

# The Soul Winner

A Collection of  
Gospel Songs  
for Sunday Evening  
and Revival Services,  
Young People's and  
Devotional Meetings,  
Camp-meetings and  
Sunday Schools

EDITED BY  
E. S. LORENZ

Lorenz & Co., Publishers, Dayton, Ohio

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Price 15c. \$1.50 per doz. postpaid, \$10 per hundred, Express not prepaid.



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Lorenz

# THE SOUL WINNER.



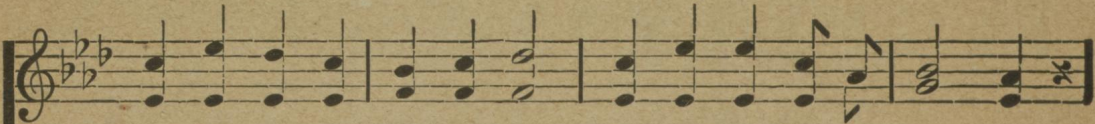
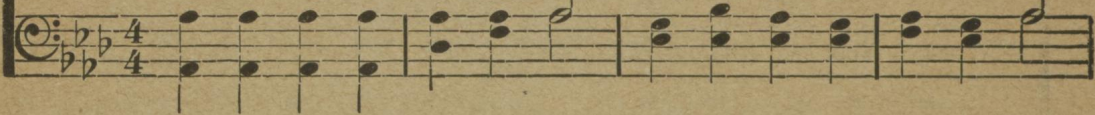
## 1. WINNING SOULS FOR THE MASTER.

E. S. LORENZ.

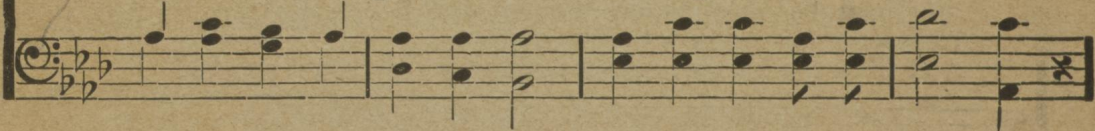
E. S. LORENZ.



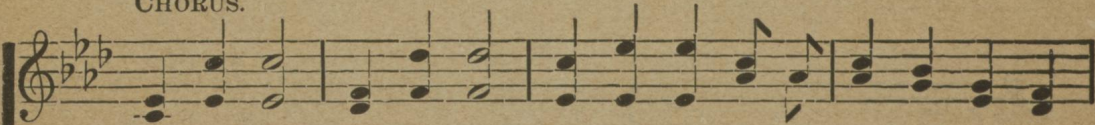
1. We have found a blest em-ploy, Work that brings suprem - est joy,  
 2. What tho' tri - als we must face, What tho' thorn-y paths we trace,  
 3. For each long-ing souls to win, For each pang o'er oth - ers sin,  
 4. Gladness here and rapt- ure there O'er the gathered sheavesso fair,



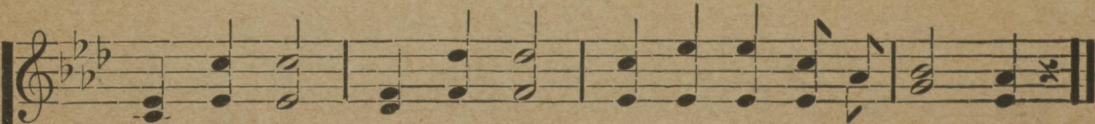
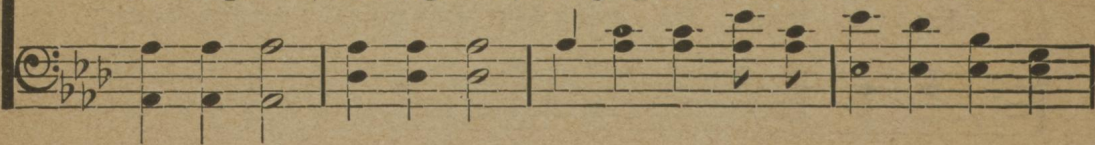
Whose deep peace finds no al - loy, — Winning souls for the Mas - ter.  
 God still grants a-bounding grace, — Winning souls for the Mas - ter.  
 Christ more ful - ly reigns with-in, — Winning souls for the Mas - ter.  
 Which we to the gar - ner bear, — Winning souls for the Mas - ter.



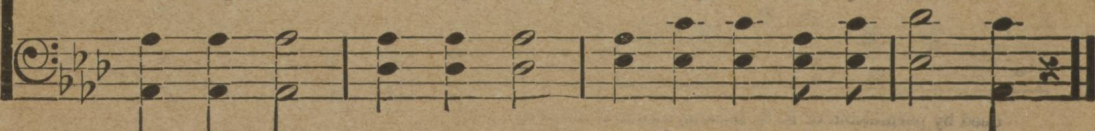
### CHORUS.



Winning souls, winning souls, Bringing them to the bless-ed Mas-ter!



Winning souls, winning souls, Winning souls for the Mas - ter!



2.

DON'T WAIT FOR TO-MORROW.

I. B.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - ior to - day, 'Tis fol - ly to  
 2. Oh, look to the cross where he died, And think of his  
 3. How ma - ny have gone to the grave, Whose end was de -  
 4. Then fly to the Sav - ior to - day, And walk in the

wait for to - mor - row ; Then why will you long - er de - lay ?  
 an - guish and sor - row ? Then give up your fol - ly and pride ;  
 struc - tion and hor - ror ; Oh, would you have Je - sus to save :  
 way that is nar - row ; 'Twill lead you from fol - ly a - way,

CHORUS.

To - mor - row may fill you with sor - row.  
 It may be too late on the mor - row.  
 Then wait not to seek him to - mor - row. } The Sav - ior is call - ing to -  
 And give you a joy - ous to - mor - row.

day, yes, to - day, Oh, bring him your troub - le and sor - row ; Come,

bow at his foot - stool and pray, It may be too late on to - mor - row.

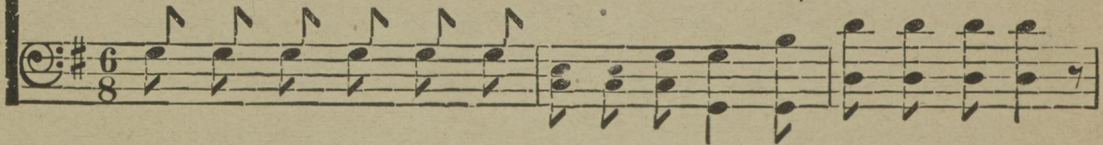
## WELCOME THE SPIRIT IN.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

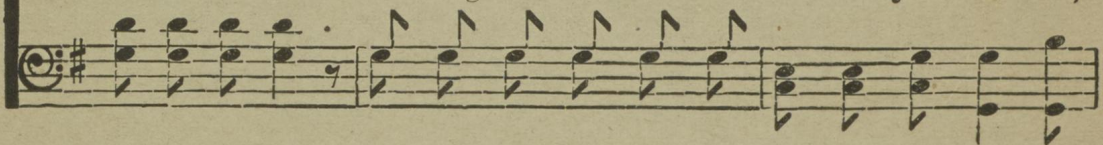
E. S. LORENZ.



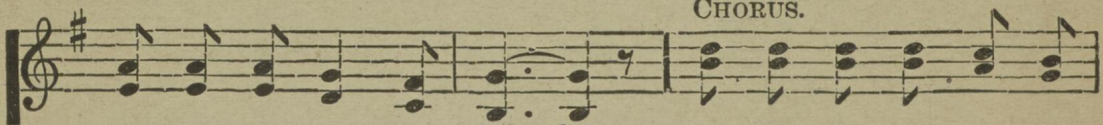
1. O - pen your heart to the Spir-it's en-treat-ing, Welcome him in!
2. Life all di - vine doth the Spir-it now prof-fer; Welcome him in!
3. Fruits more than gold-en this Spir-it will yield you; Welcome him in!
4. He is a friend that a - bid-eth for - ev - er; Welcome him in!



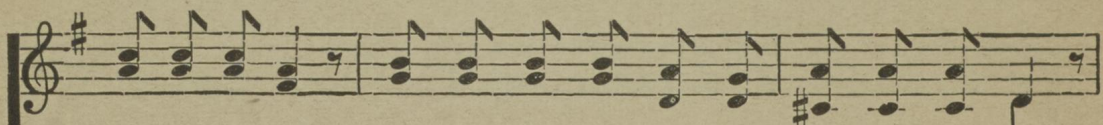
welcome him in! List to his wings at your heart's windows beat-ing,  
 welcome him in! Life that's e - ter - nal—ac - cept now his of - fer,  
 welcome him in! Love, peace, and joy, when his grace shall have seal'd you,  
 welcome him in! He brings a com - fort that fail - eth you nev - er;



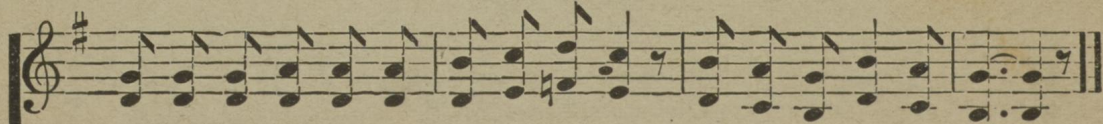
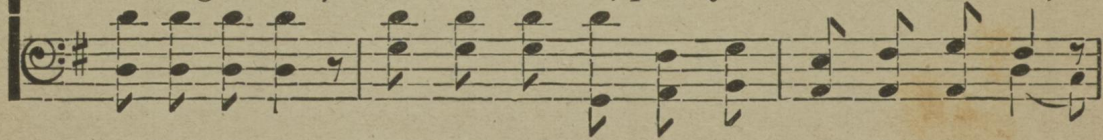
## CHORUS.



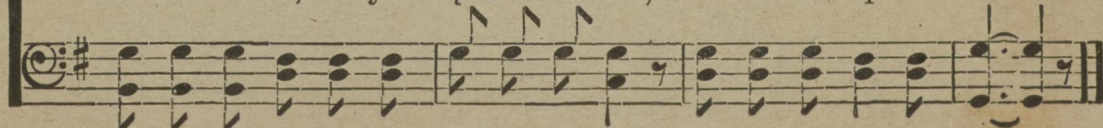
Wel-come the Spir - it in! Wel-come him in, he has



blessing un-told; Welcome him in, peace your heart shall en - fold;



Welcome him in, love your spirit shall hold, Welcome the Spir-it in!



4.

NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING.

I. BALTZELL.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and
2. How sad it would be, the har - vest all past, The bright summer
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mer - cy is near, Re - member the

un - for - giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate,  
 days all o - ver; To know that the reap - ers had gather'd the grain,  
 love that he gave you; The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still,

CHORUS.

Should an - swer, No room in heav - en. } Sad, sad, sad would it be!  
 And left thee a - lone for - ev - er. }  
 And Je - sus now waits to save you. }

No room in heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in

*Slow and soft.*

heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!

## SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov - ing deeds A - long the fer - tile field;  
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;  
 3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.  
 Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.  
 With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way . . . . . The seeds of  
 Then day by day a - long your way

prom - - ise cast, . . . . . That ripened grain, . . from hill and  
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain,

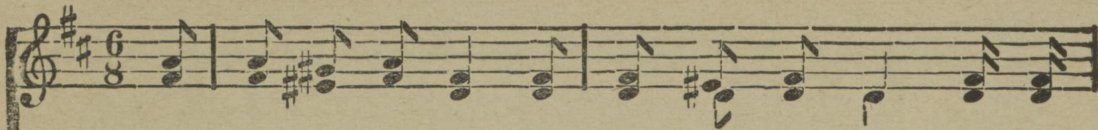
plain, . . . . . Be gathered home . . . . . at last. . . . .  
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last. . . . .

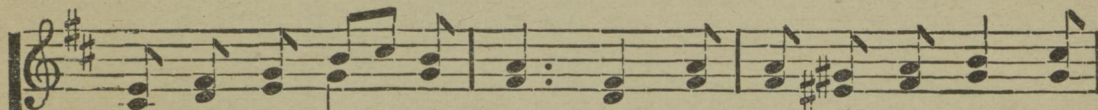
## WHY NOT BE SAVED?

ANNA CHICHESTER.

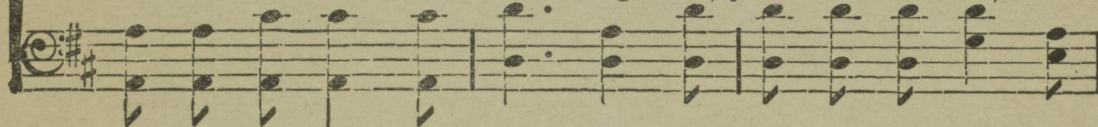
FRED. W. GILBERT.



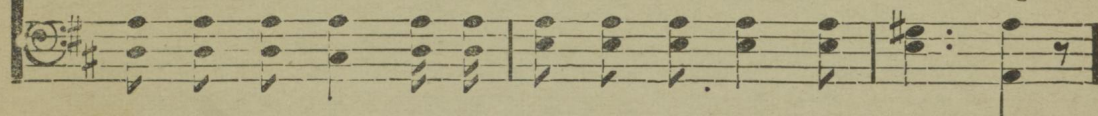
1. Oh, why do you wait, Why long - er de - bate, When the
2. Shall ten - der-ness fail, O'er you not pre - vail, And shall
3. With Christ in your heart A new life will start, Whose de -
4. Oh, why will you die, When Christ is so nigh With his



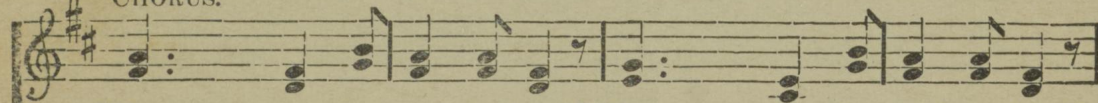
Sav- iour in love is call - ing? He know-eth your needs And  
 love beg in vain for hear - ing? Shall mer - cy soon cease Its  
 light will be e'er in - creas - ing; For trou - ble and care, For  
 of - fers of love en - treat - ing? Oh, yield to him now, Sub-



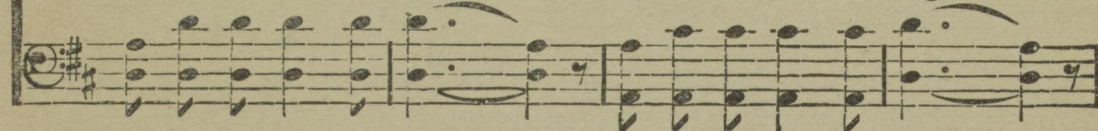
ten - der - ly pleads; Shall his words on deaf ears be fall - ing?  
 of - fers of peace, Leav- ing you to the doom that's near - ing?  
 sor - row, de- spair, You will gain a deep peace un - ceas - ing.  
 mis - sive - ly bow, On your heart's throne the Sav - iour seat - ing.



## CHORUS.



Why not besaved to-night?\* Why not besaved to-night?  
 Why not besav'd to - night?\* Why not besav'd to - night?



Je - sus is call - ing; lin - ger no more, En - ter love's o - pen door.



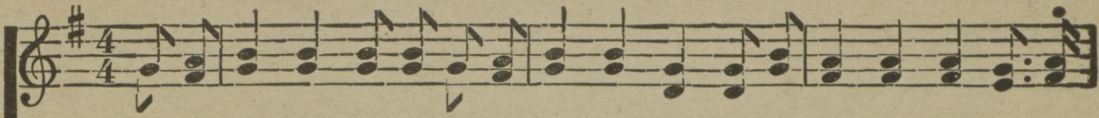
\* To be sung "to-night" or "to-day," according to the hour of service.  
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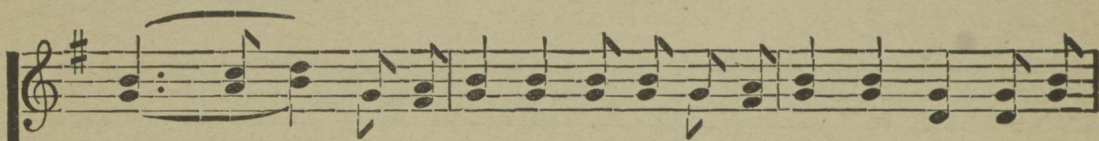
# SAVED BY FAITH.

I. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.



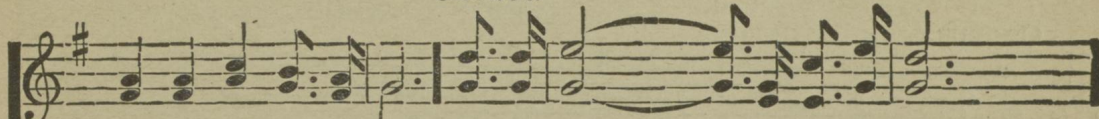
1. I have found redemption in the Saviour's blood, I am sav'd by faith in his
2. Oh, how sweet the story of his wondrous grace, I am sav'd by faith in his
3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am sav'd by faith in his
4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a-long, I am sav'd by faith in his



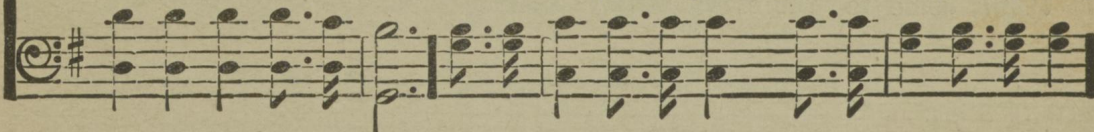
blood, in his blood; I am sweetly trust-ing in the word of God, I am  
 blood, in his blood; I will trust in Je-sus while I run my race, I am  
 blood, in his blood; I will trust his promise, on his strength re-ly, I am  
 blood, in his blood; In my home in glo-ry this shall be my song, I am



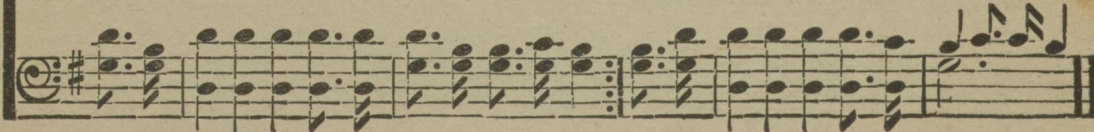
## CHORUS.



sav'd by faith in his blood. I am saved, . . . yes, sweetly sav'd,  
 I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd, I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd,



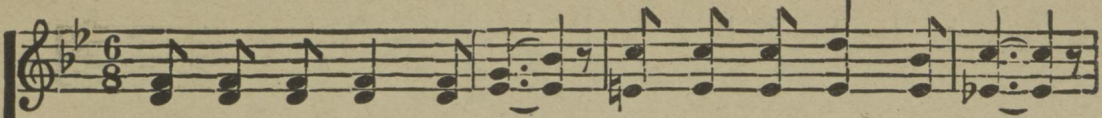
I am sav'd by faith in the blood he shed for me, I am sav'd by faith in his blood,  
 in his blood.



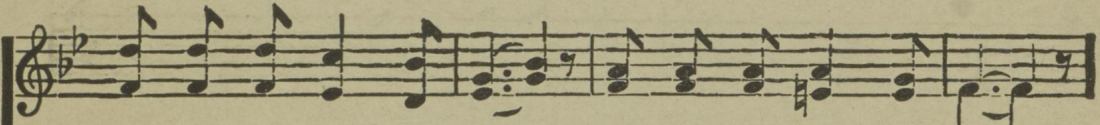
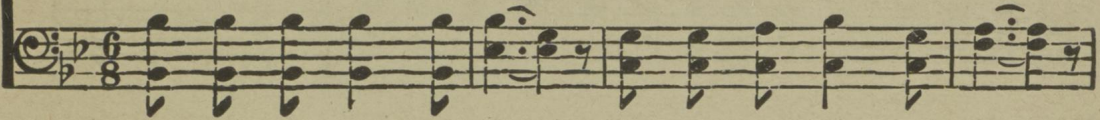
## COME TO THE CROSS TO-DAY.

IDA L. REED.

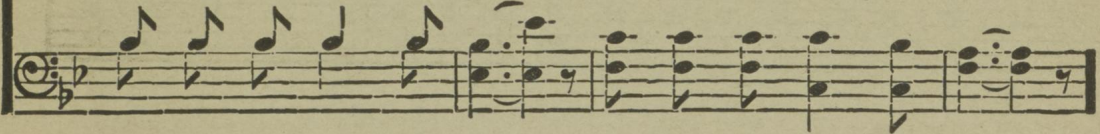
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Come to the cross to-day! Je-sus a-waits you there;
2. Come to the cross to-day! Bless-ing a-waits you there;
3. Come to the cross to-day! Je-sus will free-ly bless,
4. Come to the cross to-day! While he a-waits you there;

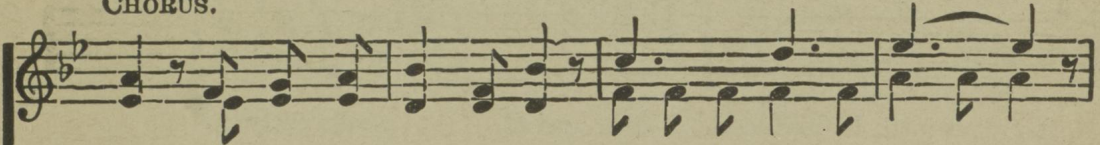


Come for his par-don pray, Come and his mer-cy share.  
 Why should you long de-lay? He will your bur-dens bear.  
 Light with his love your way, Crown you with right-eous-ness.  
 Come for his fa-vor pray, Free-ly his love you'll share.

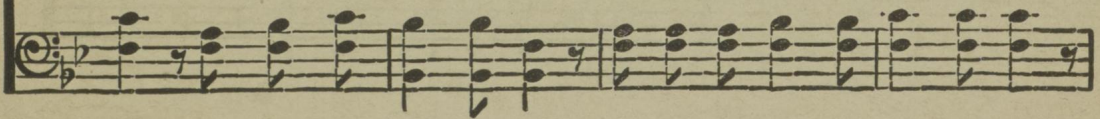


## CHORUS.

Come! come! come! . . .



Come, come to the cross to-day! Come to the cross! O come to-day!



Lay your burdens at Je-sus' feet, Come! come! come! come! Come to the cross to-day.  
 He will give you forgiveness sweet;



## 9.

## WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful  
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in  
 3 My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing

voice would raise; For who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the  
 dark - ness light; In pain a balm, in weak - ness might, Is the  
 when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the

## CHORUS.

won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love!

won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

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10.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

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

CHORUS.

God, Born of his spir-it, wash'd in his blood. } This is my sto-ry,  
 bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love. }  
 bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love. }

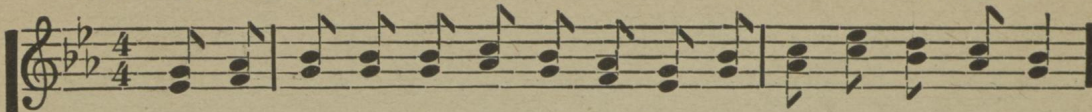
this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

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

## ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

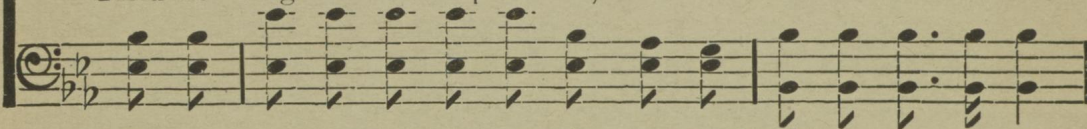
E. S. LORENZ.



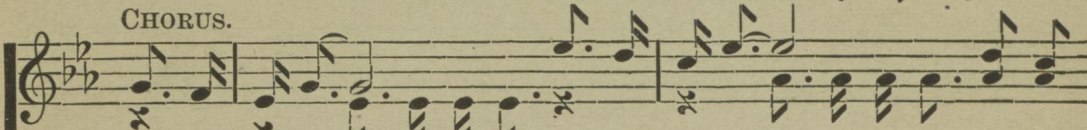
1. Soon the evening shadows fall-ing Close the day of mor-tal life;
2. Soon the aw-ful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. Oh, how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?
4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are offered thee;



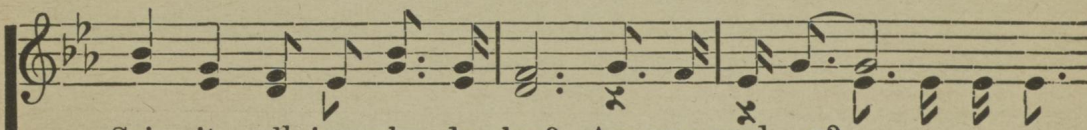
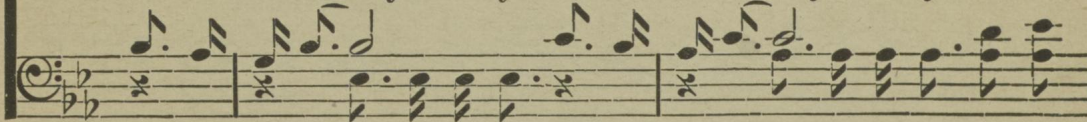
Soon the hand of death ap-pal-ling Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.  
 Now pre-pare, for love a-bounding Yet has left thee not a-lone.  
 Read-y, should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?  
 Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor-row flee.



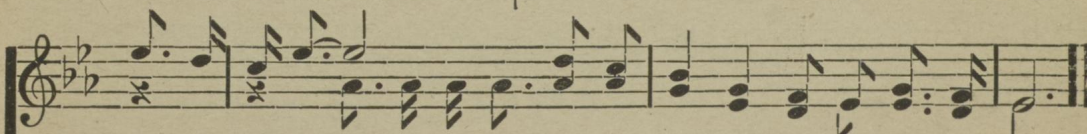
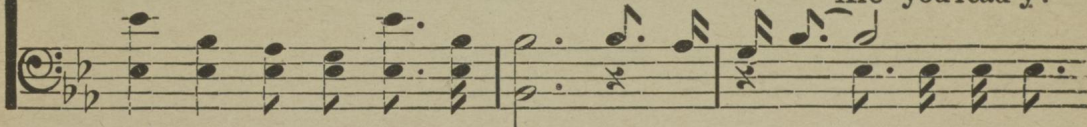
## CHORUS.



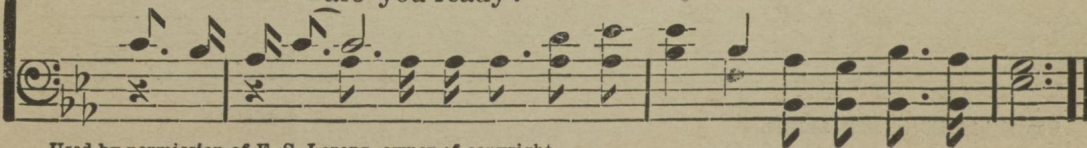
Are you read-y? are you read-y? 'Tis the  
 Are you ready? are you ready?



Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you read-y?  
 Are you read-y?



are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.  
 are you ready?



## THE CALL OF THE CROSS.

(Male Quartet.)

WM. H. GARDNER.

(Melody in Second Tenor.)

E. S. LORENZ.

1. If life is dreary and shadows creep in, Filling your heart with a  
 2. Hearts that are breaking 'neath burdens of grief, Call up-on Je-sus and  
 3. Ho, tongues that praise him! ye sil-ver in speech! Tell of his goodness, the

sense of its sin; If on the bil-lows of doubting you toss,  
 find sweet re-lief. Ho, heav-y la-den! tell him of your loss,  
 way-far-ers teach; Up and to work! earth-ly pleas-ures are dross,  
 D. S.—Look up to Je-sus, the Sav-ior of men,

FINE. CHORUS.

Wear-y ones, hear then the call of the cross!  
 Com-fort is yours through the "call of the cross!" } Hear, O ye weary ones, the  
 Bring to the waiting "the call of the cross!" }

*He will give peace to your hearts once a-gain.*

D. S.

call of the cross! Hear, O ye dreary ones, the call of the cross.

## I AM LISTENING.

W. S. MARSHALL.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Do you hear the Sav-iour call-ing, By the woo - ings of his voice?  
 2. By his *Spir - it* he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw - ing us to him,  
 3. By the *Word* of Truth he's speaking To the wan-d'ring, erring ones;  
 4. In his *Prov - i - den - tial deal-ings*, E - ven in his stern de - crees,

Do you hear the ac - cents fall - ing? Will you make the pre - cious choice?  
 Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With his gen - tle voice to win.  
 List! the voice the still - ness breaking! Hear the sweet and sol - emn tones!  
 In the loud - est thunders peal - ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

## REFRAIN.

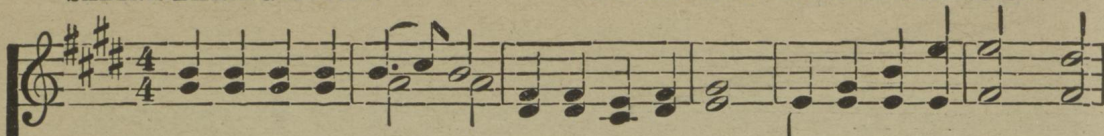
I am list - ning; oh, I'm list - ning Just to hear the ac - cents fall!

*Repeat softly.*  
 I am list - ning; oh, I'm list - ning To the Sav - iour's gen - tle call!

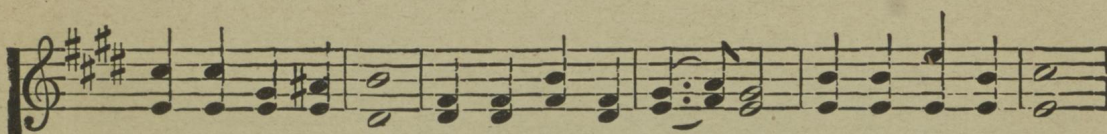
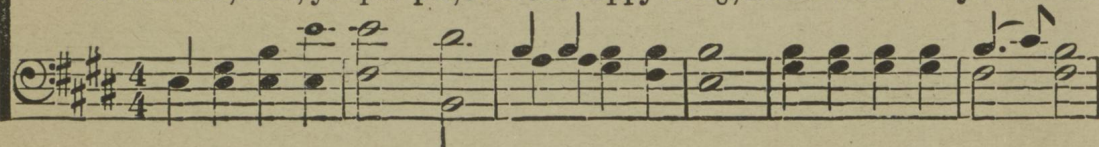
## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

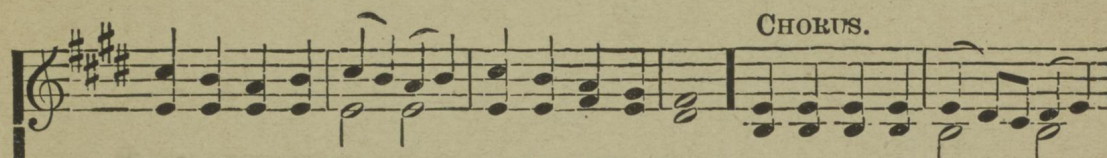
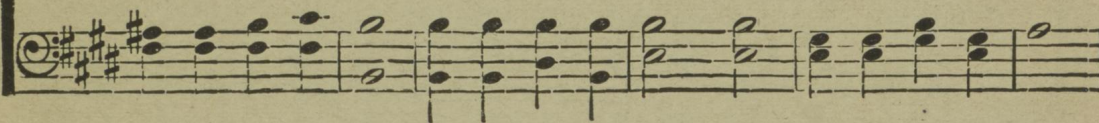
SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

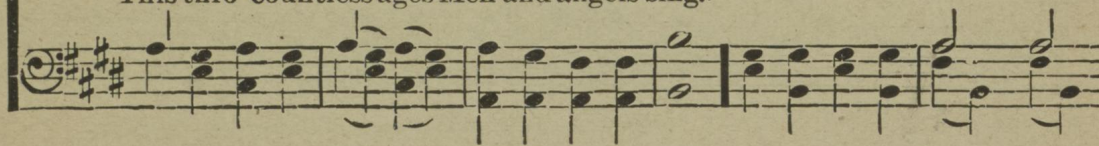


Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
 On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,  
 Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or Unto Christ the King,

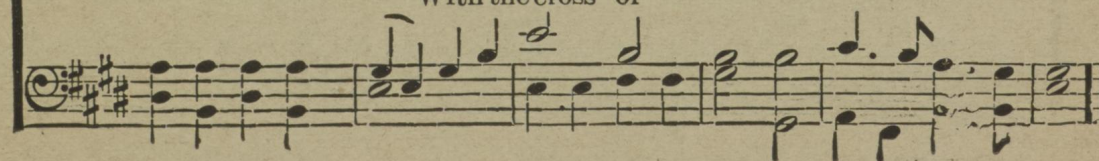


## CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go!  
 Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.  
 One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty. } Onward, Christian soldiers!  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.  
 With the cross of





E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who-  
 2. What tho' fierce the storm-y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de-ride me; I am safe, as long as I con-fide me  
 tri-als oft con-found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me  
 voice di-vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me

## CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. } In the bless-ed hol-low of his  
 In the hol-low of God's hand. }  
 In the hol-low of his hand. } In the hol-low, in the

hand! In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!  
 hol-low of his hand! In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand!

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

## ANSWER YES, TO THE SPIRIT.

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Heark-en now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call - ing to  
 2. He is striv - ing to lead you to Je - sus, Do not long - er his  
 3. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad - ness un -  
 4. Yield, oh, yield to the Spir - it's en - treat - y And no long - er God's

life and light. You have oft answered, no, to his plead - ing: Oh, my  
 plea re - sist, But to - night while to you he is speak - ing In the  
 told be - stow. When so sweet are the joys that he of - fers, Can you  
 mer - cy slight; As he asks you to turn to the Sav - iour, Won't you

## CHORUS.

broth - er, say, yes, to - night.  
 serv - ice of Christ en - list.  
 still to his call say, no?  
 free - ly say, yes, to - night. } An - swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it;

An - swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it to - night. Do not grieve him a -

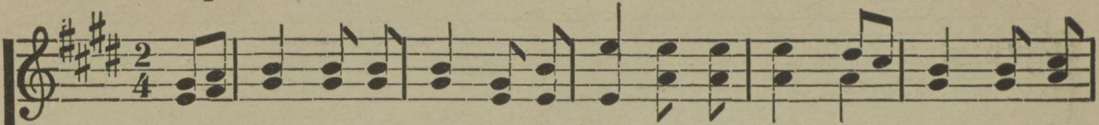
way and lose heav - en for aye; An - swer, yes, to the Spir - it to - night.

17.

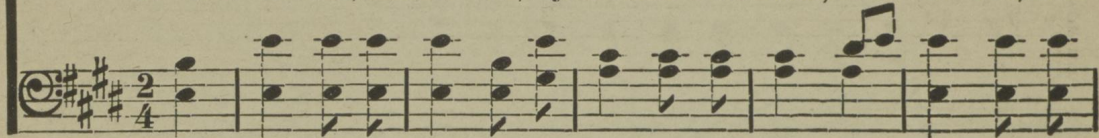
## PARDON FOR ALL.

Words adapted.

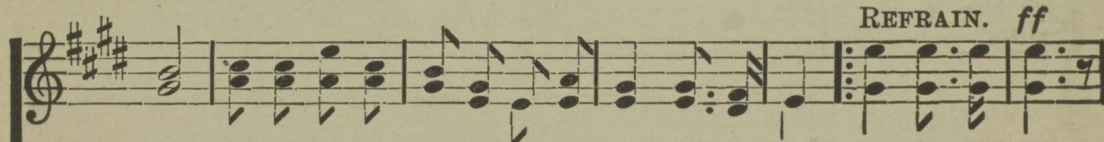
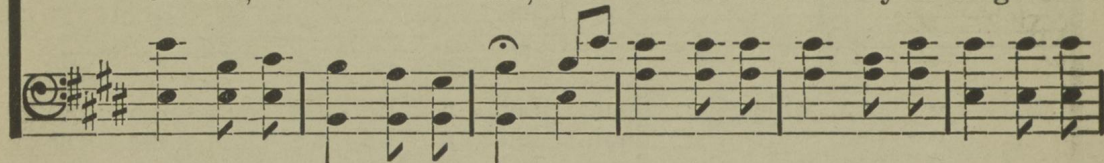
I. BALTZELL.



1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God ; I knew not my
2. Then free grace a-woke me by light from on high ; I cried, "Je-sus
3. My ter-rors all van-ished be-fore that sweet name ; My guilt - y fears
4. Dear Je-sus, dear Je - sus, my treasure and boast ; Dear Je - sus, dear

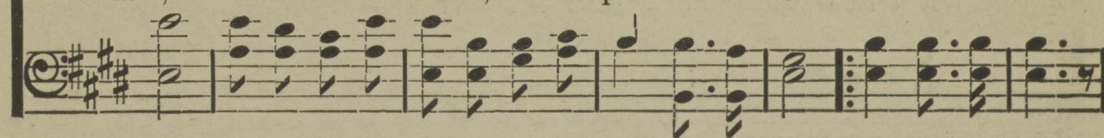


dan-ger, as felt not my load ; I flew to the cross when I heard Je-sus  
save me, O save, or I die!" He heard my deep pleading, he answered my  
banished, with boldness I came To him who had saved from the curse of the  
Je - sus, I ne'er can be lost ; This watchword shall be my last song when I

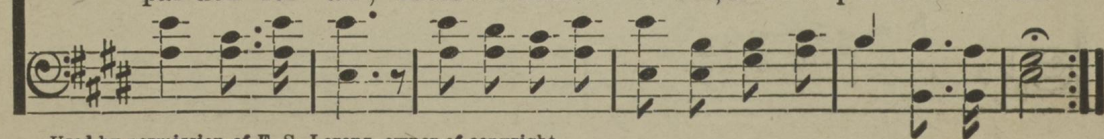
REFRAIN. *ff*

call, "Come, poor, trembling sinner, there is pardon for all."  
call ; Bless the name of Jesus, there is par-don for all.  
fall ; Bless the name of Jesus, there is par-don for all.  
fall ; Bless the name of Jesus, there is par-don for all.

} Par-don for all,



par-don for all ; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par-don for all.



ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con- flict win? Is it dark with  
 2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-  
 3. Would you go re-joic- ing on the up- ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—dark-er still with - in? Clear the darkened windows,  
 answered by your God a - bove? Clear the darkened windows,  
 darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows,

o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun- shine in.  
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun- shine in.  
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun- shine in.

## CHORUS.

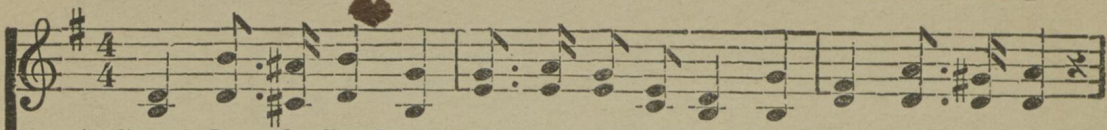
Let a lit- tle sunshine in, . . . Let a lit- tle sunshine in; . . .  
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit- tle sunshine in.

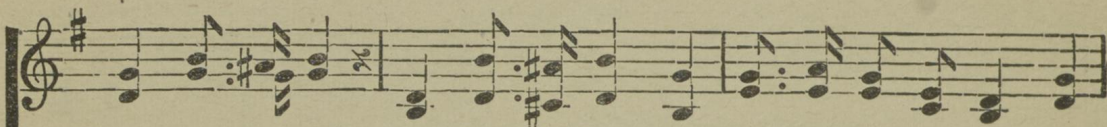
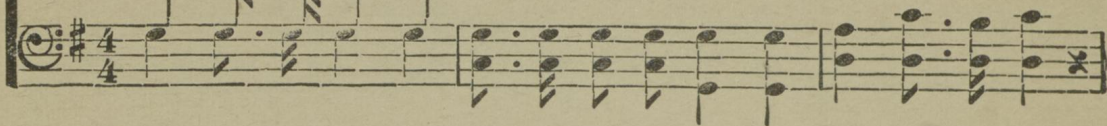
## COME UNTO ME.

ANNA SHARE.

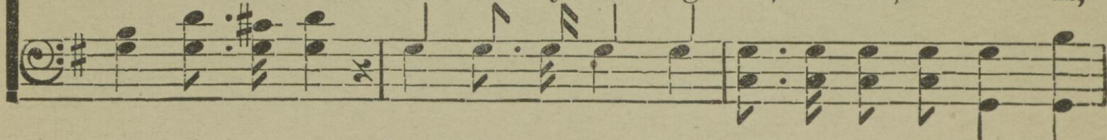
E. S. LORENZ.



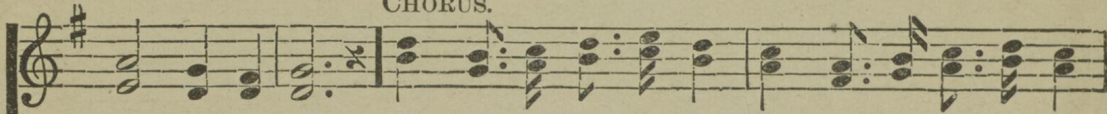
1. Sweet-ly the Sav-iour's voice is ev-er call-ing, Come un-to me!
2. Long have I sought you, lost in darkness drear-y, Come un-to me!
3. Here is the rest that I a-lone can give you, Come un-to me!
4. Je-sus, for-sak-ing all that would deceive us, Come we to thee;



Come un-to me! See shad-ows dark a-round you now are fall-ing,  
 Come un-to me! I am the ref-uge, wait-ing for the wea-ry,  
 Come un-to me! Come, for my heart is long-ing to for-give you,  
 Come we to thee! Safe in thy lov-ing arms, O Lord, re-ceive us,

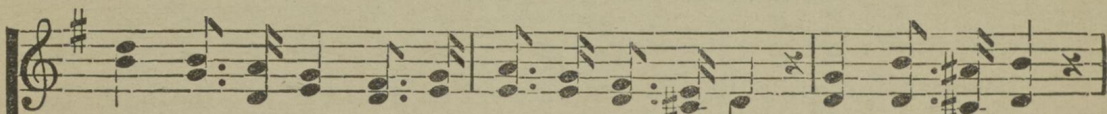
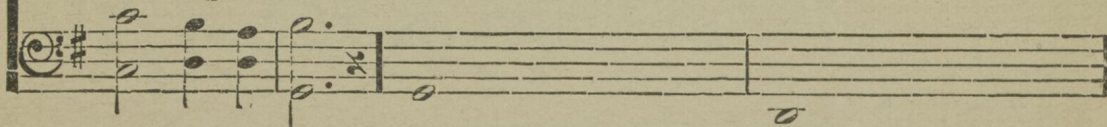


## CHORUS.

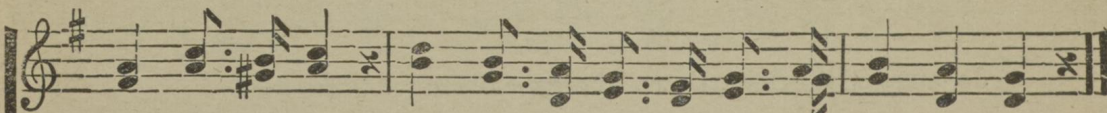


Come un-to me!  
 Come un-to me!  
 Come un-to me!  
 Com-ing to thee!

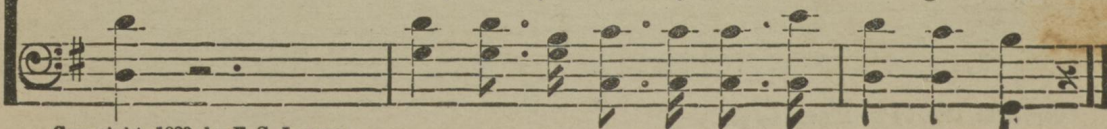
Je-sus, the Lord of all, Oh, hear his lov-ing call,



Come un-to me, all ye wea-ry ones, O come! Come un-to me!



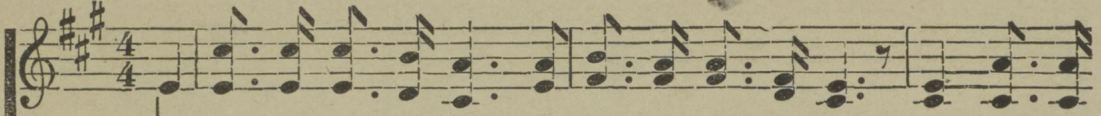
Come un-to me! Come, all ye wea-ry ones, no lon-ger roam.



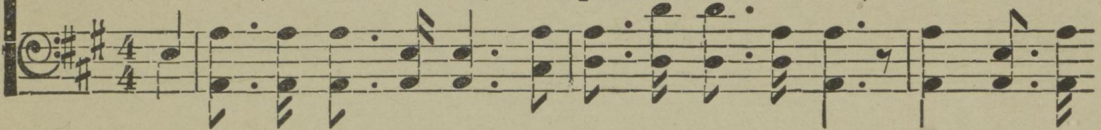
## WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

R. KELSO CARTER.

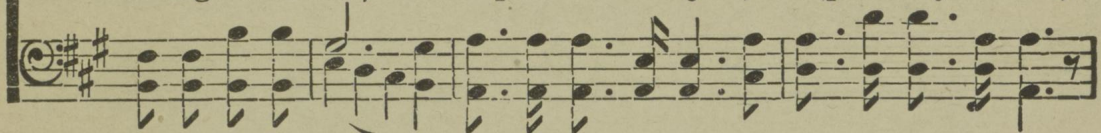
EDWARD E. NICKERSON.



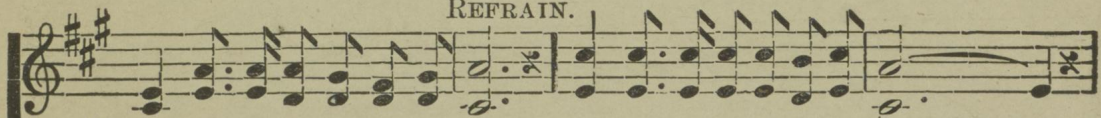
1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come, with the ransom'd train, The Saviour's prais-es sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be-fore his face, We'll praise the Lord a - bove, Down where the



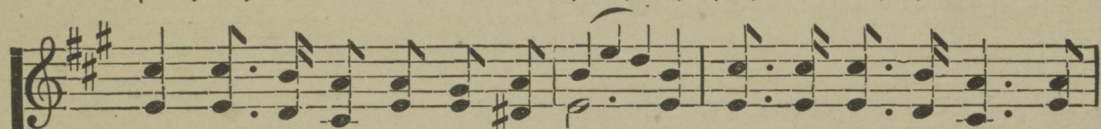
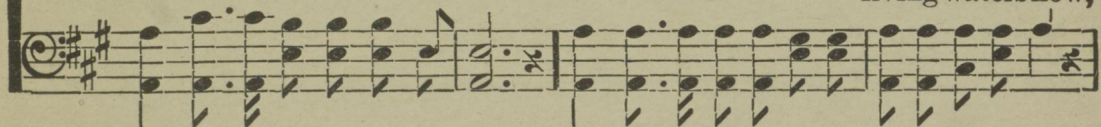
liv - ing waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our hearts with heav'n,  
 liv - ing waters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free, That Christ to earth has brought,  
 liv - ing waters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! he reigns a king,  
 liv - ing waters flow; Tri - umphant thro' his grace, Made perfect by his love,



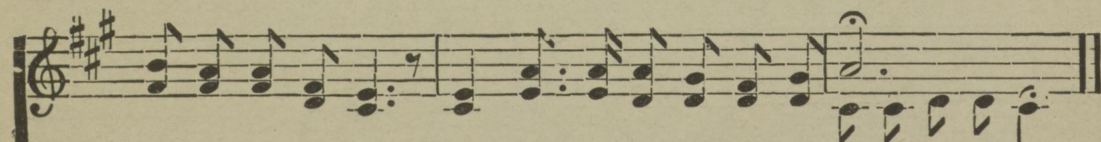
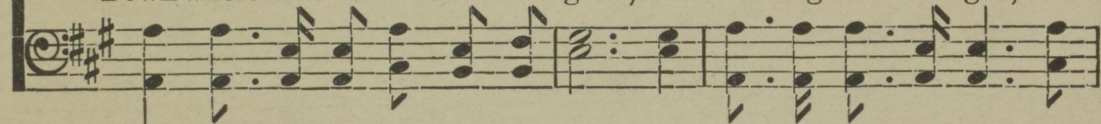
## REFRAIN.



Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, . . .  
 living waters flow,



Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for



Je - sus and the right, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.  
 liv - ing waters flow.



## OH, WHAT A SAVIOR IS MINE!

J. M.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion of life here be - low, Oh, what a  
 2. Where sor - rows en - com - pass my way on each hand, Oh, what a  
 3. When friends here for - sake me, as oft - en they do, Oh, what a  
 4. My wea - ry, lost broth - er, this Sav - ior wants you, Oh, what a

Sav - ior is mine! He loves me, and guides me, protects from each foe,  
 Sav - ior is mine! Hescat - ters the dark - ness and helps me to stand,  
 Sav - ior is mine! This "friend of the fa - ther - less" ev - er is true,  
 Sav - ior is mine! To share in the glo - ry a - wait - ing the true,

CHORUS.

Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine! Oh, what a Sav - ior is  
 What a

mine! . . . . Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine! . . . . When  
 Sav - ior is mine! What a Sav - ior is mine!

foes would annoy, He fills me with joy! Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine!

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. "I am the Way and the Life," said Je - sus, "The  
 2. "I am the Light of the world," said Je - sus "The  
 3. "I am the Lil - y, the Rose of Sha - ron," The

Truth and the O - pen Door, And he that com - eth to  
 Bright, and the Morn - ing Star, To guide the trav - el - ler  
 Shep - herd, and Friend, and Guide' And they who take up their

me, be - liev - ing, Hath life for ev - er - more."  
 home to glo - ry, Where heav'n - ly man - sions are."  
 cross and fol - low, Shall e'er with me a - bide."

REFRAIN. D. S.

Life for - ev - er, life for ev - er, Life for - ev - er more,  
 Heav'n - ly mansions, heav'nly man - sions, Heav'nly man - sions are,  
 They shall ev - er, they shall ev - er, Ev - er - more a - bide,

- 1. more . . . .
- 2. are . . . .
- 3. more . . . .



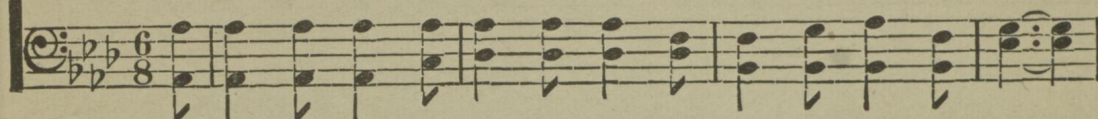
## TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD.

REV. A. H. SEMBOWER.

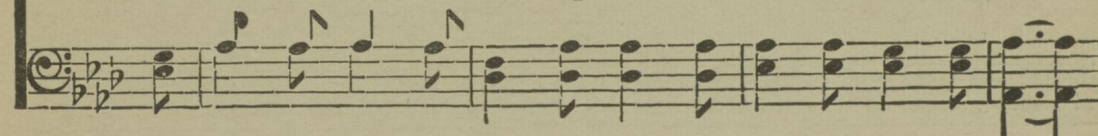
E. S. LORENZ.



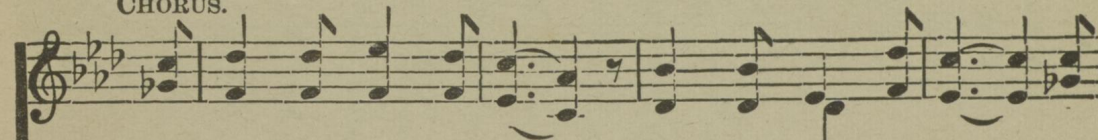
1. Sad soul, dis-miss your doubts and fears, Have faith in Christ your Lord;
2. Does Sa - tan ply his sub - tle art, To keep you from the Lord?
3. When sin would lead the-soul a-stray That leans up - on the Lord,
4. In bright, or dark, or storm-y hours Lay all up-on the Lord;



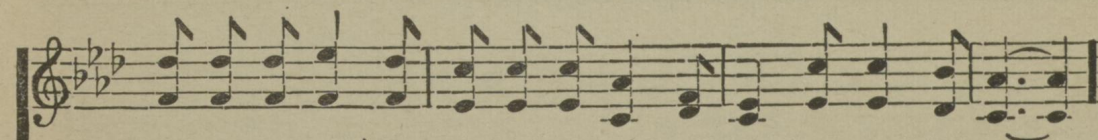
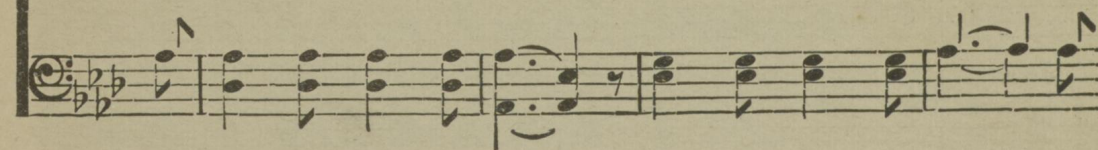
Go, wipe a-way your fall - ing tears, And take him at his word.  
 Seek Je - sus then with all your heart, And take him at his word.  
 Re-mem - ber Je - sus is the way, And take him at his word.  
 Know Je - sus hath both will and pow'r; Come, take him at his word.



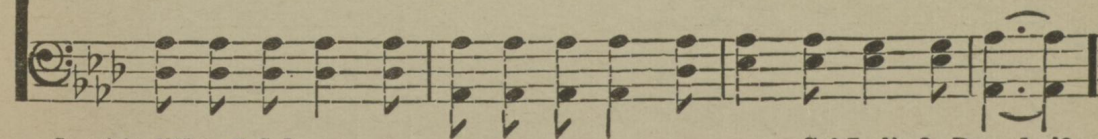
## CHORUS.



Oh, take him at his word, Take him at his word! The



message is true that com-eth to you, Oh, take him at his word!



E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Though of sin-ners I'm the chief, Je-sus is my Sav-iour; At his  
 2. Hap-py songs are mine to sing, Je-sus is my Sav-iour; All my  
 3. Let his praise my lips sup- ply, Je-sus is my Sav-iour; For his  
 4. Though I'm tempted oft to stray, Je-sus is my Sav-iour; Trusting

CHORUS.

feet I found re - lief ; Je - sus is my friend!  
 cares to him I bring, Je - sus is my friend!  
 serv-ice is my joy, Je - sus is my friend!  
 him, I'm sav'd to-day, Je - sus is my friend!

Je - sus is my friend and

Sav-iour! Sing, oh, sing, his lov-ing fa - vor! He will keep me to the end,

Je - sus is my friend! Un - der-neath his wing a - bid - ing, In his

safe pa - vil - ion hid - ing, From the storms he will de - fend, Je - sus is my friend.

ANNA CHICHESTER.

JOHN TIBBALLS.

1. { I am walk - ing with the Sav - iour in the  
Once my soul was in the dark - ness, now has

D. S.—nev - er will for - sake me, but will

FIN.

bless - ed nar - row way, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord; }  
dawn'd life's gold - en day, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord. }

ev - er be my guide, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.

## CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, yes, I am sat - is - fied,  
with Je - sus with Je - sus,

D. S.

I am sat - is - fied to walk with him the long, long way; For he

2 In my griefs he's consolation, and in  
trial he's my stay,  
I am satisfied with Christ my Lord;  
With his tender arms around me I can  
never know dismay,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

3 When I falter in my weakness, on his  
arm he bids me lean,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;  
When temptation overwhelms me, with  
his blood he makes me clean,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

4 I am happy in his service, I rejoice in  
God, my King,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;  
For each day he opens treasures, gives  
new songs of joy to sing,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

5 Oh, the words of love and comfort! Oh,  
the tender loving hand!  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord;  
Through the waters it will lead me to  
the fair Lamb-lighted land,  
I am satisfied with Christ, my Lord.

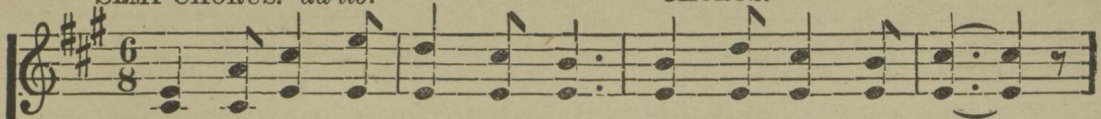
## JESUS CAME TO SAVE!

HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SEMI-CHORUS. *ad lib.*

CHORUS.

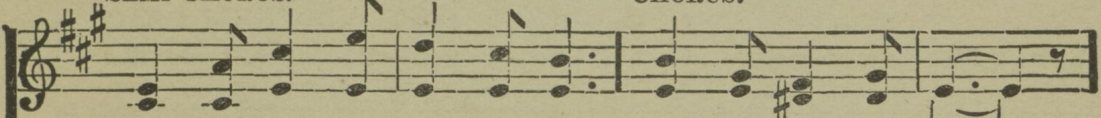


1. Sing the joy - ful news a - gain— Je - sus came to save!
2. Sing the sto - ry o'er and o'er— Je - sus came to save!
3. Sweet-est sto - ry ev - er sung— Je - sus came to save!
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God— Je - sus came to save!



SEMI-CHORUS.

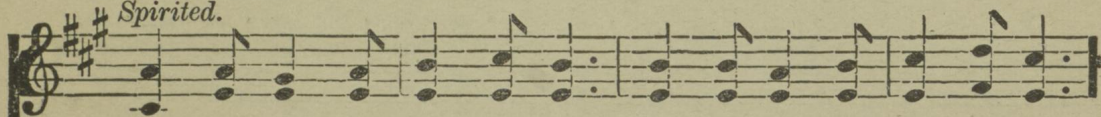
CHORUS.



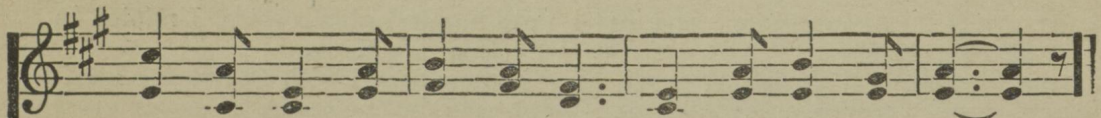
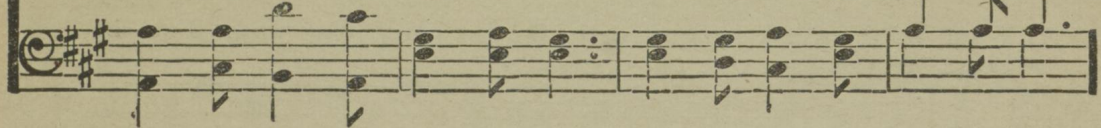
- O re-peat the glad re-frain— Je - sus came to save!  
 Sound his praise from shore to shore— Je - sus came to save!  
 Praise his name with heart and tongue— Je - sus came to save!  
 Spread the won-drous news a- broad— Je - sus came to save!



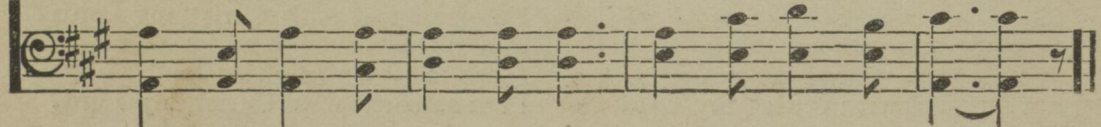
FULL CHORUS.

*Spirited.*

- Came to cleanse each guilt - y soul— Came to make the wounded whole:  
 Came to suc - cor in dis-tress; Came the wea - ry ones to bless:  
 Came to lead from by-ways cold, Lost ones to his shelt'ring fold:  
 Left his shin - ing home a - bove, All his might-y pow'r to prove:



- Came to com - fort and con-trol— Je - sus came to save!  
 Came to clothe in right-eousness— Je - sus came to save!  
 All its beau - ty to be-hold— Je - sus came to save!  
 Just be - cause his name is Love— Je - sus came to save!



## THE TRIED AND TRUE.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the le-gion so brave is your name en-rolled, The Tried and True!  
 2. O how bless-ed are they who have lost all fear! The Tried and True!  
 3. Dai-ly con-flicts will strengthen the steadfast heart, The Tried and True;  
 4. O-ver yon-der is gleaming the crown of life, Ye Tried and True!

Does the Lord know you well as a vet-'ran bold? Has he faith in you?  
 Who with faith all serene see the foe draw near They shall soon sub-due.  
 Ev-'ry vict'-ry will cour-age and faith im-part, Give new pow'r to do.  
 To the joy of that rest when ye end your strife, Christ will welcome you!

## CHORUS.

Are you one of the Tried and True? Are you  
 Tried and True?

one of the Tried and True? In the bat-tle's  
 Tried and True?

din are you sure to win? Are you one of the Tried and True?

SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing  
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing  
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed, doubting nev-er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-ciousseed by the hill-side; Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed  
 pre-ciousseed, free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed,  
 pre-ciousseed, trust-ing ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed by the way.  
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.  
 and en-deav-or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

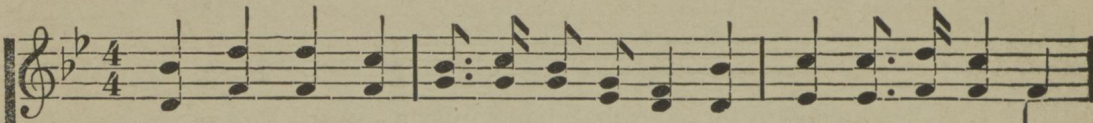
CHORUS.  
 Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the  
 Sow - - ing in the ev - - 'ning,  
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - - tide; Sowing the preciousseed by the way . . . .  
 Sowing the precious seed; by the way

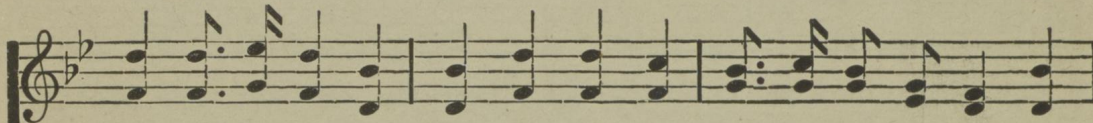
## TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

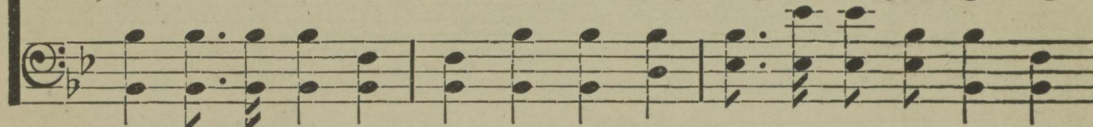
E. S. LORENZ.



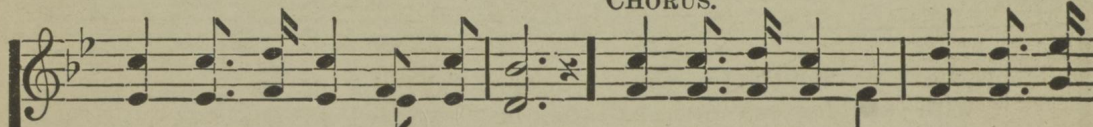
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led with the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,



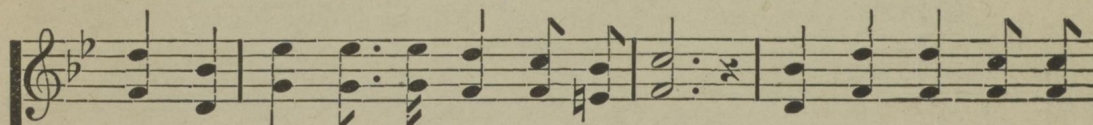
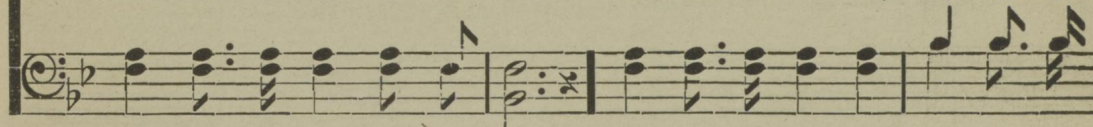
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part-ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com-ing Kingdom are you sigh-ing?



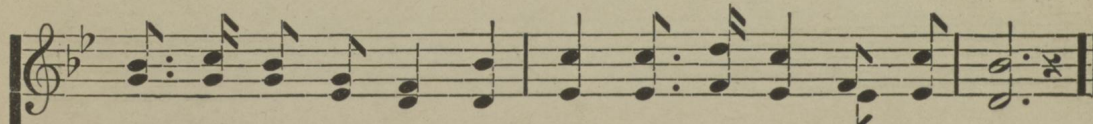
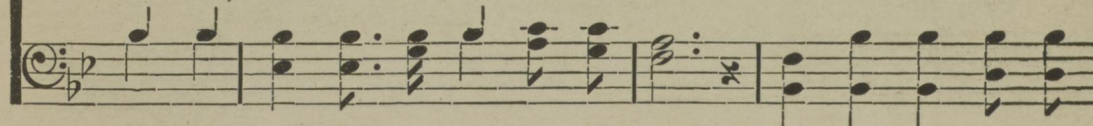
## CHORUS.



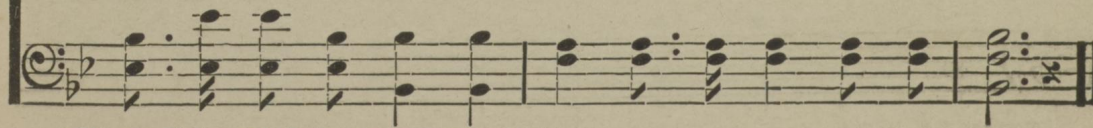
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to



Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

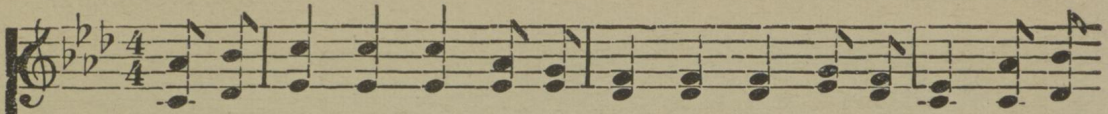


such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

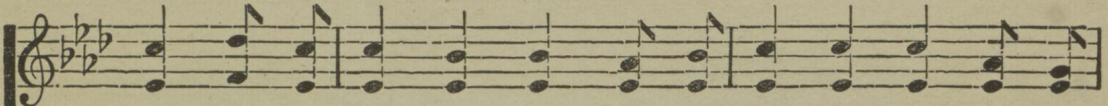


JENNIE WILSON.

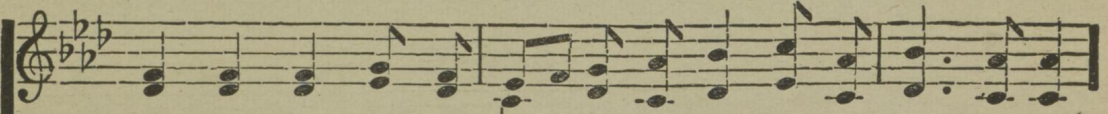
E. S. LORENZ.



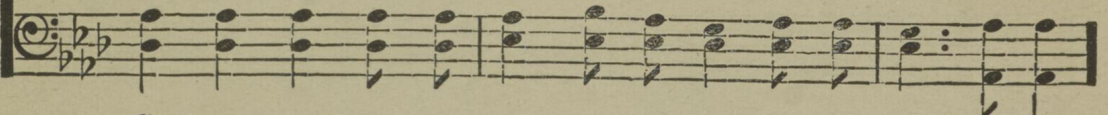
1. When life's sun for aye shall have sunk a - way In the dusk of death's
2. Shall we look with pain on the offerings vain We have brought as the
3. In that light shall we with clear vis - ion see That we slight - ed the
4. If to Christ we're true, we may glad - ly view What will soon be dis -



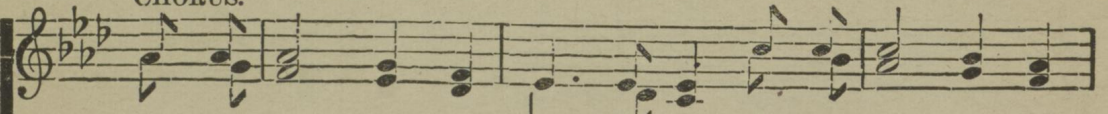
shad - ow - y, un - known sea, O'er the wa - ters cold what shall  
fruit - age of wast - ed days? Are there shin - ing sheaves or but  
love Je - sus free - ly gave? Shall we sad - ly know all the  
closed to our won - d'ring sight, When we reach the strand of the



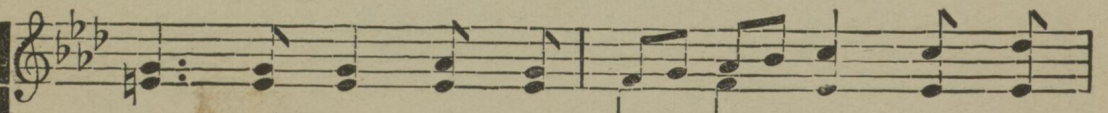
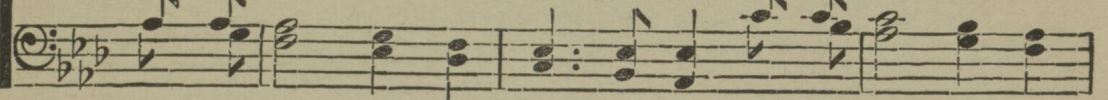
we be - hold In the won - der - ful light of e - ter - ni - ty?  
with - ered leaves Which shall then be revealed to our ea - ger gaze?  
loss and woe Of re - ject - ing the Friend who a - lone can save?  
spir - it - land, Where all things shall ap - pear in e - ter - nal light.



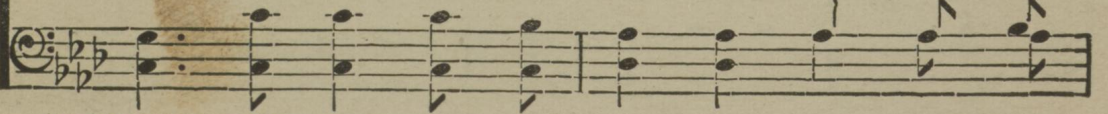
## CHORUS.



In the light of e - ter - ni - ty! In the light of e -



ter - ni - ty! When the day has waned and heaven's





## IN THE LIGHT OF ETERNITY. Concluded.

realms are gained, What shall we behold in e - ter - ni - ty.

31

## HE IS CALLING.

FRED'K FABER, ABB.

ABB. BY S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;  
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind,  
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;

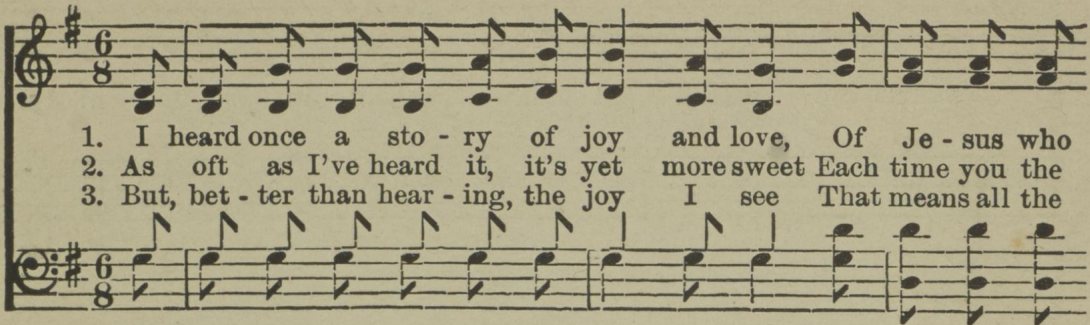
There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
There's no place where earth-ly fail-ings Have such kind - ly judg-ment given.  
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

### REFRAIN.

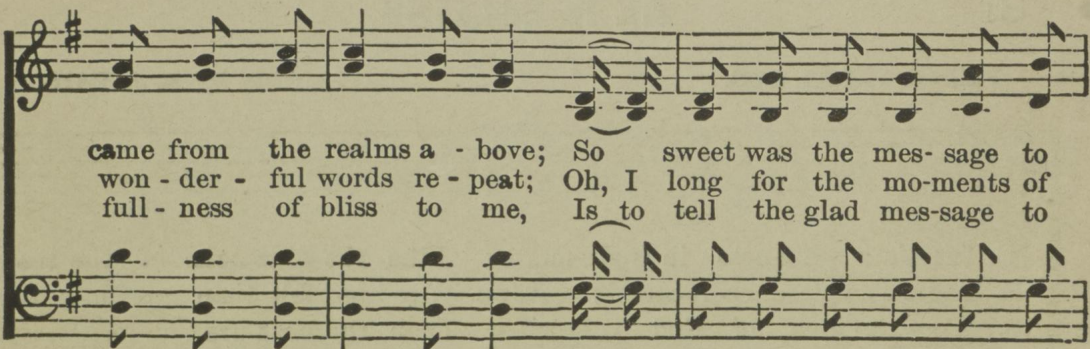
He is call-ing, "Come to me"; Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

W. F. M.

W. F. McCAULEY.



1. I heard once a sto - ry of joy and love, Of Je - sus who  
 2. As oft as I've heard it, it's yet more sweet Each time you the  
 3. But, bet - ter than hear - ing, the joy I see That means all the

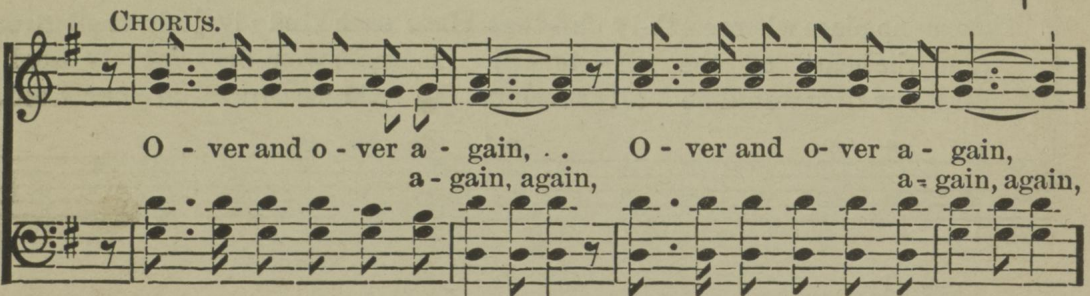


came from the realms a - bove; So sweet was the mes - sage to  
 won - der - ful words re - peat; Oh, I long for the mo - ments of  
 full - ness of bliss to me, Is to tell the glad mes - sage to



per - ish - ing men, I wan - ted to hear it told o - ver a - gain.  
 bless - ed - ness when I can hear it told o - ver and o - ver a - gain.  
 oth - ers, and then Be tell - ing it o - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.



O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o - ver a - gain,  
 a - gain, again, a - gain, again,



The wonder - ful sto - ry of Je - sus Tell o - ver and o - ver a - gain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }  
The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, }  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

## CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous fount-ain! Here will I stay,

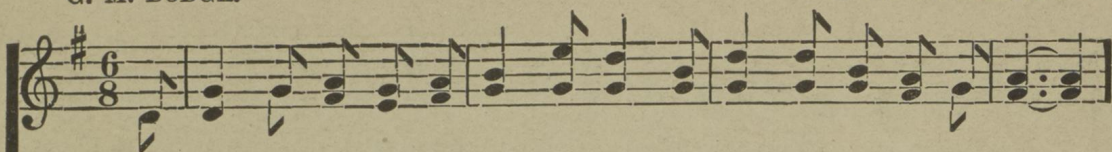
And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.

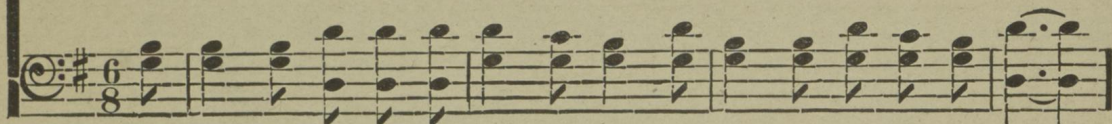
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme, has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

G. M. DODGE.

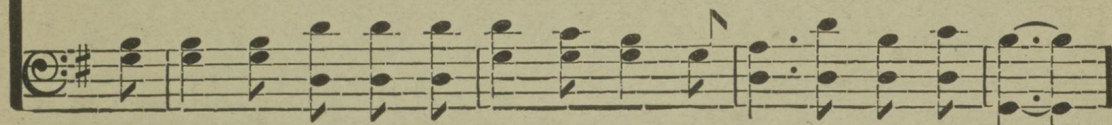
JOHN TIBBALLS.



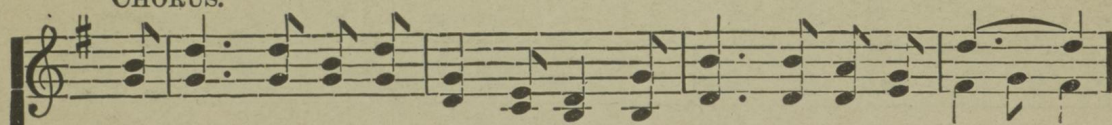
1. Oppressed with grief, and with burdens sore, In sin I wandered a - stray;
2. My Sav-ior's com-ing no more I dread, My sins no lon-ger dis-may;
3. My heart re-joic-es in per-fect peace, My Lord I glad-ly o - bey;
4. My sins, tho' grievous, the Sav-ior used His wondrous love to dis-play;



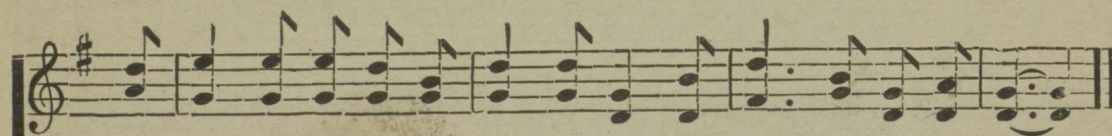
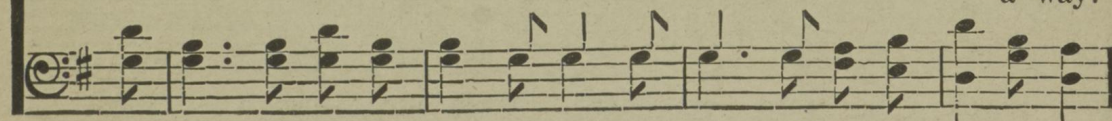
My Sav-ior found me, my sins he bore, They're all tak-en a - way.  
 To purge their stain on the cross he bled—They're all taken a - way.  
 From sin's great burden I found re-lease, They're all tak-en a - way.  
 He freed my soul, tho' I long refused—They're all tak-en a - way.



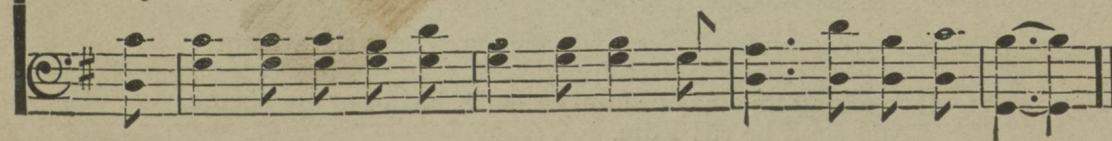
## CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way! a - way! They're all tak-en a - way!  
 a - way!



My sins, tho' ma-ny, ap-pall no more, They're all tak-en a - way!



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When Je - sus comes to make up his jew - els—Comes to call his  
 2. When Je - sus comes shall he find us read - y, With the wed - ding  
 3. When Je - sus comes shall he find us watch - ing For the glo - ry

loved, his own—Shall we be count - ed a - mong the treasures Gathered  
 gar - ment on? And, with our lamps trimmed and brightly burning, Shall we  
 we shall share? Shall we be numbered a - mong the faith - ful Who shall

CHORUS.

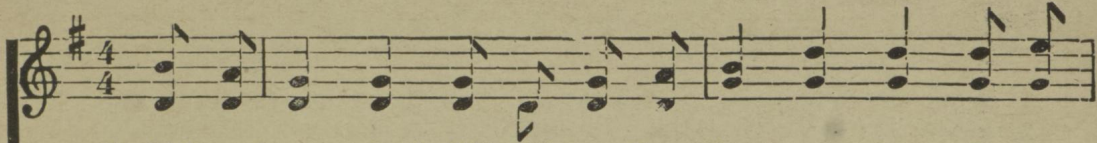
to a - dorn his throne? } When Je - sus comes, . . .  
 hear him say, "well done"? }  
 reign for - ev - er there? } When Jesus comes, comes to make up his jewels,

Comes to claim . . . his loved, his own, . . . Shall we be  
 Comes to claim, to claim his loved, his own,

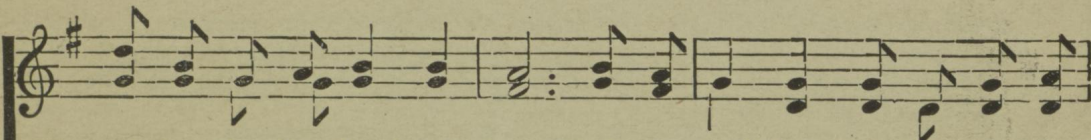
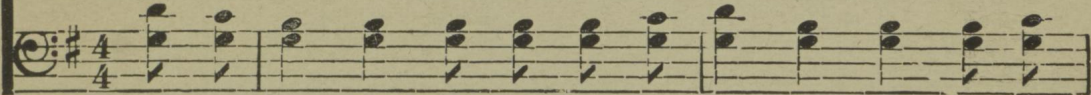
count - ed a - mong the treas - ures Gathered to a - dorn his throne?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

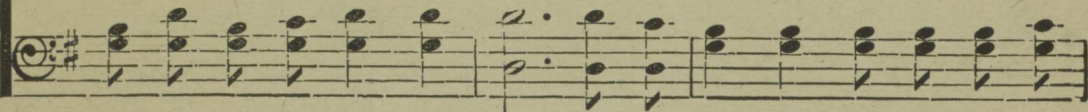
D. E. DORTCH.



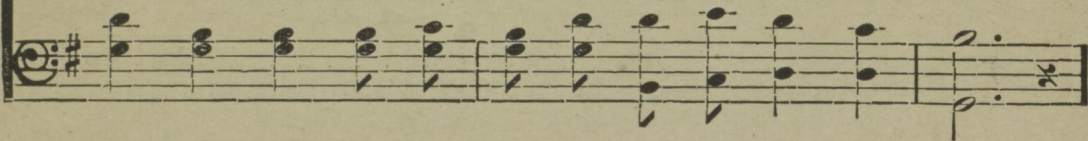
1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to - day, I am  
 2. All the doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, I am  
 3. O the bliss and rap-ture! O the wond-'rous peace! I am  
 4. So I live re - joic-ing in his love each day, I am



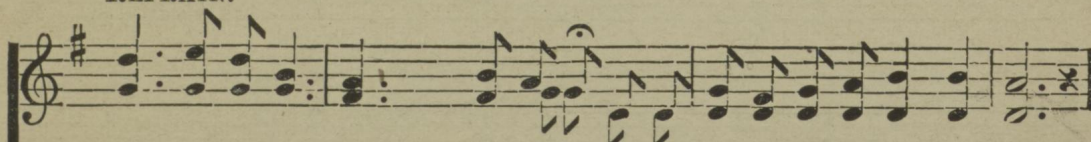
rest-ing in the Sav-our's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta - ken all my  
 rest-ing in the Sav-our's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the  
 rest-ing in the Sav-our's love; I have nev - er known so pure a  
 rest-ing in the Sav-our's love; I am walk - ing with him in the



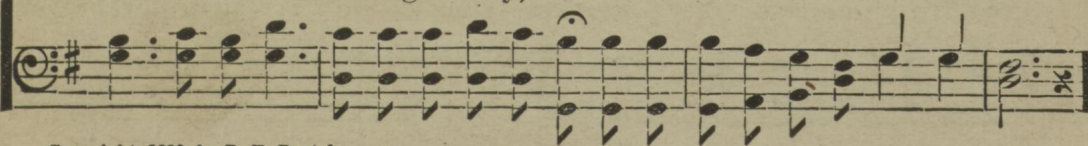
sins a - way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-our's love.  
 work was done, I am rest-ing in the Sav-our's love.  
 joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Sav-our's love.  
 nar - row way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-our's love.



## REFRAIN.



I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;  
 rest-ingsweetly,



# I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. Concluded.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.  
resting, sweetly,

## 37 THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;  
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

FINE.

One thought remains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

*D. S.*—What need I fear when thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

CHORUS.

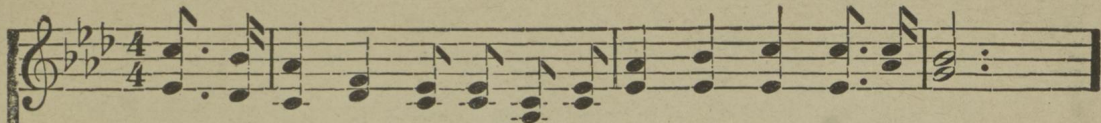
*D. S.*

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,  
of me, of me,

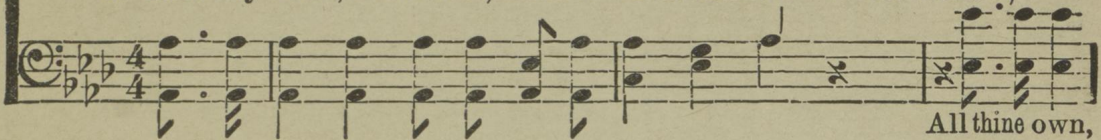
## TAKE MY HEART, DEAR JESUS.

AMICUS.

I. BALTZELL.



1. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it all thine own—All thine own,
2. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it pure and clean—Pure and clean,
3. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it white as snow—White as snow,



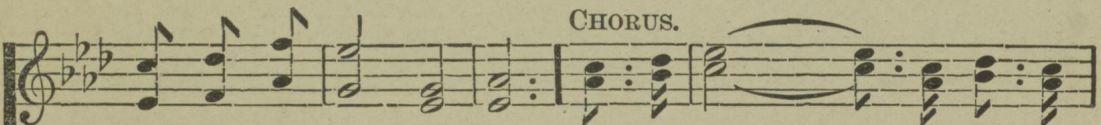
All thine own,



all thine own;      Let thy Ho - ly Spir-it Break this heart of stone,  
 pure and clean;      Let thy blood, still flowing, Wash a-way my sin,  
 white as snow;      May the cleansing fountain, May thy precious flow,

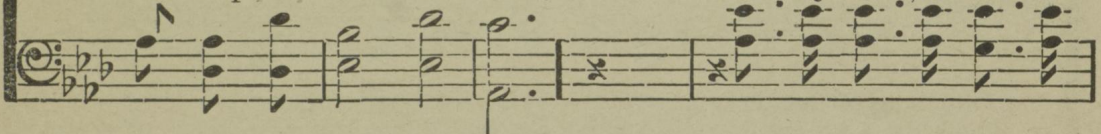


all thine own;

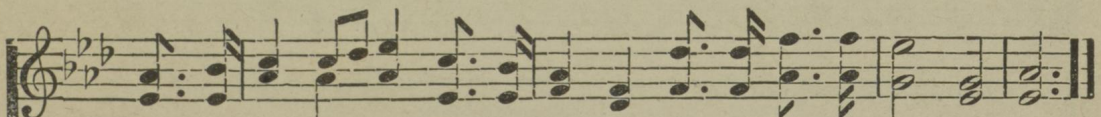


## CHORUS.

And make me all thine own. } Take my heart . . . . and let it  
 And make me pure and clean. }  
 Still keep me white as snow. }      Take my heart, and let it



be      Ev - 'ry mo - - ment more like thee :  
 be, and let it be,      Ev-'ry moment, ev'ry moment more like thee;



At thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all thine own.





# 39 'TIS A GRAND WORK, WINNING SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. 'Tis a good work, grand work, this of win-ning souls; Oh, the  
 2. Oh, 'tis sweet to live so near the Mas-ter's side, All the  
 3. We can throw a light a - cross a dark-ened way, A bright  
 4. Let us work a - way un - til the e - ven - fall, Till the

tide of joy like a riv - er rolls, And the peace of God the  
 pow'r we need from his grace sup-plied, Leading wea - ry wand'ers  
 sun - ny gleam from the Land of Day, We can show his love in  
 star - ry hour when the an - gels call; Then a crown of life be -

trust- ing heart con-trols, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.  
 to the Cru - ci - fied, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.  
 all we do and say, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.  
 yond the jas - per wall. — Glo - ry ev - er - more to Je - sus.

CHORUS.


'Tis a grand work, winning souls! 'Tis a glo-rious work, winning souls!  
 grand work winning souls! glorious work winning souls!

Heaven's bliss is nearer and the Sav - ior dearer, 'Tis a grand work, winning souls.


## I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B.


REV. IS. BALTZELL.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and  
 2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the  
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in  
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

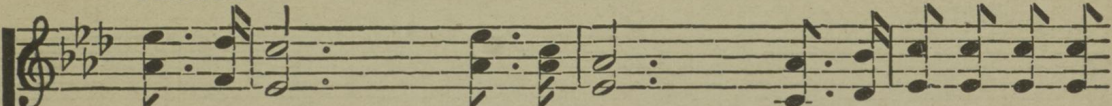


trust his Ho - ly Word; I want to sing and pray, and be  
 err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where  
 Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come shall  
 err - ing to thy Word That points to joys on high, where



bus - y ev - 'ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.  
 all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.  
 find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.  
 pleas - ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

## CHORUS.



I will work, (and pray,) I will pray, (and work,) In the vine-yard, in the



vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray,

# I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.

I will · la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

41

## O, WHAT TENDER MERCY.

WM. HENRY GARDNER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When I see the way my Sav - ior leads me, Car - ing for me  
 2. When I see the way my Sav - ior leads me, Bear - ing pa - tient  
 3. When I see the way my Sav - ior leads me, How he crowned and

day by day, Then I sad - ly bow my head and won - der  
 ly with me, Then I know how weak and un - de - serv - ing  
 blessed my days, In my grate - ful heart is deep thanks - giv - ing,

*D. S.*—Shown us by the dear and lov - ing Shep - herd,  
 FINE. CHORUS.

How I could have gone a - stray. }  
 With - out him I'd coun - ted be. } Oh, what ten - der, ten - der  
 To my lips spring songs of praise. }

*From his dwell - ing place so fair.*

*D.S.*

mer - cy! Oh, what kind and lov - ing care, (lov - ing care.)

ADAM CRAIG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I've found a balm for ev - 'ry woe, That bids my fears de-part!  
2. Speak kind - ly to the lit - tle ones, Don't let them drift a - part;  
3. Be help - ful to the a - ged ones, Who oft - en sit a - part,

I'm hap - py now since Je - sus sheds His sunshine in my heart.  
The Sav - ior loves them and he's shed His sunshine in their heart.  
And ask the bless - ed Lord to shed His sunshine in their heart.

## CHORUS.

Sun-shine! sun-shine! Let it in your heart! Sun-shine! sun-shine!

Drive the clouds a - part! Je - sus smiles a - bove you,

Bids your cares depart; Ask him, and he'll give you Sunshine in your heart.

- 4 When earthly friends are called away,  
How sorrow's tears will start;  
The Lord has triumphed over death,  
Let sunshine in your heart.
- 5 To those who've wander'd far from God,  
Your Savior's love impart;  
Your life will shine, your face will glow,  
He's sunshine in your heart.

E. R. LATTA.

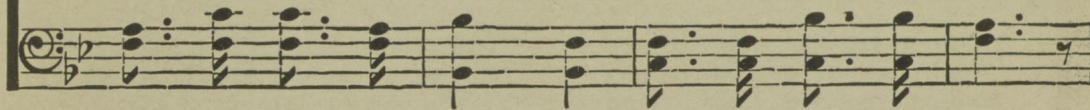
E. S. LORENZ.



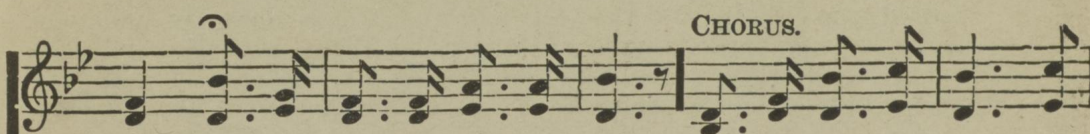
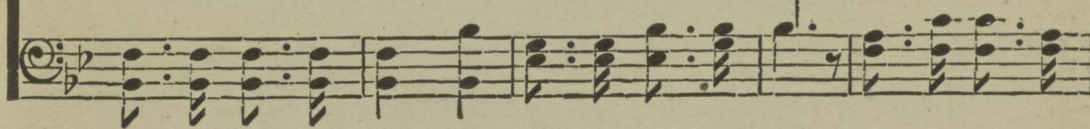
1. Oh, how ma - ny bless - ings Ev - 'ry day I share,  
 2. Acts and words of kind - ness, From my friends, are mine;  
 3. What a con - so - la - tion Un - to me is known,



More than I can num - ber, Scat - tered ev - 'ry where;  
 And their smil - ing fac - es Fond - ly on me shine;  
 On - ly a be - liev - er Has the right to own!

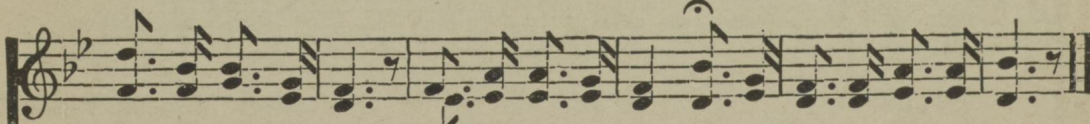
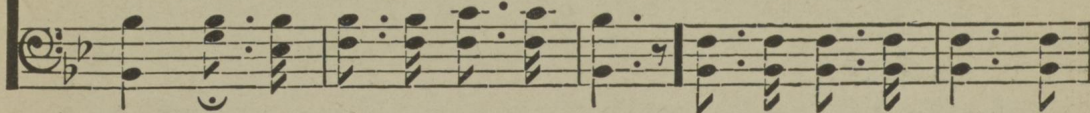


And with all the bless - ings, Blessings great and small, Je - sus loves and  
 But there's something bet - ter, That my own I call, Je - sus loves and  
 It is this that cheers me—What-so-e'er be - fall, Je - sus loves and

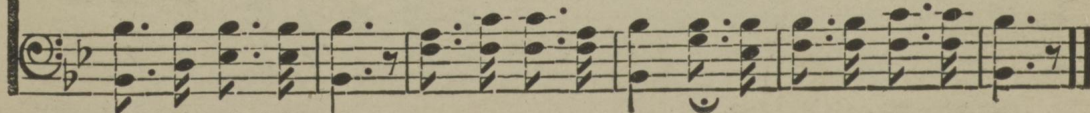


CHORUS.

saves me, And that's the best of all. }  
 saves me, And that's the best of all. } That's the best of all! Yes,  
 saves me, And that's the best of all. }



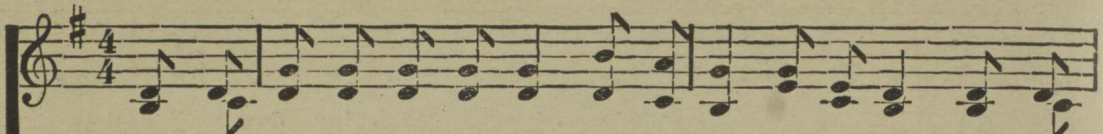
that's the best of all! Je - sus loves and saves me, And that's the best of all.



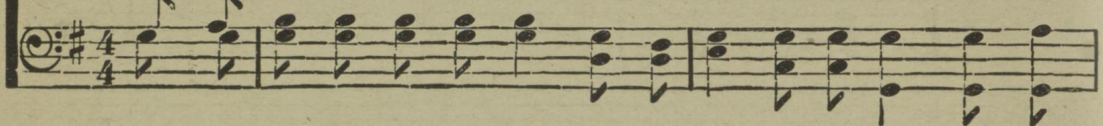
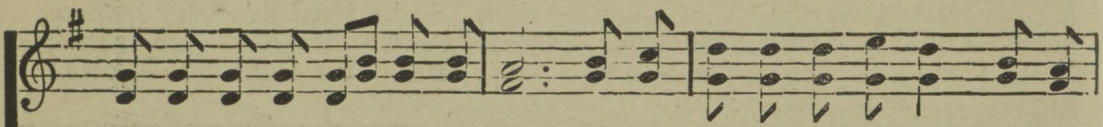
## OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.

W. T. DALE.

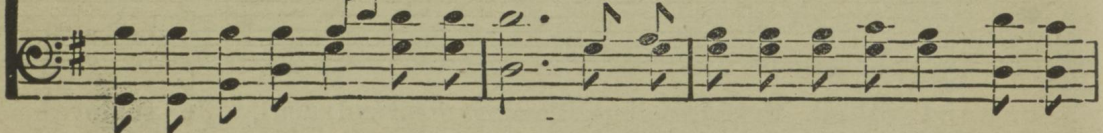
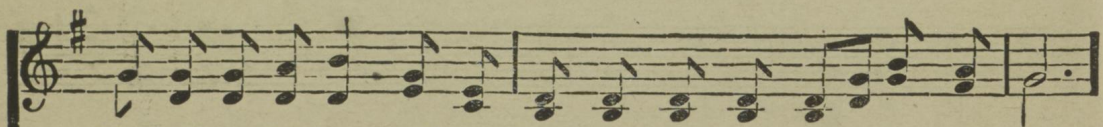
D. E. DORTCH.



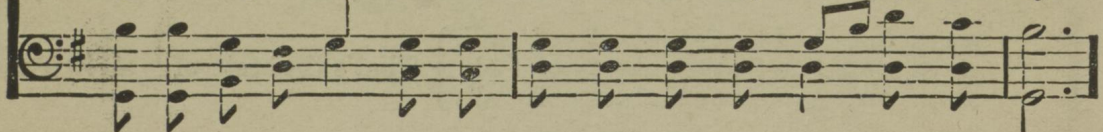
1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that  
 2. All our sor-row shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall  
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall  
 4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chant-ing

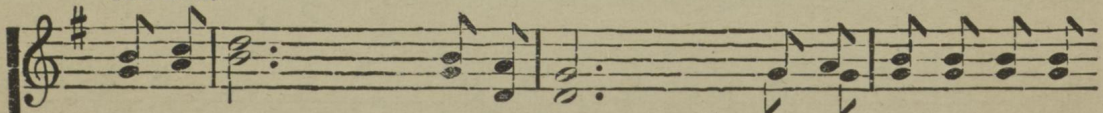
hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gath-er on the shore, With our  
 reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a  
 strike the gold-en lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair, Where the  
 love's redemption song, By and by; There we'll meet before the throne, There we'll

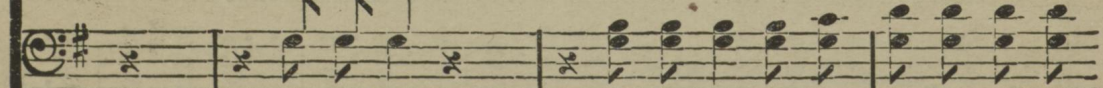
kindred gone be-fore, And the Sav-iour's name a - dore, By and by.  
 ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by.  
 hap-py an-gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.  
 lay our trophies down, And re-ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by.



## CHORUS.



By and by, By and by, by and by, O-ver Jor-dan we shall



## OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET. Concluded.

gath-er, by and by; By and by, by and by, by and by, by and by;

by, by and by, Then we'll shout and sing forev-er, by and by, by and by.

## 45 SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

FINE.

1. { Oh, the peace that fills my soul, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus. }  
 { Cleansed from sin, made free and whole, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus. }  
 2. { Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus. }  
 { All my wounds are filled with balm, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus. }

D. C.—Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. C.

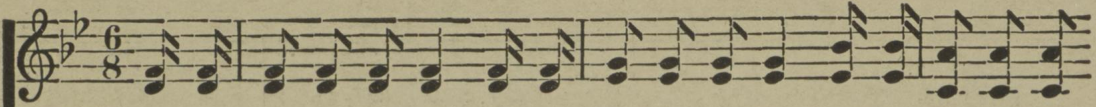
This is my a - bid - ing place, Cloth'd with his a - bound - ing grace,

3 Here I rest from toil and strife,  
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus;  
 Safe beneath the Tree of Life,  
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

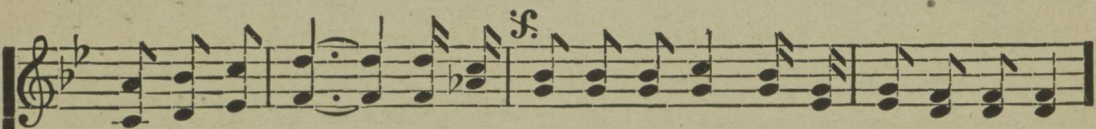
4 Come ye guilty and be healed,  
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus;  
 Freely in God's love revealed,  
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

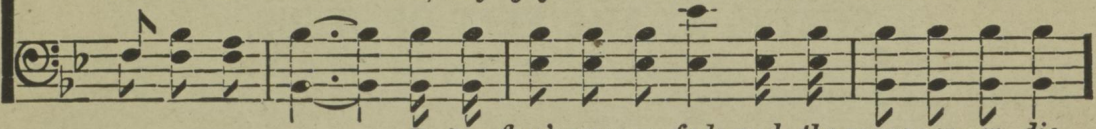
E. S. LORENZ.



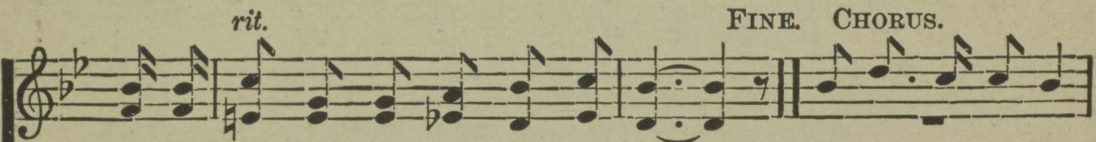
1. They are gath-er-ing there in that cit-y on high, In that country so
2. They are done with the grief, with the toil and the strife, That had checkered their
3. They have entered the pal-ace of him whom they love, And his glo-ry un-
4. Are we read-y to go when the summons we hear? Will we meet those who



wondrously fair; Where the flow'rs never fade, and the songs nev-er die,  
 pil-grimage way; For no tears ev-er fall in that beau-ti-ful life,  
 veiled they be-hold; They are swelling the praise in the tem-ple a-bove,  
 wait for us there? Oh, may joy fill our hearts as the threshold we near

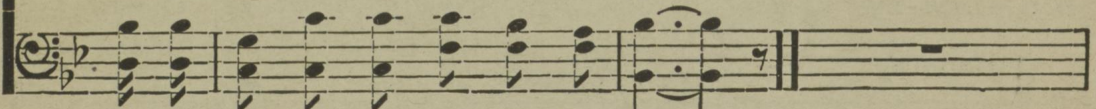


*D. S.*—flow'rs nev-er fade, and the songs nev-er die,

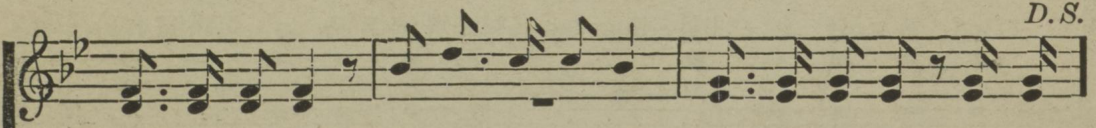


Yes, our loved ones are gath-er-ing there.  
 And no cloud dims e-ter-ni-ty's day.  
 In the cit-y of jas-per and gold.  
 Of the home Je-sus went to pre-pare.

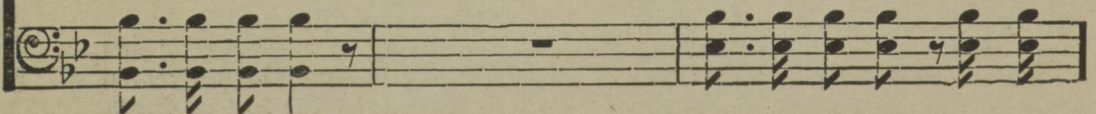
Fa-ther and mother,—



Yes, our loved ones are gath-er-ing there.



gath-er-ing there; Sis-ter and brother,— gath-er-ing there, Where the





JESUS WILL FORGIVE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Art thou burdened with thy sin? Is there deep un-rest with-in?  
 2. Is thy soul oppressed with gloom? With the dread of wrath and doom?  
 3. Come to Him with all thy stain, He will cleanse thee, soothe thy pain;  
 4. On his pre-cious prom-ise rest, Lean by faith up-on his breast,

Wouldst thou pardon, peace, receive? Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.  
 Long-ing to es-cape and live? Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.  
 On the Son of God be-lieve, Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.  
 He will all thy woes re-lieve, Confess thy sins and Jesus will for-give.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will for - give, Je - sus will for - give, Con -

fess thy sins and Je-sus will for - give; Je - sus will for - give,

*Rit.* . . . . .  
 Je - sus will for - give, Con - fess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give.

WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than  
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than  
 3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me"; Wea-ry, heav-y

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard. Pure was the mind of Christ,  
 an - y love that mor - tals have known. Kind to the er - ring one,  
 la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is and  
 Faith - ful is he; He the great ex - am - ple is and  
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - iour, and thy

CHORUS.

pat - tern for me. Where . . . . . he leads I'll  
 pat - tern for me.  
 soul is se - cure. Where he leads I'll fol - low,

fol - low, Fol - low all the  
 where he leads I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way, yes,

By permission.

## WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW. Concluded.

way, fol - low all the way, Where he leads I'll fol - low, Where he leads I'll fol - low, he leads I'll

fol - low, Fol-low Je-sus ev - 'ry day. Where he leads I'll fol - low,

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## I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God.  
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God.  
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God.

By per. of author.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

W. A. OGDEN.

DUET.

1. Wit - ness for Je - sus, his name con - fess; Stand in his  
 2. Wit - ness for Je - sus, and spread his fame, Tell of the  
 3. Wit - ness for Je - sus, a soul to win, Tell of his

truth and his right - eous - ness; Tell of his mer - cy and  
 vic - to - ry through his name; Stand like a cit - y up -  
 pow - er to save from sin; Her - ald the sto - ry of

love so true;— Tell what the Sav - ior has done for you.  
 on the height, Shine for the Mas - ter in rai - ment bright.  
 love so true, Tell what the Sav - ior has done for you.

CHORUS.

Wit - ness for Je - sus the Lamb who died; Tell of the Savior once cru - ci - fied;

Tell the sweet story of love a - new, Tell what the Savior has done for you.

## TRUSTING ONLY THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am trust-ing thee, dear Sav-iour, Trust-ing on - ly thee;  
 2. I am trust-ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow;  
 3. I am trust-ing thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son flood;  
 4. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Oh, how great and free!  
 For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy I am trust-ing now.  
 Trust - ing thee to make me ho - ly By thy pre-cious blood.  
 I am trust-ing thee for ev - er, Trust - ing thee for all.

## CHORUS.

Trust - ing thee, tho' dark-ness fall, tho' dark-ness fall; Trust - ing

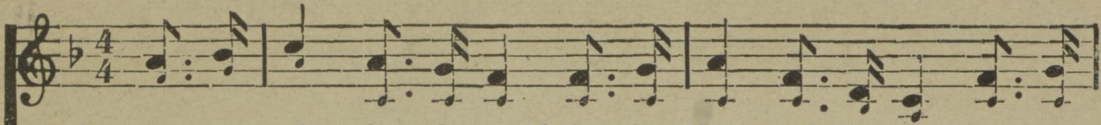
thee, tho' sins ap - pall, tho' sins ap - pall; Trust - ing

thee, I con-quer all, I con-quer all, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

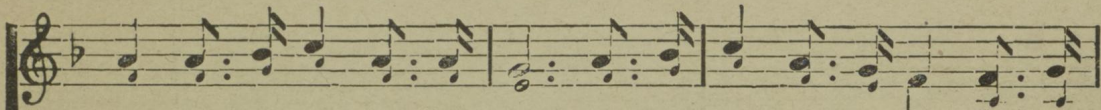
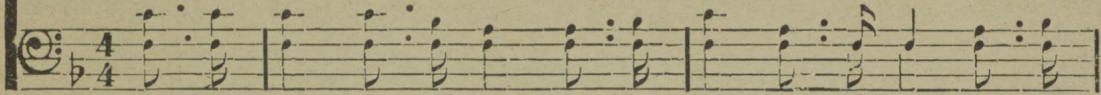
## ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST?

H. F. JAMES.

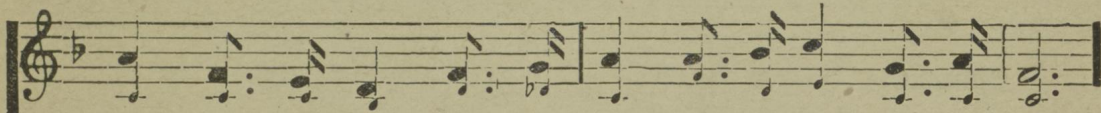
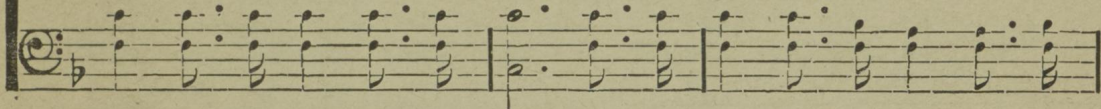
D. E. DORTCH.



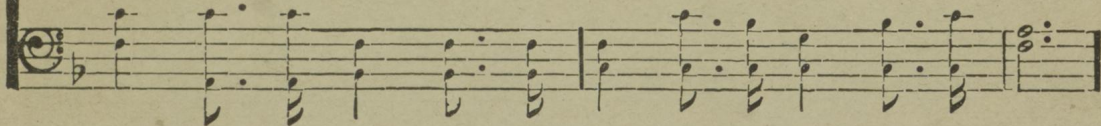
1. As you strive for the world, for its fame and its joy, Have you
2. In the craving for wealth, for its glitter and show, In - to
3. Leave the riches of earth, seek the treasures a - bove, And thro'



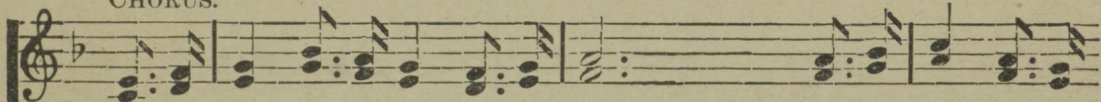
care-ful - ly count-ed the cost? Is the prize rich e-nough all your  
grief and de-spair you are cast; And you know not the peace heav'n a -  
years that un-ceas - ing - ly roll, Heavenly powers shall be yours, with the



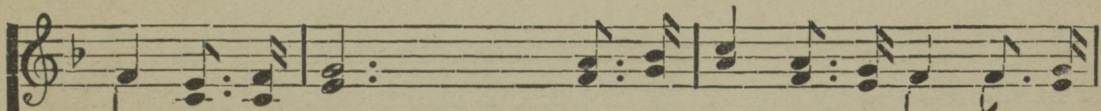
strength to em-ploy, When to win it the soul must be lost?  
lone can be-stow, While your soul will be lost at the last!  
full - ness of love, And the life, end - less life of the soul!



## CHORUS.



Are you care-ful - ly counting the cost, Have you thought what it  
count-ing the cost?



means to be lost, For the joys that decline do you  
to be lost?



# ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST? Concluded.

heav-en re-sign? Are you count-ing the ter - ri - ble cost?  
 ter - ri - ble cost?

53

## LESSON FOR ETERNITY.

E. D. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

INFANT CLASS.

1. Oh, what a les-son we all may learn, Won-der-ful love of Christ!  
 2. Full-ness of blessing, of peace, and joy, Won-der-ful love of Christ!  
 3. In - to this truth, let the chil-dren in, Won-der-ful love of Christ!

INSTRUMENT.

Glad-ly our minds to its mes-sage turn, Won-der-ful love of Christ!  
 Sounding its depths shall our life em-ploy, Won-der-ful love of Christ!  
 Knowledge divine would we ev - er win, Won-der-ful love of Christ!

SCHOOL.

Tru - er knowledge ne'er can be; Deep-er truth they ne'er shall see;

Les - son for e - ter - ni - ty, Wonderful love of Christ!

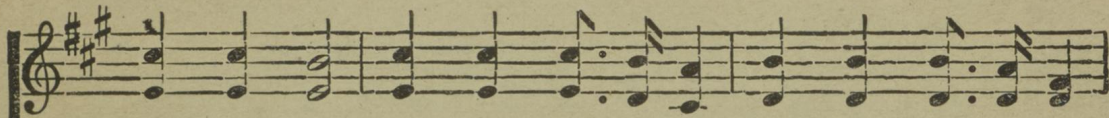
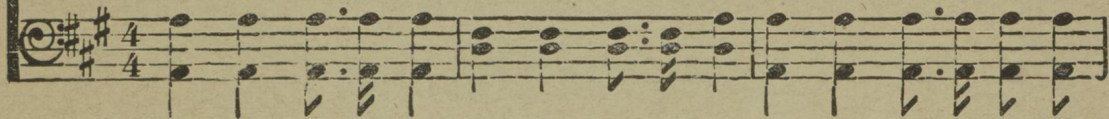
# 54 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



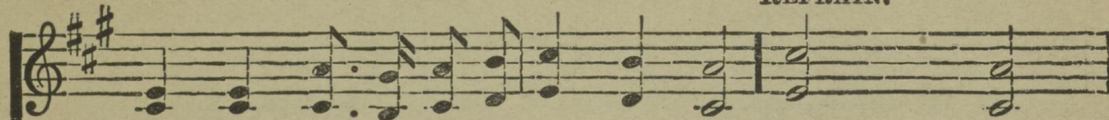
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev-er-



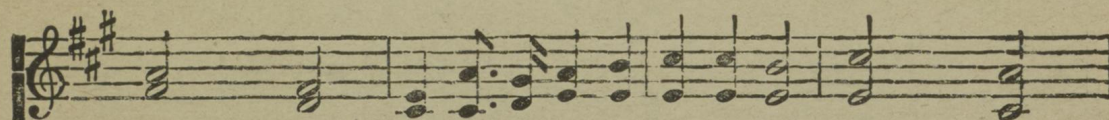
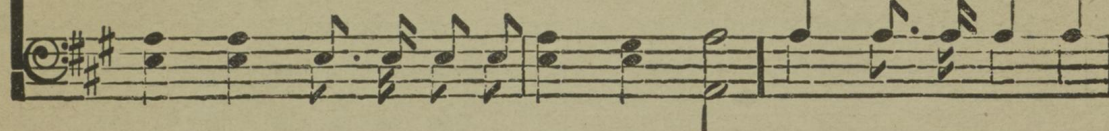
last - ing Arms! What a bless - cd-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing Arms! Oh how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,



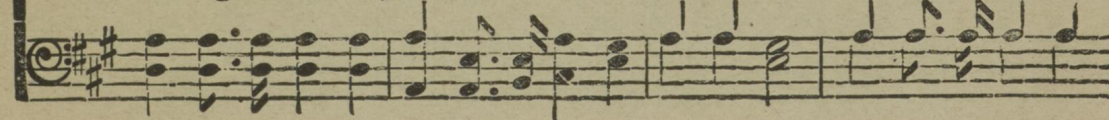
## REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the Ev-er-last - ing Arms! Lean - . . ing,  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,



Lean - . . ing, Lean - ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,





## WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

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

peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
 died for men, Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe, Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,  
 gar - ments dressed, Ah well for us if we stand the test,

## REFRAIN.

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

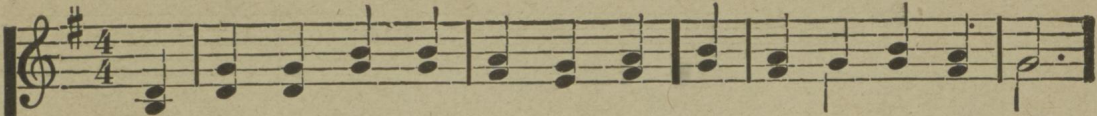
in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

5 Endless the separation then,  
 Bitter the cry of deluded men,  
 Awful that moment beyond all ken,  
 When the King comes in.

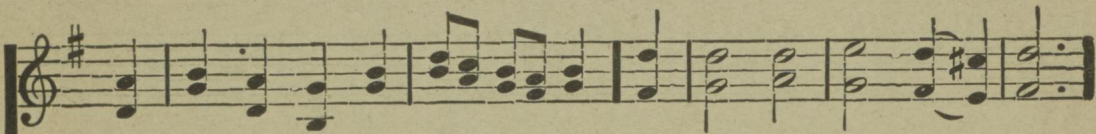
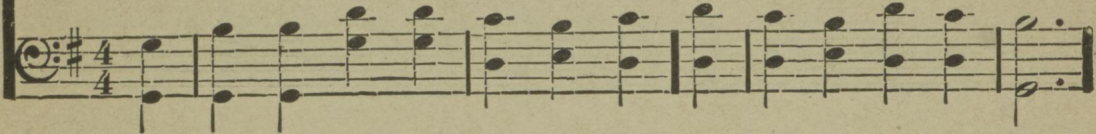
6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,  
 So to await thee each in his place,  
 That we may fear not to see thy face  
 When thou comest in.

EDWARD PERRONET.

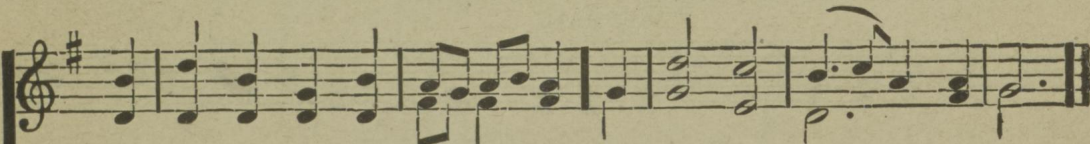
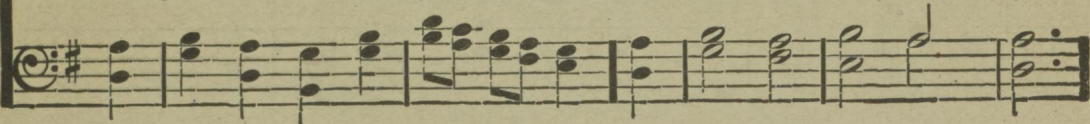
OLIVER HOLDEN.



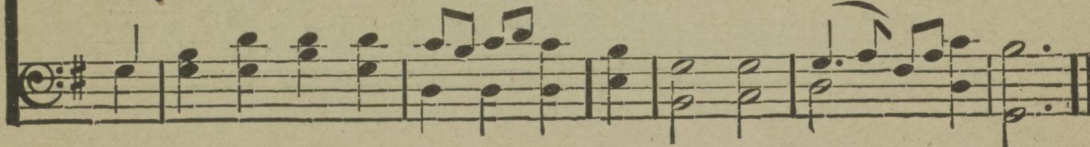
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall ;
2. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball ;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall !



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,  
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all,  
 To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all,  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.  
 To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



**O**H, for a thousand tongues, to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim —  
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean —  
 His blood availed for me.

## HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }  
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }  
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; }  
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }  
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there, }

D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice  
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

D.C.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. D. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }  
 D.C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: }  
 { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: }  
 D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing!  
 3. { Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin: }  
 { Let the heal - ing streams abound: Make and keep me pure within. }

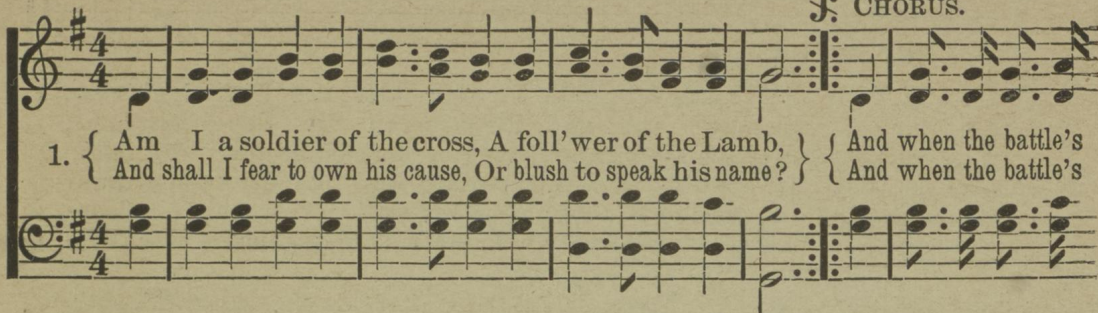
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

## BATTLE HYMN.

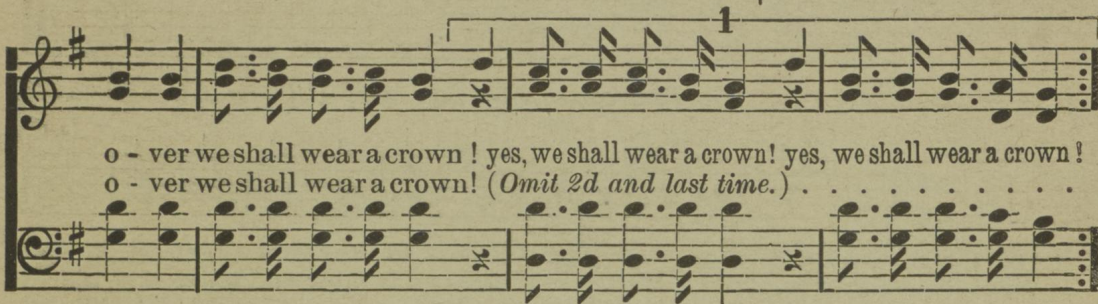
English.

Arranged by MRS. G. K. LITTLE.

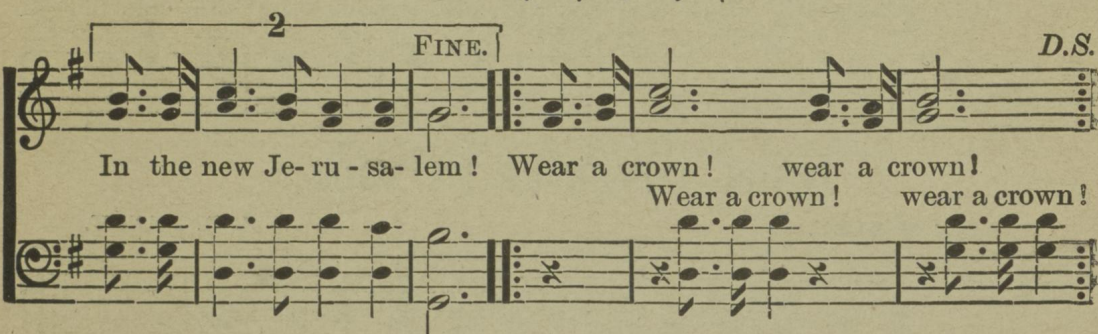
♩ CHORUS.



1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, } { And when the battle's }  
 { And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? } { And when the battle's



o - ver we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown!  
 o - ver we shall wear a crown! (*Omit 2d and last time.*)



In the new Je - ru - sa - lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!  
 Wear a crown! wear a crown!

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize  
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace  
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

61. SALVATION'S FREE.  
 (Key of G.)

1 How sweet the cheering words,  
 "Whoever will" may come;  
 The door of mercy open stands,  
 As yet there still is room.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!  
 I'm glad salvation's free!  
 Salvation's free for you and me,  
 I'm glad salvation's free!

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"  
 The day of grace and love;  
 And God invites "whoever will"  
 His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Saviour sits on high,  
 The proof that all is done,  
 And sinners now God can accept  
 Through his beloved Son.

62. DEPTH OF MERCY.  
 (Key of C.)

1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God his wrath forbear—  
 Me, the chief of sinners spare?

CHO.—God is love, I know, I feel,  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face:  
 Would not hearken to his calls:  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

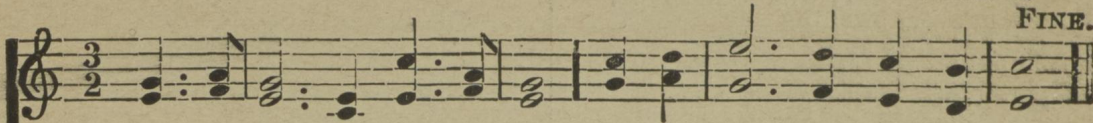
3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## ROCK OF AGES.

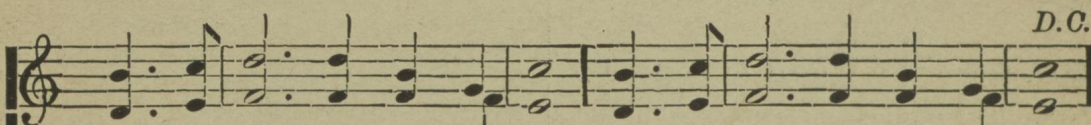
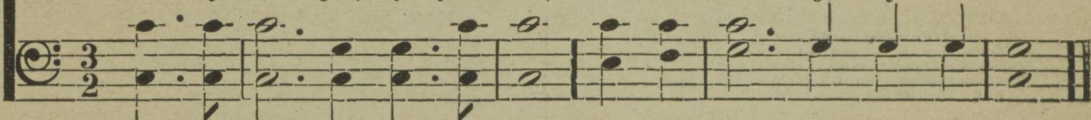
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

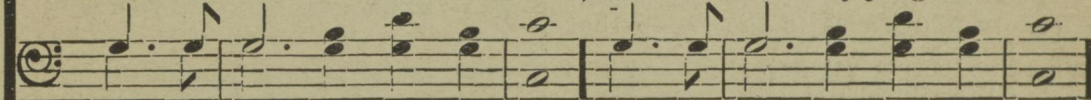


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee.  
 D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 D. C.—In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,  
 D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



D. C.

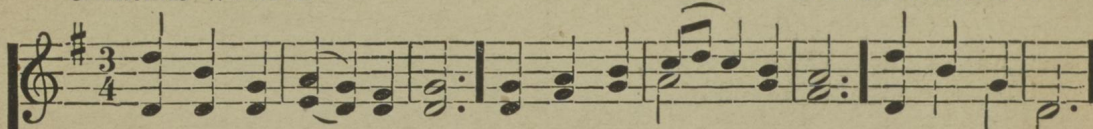
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone;  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, See thee on thy judgment throne—



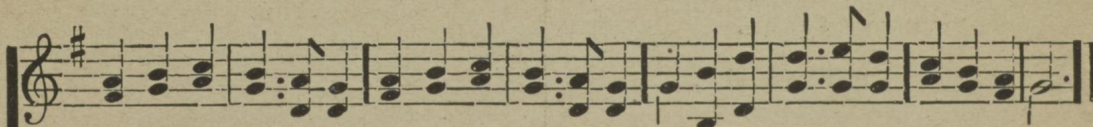
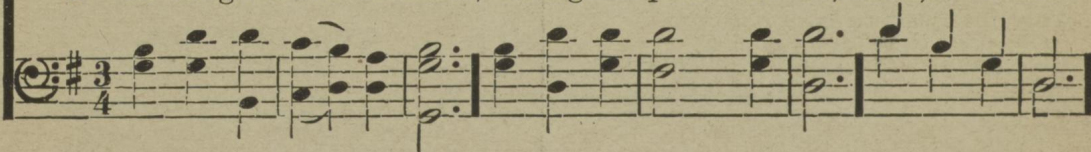
## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHARLES WESLEY.

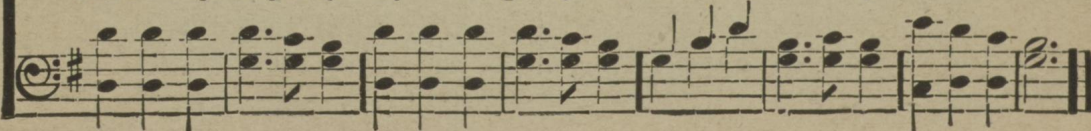
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou Al - mighty King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;  
 2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word! Gird on thy might - y sword; Our pray'r attend:  
 3. Come, ho - ly Comfort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour:  
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, ev - er - more!



Father, all glo - ri - ous! O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!  
 Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of ho - liness, On us descend.  
 Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!  
 His sov'reign majes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and adore.



65 THE MERCY-SEAT.  
(Key of C.)

FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place of all on earth most sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

66 REVIVE US AGAIN.  
(Key of G.)

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of  
thy love,  
For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;  
Hallelujah! Amen;  
Hallelujah! thine the glory;  
Revive us again.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that  
was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has  
cleansed every stain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy  
love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from  
above.

67 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.  
(Key of E flat.)

THE great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

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

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

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

68 JESUS PAID IT ALL.  
(Key of E flat.)

I HEAR the Savior say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,  
All to him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I  
Whereby his grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

69 I GAVE MY LIFE.  
(Key of C.)

I GAVE my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for me?

My Father's house of light—  
My glory-circled throne,  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;  
I left, I left it all for thee,  
Hast thou left aught for me?

And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to me?

70 BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.  
(Key of B flat.)

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

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonement Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

71 ONLY TRUST HIM.  
(Key of G.)

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And he will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,  
Only trust him now;  
He will save you, he will save you;  
He will save you now.

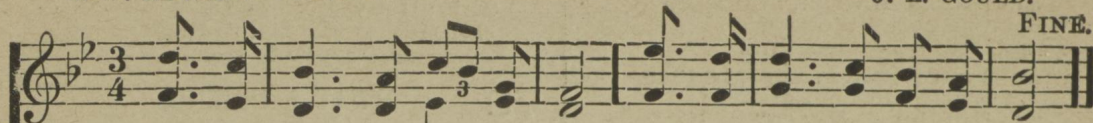
For Jesus shed his precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson tide  
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

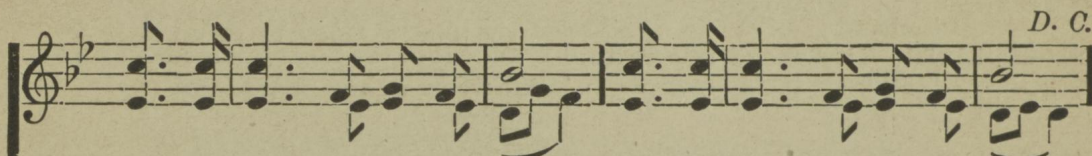
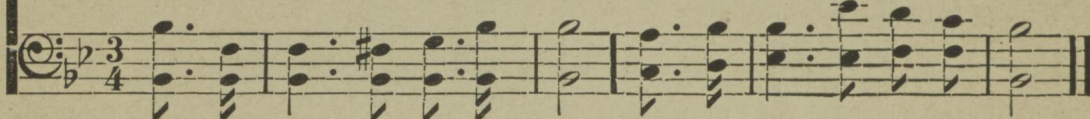
## JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;  
 D. C.—*Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 D. C.—*Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*  
 3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar  
 D. C.—*May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*



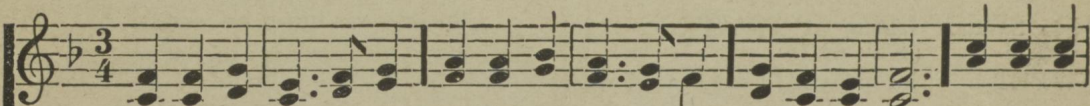
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,



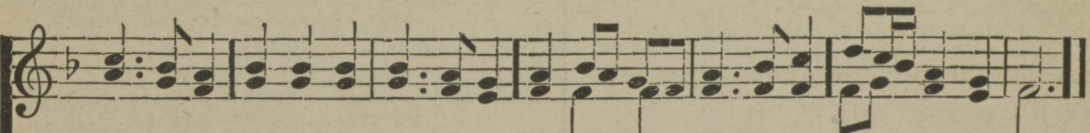
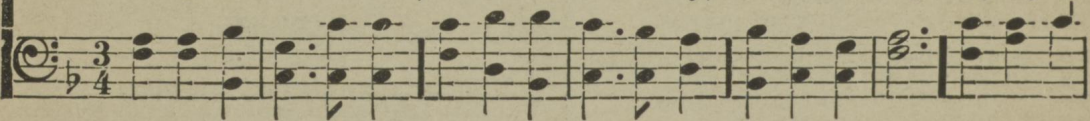
## MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

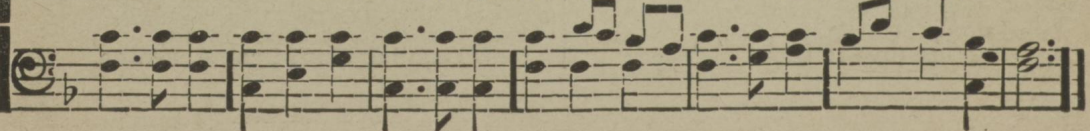
HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 2. My native country, thee, — Land of the noble free, — Thy name — I love; I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring, from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal  
 4. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break — The sound prolong.  
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!



74 CONSECRATION.  
(Key of G.)

I AM coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
I am counting all but cross,  
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
Blest Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for thee,  
Long has evil reigned within.  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body, thine to be—  
Wholly thine for evermore.

75 'T IS DONE.  
(Key of G.)

O JESUS, the crucified, now I am free!  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened  
for me.

CHO.—Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe in  
the Son,  
I am saved by the blood of the cru-  
cified One!

O Jesus, the crucified! now thou art mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine.

O Jesus, the crucified! holy and pure,  
No wound hath my heart that his blood  
cannot cure.

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in his  
hand.

O Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my  
King.

My soul's filled with joy o'er the victory  
won,  
And I'll triumph in death through the  
crucified One.

76 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.  
(Key of D.)

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of  
prayer!

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

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

77 MORE LOVE TO THEE.  
(Key of G.)

MORE love to thee, O Christ!  
More love to thee!  
Hear thou the prayer I make,  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea—  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,—  
More love, O Christ, to thee,  
More love to thee.

78 WHAT A FRIEND.  
(Key of F.)

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear,  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer.  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

79 HE LEADETH ME.  
(Key of D.)

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought,  
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort  
fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me!  
By his own hand he leadeth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, or troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

80 HAMBURG.  
(Key of F.)

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

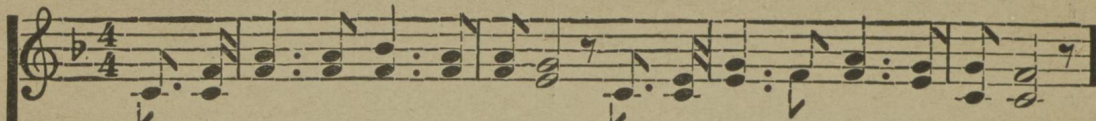
Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

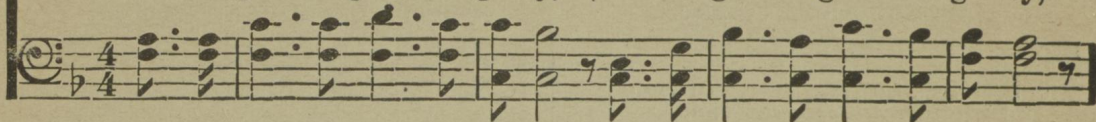
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.



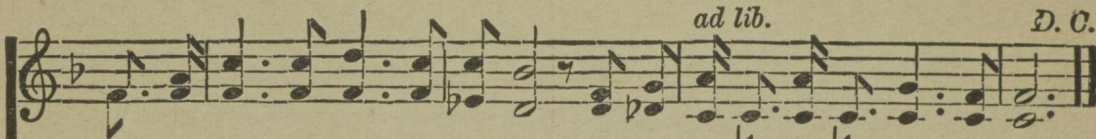
Arr.



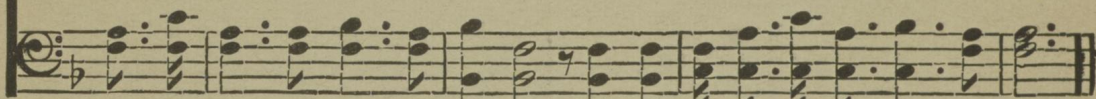
1. I can hear my Sav - ior calling, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,



D. C.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will fol - low,



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol - low me."  
 I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
 I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where he leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with him, with him all the way.

## 82

## REMEMBER ME.

(Key of F.)

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?  
 And did my Sov'reign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be;  
 And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
 O Lord, remember me.

Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## 83

## NETTLETON.

(Key of E flat.)

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

## 84 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

(Key of F.)

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art  
 mine;  
 For thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
 My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art  
 thou;  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

I love thee, because thou hast first loved  
 me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
 tree;  
 I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy  
 brow;  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

## 85 I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

(Key of C.)

**I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, **solemn vows,**  
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 86 TURN TO THE LORD.

(Key of G.)

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

**CHO.**—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his dear name;  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

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

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

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

## 87 BALERMA.

(Key of B flat.)

**C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## 88 BALERMA.

(Key of B flat.)

**O**H, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

## 89

### BOYLSTON.

(Key of C.)

**A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky.

Arm me with jealous care  
As in thy sight to live,  
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, **prepare**  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## 90

### HAPPY DAY.

(Key of G.)

**O**H, happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Savior and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

**CHO.**—Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day! Happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done—the great transaction 's done;  
I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest—my long divided heart—  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
Here I have found a nobler part,  
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

## 91

### NO SORROW THERE.

(Key of G.)

**O**H, sing to me of heaven,  
When I am called to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.

**CHO.**—|: There 'll be no more sorrow there, :|  
In heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
There 'll be no more sorrow there.

When the last moments come,  
Oh, watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let music cheer me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven!

## 92

### COME, HOLY GHOST.

(Key of G.)

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, in love,  
Shed on us from above  
Thine own bright ray!  
Divinely good thou art;  
Thy sacred gifts impart  
To gladden each sad heart:  
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power:  
Rest, which the weary know,  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,  
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,  
Cheer us this hour!

93

## NEW HAVEN.

(Key of G.)

**M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Savior divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me, from this day,  
Be wholly thine.  
May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

94

## DENNIS.

(Key of F.)

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.  
Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.  
We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

95

## LABAN.

(Key of C.)

**M**Y soul, be on thy guard:  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.  
Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.  
Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thy armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.  
Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy fleeting breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

96

## LET THE SAVIOR IN.

(Key of A.)

**B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.  
CHO.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,  
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;  
Oh, keep him no more out at the  
door,  
But let the dear Savior come in.  
Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands;  
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.  
But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will,—the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 't is he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.  
Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine,—  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

97

## FULL CONSECRATION.

(Key of D.)

**T**AKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love.  
CHO.—Wash me in the Savior's precious  
blood,  
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;  
Lord, I give to thee my life and all,  
to be  
Thine, henceforth, eternally.  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as thou shalt choose.  
Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store!  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee!

98

## HOW I LOVE JESUS.

(Key of A flat.)

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.  
CHO.—Oh, how I love Jesus,  
Oh, how I love Jesus,  
Oh, how I love Jesus,  
Because he first loved me.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'T is manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.  
Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

99

## I DO BELIEVE.

(Key of G.)

**F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?  
CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,  
I shall from sin be free.  
What did thine only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!  
Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
Oh, may I now receive that gift;  
My soul, without it, dies.

100

## LENOX.

(Key of B flat.)

**A**RISE, my soul, arise!  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.  
My God is reconciled,  
His pard'ning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

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