! Glorious friend! He will be with me unto the end, Cheering, upholding, keeping me strong, Marvelous King! Ever His praise my spirit shall sing. When I behold His glorified face, How I shall praise His wonderful grace!

2. Wonderful Jesus! Showing the way into the blessed kingdom of day; Guiding my footsteps, holding control, Giving me light. Then when the morning breaks on the shore,

3. Wonderful Jesus! All thru the night He will enfold me, Fearless and loyal, shielding from wrong. Making me happy, keeping me whole. Wonderful Jesus! This He will whisper, "Mine ever more."

Chorus
The Rock that is Higher than I

No. 301

Wm. G. Fischer, by perm.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet; But
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail; Or

Chorus

sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul,
tolling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet! O, then, to the Rock let me climbing the mountain's steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

fly, To the Rock that is higher than I; O,

then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

No. 302

Dorothy A. Thrupp
Shepherd
William E. Bradbury

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa- vor; Ear-ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;
Thou hast mer-cy to re-ceive us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour, With Thy love our bosoms fill:

Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee;
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee.
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.
No. 303  Adoration

1. Lord, let me praise Thee in the morn-ing While the day is new,
2. Lord, keep me with Thee through life's jour-ney, Else I'll lone-ly be,
3. Lord, I must come to Thee for com-fort, To Thee, Lord, a-lone,

Let me praise Thee at the noon-tide. And the eve-ning too.
Let me ev-er feel Thy pres-ence, Keep me close to Thee,
All that we may do for oth-ers Can't for sin a-tone.

Let me not for-get to praise Thee, For since on the cross they
Let me not for-get 'tis Je-sus That has nev-er yet for-Lord, we know that Thou did'st tell us That the poor are al-ways

nailed Thee, Thy love has nev-er failed me, And it nev-er will,
got us, He says He'll al-ways love us. And I know He will.
with us. And that Thy love is jeal-ous, Let us love Thee more.

No. 304  Won't It Be Wonderful There?

1. When with the Sav-ior we en-ter the glo-ry-land, Won't it be
2. Walk-ing and talk-ing with Christ, the su-per-nal One, Won't it be
3. There where the tem-pest will nev-er be sweeping us, Won't it be

won-der-ful there? End-ed the trou-bles and cares of the sto-ry-land,
won-der-ful there? Prais-ing, a-dor-ing the match-less e-ter-nal One,
won-der-ful there? Sure that for-ev-er the Lord will be keeping us.

CHORUS

Won't it be won-der-ful there? Won't it be won-der-ful there,

Hav-ing no bur-dens to bear? Joy-ous-ly sing-ing with

heart-bells all ring-ing. O won't it be won-der-ful there?

won-der-ful there?
No. 305  As Thirsts The Hart For Water Brooks

Psalm 42
Baca
William Bradbury 1816-1898

1. As thirsts the hart for wa- ter brooks, So thirsts my soul
2. Far from the coun- ts of God, my tears Have been my food
3. With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod
4. O, why art thou cast down, my soul, And why so trou-

O God, for Thee; It seeks for God, and ev- er looks
by night and day, While con- stantly with bit- ter sneers,
the hal-loved way To Zi- on, Prais- ing God on high,
bled shouldst thou be? Hope thou in God, and Him ex- tol,
and longs the liv- ing God to see, And longs the liv- ing God to see.
"Where is Thy God?" the scold- ers say.
With throats who kept the ho- ly day, With throats who kept the ho- ly day.
Who gives His sav- ing help to me, Who gives His sav- ing help to me.

No. 306  Almighty King! Whose Wondrous Hand

Wm. Cowper 1757-1800
Hiding Place. L. M.
Benjamin Smith 1798

1. Al-might-y King! whose won- drous
2. Thy prov- i-dence sup- plies my
3. My streams of out- ward com-
4. Et- her His hand pre- serves from
5. For- give the song that falls so

hand Sup- ports the weight of sea and land;
food, And 'tis Thy bless- ing makes it good;
fort, And to the world it as a gift;
Hath given the song that falls so low

Almighty King! Whose Wondrous Hand

Whose grace is such a bound- less store, No heart shall break that sighs for more.
My soul is nourished by Thy word, Let soul and bod- y praise the Lord.
What- er want His ben- e ty gives, By Whom my soul for- ev- er lives.
From Sa- tan's mal- ice, shields my breast, Or o- ver- rules it for the rest.
It means Thy praise, how- ev- er poor; An an- gel's song can do no more.

No. 307  Revive Us Again

William P. Mackay
John J. Hubbard

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir- it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo- ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re- vive us a- gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

Cru-cus
died, and is now gone a- bove.
Sav- iour, and scat- tered our night. Hal- le- lu- jah! Thine the glo- ry, Hal-le-
king with fire from a- bove.

No. 308

John 3:16

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

No. 309

Amen!

Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

No. 310

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord.

No. 311

Praise God in His sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power.
No. 308  Take The Name Of Jesus With You
Lydia Baxter  William H. Doane

1. Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Jesus ever As a shield from every snare;
3. O the precious name of Jesus How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Falling prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wher'er you go,
if temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ,
King of kings in heaven reigning, As we stand in Him complete.

CHORUS
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!

No. 309  Seymour
C. M. von Weber, Arr. by G. H. W. Grotefaehr

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Kindled His mercies are, Me He now delights to spare;
4. There for me the Savior stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
Would not hear me to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lifted thunder drop.
God is love; I know, I feel. Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

No. 310  Charity
R. H. Pittman (LABAN S. M.)  Charles F. H. Gounod

1. Love is the greatest thing This world has ever known,
2. Without love preaching's vain,- Beligion just a show,
3. Though we should give our goods To feed and clothe the poor,
4. And though our bodies burn In human sacrifice,
5. Love makes us suffer long And not to seek our own;
6. Our faith and hope will end When heaven we shall see,

It fits us for God's service here And leads us nearer home.
Trees that here only cumber ground On which no fruit will grow.
This never could a tone for sin,—Jesus must pay the price.
Helps us to act as Christians should And imitate God's Son.
But Charity will still live on Through all eternity.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!
Where the Soul Never Dies
Copyright, 1914, by Wm. M. Golden
W. M. G.
R. E. Winsett, owner
Wm. M. Golden

1. To Canaan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) never dies;
2. A rose is blooming there for me, Where the soul (of man) never dies,
3. A love-light beams across the foam, Where the soul (of man) never dies,
4. My life will end in deathless sleep, Where the soul (of man) never dies;
5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) never dies;

My darkest night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) never dies,
And I will spend eternity, Where the soul (of man) never dies.
It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) never dies,
And everlasting joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) never dies.
Where there will be no parting hand, And the soul (of man) never dies.

Chorus

No sad farewells, No tear-dimmed eyes,
Dear friends, there'll be no sad farewells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes,

Where all is love, And the soul never dies,
Where all is peace and joy and love, And the soul of man never dies.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glorious! Heir of salvation, purchase of God. Born of His
burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above. Echoes of
happiness and bliss, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

Chorus.

Spirit, washed in His blood. This is my story, this is my
mercy, whispers of love.

song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.
No. 313
Exhilaration
T. W. Carter
C. H. Casey

1. To see the bride, the glit-tering bride, Close seat - ed
   may I wor- thy prove to see The saints in-
   soon shall pass this vale of death, And in His
   then my hap - py soul shall tell, "My Je - sus

   full pros - per - ity;
   by the Sav - iour's side; Then my trou - bles will be o - ver.
   arms re - sign my breath;
   has done all things well."

CHORUS

I nev - er shall for - get the day when Je - sus washed my sins a - way: And

then my trou - bles will be o - ver, Will be o - ver, Will be

o - ver, will be - ver, And then my trou - bles will be o - ver.

No. 314
Farther Along
W. F. S.
Rev. W. B. Stevens
J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Tempt - ed and tried we're oft made to won - der Why it should be thus
2. When death has come and tak - en our loved ones, It leaves our home so
3. Faith - ful till death said our lov - ing Mas - ter, A few more days to
4. When we see Je - sus com - ing in glo - ry, When He comes from His

all the day long, While there are oth - ers liv - ing a - bout us,
lon - ly and drear, Then do we won - der why oth - ers pros - per,
labor and wait; Toils of the road will then seem as noth - ing,
home in the sky; Then we shall meet Him in that bright man - sion,

CHORUS

Nev - er mo - lest - ed tho in the wrong,
Liv - ing so wick - ed year af - ter year.
Far - ther a - long we'll

As we sweep thru the beau - ti - ful gate.
We'll un - der - stand it all by and by.

know all a - bout it, Far - ther a - long we'll un - der - stand why; Cheerup, my

broth - er, live in the sunshine, We'll understand it all by and by.
No. 315  When We All Get to Heaven

1. Sing the won-der-ous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will os-ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-ry day;
4. Oneward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we’ll be-hold:

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He’ll pre-pare for us a place,
But when traw-ling days are os-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life ex-pay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pe, We shall tread the street gold.

Chorus

When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-

jeol-ing that will be! When we all see

der day of re-jeol-ing that will be!

Je-sus, We’ll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.

No. 316  The Bride of Christ

1. The Church of Christ we have to-day, A bless-ing from the Lord,
2. She was His Bride be-fore she knew She had a Husb-and dear;
3. When she ad-orned with all His Grace, Shall be ex-alt-ed there,

He gave Her to His Son to save, And take Her home a-bove.
And when for Her His choice was made, It caused Her to draw near.
No queen with all her glo-ry here, Was ev-er half so fair.

Refrain

The tur-tle dove is sing-ing now; The win-ter’s past and gone;
Rise up my fair one, come a-way! I’ll take you home to stay.

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No. 317  
I'll Live On

1. "Tis a sweet and glori-ous tho't that comesto me, I'll live on,
   2. When my bod- y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
   3. When the world's on fire and darkness veils the sun,
   4. In the glo- ry-land, with God up-on the throne,
   yes, I'll live on; Je-sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free.
   yes, I'll live on; There to sleep in Je-sus till the judg-ment day,
   yes, I'll live on; Men will cry and to the rocks and mountains run,
   yes, I'll live on; Thru e-ter-nal ages sing-ing, home, sweet home,

   yes, I'll live on; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord.
   yes, I'll live on; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
   yes, I'll live on; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
   Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,

   I'll live on, yes, I'll live on. I'll live on, yes, I'll live on. I'll live on, and on.

   Chorus
   Thru e-ter-ni-ty I'll live on, and on, I'll live on, and on, and on,
   yes, I'll live on, Thru e-ter-ni-ty I'll live on, yes, I'll live on.

   (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
   (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
   (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
   (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

   We're Marching to Zion

   1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known.
   2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God.
   3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets.
   4. Then let our songs a-bound.
   We're marching to Im-man-u-el's ground.

   And thus sur-round the throne.
   And thus sur-round the throne.
   And thus sur-round the throne.
   And thus sur-round the throne.

   We're Marching on to Zi-on.
   We're Marching on to Zi-on.
   We're Marching on to Zi-on.
   We're Marching on to Zi-on.

   marching up-ward to Zi-on. The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.
No. 319  Bower Of Prayer
P. Richerson and Wm. Walker

1. To leave my dear friends, and from neigbors to part, And
2. Dear bow’r where the pine and the poplar have spread, And
3. The ear-ly shrill notes of the loved night-ingale That
4. How sweet were the zep-phi-rys perfumed by the pine, The
5. For Je-sus, my Sav-i-er, oft deigned there to meet, And
6. Dear bow’r, I must leave you and bid you a-dieu, And

go from my home, it a-flicts not my heart, Like
wove with their branch- es, a roof o’er my head, How
dwell in my bow’r, I observed as my bell, To
i-vy, the bal-sam, and wild eg-lan-tine; But
blessed with His pre-sence my hum-ble re-treat, Oft
pay my de-votions in parts that are new, For

No. 320  My God, What Silken Cords
Genlfe  Sprague, C. M.

1. My God, what silk-en cords are Thine? How soft and yet how strong,
2. Thou sawst us crushed be-neath the yoke Of Sa-tan and of sin;
3. The guilt of twice ten thou-sand sins One no-ment takes a-way:
4. Drawn by such cords, we on-ward move; I’ll round Thy throne we meet;

Whilepow’r, and truth, and love con-bine To draw our souls a-long.
Thy hand the i-rent bond-age broke, Our worth-less hearts to win.
And grace, when first the work be-gins, Se-cures the crown-ing day.
And cap-tives in the chains of love, Em-brace our Con-queror’s feet.

No. 321  Not Made With Hands
1. Cor. 11:10  Old Melody

1. Christ went a build-ing to pes-sim,
2. Put on the arm-ure of our God, Not made with hands; And take the path the
3. Watch-ful of faith de-si-ly the foe.
4. That cit-y’s built with precious stones.

FINE: CHORUS
jew ele-rare, Not made with hands, I know,
Cap-tain tre-d, mom-pet blow,
round the throne,
I know, I know.

I have an-oth-er build-ing, I know, I know, I know, I know.
Walk Beside Me

Katharine E. Purvis  Jas. M. Black

1. Walk beside me, O my Savior, While life's morning sky is bright; Grant me
   now Thy loving favor. Flood my path with heavenly light Whether good or
   ill beside me Whether skies be dark or clear, Ever stay so close
   beside me I may know and feel Thee near.

2. When the east's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care, May Thy
   hues of sunset blending. Let the light of heaven appear, Through the valley,
   underneath Thy loving care. Bless the earth with flowers, Teach me to love the
   hand, provide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
   where I may abide, Be Thou my guiding light, Lead me through the darkness,

3. When the twilight shades descending, Warm my soul that night is near, With the
   power of love to guide me, Lead me safely to my rest. Where the air is pure, the
   clear. As I wander through life's journey, To the heavens above, Look up to
   land, provide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
   lead me to the light of the world, Show me the way, Lead me to the place of

4. When the twilight shades descending, Warm my soul that night is near, With the
   power of love to guide me, Lead me safely to my rest. Where the air is pure, the
   clear. As I wander through life's journey, To the heavens above, Look up to
   land, provide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
   lead me to the light of the world, Show me the way, Lead me to the place of

5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this to be true;
   the Cross, the Cross, the Cross. Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is
   forever bright.

Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Arranged.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wearily years,
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ever wandered a while;
4. Tell me not of heavy cross-ways, Nor of burdens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this to be true;

1. O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
2. Often hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
3. For I've tasted life's pure rive, And my soul is satiated;
4. For I've found this great salvation Makes each burden light appear;
5. When I'm in the way so narrow, I can see a pathway thro';

1. Where the air is pure, the real, Laden with the breath of flowers,
2. Broken vows and disappointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
3. There's no thirsting for life's pleasures. Nor a dawning, rich and gay,
4. And I love to follow Jesus, Gladly counting all but cross,
5. And how sweetly Jesus whispers, 'Take the Cross, then need not fear,'
The Blessed Service of Love

R.H. Pittman
J. Harvey Dailey

1. Blessed are the saints who render Faithful services of love;
2. Blessed are they who go preaching Without praise, but trusting God;
3. Blessed are they who give freely To the pastors that God sends;
4. They are favored who give freely Of their substance and their time;
5. Children then should serve each other, Never asking if it pays.

To the Lord's dear little children, As they seek those things above,
Teaching as did the Apostles, Walking in the paths they trod.
For He teaches that His servants Shall be fed from fields they tend,
For God loves a cheerful giver, And their joy shall be sublime,
"Cast thy bread upon the waters," 'Twill return in many ways.

Refrain

Cast your bread upon the waters Never asking if it pays,

God has promised to return it, To you after many days.

Lead Thou Me

Mrs. S.W. Strub
Ed. Levi S. Sycor

1. When the day of life is brightest, Love the fondest, hope most free,
2. When the night of life is darkest, And my soul shall tempted be;
3. Be life's pathway smooth or stony, Let my faith still cling to Thee;

And the steps of time are lightest, O my Father, lead Thou me,
When to sorrow's voice I listen, O my Father, lead Thou me.
Be life's future bright or stormy, O my Father, lead Thou me.

Chorus

Fa ther, Fa ther, wilt Thou lead me? O my Father, lead Thou me;

And the steps of time beat lightest; O my Father, lead Thou me,

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Sweet to Follow the Lord

1. Ye servants of God, your Master praise; And publish abroad His wonderful name;
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
3. Salvation to God, who sits on the throne; Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
4. Then let us adore, and give Him His due. All glory and praised, and wisdom, and might;

The name all victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all,
The great conglomeration His triump shall be; Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall swe on their faces and worship the Lamb,
All honor and blessing, with angels above, And think never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 328
Come Ye Weary

J. Harvey Daily
Mat. 11:28

1. Come ye humble and poor, And your Saviour adore,
2. Come ye hungry and faint, And who feel to repent,
3. Come ye weary with - in From the burdens of sin,
4. Come then with all your fears, All your burdens and cares,
5. Who so ever will come, In our Saviour's great name,
6. Then no longer de - lay You should work while it's day,

Who has gone to prepare you a place He has made you an heir
You shall feed on the fullness of love, There are blessings that flow,
For our Saviour has promised you rest, Yes his burden is light,
Lay them down at the foot of the cross, Every weight lay aside,
Let him take of this fountain of peace, Let him leave all be - hind,
And abide in the light of the Lord, Let us walk in the way

And by grace will prepare And will help you in running your race,
For the thirsty be low From that wonder - ful fountain a - bove,
And His yoke brings de - light, And each ef - fort of love shall be blessed,
And in mer - cies a - bide Counting ev - 'ry thing else but as dross,
And this peace he shall find, And his soul shall be filled with His love,
As the chil - dren of day And de - light in the truths of His word.

No. 327
Sweet to Follow the Lord

J. A. M.
Arr. by J. A. Montes

1. Lord, how sweet 'tis to see, the dear ones follow Thee, In a ser -
2. Such a peace we are told, is more precious than gold; For their trea -
3. Now dear chil - dren, we wish, you to share in this bliss; As you go
4. Quiet peace comes the day, that you start in this way: Rest is found
5. Then the sorrows and tears that shall come lat - er years; All are made

The peace that can not be told. The sweet
ures are laid up a - bove
bear the yoke and the cross
all the jour - ney a - long

Now why will you roam from this

No. 326
Lyons

FRANZ J. HAYDN

J. H. D.

1. peace of this way And the bless - ing you do here be - stow,
2. Christ they re - ly. As they feast on His bless - ings of love,
3. Him with de - light, For with Je - sus no serv - ice is lost.
4. then to Him come: Praise the Lord in your deeds and your song?
5. dear peace - ful home, And no joys with the saints here to share?
No. 329  Did You Think to Pray?
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore trials came upon you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for loving favor,
By His dying love and mer - it, Did you claim the Holy Spirit;
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive another,
When your soul was bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gilead did you borrow.

Chorus.

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 330  Zellville. S. M.
Win. H. Hous.

1. Pre - pare me, gra - cious God, To stand be - fore Thy face;
2. In Christ's o - be - dience clothe, And wash me in His blood;
3. Do Thou my sins subdue, Thy sov - reign love make known,
4. Let me at - test Thy pow'r, Let me Thy good - ness prove,

Thy Spir - it must the work per - form, For it is all of grace.
So shall I lift my head with joy Among the sons of God.
The spir - it of my mind re - new, And save me in Thy Son.
Till my full soul can hold no more Of ev - er - last - ing love.

No. 331  Sing to Me of Heaven. S. M.
Arr. by Win. H. Hous.

1. O, sing to me of heav'n When I am called to die;
2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last moments come, O, watch my dy - ing race,
4. Then to my rag - tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n,
5. Then round my sense-less clay Assem - ble those I love,

Chorus. There'll be no sor - row there; There'll be no sor - row there;

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy To wait my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
To catch the light ser - aph - ic gleam Which o'er my de - tures plays.
Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
And sing of heav'n, de-light - ful heav'n, My glo - rious home a - bove.

In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.
No. 332  Hide Thou Me

L. B. Tolbert

Thoro Harris

1. Sometimes I feel discouraged, and think my life is vain;
2. Sometimes it seems I dare not go one step farther on;
3. O what a Friend is Jesus, sure Anchor for my soul.

In tempted then to murmur, and of my lot complain;
And from my heart all courage has disappeared and gone;
So tender, true and gracious, I'm safe in His control.

But when I think of Jesus, and all He's done for me,
But, I remember Jesus, and all His love for me.
My help in time of danger, my strong defense is He.

Then, I cry, O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me.
Then, I cry, O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me.
O Thou blessed Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me.

Chorus

O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me, No other Refuge,

No. 333  I Need The Prayers

J. D. V.

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With feeling

1. I need the prayer of those I love, While trav'ling o'er life's rugged way, That
2. I need the prayer of those I love, To help me in each trying hour, To
3. I want my friends to pray for me, To hold me up on wings of faith, That

I may true and faithful be, And live for Jesus every day.
bear my tempted soul to Him, That He may keep me by His power. I want my friends to
I may walk the narrow way, Kept by our Father's glorious grace.

D.S. - I need the prayer of those I love.

pray for me, To bear my tempted soul above, And intercede with God for me;
No. 334  Joy Unspeakable

R. E. Warren

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He supplies every need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace within;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Living in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glory roll!

While I sit and learn at Jesus' feet, I am free, yes, free indeed,
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the awful gulf of sin.
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smiling face.
It is like a great overflowing well, Springing up within my soul.

Chorus
It is joy unspeakable and full of glory, Full of

full of glory, full of glory; It is joy unspeakable and

full of glory, Oh, the half has never yet been told.

No. 335  In Mercy Lord Remember Me

J. F. Herzig
Night. C. M.

W. Beale

1. In mercy, Lord, remember me, Thro' all the hours of night;
2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since Thou wilt not remove;
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days,

And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morning let me rise, Rejoicing in Thy love.
Oh, take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 336  Jesus Has Done All Things Well

Eld. J. A. Montsee 1860.

Eld. J. A. Montsee 1863.

1. Out in the cold world away from God, No signs of where man's feet have trod;
2. All of my prayer were chatterings words! And really felt they were unheard;
3. In sinfulness away from home, Spirit all broken and a- lone;
4. The answer came as I gave up, About to drink the bitter cup;
5. And, now, I'm singing on my way, That Jesus washed my sins away;

With broken heart I tried to pray, That God would take my sins away,
The more I felt I was denied, The more I prayed, the more I tried.
No one to care, no place to flee, Where will I spend eternity?
That Jesus died on Calvary's tree, To save poor sinners just like me.
And as I live I want to tell, That Jesus has done all things well.

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No. 337 'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.
Mrs. Louisa M. F. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His Word; 
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust Him cleansing blood; 
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease; 
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;  

Just to rest up-on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord," 
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me Neath the heal-ing cleansing flood, 
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end. 

CHORUS.

Jes-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er; 
Jes-sus, Je-sus, Pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more. 

No. 338 I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour
Mrs. Annie S. Hawks Rev. Robert Lowry

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like 
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Tempt-ations lose their 
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-

I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour
Chorus

Thine Can peace af-ford, 
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I 
bide, Or life is vain. 
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee! 

No. 339 Nothing But the Blood
Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 
2. For my par-don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; 
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;  

What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus, 
For my clean-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus, 
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. 
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. 

0 precous is the flow That makes me white as snow No oth-er fount I know,
No. 340  Meditation. L. M.

With earnest expression.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
   My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride,

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
   All the vain things that charm me most, I cast aside to His cause,

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love流程 mingled down;
   Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
   Love so amaz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 341  Chalmers. C. M.

1. Firm as the earth Thy prom-ise stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
   If I am found in Je-sus' hands, My soul can never be lost.

2. His hon-or is en-gaged to save The mean-est of His sheep;
   All that His heav'n-ly Fa-ther gave, His hands se-cure-ly keep.

3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er re-move His fav-erites from His breast;
   With-in the bos-om of His love They must for-ev-er rest.

No. 342  ASHVILLE.

A. B. EVERTS.


1. Lord, in Thy pres-ence here we meet: May we in Thee be found,
   O make the place di-vine-ly sweet, And let Thy grace abound.

2. With bar-mo-ny Thy serv-ants bless, That we may own to Thee
   How good, how sweet, how pleasant'stis When brethren all a-gree.

3. May Zi-on's good be kept in view, And bless our fee-ble aim,
   That all we un-dertake to do, May glo-ri-fy Thy name.

No. 343  Boylston.

NEWTON.

L. MASON.

1. Hun-gry, and faint, and poor, Be-hold us, Lord, a-gain
   As-sem-bled at Thy mer-cy's door, Thy boun-ty to ob-tain.

2. Thy word in-vites us nigh, Or we must starve, in-deed;
   For we no mon-e-y have to buy, No righteousness to plead.

3. The food our spir-it's want Thy hand a-lone can give;
   Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant That we may eat and live.
No. 344  He Lives
Elder J. A. Rowell
Harvey Bass
Karen Winchester

1. She came to the gar - den while yet it was dawn. As the
morn-ing breaks o-ver the hill, she came to the tomb but the
ninth seeds to save the world.

2. Oh, where has He gone my dear Sav - ior so kind? Who has
They left His ap - par - el and
voice which convulsed the land.

3. As weep - ing and trem-bling she knelt at the door. Then a
The Sav - ior of sin - ners, the
spread the glad mes-sage a-round. Go car-ry the gos-pel to

4. Go tell my a-pos - tles that I a - rose. Go
The Sav - ior was gone. The gar - den lay si - lent and still.
friend of the poor, was standing be - side Mar-y there.

No. 345  Crucifixion
Merle Benbow

1. Je - sus my Lord was cruc - i - fied, Cru - ci - fied.
They nailed Him there to the cross. Though not a fault in
A crown of thorns He did wear. They pierced His bod - y

2. I see the nail prints in His hands, in His hands.
His dear dis - ci - plies were grieved; But oh, what joy when
Such love is hard to con - ceive. But some glad morn - ing,

3. They laid His bod - y in the tomb, in the tomb.
Sin - ners He gives Free grace for sal - va - tion; the
Him was found. They hung my Sav - ior on the cross, on the cross.
with a sword. Je - sus my Sav - ior shed His blood; shed His blood.

4. He bore it all that we might live, we might live.
Oh, hear His most won - der - ful voice. This mes - sage to
He a - rose. He rose a vic - tor o'er the grave, o'er the grave.
bright and fair. We'll meet our Sav - ior o-ver there, o-ver there.
Near the Cross

No. 346

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Jesus keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting, ever,

Free to all—a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the Bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Chorus

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

The Lord of Glory

No. 347

F. P. Branscome

John R. Daily

1. The Lord of glory came to earth, To set His people free;
2. While here He lived, and bled and died, And groaned up on the cross,
3. Then He was laid within the tomb, As God designed should be;
4. I know He'll come to raise the dead, When all His saints shall see,

He makes them heirs by heavenly birth, O did He come for me?
To save, redeem and clothe His bride, O did He die for me?
But He arose up from that gloom, O did He rise for me?
The glory of their living Head, O will He come for me?

Christ Arose

No. 348

R. L.

Robert Lowry

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Savior! Waiting the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Savior! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep His prey—Jesus, my Savior! He tore the bars a-way—

Jesus, my Lord! Up from the grave He arose, With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His saints to reign;
He arose! He arose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ arose!

He arose! He arose!
No. 349  STATE STREET. S. M.

1. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare;
   Thy prom ise still our cir cles fair.
2. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis turb this sleep of death;
   And pour out Thy Spir it, sweet and clear.
3. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex alt Thy pre cious name;
   And make Thy people bless ed and to be known.
4. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! A spir it of joy to the whole.
   And give refresh ing show er's to Thy people.

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
Quick en the mom ent with Thy Spir it through the land.
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love will spread and flame.
The glory shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord! be ours.

No. 350  Lovely Story

1. A story most love-ly I'll tell, Of Je sus, O won-der-ous sur prise!
   He suffered to save us from hell, That sin ners, vile sin ners, might rise;
   He left His ex alt ed a bo de, When man by transgression was lost.

2. Or, did my dear Je sus thus bleed, And pit y His cho sen, lost race?
   From whence did such mer cy pro ceed, Such bound less com pass ion and grace?

3. O! was it for crimes I have done, The Sav iour was hailed with a kiss.
   By Ju das, the trea tor, a lone? Was ever com pass ion like this?
   He left His ex alt ed a bo de, When man by transgression was lost.

4. And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light.
   And give to Thy people joy and light.
   And give to Thy people joy and light.

No. 351  IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

1. When peace, like a riv er, at tend eth my way, When sor rows like sea bit lows, roll;
   What ev er my lot, Thou hast this bles sas sur ance con trol, That Christ hath re garded my sin, not in part but the whole, is nailed to the cross and the cloud be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re sound and the

2. Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let

3. My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My

4. And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.

No. 349  STATE STREET. S. M.

1. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare;
   Thy prom ise still our cir cles fair.
2. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis turb this sleep of death;
   And pour out Thy Spir it, sweet and clear.
3. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex alt Thy pre cious name;
   And make Thy people bless ed and to be known.
4. Re vive Thy work, O Lord! A spir it of joy to the whole.
   And give refresh ing show er's to Thy people.

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
Quick en the mom ent with Thy Spir it through the land.
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love will spread and flame.
The glory shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord! be ours.

No. 350  Lovely Story

1. A story most love-ly I'll tell, Of Je sus, O won-der-ous sur prise!
   He suffered to save us from hell, That sin ners, vile sin ners, might rise;
   He left His ex alt ed a bo de, When man by transgression was lost.

2. Or, did my dear Je sus thus bleed, And pit y His cho sen, lost race?
   From whence did such mer cy pro ceed, Such bound less com pass ion and grace?
   He left His ex alt ed a bo de, When man by transgression was lost.

3. O! was it for crimes I have done, The Sav iour was hailed with a kiss.
   By Ju das, the trea tor, a lone? Was ever com pass ion like this?
   He left His ex alt ed a bo de, When man by transgression was lost.

4. And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light.
   And give to Thy people joy and light.
   And give to Thy people joy and light.

No. 351  IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

1. When peace, like a riv er, at tend eth my way, When sor rows like sea bit lows, roll;
   What ev er my lot, Thou hast this bles sas sur ance con trol, That Christ hath re garded my sin, not in part but the whole, is nailed to the cross and the cloud be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re sound and the

2. Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let
   Though Sa tan should suf fer me, though trials should come, Let

3. My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My
   My sin, O the bliss of the glo ri ous thought, My

4. And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The
   And, Lord, hasten the day when the faith shall be light, The

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
No. 352  Dripping From The Cross

1. Guilt-pierced heart, Jesus bore the loss; There was blood with holy pain.
2. Jesus Thou hast loved so true, So grossly sinned by the living flower.
3. Sick and faint my soul did seem, Poisoned by the stream that ran from the cross.
4. This is the lover I love, Counted not my loss; Grateful now to view the flood.
5. Worthy pleasures once my dream, Tempted by their gloss, Till I saw the scarlet stream.

CHORUS  D. S.-Keep my heart sweet on Thy way, FINE

Dripping from the cross, All because He loved us so, He sustained the crimson flow.

No. 353  I Love Jesus

1. When the world my heart is rending, With its heaviest storm of care,
   My glad thou'st to God ascending, Find a refuge from despair.
2. There's a hand of mercy near me, Tho' the waves of trouble roar,
   There's a gladness of heart to cheer me, When the toils of life are over.
3. O, to rest in peace forever, Joined with happy souls above,
   Where no foe my heart can wear, From the Savior whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sustain me, Till life's pilgrim-age is past,
   Tears may vex and trouble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS  I love Jesus, Hallelujah! I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do love

No. 354  Come All Ye Chosen Saints Of God

1. Come, all ye chosen saints of God, Whose souls are washed in Jesus' blood,
   I know how numerous you are your foe; I know the ways which they oppose;
2. Do you want proof of this, My love? Calvary survey, then heaven above;
   Hear what He says, His word is true, My grace sufficient is for you.
   See how the ransomed millions do, My grace sufficient is for you.
3. The unholy may paint, This is the God of love; Wherein our trust is placed,
   Though Satan tries your souls to enslave, Ye're still the objects of My care;
   I'll guide you safely in the way, Tho' life's dark night to heav'n's bright day.
4. I am your sure, all mighty friend, Whose love is, to the end;
   I will be near you, and will show, My grace sufficient is for you.
   You're near my heart, I'll bring you through, My grace sufficient is for you.
   And there with wonder you shall view, My grace sufficient is for you.

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No. 355  
A Flower  
Sara White

1. And the hand of God alas did move. It moved o'er the earth's lovely face.
2. And the flow'r it took did leave a root. And as it passed by, a root sprang many new leaves.
3. For the root of that flow'r is God's own Church. Where many such flowers do meet. And God's hand shall move a-

flow'r did pick, A flow'r for God's own bou-quet, gain and a-gain; Un-til His bou-quet is complete.

No. 356  
My Strength  
arr. by A. E. Richards

1. Dear Lord divine in Thee I find; New strength for ev'-ry day.
2. Reach Thine arm, remove the care. From Satan's luring face.
3. Lord, linger near, dispel the fear, I need Thy sovereign grace.
4. Sweet hour of prayer, Thy loving care Thus far has kept me safe.
5. Teach me to pray, help me to say, Thy will not mine be done.

Oh, loose my toga that I may sing, And give Thee all the praise. From vain corruption let me flee Into Thy sweet embrace. Lest I should wander in despair, And at death's door I look to Thee, To grant me dying grace. Oh, gently wait my soul a-way, At the setting of my day.
No. 358 The Converted Thief. C. M. 8 Lines.

Slow and tender.

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died,
2. Jesus, Thou Son and heir of Heav'n, Thou spot-less Lamb of God,
3. Amid the glories of that world, Dear Saviour, think on me;
4. He poured salvation on a wretch That languished at His side.

I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weeping in Thy blood.
And in the victories of Thy death Let me a sharer be.

2. His crimes, with inward grief and shame, The penitent confessed;
4. "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe In triumph Thou shalt rise,
6. His prayer the dying Jesus hears, And instantly replies:

Then turned his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer addressed;
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death And shine above the skies.
"To-day thy parting soul shalt be With Me in Paradise."

No. 359 New Year. S. M.

1. I want a heart to pray, To pray and never cease;
2. This blessing above all, Always to pray I want;
3. I want with all my heart, Thy pleasure to fulfill,
4. I want a true regard, A single, steady aim,
5. I want I know not what; I want my wants to see;

No. 360 Brightest Days. C. M.

Cheerful and lively.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
2. In dark and shades if He appears, My dawn-ing is a beacon;
3. The one bright heav'n around me shine With beams of sacred bliss,
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that transport-ing word,
5. Fear less of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through every foe.

The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.
He is my soul's sweet morning star, And He my rising sun.
While Jesus shows His heart is mine, My wise-ness I am His.
Run up with joy the shining way, To see and praise my Lord.
The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me con-qu'ror thro'.

New Year

Fine.

Never to murmur at my stay, Or wish my sufferings less.
On Thou in each distress to call, And never never faint.
To know my self and what Thou art, And what's Thy perfect will.
A pure desire that all may learn To glorify Thy name.
I want a last what want I not, When Christ is not with me.

And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights.
And He my rising sun, And He my rising sun.
And wise-ness I am His, And wise-ness I am His.
To see and praise my Lord, To see and praise my Lord.
Should bear me con-qu'ror thro', Should bear me con-qu'ror thro'.

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The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me con-qu'ror thro'.
No. 361

Lead, Kindly Light.


1. Lead, Kindly Light, amid the circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the garish sun, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those days and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years, angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on. O'er moor and

No. 363

Sweetly Resting.

Mary D. James.  W. Warren Bentley.

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm resting, Safe-ly sheltered I abide; There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide. There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide. There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide. There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide. There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.

2. Long pursued by sin and Satan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest.

3. Peace which passeth understanding, Joy the world can never give, All secure in this blest refuge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 362

Abbeville.

E. J. Kay.  Also by C. H. G.

1. Assist Thy servant, Lord, The gospel to proclaim;

2. Bid unbelief depart; With love his soul inflame;

3. May stub-born sinners bend To Thy divine control;

4. Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages, I will hide myself in Thee.

Abbeville.
No. 364  Shall We Gather At the River

R. L.  ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod.
2. On the margin of the river, Dashing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach that silver river, Soon our pilgrimage shall cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver, With the melody of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river,

Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

No. 365  I Will Not Be A Stranger

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James B. Singleton

1. I will not be a stranger when I get to that city, I'm acquainted with folks over there; There'll be friends there to greet me, home on those streets paved with gold,
2. I will not be a stranger when I get to that city, I've a quaint-ed with folks over there; There'll be no stormy weather

there'll be loved ones to meet me, At the gates of that city four-square, in that beautiful Somewhere.
With my loved ones whose memories I hold, but a great get-together, On the streets of that city four-square,

D. S.-get to that city, I'm acquainted with folks over there.

CHORUS

Thru the years, thru the tears, they have gone one by one, But they'll wait at the gate, until my race is run; I will not be a stranger when I
No. 366

The Touch Of His Gentle Hand

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A. E. B.
International Copyright Secured Albert E. Brumley

1. No matter how dark the night, Or bitter the winds that blow,
2. A touch of His gentle hand Can strengthen the faintest heart,
3. Wherever I chance to be, Wherever my feet may roam,

One touch of the Master’s gentle hand And I am ready to go,
A touch of His tender hand divine New hope and love can impart,
I’ll trust in the Lord’s unchanging hand To lead me all the way home;

I’ll go anywhere with Him Thru tempest or sinking sand,
And so in His name I’ll go, And whither on sea or land,
And ever my prayers shall be Till safely at home I stand;

With courage and zeal, as long as I feel The touch of His gentle hand.

No. 367

'Tis Religion

With earnest expression

1. 'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live;
2. After death its joys shall be Lasting as eternity;

As long as I feel the tender touch, I never shall fail if I can feel The touch of His gentle hand.
That I can just feel His touch so real.

One touch of His gentle hand Means more than the world to me,
One touch of His gentle hand Means more than the world to me,

'Tis religion must supply Solid comforts when we die.
Be the living God my friend Then my bliss shall never end.
No. 368  Where We'll Never Grow Old
(To my father and mother.—J. C. M.)

J. C. M.  JAR. C. MOORE

1. I have heard of a land on the far away strand, 'Tis a beautiful
   home of the soul; Built by Jesus on high, there we never shall die,
   sweet by and by; Happy praise to the King thru eternity sing,
   tri-als are o'er; All our sorrows will end, and our voices will blend,

2. In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam, We shall be in that
   sleep in the west, There'll be a light for me at the crossing,
   mourn their song; Nothing can harm me; nothing a-larm me,
   friends left below; Sailing with Jesus, I know that He will

3. When our work here is done and our life-crown is won, And our troubles and
   Refrain
   'Tis a land where we never grow old. Never grow old,
   'Tis a land where we never shall die, With the loved ones who've gone on before,

   never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old; Never grow
   never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old; Never grow

   old, never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old,
   where we'll

No. 369  A Light At The River

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Music by
Morris Nowlin
Harvey Bass

1. There is a river we must pass over, When life's sun goes to
   sleep in the west, There'll be a light for me at the crossing,
   Guiding me to my home of sweet rest. While I am sailing across to my home,
   Be the light at the river for me. There'll be a light for

2. Soon I shall reach the brink of the river, Where the chill waters
   mourn their song; Nothing can harm me; nothing a-larm me,
   me at the river, Guiding my soul across the dark foam; Down
   through the valley, past the dark shadow, Jesus my light will carry me home.

3. Down by the river, soon I'll be standing, Bidding farewell to
   friends left below; Sailing with Jesus, I know that He will
   down by the river, Guiding my soul across the dark foam; Down
   through the valley, past the dark shadow, Jesus my light will carry me home.
No. 370  I Feel Like Traveling On.

Wm. Hunter, D. D.

Arr. by Jas. D. Vaughan.

1. My heav'ly home is bright and fair, I feel like travel-ing on,
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like travel-ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like travel-ing on,
4. Be mine a hap-pier lot to own, I feel like travel-ing on,
5. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like travel-ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like travel-ing on.
That heav'ly mar-est shall be mine, I feel like travel-ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow, I feel like travel-ing on.
A heav'nly mansion near the throne, I feel like travel-ing on.
Un-til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like travel-ing on.

Chorus.

Yes, I feel like travel-ing on,
travel-ing on;
My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
He Bore It All

I with Him might live; I stood condemned to die but Jesus took my place, 
Stood condemned to die, freely took my place,

1. My precious Savior suffered pain and agony, He bore it all that I might live;
He broke the bonds of slavery for me.

2. They placed a crown of thorns upon my Savior's head,
I with Him might live; Between two thieves they freely bore it all.

3. Up Calvary's hill in shame the blessed Savior trod,
Sin and set the captive free, All that I might see His shining face,
crucified the Son of God, He bore it all that I might see His shining face, He bore it all that I might live...

Fine Chorus

Jesus bore it all,
Jesus bore it all,

He loved me when I was a stranger, He washed me when I was unclean,
I was under running water, and He filled my soul with sweet content.

O how I love Jesus! O how I love Jesus!
(Omit: Because He first loved me.)
Where the Roses Never Fade

No. 374

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1. I am going to a city Where the streets with gold are laid,
2. In this world we have our troubles, Satan's snares we must evade,
3. Loved ones gone to be with Jesus, In their robes of white arrayed,

Fine

Where the tree of life is blooming, And the roses never fade,
We'll be free from all temptations Where the roses never fade,
Now are waiting for my coming Where the roses never fade,

D.S.-I am going to a city Where the roses never fade.

Chorus

Here they bloom but for a season, Soon their beauty is decayed;

Abide with Me.

No. 375

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the e'en tide, The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shines thro' the

Abide with Me.

No. 376

When I Survey the Cross

By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world—Gal. 6:14

Isaac Watts, 1717

Arr. by Lowell Mason

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

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so am - az - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
No. 377  When We Awake In His Likeness
Ps. 17:15

1. We are trav- ling thru life's jour- ney, Hope and fear are side by
2. To a hope we long have cher- ished, Tis a stay what e'er be-
3. When this ten- ry life is o-ver, When we've lain us down and

side, hope to wake en in His like ness And be sat is- fied.
side that we'll wake en in His like ness And be sat is- fied.
died and we wake en in His like ness We'll be sat is- fied.

CHORUS

When we wake when we wake When we
When we wake in His like ness, in His like ness, When we

wake in His like ness o-ver there; We'll be sat is- fied.

No. 378  Whiter Than Snow

1. I was an alien and death reigned with it, sit ting in dark ness
2. In this old na ture there's nothing that's good, I can't be perfect
3. When I have come to the end of the way, And the last sum mons

walk ing in sin; Then life e ter nal my Lord did de stroy, Jesus then
try as I would; On ly one thing I can trust in I know, Jesus has
must o bey; May I be able to sing as I go, Jesus has

REFRAIN

washed me whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, the beau ti ful snow,
washed me
washed me

Wonder ful story, can it be so? Tell me again as

on ward I go, Jesus has washed me whiter than snow.

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No. 379  The Hill of Zion  S. M.

1. My soul, with joy attend, While Jesus silence breaks;
2. "I know My sheep," He cries, "My soul approves them well;
3. "I'll feed them now, With tokens, of My love;
4. "Unnumbered years of bliss I to My sheep will give;

No angel's harp such music yields, As what my Shepherd speaks.
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise, And vain the rage of hell.
But richer pastures I prepare, And sweeter streams a-bore.
And while My throne unshaken stands, Shall all My chosen live.

No. 380  St. Louis  7s.

1. Blessed Jesus! Thee we sing; Thou of life the eternal spring;
2. 'Tis from Thee salvation flows; This the ransomed sinner knows.
3. None shall glory in Thy sight Of their loads, e'er so bright;
4. Grace shall be our love's theme; Free redemption, glorious scheme!

Thou art worthy, Thou alone; Thou the Rock and Corner Stone.
Thou, O Christ, art all his plea, When he sees his poverty.
All who are taught by Thee shall know, Living faith from God must flow.
This will be the song above; Praise to Jesus bleeding love.

No. 381  Let Me Live Close To Thee

1. In Thy field I would set sickles brave and true, In the fight for the right
2. Not the crown or renown that the world might see, I would not, never shirk,
3. Help me bear and to share some poor pilgrim's load, Be my friend to the end

I would see and do, Spend my days in Thy praise all the journey through. Let me blessed Lord, for Thee. But to know when I go that my soul is free, Let me of the toilsome road, I would sing to my King in the soul's a-bode, Let me

Chorus

live close to Thee each day. Let me live close to Thee, Take my

Guide me all along the way, Let me live hand, dear Lord, and guide me all along the rugged way, O let me live

close to Thee, Let me walk close to Thee each day.

close to Thee, Let me walk and talk with Thee, dear Lord, each day.
No. 382  Come All Ye Mourning Pilgrims

1. Come all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land,
2. We have a howling wilderness, To Canaan's happy shore,
3. Sweet rivers of salvation all Through Canaan's land to roll;

Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand;
A land of death and pits and snares, Where chilling winds do roar;
The beams of day bring glittering scenes, Illuminate the soul;

Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's holy Son,
But Jesus will be with us, And guard us on the way;
I see bright clouds of glory, Above the fields so white;

Then, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear, But let us follow on,
Though enemies examine us, He'll teach us what to say,
And gentle gales that bear my soul To Jesus my delight.

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No. 383  Hide Thou Me.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the long, long night of sorrow, Hide Thou me; Till in

fitful tempest rages, Hide Thou me; Where my
soul's eternal treasure, Hide Thou me; When the
glory dawns the morrow, Hide Thou me; In the

mortal arm can sever From my heart Thy love forever
world its pow'r is wielding, And my heart is almost
sight of Jordan's billow, Let Thy bosom be my

ever, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
yielding, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
pillow; Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.

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No. 384 All the Way My Savior Leads.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Savior leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Savior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Savior leads me; O the fulness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial, Feeds me with the living bread;
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above;

Heav'ly peace, di-vinest com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell;
Tho' my weak steps may fal-ter, And my soul a thirst may be,
When my spir-it clothes, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less ages Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less ages Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 385 Rest For The Weary

William Hunter 1811-1857

J. W. Daleman

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
3. Sing, O sing ye heirs of glo-ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Sav-iour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
But, in that ce-les-tial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi-on's gate will o-pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
On the oth-er side of Jo-r-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

There is rest for the wea-ry There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.
No. 386  Jesus Knows
LAURA E. NEWELL.
J. H. HALL.

1. Come what may of joy or sorrow, Be my portion pain or rest,
2. I would never choose my pathway, But by faith would walk with Him;
3. Jesus sees if heavy heart-ed, I am toiling on life's road;
4. Jesus calls me to be faithful, To be helpful as I roam;

Jesus guides me and directs me, And His way is always best.
Trust-ing ever, and believing, If the skies are bright or dim.
And with love He lifts the shadow that obscure His blest abode.
And when toils and tears are ended, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.
Jesus knows, Jesus knows,
Jesus knows, Jesus knows, All the way;
Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus knows, feet must go;
Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, who loves me so.

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No. 387  Assurance
J. R. D.
John R. Dally

1. Oh, my Lord, I am Thine; What a blessing divine, What a comfort to
2. In the rapturous sound of Thy name I have found Sweetest music my
3. This is only a taste of the heavenly feast, I shall find when my

feel Thou art near! In the arms of Thy love, I am carried above
spirit it can know; With the light of Thy face and the charms of Thy grace
journey is o'er; This sweet truth I shall prove when with joy I remove

D.S.-To Thy wings I will flee, I will shelter in Thee,

FINE REFRAIN

Every sin and temptation and fear, I will rest
I have found a sweet heaven below.
To my home on the heavenly shore.

I will rest, sweetly rest in Thy love.

In Thy love, I will rest, sweetly rest in Thy love.
No. 388

Lord, Lead Me On

1. When the way seems dark and long, as I pass a mid the throng,
   Hold to my hand, dear Lord, I pray,
   Give me grace to shout and shine, ev-er in the light di-vine,
   Lord, lead me on from day to day.

2. In this world of doubt and gloom, when hopes flow-ers fall to bloom,
   Lord, lead me on, from day to day, I want to
   I know I love Thee better Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy
   The half has nev-er yet been told,

3. When old age is steal-ing on, and my strength is al-most gone,
   Hold to my hand, dear Lord, I pray,
   I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an-y earth-ly things,
   Of love so full and free;

4. O Sav-i-o-ir pre-cious Sav-i-oir mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
   Hold to my hand, dear Lord, I pray,
   Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
   The blood it cleanseth me.

5. Lord Lead Me On
   Lord, Lead Me On
   Thou friends for-sake,
   The half has nev-er yet been told,
   Yet been told,

M. W. E.  MARION W. EASTERLING

No. 389

The Half Has Never Been Told

1. I know I love Thee better Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy.
2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an-y earth-ly things.
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-i-o-ir pre-cious Sav-i-oir mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

FRANCIS R. HAYESGAL.
R. E. HODSON.

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace, Which noth-ing can des-troy,
And sweet-er is the tho’t of Thee, Than an-y love-ly song.
Without the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown, Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS

Lord, lead me on, from day to day, I want to
Lord, lead me on, from day to day, I want to

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Marion W. Easterling
No. 390 The Hem Of His Garment

In love for L. M. and Este Lee Hassenfuske.
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Karen Winchester

1. If I could but touch the hem of His garment, I know He would heal my broken heart. If I could be near Him to see Him or hear Him, To my weary soul He’d peace impart.

2. If I could but touch the hem of His garment, I know that virtue from Him would flow. It healed the woman and the ruler’s daughter. He said arise and bid them go. not of myself. By His loving grace He mercifully shows.

3. I now can touch the hem of His garment, I reach by faith. He is so close. He’s given me my faith. It is

Chorus

It’s not the garment, but the man who wore it. It’s not the nail prints but the man who wore it.

No. 391 Long Sought Home

William Bobo

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee. When will my sorrow have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to be held; Thy gates are richly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. There shall we see no more to part, And we shall ring with praise, While Je - sus’ love in ev - ery heart Shall tune the song, free grace.

4. Mil - lions of years a-round shall run, Our song shall still go on, To praise the Father and the Son, And Spir- it, Three in One.

Chorus

Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav’n above.
No. 392  The Bride's Mansion

J. A. Moncrees 1883

1. I have a feeling from inside, My Lord is coming to His bride,
2. Since He has gone, she's lonely here, And often feels the burning tear,
3. And when He comes the angels say She has no guilt to wash away,
4. And now in mansions bright and fair, She'll ever live with Him up there.

And when He comes, I want to see, The glorious meeting it will be.
She is now waiting not in vain For Her dear Lord to come again.
For all her sins even the dress, Were put away on Calvary's cross.
No sorrows there can ever come, Eternally with Christ at home.

CHORUS

He has a mansion where they'll meet, To part no more, the thought is sweet;
And they togeth-er ev-er stay; In that sweet home of endless day.

No. 393  Some Day

E. E. Rexford
DUET slow with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vainly to repent,
2. Some day my journey will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won;
3. "Someday," I say, content to wait, The opening of the Jasper gate,
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

It's melody and feeling say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall behold the face of God.
Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of endless rest to me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home someday.

REFRAIN

Some day, some happy day to be, My voice will learn its melody,
And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heaven at Jesus' feet.
No. 394

Some Day

H. E. Sarnet

1. My trials here on earth will cease, Some day, some day;
2. No more in darkness I will roam,
3. Those gone before me I shall meet,
4. My loving Savior I shall see, Some day, some happy day;

And I will have unending peace, Some day, some day,
But rest eternally at home,
My loved ones will my spirit greet,
With Him in glory I shall be, Some day, some happy day.

Chorus

Some day, some happy day, From sin set free;
Some day, From sin my soul is free;

I'll live with Christ for aye, Some day, some day;
I'll live Some day, some happy day.

No. 395

Harwell. 8s & 7s.

Thos. Kelly.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above;
2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives its worth;
3. King of glory, reign for ever, Thine an ever-lasting crown;
4. Saviour, hast en Thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day,

Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices—Jesus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile enlightens, Cheers and charm Thy saints on earth.
Nothing from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
When, the awful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love divine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glory to our King!"

See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love divine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing "Glory, glory to our King!"

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory, glory to our King!
There's a Guiding Hand

1. As I travel on my journey 'toward the setting of the sun, Whether
sun-shine or in shadow, night or day; Jesus stays so
knows just how much sorrow I can bear; Jesus loves me
close beside me helps me thru the race I run. There's a hand that's safely
the I fall-er and He sees me when I fall. But in mer-cy He my
burden gladly shares. (O hallelujah). There's a loving hand,
guiding all the way. There's a hand that's always
O-ver life's rough wea-ry

2. Oft He lets me climb the mountain then He takes me thru the vale. For He
from the temp-ter day by day; When the
suffer thru the heat and thru the cold; He's safely guiding, Yet I know my
storms around are beating; It will make
when the howling storms are around me beating, It will make the
sun to shine, O what joy It is in
O'er life's rug-ged way.

3. Tho' the storms may so surround me that I cannot see the way, And I
From the temp-ter hide ev-ry pass-ing day;
heaven, O so bright to shine, What a wondrous joy

Chorus

There's a hand that's always
There's a loving hand,

meeting, With the hand of love di-vine,
joy it is in meeting, With the guiding hand of love divine. (of love divine).
1. Earthly wealth and fame
   Earthly wealth and honored fame
   May never come to me,
   Anywhere is home, Let come and go what may.

2. Oft I'm tossed about
   Oft I'm tossed, am tossed about
   And driven by the foe,
   Anywhere is home, sweet home, come what may.

3. I will labor on
   Till I am called away,
   Till I am called away,
   Anywhere is home, sweet home,

And a palace fair,
   Here mine may never be;
   Sad within and sad without,
   Anywhere I roam, He keeps me all the way,

But let come what may,
   But let come, let come what may,
   If Christ for me doth care,
   So for His dear sake, My cross I'll meekly bear,

But I press along
   Still looking up in prayer
   Who keeps me in His care
   So for my dear Master's sake

Anywhere is home, If He is only there.
   Anywhere is home, sweet home.
   For it's home, sweet home, If Christ is only there.

An - y - where is home, If Christ, my Lord, is there.
   An - y - where is home, sweet home, only there.

An - y - where is home, sweet home,
   An - y - where is home, sweet home,
   An - y - where is home, sweet home,
   An - y - where is home, sweet home,
No. 398  Oh, Wonderful Day

1. Oh, wonderful day when I saw the light, Of my Saviour's love shining so bright, It came when I had knelt to pray, Jesus divine, He whispered sweet peace to my troubled soul, This glorious feeling on that day, This wonderful day of joys untold, Oh, wonderful day when He took my hand, And taught me His angel band. He bids me now to look above, And press on in His wonderful love.

2. Oh, wonderful day when I knew it mine, The precious love of
shining so bright; It came when I had knelt to pray,
Jesus divine, He whispered sweet peace to my troubled soul,
This glorious feeling on that day, This wonderful day of joys untold, Oh, wonderful day when He took my hand, And taught me His angel band. He bids me now to look above, And press on in His wonderful love.

3. Oh, wonderful day when I felt Him near. It took away my shining so bright; It came when I had knelt to pray, Jesus divine, He whispered sweet peace to my troubled soul,
This glorious feeling on that day, This wonderful day of joys untold, Oh, wonderful day when He took my hand, And taught me His angel band. He bids me now to look above, And press on in His wonderful love.

No. 399  I'll Be Satisfied

1. When my soul is singing in that promised land above,
When my soul is singing in that promised land above,
When my soul is singing in that promised land above,

Chorus:

I'll be satisfied; Praising Christ the Saviour for surrendered grace and love,
I'll be satisfied; Praise Him for evermore,
I'll be satisfied;

2. Living in a city where the soul shall never die,
I'll be satisfied; There to meet with loved ones, never to part,
I'll be satisfied; There I'll join the angels singing praises evermore,

3. When I meet the ransomed over on the golden shore,
I'll be satisfied; When my soul is resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.
I'll be satisfied; When my soul is resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.
I'll be satisfied; When my soul is resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.

Chorus:

I'll be satisfied; Praise Him for evermore,
I'll be satisfied;

When my soul is
resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.
Jesus, Hold My Hand

1. As I travel thru this pilgrim land, There is a Friend who walks with me, Leads me safely thru the sinking sand. It is the blessed way; Keep me that I may be wholly Thine and safe re-...

2. Let me travel in the light divine That I may see the blessing way; Lead me safely to a land of rest If I a day. To help me do the best I can. For I need Thy light to true. And ever firmly take a stand. As I onward go and Christ of Calvary;
destruction song some day; I will be a soldier brave and crown of life have won; I have put my faith in Thee, dear. way.

3. When I wander thru the valley dim Toward the setting sun, This would be my prayer, dear Lord, each By Thy saving pow’r, Hear my plea, my feeble plea, O Lord, dear Lord, look down on me, When I kneel in guide me day by day. Blessed Jesus, hold my hand. 

day. meet the foe, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand. whom I can depend, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand. I kneel in prayer, Blessed Jesus, hold my hand. pray I hope to meet you there,
Count Your Blessings

1. When up-on life's billows you are tempest-tossed, When you are dis-
couraged, Count your many blessings, Money can now be lost, Count your many blessings, Name them one by one.

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy? Are you called to bear? Count your many blessings, Every doubt will be dispelled; Count your many blessings, angels will attend.

3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promised you His wealth un-told; Count your many blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, Name them one by one.

4. So, in the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged, God is over all; Count your many blessings, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Oh, lead me by Thine own right hand; Choose Thou the path for me!
Winding or strait, it matters not; It leads me to Thy rest.
But choose Thou for me, O my Lord! So shall I walk a right.
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine! Else I must surely stray.
As ever best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good or ill.
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me, My pov-er ty or wealth.
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.
To come in to Thy Kingdom, Lord, And sheltered be from storm.
And wear the crown of per-fect love, And show we're heirs of heav'n.
No. 403 I Must Tell Jesus
E. A. H.

1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear these,
2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Savior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to evil allure me! O how my heart is

burs-dens a-alone; In my distress He kindly will help me;
pasion ate friend; If I but ask Him, He will deliver,
bur dens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;
tempt ed to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me

Chorus

I must tell Jesus! I cannot bear my burdens alone; I must tell

Jesus! I must tell Jesus! Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

No. 404 I'll Fly Away
A. E. B.

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1. Some glad morn ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a-
2. When the shar ows of this life have grown,
3. Just a few more weary days and then, fly a-way
4. Fly a-way; To a home on God's celestial shore,
5. Fly a-way, To a land where joys shall never end,

Chorus

I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way, I'll fly a-way,

fly a-way, O glory, I'll fly a-way; When I die,

Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly a-way, fly a-way,
Each Moment Of Time

1. Each moment of time is precious to me, Ev'ry hour of time is precious to me, it is to me,
2. I'm finding true joy in serving the Lord, I am finding joy in serving Christ my Lord,
3. I soon must lay down my labor below, I must soon lay down upon the earth below,

I want to help make sin's shadows to flee; I would ever make sin's shadows flee;
Tis glory indeed to work in accord; His blessed sweet accord;
Be gathered at home where blessings all flow, Gathered to that home for the faithful flow,

I want to live right from morning thru night, I would live a-right from morning thru night,
I want to be good, do all that I should, can and ever should,
I'm facing the west and doing my best, West, I'm facing west want to do my best

Each moment of time while here on earth is precious to me, so precious unto me.

chorus
Each moment of time Ev'ry hour of time is precious to me, it is to me, For Jesus my Lord Jesus Christ my Lord

expects me to be ev'ry day to be Both faithful and true
Faithful, good and true the journey all thru, Each moment of

Each moment of time while here on earth is precious to me, so precious unto me.
No. 406  I'll Meet You In The Morning
Respectfully dedicated to my Wife, Goldie, and sons, Billy Joe, Albert E. Jr., Thomas Beatty, Robert Bartlett, and Jackie Stamps. A. E. B.
Copyright, 1906, by Hartford Music Co., in "Lights of Life" Albert E. Brumley

I'll Meet You In The Morning

1. I will meet you in the morn- ing, by the bright riv- er side,
2. I will meet you in the morn- ing, in the sweet by and by,
3. I will meet you in the morn- ing, at the end of the way,

When all sor-row has drifted a-way, I'll be standing at the-
And exchange the old cross for a crown, There will be no dis-ap-
On the streets of that ci-ty of gold; Where we all can be to-

pors-tals, when the gates open wide, At the close of life's long, dreary day,
pointments and no-bod-y shall die, In that land where the sun goeth down,
gath-er and be happy for aye, While the years and the a-ges shall roll.

Chorus

Meet you in the morn- ing, meet you in the morn- ing,
I'll meet you in the morn- ing, meet you in the morn- ing,
with a "How do you do," "How do you do," and we'll
In the Ci-ty, ci-ty built, that ci-ty built four square.

Rapture our "auld" acquaintance renew; Know me in the morn-
rapture "auld" acquaintance re-new; You'll know

ing know me in the morning, Smiles that I wear,
me in the morning, By the smiles that I

smiles that I wear, Meet you in the morning, meet you in the morning,
wear, When I meet you in the morning,

In the Ci-ty, ci-ty built, that ci-ty built four square.
No. 407 He Whispers Sweet Peace To Me

W. M. R.

1. Some-time when mis-giv-ings dark-en the day, And faith's light I
cannot see; I ask my dear Lord to bright-en the way, He
whelm my soul; For I could not see the right way to go, When
faith is weak; And then when I ask Him to take com-mand, It
pels all fear; And when I'm in doubt, or troubled in soul, That

2. I could not go on with-out Him I know, The world would o'er
whisper sweet peace to me. Yes, He
temp-ta-tions o'er me roll,
seems that I hear Him speak. He whis-pers sweet peace to
still small voice I can hear. He whis-pers sweet peace to

3. I trust Him thru faith, by faith hold His hand, And some-times my
whispers to me, He whispers sweet peace to me, When
me, He whispers sweet peace to me, When

4. He speaks in a still, small voice we are told, A voice that dis-
I am cast down in spir-it and soul, He whispers sweet peace to me.

CHORUS

CHORUS

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408 When The Savior Reached Down For Me

G. E. W.

1. Once my soul was a-stray from the heav-en-ly way, And was weak and
vile as could be; But my Sav-i-or in love gave me peace from a-bove
I could be free; Then He lift-ed my feet, gave me glad-ness complete,

2. I was near to despair when He came to me, And He saved me that
He then fled, There to lean on His arm, safe, as-cure from all harm,

3. How my heart does rejoice when I hear His sweet voice In the tem-pest, to

---
If We Never Meet Again

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Assigned, 1949, Stampe Quartet Music Co., Inc. and Albert E. Brumley
Albert E. Brumley

No. 409

Slow

1. Soon we'll come to the end of life's journey And per-
haps we'll never meet any more, Till we gather in heaven's bright city, Far away on that beautiful shore.

2. O so often we're parted with sorrow, Bene-
heaven's bright city, Far away on that beautiful shore.

3. O they say we shall meet by the river. Where no

Meeting place somewhere in heaven

By the shining river of life; Roses bloom side of the river of life; Where the charming roses bloom ever and ever, Sep-

But we never shall storm-clouds ever darken the sky, And they say we'll be

side of the river of life; Where the charming roses bloom ever and ever, Sep-

heaven's bright city, Far away on that beautiful shore.

sorrow in heaven, God be with you till we meet again.

happily in heaven In the wonderful sweet by and by.

sadly in heaven, God be with you till we meet again.

happily in heaven In the wonderful sweet by and by.

To the Chorus

Never meet this side of heaven

Meet you on that beautiful shore.

If we never meet again this side of heaven

If we never meet more, If we never meet again this side of heaven

As we struggle thru this world and its strife, There's an-

heaven

this side of heaven

this side of heaven

this side of heaven

heaven

heaven

I will meet you on that beautiful shore.
We Have a Home

1. There are mansions in that city in that promised land—love, Our Father's house; is over there; (is over there). Our dear Lord is there prepared for us to receive us in His love, In that sweet home; so pure and fair.

2. There is no sickness, pain nor sorrow in that home so bright and fair, there we shall meet Him face to face; when we pass beyond the meet.

3. When our Savior and His angels come to gather up His own, then we shall prepare to receive us in His home, we have a home.

Bear Me Up, Angels

1. God's angels encompass Round them that fear Him; We may not behold them, Our vision is dim.

2. Ye heirs of salvation, God's angels are near; They're sent to protect you, Then why should you fear.

3. If our eyes are opened As onward we plod; We'll see all the horsemen And chariots of God.

4. O stand by me, angels, When life here is o'er; Then on your white pinions Bear me to your shore.

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No. 412  The Great Redeemer

He is every thing to me, And every thing shall
always be; I will never cease to raise A
song of

song of gladness in His praise; Here, and in the
world above, My soul shall sing of saving love;
Life and

then beside the crystal sea More and more my soul shall be Praising
That is why for ever more On the everlasting shore I shall
O that all would trust the love Of the mighty Friend above And be

Je-sus and His love.

Bass to be sung loud. The other parts subdued and semi-staccato.
Heavenly Sunlight

1. Walking in sunlight, all of my journey; Over the mountains
   thru the deep vale; Jesus has said I'll never forsake thee,
   Promise divine that never can fail.

2. Shadows around me, sad-ness above me, Never conceal my
   Savior and Guide; He is the light in Him is no darkness,
   Savior I tread, He prayed.

3. In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing, Pressing my way to
   heavens sunlight; Flood my soul with glory divine.
   He prayed, He prayed.

Chorus

Heavenly sunlight; Flooding my soul with glory divine: Hallelujah, I am rejoicing, Singing His praises, Jesus is mine.

He Prayed

1. Jesus went up on the mountain that He might commune with God,
   He prayed, He prayed; On the hills of old Judea which my
   Jesus prayed unto the Father every day: From the manger to the cross,

2. All alone while in the garden where He sweat great drops of blood,
   Not my will but Thine be done, my Father,
   Not a moment's time was lost, Jesus prayed unto the Father all the way.

3. When up on the cross of Calvary in His agony and pain,
   He prayed, He prayed; That the Father might forgive them whom, the.
   He prayed, He prayed.
Step By Step, Day By Day

To my friend and co-worker, Mr. Fred Thomas... B. L. D. W. 
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Vida Mundon Nixon

OWNED BY MORRIS & HENSON

Byron L. Whitehead

No. 76

He Died For Me

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Clifford Gowens

1. Sometimes when I think of the cross, I find much sorrow there. To think of such a perfect life He gave with-wore.
2. The nails that pierced His hands and feet, the crown of thorns He that woeful sword that pierced His side. The guilt of me.
3. I was so lost and full of sin, and sin so full in me. So weak and worthless sick and sore. Un-done with-me.
4. But Jesus came to that old cross, and shed His blood for me. And sorrow turn to hap-pi-ness. He rose to

Chorus

out a tear. My Sav-iour died for me.

sin He bore.

out a plea.

vic to-ry. My Sav-iour died. He died, for me.

He bled and died for me. His life so

per-fect and mine so worthless. He bled and died for me.

He died for me.

Gently guide me lest I stray; Cheer me, chide me, Lord I

pray. Step by step, day by day, all the way, narrow way.

all the way. Close beside Thee let me stay, let me stay,

Close be-side Thee let me stay, close be-side Thee let me stay.
1. I know that I cannot pray just like old Daniel.
   I cannot preach like the great ap- pos-tle Paul.
   But I know I love my Lord feel up-on the moun-tain top so high. While in this val-ley old Sa-
   for all His fav-ors. For He died for me to save me from the fall.
   Let me feel my Sav-i-or near when I am dy-ing. Let me feel His
   Then'll be shout-ing on the hills of shin-ing glo-ry. When I leave this
   pre-cious arms a-round me tight. While I'm cross-ing Jord-en's stream
   there'll be no sigh-ing. For on that shore my blessed Lord will be the Light
to tell the sto-ry. Of His gift to me for my e-ter-nal life.

2. I love to hear the gos-pel preached while here I'm liv-ing. I'm made to
   bear, No more sick-ness, no pain, no more part-ing o-ver
   shorn. What a day, glo-ri-ous day that will be.
   CHORUS
   What a day that will be when my Je-sus I shall
   see, And I look up-on His face, the One who saved me by His
   grace; When He takes me by the hand, and leads me through the Prom-ised
   Land, What a day, glo-ri-ous day that will be.
Because He Lives

William J. Gaither

1. God sent His Son, they called Him Jesus; He came to love;
2. How sweet to hold a new-born baby, And feel the pride,
3. And then one day I'll cross the river; I'll fight life's trial,

all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling birds sing sweetly in the trees; When I look down from lofty mountain die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my burden gladly home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration.

refrain

Because He lives I can face tomorrow; Because He lives all fear is gone; Because I know He holds the future. And life is worth the living just because He lives.

refrain

How Great Thou Art

O Store Gud
Irregular with Refrain
Swedish Folk Melody
Alt. by Manna Music, Inc.

Carl Borberg, 1859-1940
Trans. by Stuart K. Hine, 1899

1. O Lord my God! When I in awe-some wonder Consider
2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander And hear the
3. And when I think that God, His Son not sparing, Sent Him to take me
4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-clama-tion And take me

all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling birds sing sweetly in the trees; When I look down from lofty mountain die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my burden gladly home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration.

refrain

Because He lives I can face tomorrow; Because He lives all fear is gone; Because I know He holds the future. And life is worth the living just because He lives.

refrain

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HARP OF AGES

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(Titles in CAPITALS — first lines in lower case type)

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