

# BLUE MOUNTAINS EDITION

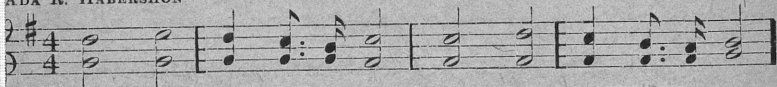
Advance Pages from a New Song Book soon to be published

# ALEXANDER'S HYMNS No. 3

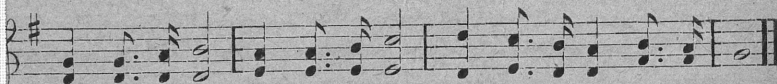
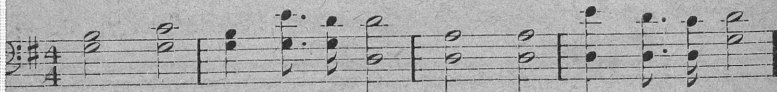
## Shine Just Where You Are.

ADA R. HABERSON

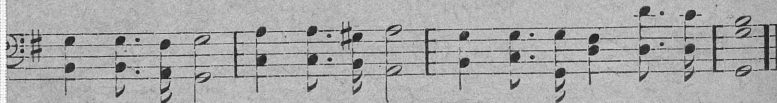
HENRY BARRACLOUGH.



Shine, shine, just where you are, Shine, shine, just where you are,



Send forth the light In - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.



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I think almost every person in Charlotte, North Carolina, was singing "Shine Just where You Are" while Dr. Chapman and I were conducting tabernacle meetings in that city. Several thousand joined the Pocket Testament League and signed a pledge to carry a Bible or Testament and read a chapter every day. This created interest in Pocket Testaments in the city and surrounding country. One day a friend of mine was coming to Charlotte by train. When they entered the station the conductor shouted: "All out for Charlotte! Don't leave your umbrellas or Pocket Testaments and Shine Just Where You Are!"

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

11 Timothy 2:15.

BLUE MOUNTAINS PUBLISHING CO., 1201 Chestnut Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

This Pamphlet to contain 150 of the hundred.

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I Am Standing on the Word of God.

E. M. WADSWORTH.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am standing on the Word of God, Which came to men of old;  
 2. I am standing on the Word of God, 'Tis ho-ly and 'tis true;  
 3. I am standing on the Word of God, 'Tis full of life di-vine;  
 4. I am standing on the Word of God, And thus I am se-secure;  
 5. I am standing on the Word of God, And on my dy-ing bed

The Ho-ly Book our fa-thers loved, And treas-ured more than gold.  
 Tho' a-ges it has been our Light, With splen-dor ev-er new.  
 God's Spir-it lives in ev-'ry word And moves in ev-'ry line.  
 Tho' blows the tempest wild and hard, 'Twill ev-er more en-dure.  
 I'll share its con-so-la-tions, Lord, When death's dark vale I tread.

CHORUS.

I am stand-ing, stand-ing on the Word,  
 I am stand-ing, stand-ing,

Tho' the earth change and de-cay, It shall nev-er,  
 It shall nev-er, nev-er,

nev-er pass a-way; I am stand-ing on the Word of God.

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# Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-ery mine  
 2. The glo-rious sun, the sil-ver moon, And all the stars that shine,  
 3. He dai-ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta-ble dine,  
 4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,

Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 It will be glo-ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

## CHORUS.

Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;

Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a

care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

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# The Broken Heart.

T. D.

THOMAS DENNIS.

*Tenderly.*

1. Have you read the sto-ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus  
 2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up-on His  
 3. Have you read how the dy-ing thief was saved While hang-ing  
 4. Have you read how in an-guish He cried a-loud And died on

bled and died, Where your debt was paid by the pre-cious  
 king-ly brow, How He cried, "They know not what they  
 on the tree, When he looked with plead-ing eyes and  
 Cal-va-ry? Have you ev-er said, "I thank Thee

## CHORUS.

blood That flowed from His wounded side?  
 do; O Father, for-give them now? He died of a bro-ken  
 said, "O Lord, re-mem-ber me"?  
 Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me"?

heart for you, He died of a bro-ken heart; Oh, won-drous

love! for you, for me, He died of a bro-ken heart.

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# The Prodigal Son.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sadly I've wandered for many a year,  
 2. Why should I perish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care,  
 3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones again I see,  
 4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,

Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a-rise and go;  
 When there is shelter and food to spare? I will a-rise and go;  
 Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a-rise and go;  
 Now all its treasures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a-rise and go.

Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seeking my heavenly Father's face,  
 Deeply repenting the wrong I've done, Worthy no more to be called a son,  
 Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,  
 Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a servant's place,— I will a-rise and go,—  
 Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a-rise and go,—  
 Why should I linger, with home in view? I will a-rise and go,—  
 I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a-rise and go,—

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# The Prodigal Son.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,  
 and home,  
 I will a-rise and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.  
 and go

## 118 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Slowly.*

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the  
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and  
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and  
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me  
 try me Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,  
 wea - ry, Help me I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—  
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.  
 Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.  
 Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!  
 Till all shall see Christon - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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# I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Rev. J. HART.

Arr. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 2. Now ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy,  
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream,  
 4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, Bruised and mangled by the Fall,

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and power.  
 True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Saviour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

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# Just the Case for Him.

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were YET sinners,  
 ADA R. HABERSHON. Christ died for us."—ROM. v : 8. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. In the dark without a light, Blind, but longing for my sight,  
 2. Lost, and wandering from the way, Bankrupt, with my debts to pay,  
 3. Burdens much too hard to bear, On - ly filth - y rags to wear,  
 4. Tossed up-on the bil-low's crest, With no place where I can rest,  
 5. Com-ing with my ev-'ry need, Hav-ing noth-ing good to plead,

All - ways vanquished in the fight,— Just the case for Him.  
 Guilt-y, and with naught to say,— Just the case for Him.  
 Ma - ny griefs, and none to care,— Just the case for Him.  
 Safe at last up-on His breast,— Just the case for Him.  
 Yet I know I am in - deed,— Just the case for Him.

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# The White-Robed Throng.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

1. Will you join the white-robed throng? To that host do you be-long?  
 2. There the Lamb is all the light, 'Tis His blood that gives the right  
 3. There they walk with Him in white, They were vic-tors in the fight,  
 4. On their fore-heads is His name, They thro' trib-u-la-tion came,  
 5. There no night ob-scures the day, For the curse has passed for aye,

Will you sing re - demp-tion's song Round the throne?  
 To that home of glo - ry bright, At the throne.  
 Now their faith is changed to sight, At the throne.  
 Here on earth they shared His shame, Now His throne.  
 God shall wipe all tears a - way, From His throne.

## CHORUS.

I shall join that white-robed throng To that host I do be-long,

I shall sing re - demp-tion's song, At the throne.

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## Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our  
2. Sin and des - pair like the sea waves cold, Threaten the soul with  
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to  
4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fin - ite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,  
in - fin - ite loss, Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,  
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;  
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

### CHORUS.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.  
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. } Grace, grace, God's  
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. }  
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? } Mar - velous grace, In - fin - ite

grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace,  
Mar - velous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.  
grace, In - fin - ite grace,

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## The Words My Mother Taught Me.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The words my moth - er taught me, Are with me still to - day;  
2. The hymns, the prayers, the vers - es, I learn'd them by her side,  
3. The Book my fa - ther cher - ished, That cheered him to the last,  
4. The words my loved ones taught me, I of - ten still re - peat,  
5. The words my moth - er taught me, The truths my fa - ther loved,

And they are much more pre - cious, Though she has passed a - way.  
The won - drous truths em - bod - ied, Shall ev - er be my guide.  
The words he loved to pub - lish I still will hold them fast.  
Al - though their tones are si - lent, The words are just as sweet.  
Though man - y would de - ny them, Their worth I oft have proved.

### CHORUS.

The words my moth - er taught me So long, long a - go,

The words my moth - er taught me, Are true I know.

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## The Family Altar.

T. H. A.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Have you ev - er built an al - tar in your home, Where you  
 2. It is sweet to have an al - tar in the home, There to  
 3. It means con-quest with an al - tar in your home, En - e -  
 4. Will you build to - day the al - tar in the home? Will you

dai - ly bring your load of care, Where you praise the God of  
 meet with Je - sus face to face, There to tell to Him your  
 mies must quit their ground and yield, Vic - to - ry is yours thro'  
 break all oth - er i - dols down? Wor - ship God to - geth - er

mer - cy and of grace; Where you prove the joy of fami - ly prayer?  
 sor - row and your fears, And re - ceive from Him a - bundant grace.  
 Je - sus Christ our Lord, If you're first in prayer up - on the field.  
 at the throne of grace; Praise the Lord and all His mer - cies own?

## CHORUS.

Build to - day the fami - ly al - tar, Gath - er round the mer - cy - seat,

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## The Family Altar.—Concluded.

Bring your burdens, fears and trou - bles, Lay them at the Mas - ter's feet.

## How they Crucified my Lord.

MATTHEW xxvii : 20; xxviii : 8.

ARR. F. S. TURNEY.

1. When I think how they crucified my Lord, (my Lord,) When I think how they  
 When I think how they struck Him in the face, When I think how they  
 When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns, When I think how they  
 When I think how they nailed Him to the tree, When I think how they  
 When I think how they pierced His blessed side, (His side,) (When I think how they  
 6. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb, When I think how they  
 7. When I think how He rose up from the dead, When I think how He  
 8. When I think how He washed a-way my sins, When I think how He

crucified my Lord, Oh! . . . . sometimes it caus-es me to tremble,  
 struck Him in the face, Oh! . . . . sometimes it caus-es me to tremble,  
 (Repeat the words of each verse as above.)

tremble, trem - ble, When I think how they crucified my Lord.  
 Caus - es me to tremble,

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## A Starless Crown.

FRED. P. MORRIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When I stand at last in the gold-en light That shines on the oth - er  
2. When I gaze at last on my Saviour's face That beams with His love di-  
3. When I see at last how the ransomed bring With their love-lit eyes a-

shore, With my soul entranced by the wond'rous sight Of the Lord whom  
vine, Will my heart be sad in that joy - ous place When His eyes look  
flame Some soul redeemed to the feet of the King, Will my heart be

I a - dore; When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I  
in - to mine? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I  
filled with shame? When my work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I

CHORUS.  
take from His hand a star-less crown? A starless crown, . . . no di - a-  
A starless crown,

dem; . . . . . A starless crown, not one bright gem; When my  
no di - a-dem; not one bright gem;

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## A Starless Crown.—Concluded.

work is done and my cross laid down, Shall I take from His hand a starless crown?

## Only Jesus Knows.

FRED. P. MORRIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Someone stands be - hind the shad - ow, Bearing all our bit - ter woes;  
2. Someone bends with love and pi - ty, Stronger than our strongest foes;  
3. Someone suf - fers when we sor - row; Someone bears the fiercest blows;  
4. Someone comes with sweet compassion, When the heart so weary grows;

Just the weight of ev - 'ry bur - den On - ly Je - sus knows.  
All the force of each temp - ta - tion On - ly Je - sus knows.  
All the an - guish of the con - flict On - ly Je - sus knows.  
He was tried and He was tempted, On - ly Je - sus knows.

REFRAIN.  
Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, On - ly Je - sus knows;  
Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows,

Ev - 'ry care and all our sor - row On - ly Je - sus knows.

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## Looking This Way.

J. W. V.  
DUET.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.



1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Broth - er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some - one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones,



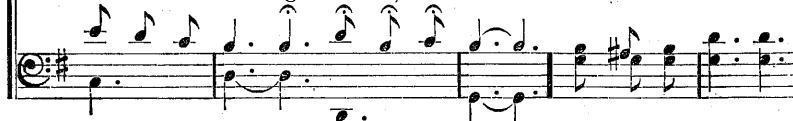
look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,  
wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,  
com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,  
beck - on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,  
stray - ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage, — why will you roam?



## CHORUS.



Waiting and watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.  
In - to the har - bor near to their side. } Look - ing this way, yes,  
Watching for dear ones wait - ing be - low.  
Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.  
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin - ner, come home!"



looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, Looking this way; Fair as the

## Looking This Way.—Concluded.

morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

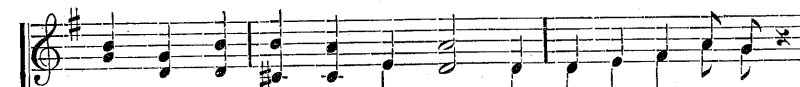
## No. 73. My Sins are Forgiven.

ADA R. HAERSHON.

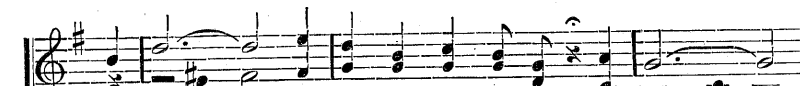
ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. As far as the west is re - moved from the east, He banished my
2. Like clouds they had gathered, ob - scur - ing the sun; He blot - ted them
3. I could not have set - tled the least of my debts: He paid the great
4. My sins were as scar - let, and crim - son the stains; He made them like
5. My guilt and my need His great love have re - vealed; Once wounded for
6. And this is the rea - son I'm pardoned to - day, Be - cause with His



sins, both the great - est and least; My sins are for - giv - en, —  
out, there re - main - eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en, —  
price, and He e - ven for - gets: My sins are for - giv - en, —  
snow, and no ves - tige re - mains; My sins are for - giv - en, —  
me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en, —  
blood He has wash'd them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en, —



Are yours?..... My sins are for - giv - en, — Are yours?.....  
Are yours? Are yours?



## Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. by ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;  
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in Him;  
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the billows o'er me roll,  
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tempest still is high,  
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,

Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.  
 Tempt - ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.  
 Ev - en when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.  
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.  
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.

## REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!

Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

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## Jesus Knows it all.

MARY BERNSTECHER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When the day seems dark and drear - y, When the heart is sad and  
 2. When there's naught but pain and sadness, When there's nei - ther joy nor  
 3. Trust the fu - ture's toil and sor - row, Or its bright and cloudless

wear - y, Christ the Saviour knows, All life's bit - ter woes.  
 glad - ness, Tell the Saviour true, For He cares for you.  
 mor - row, To the faith - ful Guide, — In His love a - bide.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus knows it all, Je - sus knows it all: All life's toils and cares,

All the tempter's snares; Je - sus knows it all, He knows it all.  
 He knows

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## Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.  
ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;  
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise, and fears dismay;  
3. Be-yond the mist I fain would rise, To rest beneath unclouded skies,  
4. I long to scale the utmost height, Tho' rough the way, and hard the fight;  
5. Lord, lead me up the mountain side, I dare not climb without my Guide;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My constant aim is higher ground.  
A - bove earth's turmoil peace is found By those who dwell on higher ground.  
My song, while climbing, shall resound, Lord, lead me on to higher ground.  
And, heaven gained, I'll gaze around, With grateful heart from higher ground.

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;

Where love, and joy, and light abound, Lord, plant my feet, on high-er ground.

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## Believe.

R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Would you from your sin be free? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;  
2. Would you have sweet peace within? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;  
3. Would you have a hope se - cure? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;  
4. Would you have E - ter - nal rest? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ;

Would you live e - ter - nal - ly? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.  
He can blot out ev - 'ry sin, Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.  
Thro' an end - less age en - dure? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.  
Be no more by sin op - prest? Be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.

CHORUS.

Be - lieve, Be - lieve,  
Be - lieve on the Lord, Be - lieve on the Lord, Be -

lieve, Be -  
lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ. Be - lieve on the Lord, Be -

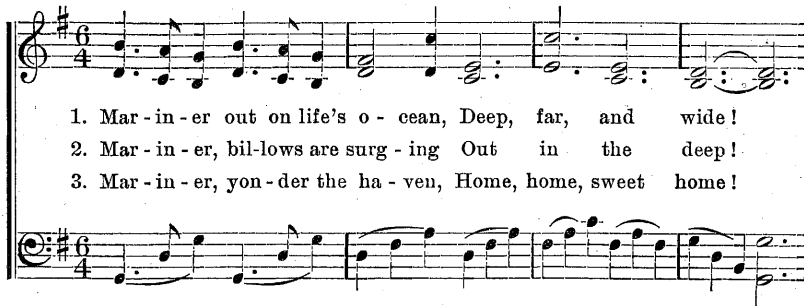
lieve,  
lieve on the Lord, Be - lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ.

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## Drifting.

G. T. A.

J. F. S.

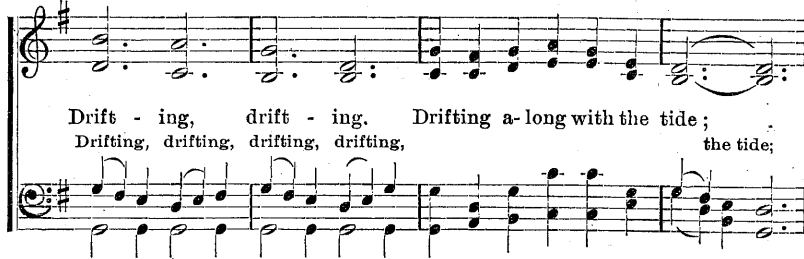


1. Mar-in-er out on life's o - cean, Deep, far, and wide!  
 2. Mar-in-er, bil-lows are surg-ing Out in the deep!  
 3. Mar-in-er, yon-der the ha-ven, Home, home, sweet home!



Mar-in-er look! you are drift-ing, Drift-ing a-long with the tide!  
 Mar-in-er see! there is dan-ger! Mar-in-er wake from your sleep!  
 Mar-in-er hark! lov-ing voi-ces Ten-der-ly call-ing you, "Come."

## CHORUS,



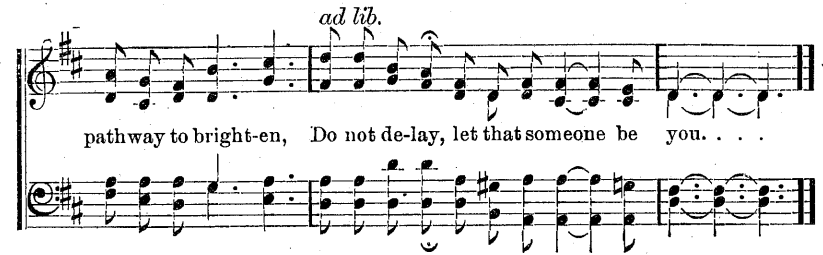
Drift-ing, drift-ing. Drifting a-long with the tide;  
 Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, the tide;



Why not let Christ be your pi-lot? He will guide.  
 will guide.  
 He will, He will guide.

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## Will It Be You?—Concluded.

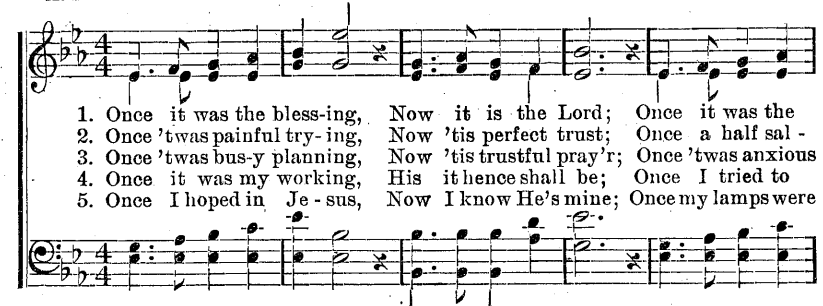


*ad lib.*  
 pathway to bright-en, Do not de-lay, let that someone be you. . .

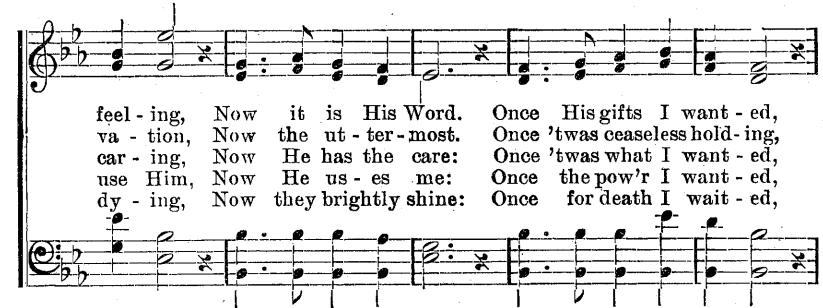
## Once it Was the Blessing.

A. A. F. AND A. B. SIMPSON.

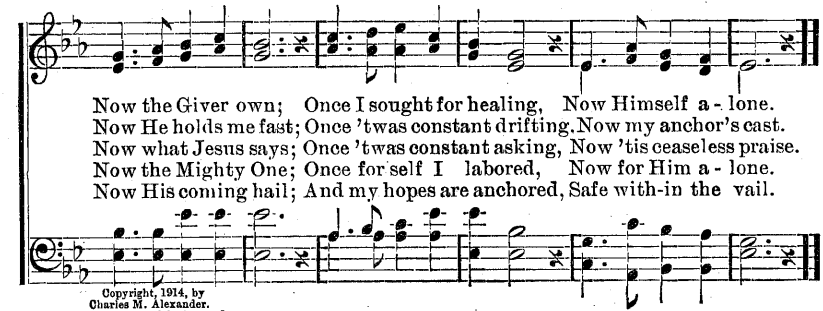
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the  
 2. Once 'twas painful try-ing, Now 'tis perfect trust; Once a half sal-  
 3. Once 'twas bus-y planning, Now 'tis trustful pray'r; Once 'twas anxious  
 4. Once it was my working, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to  
 5. Once I hoped in Je-sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were



feel-ing, Now it is His Word. Once His gifts I want-ed,  
 va-tion, Now the ut-ter-most. Once 'twas ceaseless hold-ing,  
 car-ing, Now He has the care. Once 'twas what I want-ed,  
 use Him, Now He us-es me: Once the pow'r I want-ed,  
 dy-ing, Now they brightly shine: Once for death I wait-ed,



Now the Giver own; Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a-lone.  
 Now He holds me fast; Once 'twas constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.  
 Now what Jesus says; Once 'twas constant asking, Now 'tis ceaseless praise.  
 Now the Mighty One; Once for self I labored, Now for Him a-lone.  
 Now His coming hail; And my hopes are anchored, Safe with-in the veil.

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## Come Unto Me.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."  
 2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'rers, And I will give you light."  
 3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."  
 4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth, I will not cast him out."

O bless-ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!  
 O lov-ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!  
 O peaceful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife!  
 O pa-tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,  
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way;  
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;  
 Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy tho' we be,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.  
 But morn-ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.  
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And stron-ger than the strong.  
 Of love so free and bound-less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

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## Come Unto Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O hear the voice, . . . call - ing in love, . . . Voice of the  
 O hear the voice, . . . call - ing in love,  
 Sav - iour call - ing from a - bove; O burdened soul,  
 O burdened soul,  
 O heart oppress, . . . Come un - to Me and I will give . . . you rest.  
 O heart oppress, . . . will give

## Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

(Talmar. 8s. 7s.)

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
 2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying: "Christian, follow me."  
 From each idol that would keep us, Saying: "Christian, love me more."  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures: "Christian, love me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - men.

# I'm a Subject of the King.

GEO. J. FULCHER. Arr.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, He has called me for a  
 2. I'll be faith-ful to the King of kings, Liv - ing ev - 'ry day so  
 3. Join the serv-ice of the King of kings, There is glorious work that

the King of kings,

serv-ice this I know, I shall rep - re- sent Him here, tell His  
 He may say " 'tis well," While He's train - ing me for glo - ry, I will  
 ev - 'ry one can do, Nev - er bring to Him dis - grace, ev - er

sto - ry far and near, And when He is done with me with Him I'll go.  
 tell the old, old sto - ry, How a sin - ner saved with Je - sus there shall dwell.  
 look - ing at His face, Fight the bat - tle, there's a crown in store for you.

CHORUS.

I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, I'm a sub-ject of the  
 the King of kings,

King of kings, He has saved me by His love, I'm com -  
 the King of kings,

mand - ed from a - bove, I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings.

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# It Is For Me.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me.—Gal. ii, 20.

ADA R. HABERSON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUETT. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. The face of Je - sus Christ my Lord Is turned in love on me,  
 2. The hand of Christ is holding forth A wondrous gift to me,  
 3. The lips of Christ are whisp'ring, come, He waits to wel - come me,  
 4. The arms of Christ are open wide, He beckons now to me,

The eye of faith has caught His smile, And says: "It is for me!"  
 The hand of faith ap - prop - ri - ates, And says: "It is for me!"  
 His in - vi - ta - tion faith ac - cepts, And says: "It is for me!"  
 Faith glad - ly runs to His em - brace, And says: "It is for me!"

CHORUS.

It is for me, it is for me! I know by grace it is for me!  
 It is for me, it is for me! I know by grace

*ad lib.*

It is for me, it is for me I know by grace it is for me.  
 It is for me, it is for me!

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## Honey in the Rock.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have toiled for gold in the heat and cold, And I've revelled in the  
2. With my dai-ly load on the wea-ry road, When the shadows of the  
3. Would you find the way to the Rock to-day? Just be-yond the hill of  
4. If you'll heed His call and sur-ren-der all, In the lib-er-ty of  
5. And we'll sometimes meet on the heaven-ward street, As to-geth-er on the

world's gay round, Un-der-neath the sky nought could sat-is-fy,  
night draw near, And my step is slow and I scarce can go,  
Cal-va-ry, There's a nar-row gate,—thence the road leads straight  
Christ made free, You shall walk by faith, and the prom-ise saith,  
way we fare, And we'll sweet-ly rest for a way-side feast,

CHORUS.

Till the hon-ey in the Rock I found.  
There is hon-ey in the Rock to cheer.  
To the hon-ey in the Rock for thee. } There is hon-ey in the  
There is hon-ey in the Rock for thee.  
And the hon-ey in the Rock we'll share.

Rock for thee, broth-er, There is hon-ey in the Rock for thee,  
for thee,

It will be your spir-it's stay when you're faint-ing by the

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## Honey In the Rock.—Concluded.

way, There is hon-ey in the Rock for thee.

## My Jesus Knows.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. How blest the thought that Jesus knows Each wind that round me rude-ly  
2. The bit-ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my weary  
3. The cross that I must dai-ly bear, The deep aux-i-e-ty and  
4. The long-ings that pervade my breast, To reach my home and be at

blows, Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
brain, The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
care, The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je-sus knows.  
rest With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je-sus knows.

REFRAIN.

He knows, oh, yes, my Je-sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je-sus

knows, My hopes, my fears, my bitter woes, He knows, my Je-sus knows.

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# He is Not Here, but is Risen!

D. W. WHITTLE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*p Andantino.*

1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead!  
 2. A wea - ry night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead!  
 3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

*pp*

Sad end to hope of glo - ry— Je - sus is dead!  
 A night that knew no sleep - ing— Je - sus is dead!  
 A sad and gloom - y morn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Be - hold the stone is rolled a - way! And shining ones have come to say: "He

*cres.*

is nothere, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!" The

night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glorious morn!—He

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# He is Not Here, but is Risen!—Concluded.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!"

## Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too, heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. Why will you longer doubt Him, Come, sin - ner, come! What will you  
 4. Far - off you may have wandered, Come, sin - ner, come! God's gifts you  
 5. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,  
 do without Him, Come, sin - ner, come! For you His heart is yearning,  
 may have squander'd, Come, sin - ner, come! Cease now, your heart to hard - en,  
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him. Come, sinner, come!  
 Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!  
 Come, sinner, come! Why not to Him be turning? Come, sinner, come!  
 Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will free - ly par - don, Come, sinner, come!  
 Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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## The Judgment.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. The Judgment Day is com-ing on, God's Word de-clar-es it true,
2. The brok-en laws, the sins for-got, Will meet you on that Day,
3. God's mer-cy will be end-ed then, The day of grace be done;
4. But, hark! the door stands o-pen wide, God's Spir-it still is nigh,



Up-on the great white throne will be The One oft spurned by you.  
 And from the rec-ord writ-ten there You can-not turn a-way.  
 The time you might have chos-en life Will be for-ev-er gone.  
 In gen-tle tones the Saviour pleads, Oh, turn! Why will ye die?



## CHORUS.



Judgment! all your sins con-front-ing, Judgment! with no help or guide.



Judgment! all your rec-ord fac-ing, Judgment with no place to hide.



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## I'm a Pilgrim.

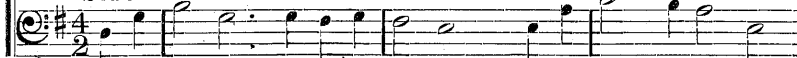
MARY DANA SHINDLER.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

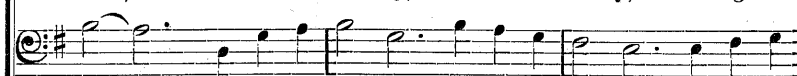


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er, I can tar-ry but a
2. Of that ci-ty to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing; O my long-ing heart is

SOLO



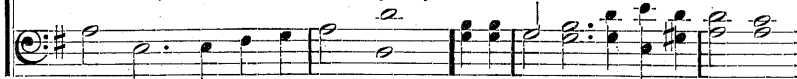
night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the  
 light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y  
 there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have



## CHORUS.



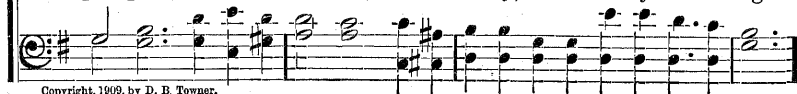
stream-lets are ev-er flow-ing.  
 tears there; nor an-y dy-ing. } I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a strang-er,  
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wea-ry.



I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a  
 I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night;

*ad lib.*

pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.



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# One Day!

The day of Christ. PHILIPPIANS I. 6.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. One day when hea - ven was filled with His prai - ses,  
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain,  
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den,  
 4. One day the grave could, con - ceal Him no long - er,  
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing,

1. One day when sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be  
 2. One day they nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -  
 3. One day He rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His  
 4. One day the stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver  
 5. One day the skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

1. born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He.....  
 2. - spised and re - ject - ed; Bear - ing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He.....  
 3. tomb to keep vi - gil; Hope of the hope - less, my Sa - viour is He.....  
 4. death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!.....  
 5. - lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sa - viour, this Je - sus is mine!.....

## CHORUS.

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me;

Bur - ied, He car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

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# One Day!

free - ly for ev - er: One day He's com - ing—O glo - ri - ous day!

## Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat - ter'd seem to be;  
 2. I can - not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a - bove;  
 3. Tho' tri - als come thro' pass - ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise;

God's perfect plan I can - not see, . . . But some day I'll un - der - stand.  
 My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un - der - stand.  
 For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . . But some day I'll un - der - stand.

## CHORUS.

Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

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## Carry Your Bible.

FRED P. MORRIS.  
Arr. R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



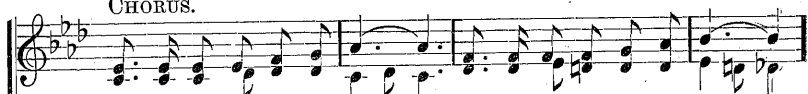
1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with you Let all its blessing out - flow,
2. Car - ry the word of par - don Sweeter each day it will grow,
3. Car - ry the wondrous sto - ry Tell it to hearts plung'd in woe,
4. Car - ry the word of prom - ise, Sinners un-par-don'd may know



It will sup-ly you each moment, Take it wher-ev-er you go..  
 Somewhere some heart will be wait-ing, Take it wher-ev-er you go..  
 This word of gracious re-demp-tion, Take it wher-ev-er you go..  
 God's path from sin un - to safe - ty, Take it wher-ev-er you go.



## CHORUS.



Take it wher-ev-er you go,..... Take it wher-ev-er you go,.....  
 you go, you go,



God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go.....  
 you go.



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## I Am Glad I Am Thine.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

D. B. TOWNER.



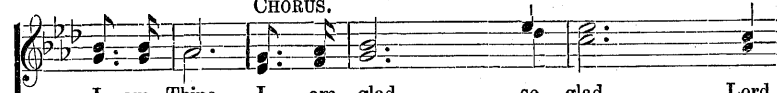
1. I was found by the One who sought me, I be-long to the One who
2. Yea, to be Thy pe-cul - iar treas - ure, And to live but to give Thee
3. When brave war-ri-ors are round me fall - ing, When swift death is all hearts ap -
4. On all sides with sore grief sur-round - ing, And the world with sad cries re -
5. When to serv-ice Thy voice in - vites me, And the work Thou hast giv'n de -



bought me, I will fol-low the One who taught me, Lord Je-sus I am glad  
 pleas - ure, For Thy love is be-yond all meas-ure, Lord Je-sus I am glad  
 pall - ing, My se - cur - i - ty then re - call - ing, Lord Je-sus I am glad  
 sound-ing, From my heart thro' Thy grace a-bound-ing, Lord Je-sus I am glad  
 lights me; As a glimpse of Thy smile re-quires me, Lord Je-sus I am glad



## CHORUS.



I am Thine. I am glad, I am glad, so glad, so glad, Lord



Je - sus I am glad I am Thine; I am glad, I am glad so



glad, so glad, Lord Je - sus I am glad I am Thine.



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## We Journey to a City.

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev - er seen; We jour-ney  
 2. No eye hath seen its glo - ries, Its joys have ne'er been told; No cloud of  
 3. They sing the name of Je - sus, Who wash'd them in His blood; The Lamb who  
 4. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev - er seen; We jour-ney

to a coun - try, Whose shores are ev - er green. Far, far a - way it  
 sor - row pass - es O - ver its streets of gold. But strains of sweetest  
 went be - fore them, Thro' des - ert, fire and flood. No more the far - off  
 to a coun - try, Whose shores are ev - er green. A lit - tle while of

li - eth, Be - yond the val - ley low, Be - yond the chilling riv - er, Be -  
 mus - ic, Float on its balm - y air, And voic - es of the harp - ers Who  
 vis - ion; With o - pen face they see The King in all His beau - ty, Who  
 tempest, And then the endless calm; A lit - tle while of bat - tle, And

*rit.* CHORUS.

yond its waves of woe. }  
 sing their triumph there. } We journey to a cit - y, Whose gates are o - pen  
 died to set them free. }  
 then the victor's palm. }

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## We Journey to a City.—Concluded.

*rit.*  
 wide, And an - gel voic - es greet us Be - yond the swelling tide.

## His Care.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

(LLANELLY, 8. 4. 8. 8. 4.)

DAVID E. ROBERTS.

1. God holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad, And  
 2. What if to - mor - row's cares were here With - out its rest, With -  
 3. The ver - y dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure, Makes  
 4. I can - not read His fu - ture plan, But this I know, But  
 5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest, And

I am glad. If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or if He  
 out its rest? I'd rath - er He'd un - lock the day, And, as the  
 me se - cure; For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His  
 this I know: I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the  
 so I rest; For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His

*rit.*  
 trust - ed it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.  
 hours swing o - pen, say, "My will be best," "My will be best."  
 hand; I hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."  
 ref - uge of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.  
 care I safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

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## Till We Meet Once More.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. To the Saviour we commend you, Till we meet once more; Forth with many  
2. May He plan each step before you, Till we meet once more; Richest blessings  
3. With His Spir-it may He fill you, Till we meet once more; May His peace re-

pray'rs we send you, Till we meet once more. Thro' all dangers may He steer you,  
thus en-sure you, Till we meet once more. May His wisdom always guide you,  
joyce and still you, Till we meet once more. May His service much delight you,

With His loving kindness cheer you, And may He be ev - er near you,  
In His presence may He hide you, May you feel Him close be-side you,  
And His smile for all re- quite you, May His word in darkness light you,

## CHORUS.

Till we meet once more. Till we meet once more, Till we meet  
Till we meet once more, once more, Till we

once more; In His presence may He hide you, Daily strength may He pro-  
meet once

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## Till We Meet Once More.—Concluded.

vide you, May you feel Him close be-side you, Till we meet once more.

## I Come O Lord, to Thee.

CHAS. H. BARKER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I come, dear Lord, to Thee, As Thou hast bid - den me,  
2. Thy blood was shed for me, To pay the pen - al - ty  
3. O make Thy grace in me More man - i - fest to be,  
4. Dear Sav-iour, give to me Thy pow'r to win to Thee

Tho' stained by sin; No lon - ger would I stray From Thee, my  
Of law transgressed; And now Thy sav - ing grace, Of - fered to  
Each pass - ing day; May I by word and deed Re - lieve my  
Some price-less soul; For if, to Thee, my King, Such trib - ute

Friend, a - way; O cleanse my heart I pray, And dwell with - in.  
ev - 'ry race, Can sin's vile stains ef - face, And make me free.  
broth - er's need, And trust Thy hand to lead A - long life's way.  
I may bring, My heart with joy shall sing While a - ges roll.

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## I Think when I Read.

Mrs. LUKE.  
*Melody in Tenor.*

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a -  
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in  
3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Never heard of that heav-en-

mong men; How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should like  
His love; And if I thus earnest-ly seek Him be- low, I shall see  
ly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je-

to have been with Him then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
Him and hear Him a- bove. In that beau-ti- ful place He has gone to pre-  
sus has bid them to come, I long for that blessed and glo - ri - ous

head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have  
pare, For all who are washed and for - given; And man - y dear  
time, The fair - est and bright-est and best; When the dear lit - tle

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## I Think when I Read.—Concluded.

seen His kind look when He said "Let the little ones come unto Me, to Me."  
chil - dren and gathering there "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n, of heav'n."  
chil - dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest, be blest.

## When I See My Saviour.

MAUD FRAZER.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I see my Sav-iour, hanging on Cal - va - ry, Bearing there for  
2. I can see the blood-drops, red' neath His thorny crown, From the cru-el  
3. "Why hast Thou forsaken?" list to that sad, sad moan! Oh, His heart was

sin - ners bit-ter-est ag - o - ny, Gratitude o'erwhelms me, makes mine  
nail-wounds now they are falling down; Lord, when I would wander from Thy  
bro - ken, suf-fer-ing there a - lone: Bro - ken then that mortals ne'er need

eyes grow dim, All my ransomed be - ing cap-tive is to Him.  
love a - way. Let me see those blood-drops shed for me that day.  
cry in vain For God's love and comfort, in the hour of pain.

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### Sowing and Reaping.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sow flow - ers, and flow - ers will blos - som      A - round you wher -  
 2. Sow bless - ings, and blessings will ri - pen;      Sow ha - tred, and  
 3. Sow love, and its sweetness up - ris - ing      Shall fill all your  
 4. In faith sow the word of the Mas - ter,      A bless - ing He'll  
 5. Preach Christ in His won - der - ful ful - ness,      That all His sal -

ev - er you go; Sow weeds, and of weeds reap the bar - vest:  
 ha - tred will glow; Sow mer - cy, and reap sweet compas - sion:  
 heart with its glow; Sow hope, and re - ceive its fru - i - tion:  
 sure - ly be - stow; And souls shine like stars from your crowning:  
 va - tion may know; Reap life thro' the a - ges e - ter - nal;

CHORUS.

You'll reap what - so - ev - er you sow. You'll reap what - so - ev - er you  
 You'll reap, sure - ly reap what - so -

sow, . . . . You'll reap what - so - ev - er you sow; . . . . The  
 ev - er you sow, You'll reap, sure - ly reap what - so - ev - er you sow;

harvest is certain - ly com - ing: You'll reap what - so - ev - er you sow.

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### An Old-Fashioned Home.

MARY BERNSTECHER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's an old-fashioned home o - ver yon - der, Just a - cross the  
 2. There's an old-fashioned home in that cit - y, Joy and peace e -  
 3. When the sum - mons shall come I will en - ter, The bright home pre -

sea I know; And when Je - sus the Sav - iour shall call me, To that  
 tern - al - ly; And an old-fashioned moth - er is wait - ing, In that  
 pared for me; And the face of my Lord and Re - deem - er, In that

CHORUS.

old-fashioned home I will see. } There's a home o - ver yon - der,  
 old-fashioned home for me. } There's a home over yonder,  
 old-fashioned home I will go. }

An old-fashioned home o - ver yon - der, And when Je - sus the  
 A home o - ver yonder.

Sav - iour shall call me To that old-fashioned home will I go.

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## It Was Jesus.

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was pray-ing for the peace of the sin-ner re-con-ciled,  
2. I was grop-ing for the light, heav-y-heart-ed, sad and lone,  
3. I was seek-ing for the way that would lead me safe-ly through,

When a gen-tle voice be-side me mur-mur'd low: "I am  
'Mid the dark-ness and the sor-rows of the past, When a -  
While the maz-es of life's wil-der-ness I roam, When be-

wait-ing to for-give; oh, my wea-ry, sin-stain'd child, I will  
bove me, lo, a voice call'd in thrill-ing, ten-der tone: "Child, look  
fore me, sweet and clear, spoke a lov-ing voice I knew: "On-ly

## CHORUS.

clothe you in my raiment white as snow." } It was Je-sus,..... it was  
upward, for the morning dawns at last." }  
trust Me; I will sure-ly guide you home." } It was Jesus calling me, it was

Je - sus,..... It was Je - sus Christ, my Saviour and my Lord!  
Je - sus call-ing me,

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## It Was Jesus.—Concluded.

He whose gra-cious voice I heard, He who cheered me by His  
word— It was Je - sus Christ, my Sav-iour and my Lord!

## All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arr. by D. B. T.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs.  
2. Let my hands perform His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways—  
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - sides;  
4. O what wonder! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings—

All my tho'ts, and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.  
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
So enchained my spirit's vis - ion, Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied.  
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest be - neath His wings.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hour; hours.  
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.  
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied; fied.  
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now beneath His wings; wings.

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## Redeeming the Time.

F. S. SHEPHERD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The grain stands white in the har-vest field, And rich the fruitage which  
 2. Lost souls are has-ten-ing down to doom, With-out a ray to dis-  
 3. Some lives are darkened by want and care, The lack of sym-pa-thy  
 4. The Lord soon com-eth His own to take, And of their steward-ship

it will yield; Step in to-day and the sick-le wield, Re-  
 pel the gloom; Give them the gos-pel, their path il-lume, Re-  
 brings des-pair; Seek out such souls and their bur-dens share, Re-  
 reck-'ning make; Blest will He be that for Je-sus's sake, Has

### CHORUS.

deem-ing the pre-cious time. } Re-deem-ing, re-  
 deem-ing the pre-cious time. }  
 deem-ing the pre-cious time. }  
 ev-er re-deemed the time. } Re-deem-ing,

deem-ing, Re-deem-ing the pre-cious time; Go work to-  
 re-deem-ing,

day in the har-vest field, Re-deem-ing the pre-cious time.

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## How Can I Come?—Concluded

*rit.*

Sav-our I come, Thy command I o-bey; Lord Je-sus I come.

## Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Do you ever stop, my friend, to think, The while this world your passing thro',  
 2. Just a lit-tle deed of kind-ness now, It may the faith of one re-store,  
 3. Just a lit-tle word of Je-sus' love, Some precious soul may help decide  
 4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our calling faithful be;

Someone may be sav'd from ruin's brink, By just a lit-tle help from you?  
 Who beneath some load of grief doth bow, Is almost ready to give o'er.  
 To forsake the wrong and look a-bove, And let the Lord His footsteps guide.  
 For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.

### CHORUS.

Just a little help from you Just a lit-tle help from you.  
 Just a little help from you, Just a little help from you;

Wondrous things the Lord may do, By just a lit-tle help from you.

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# Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and  
 2. If you could see that face; so calm and sweet, Those lips that spoke words  
 3. He whispers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be-side you

pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,  
 on-ly pure and true, Could see the nail prints in His ten-der feet,  
 in your nar-row pew; If you will list-en you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.

And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed,'twas for you." } Would you be-lieve,.....  
 And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed,'twas for you." } *Last v.*  
 In lov-ing tones—"Be-lov-ed,'twas for you." } Will you be-lieve,.....  
Would you believe,  
*Last v.* Will you believe,

and Je-sus re-ceive..... If He were stand - - ing  
 and Je-sus re-ceive..... For He is stand - - ing  
and Je-sus receive?                      If He were standing  
and Je-sus receive?                      For He is stand-ing

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# Would You Believe?—Concluded.

here?..... Would you be-lieve..... and Je-sus re-  
 here;..... Will you be-lieve..... and Je-sus re-  
 here, were standing here?                      Would you believe  
 here, is stand-ing here;                      Will you believe

ceive..... If He was stand - - ing here?.....  
 ceive?..... For He is stand - - ing here.....  
 and Je-sus re-ceive?

# No. 117. Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.

1. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, And long to feast up-on Thee still;
4. Our restless spir-its yearn for Thee Where'er our change-ful lot is cast;
5. O Je-sus, ev-er with us stay; Make all our moments calm and bright;

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to Thee a-gain.  
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all.  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.  
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see; Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.  
 Chase the dark night of sin a-way: Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light.

## Like Bells

FRED P. MORRIS.  
*Slowly.*

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Like sil-ver bells at ev - en - tide, Out-ring-ing far o'er life's rough sea;  
2. When dark the night upon the deep, Imperiled tho' my bark may be;  
3. When bat-tling with the surge of sin, Tho' waves of doubt around me beat;  
4. When I might sink in deep des-pair, Where on-ly He can set me free;

To cheer my heart when tempest tried, The voice of Je-sus reaches me.  
By raging storms that round me sweep, His voice is strength and hope to me.  
The fight I can-not fail to win, While He is near with love to greet.  
My Saviour comes my load to bear, His word is life and light to me.

## CHORUS.

Like bells, sweet bells, Sounding a-cross life's sea;  
Like bells, sweet bells, Sounding o'er life's sea;

Like bells, sweet bells, The voice of Je-sus reaches me.  
Like bells, sweet bells,

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## Jesus Pleads For Me.

T. O CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. At the Father's throne a-bove Je - sus pleads for me,  
2. When the E - vil One al-lures, Je - sus pleads for me,  
3. In the hour of my dis-tress, Je - sus pleads for me,  
4. This my rock, my sure de-fense, Je - sus pleads for me,

Pleads in pit - y, pleads in love, Pleads un-ces-ing - ly;  
This my vic - to - ry as-sures, Je - sus pleads for me;  
In my want and help-less-ness, Je - sus pleads for me;  
This my ground of con - fi - dence, Je - sus pleads for me;

He that suffered in my stead, Now is ris - en from the dead,  
He was tempted, in His day, Like as I in ev - 'ry way,  
Keen-er pain than mine He knew, He was sad and lone - ly, too,  
Ho - ly hands that wrought but good, Stained with sac - ri - fic - ial blood,

Ev - er lives to in - ter - cede, Je - sus pleads for me.  
Who like He for me can pray? Je - sus pleads for me.  
Friend and Ad - vo - cate so true, Je - sus pleads for me.  
Lift - ed, now, in pray'r to God, Je - sus pleads for me.

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## Will You Answer Mother's Prayer Tonight?

MARY BERNSTECHER

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Man - y years a - go a moth - er fond and true, Faint - ly  
2. By her side you lisped a sim - ple child - ish prayer, Ask - ing  
3. Then there came to her a dark and drear - y day, When she  
4. Tho' you turned a - side from moth - er's last em - brace, Still she

breath'd a dy - ing prayer for you Ere her soul had passed be -  
God to keep you in His care; Mem' - ry now re - calls her  
learn'd her boy had gone as - tray; Plead - ing - ly she begged you  
longs to see you face to face, In the Sav - iour's home, sav'd

yond the skies so blue; Will you an - swer mother's prayer to - night?  
hum - bly kneeling there; Will you an - swer mother's prayer to - night?  
not to turn a - way; Will you an - swer mother's prayer to - night?  
by His love and grace; Will you an - swer mother's prayer to - night?

CHORUS.

Will you an - swer mother's prayer to - night? Will you an - swer

mother's prayer to - night? On the gol - den shore, she's plead - ing

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## Will You Answer Mother's Prayer Tonight?—Concluded.

as of yore; Will you an - swer moth - er's prayer to - night?

### He Will Answer Every Prayer.

MARY BERNSTECHER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. God has giv - en you His promise, That He hears and answers prayer;  
2. He will not withhold one blessing, He will give you what is best;  
3. He can hear the great pe - ti - tion, And the smallest, o - ver there;  
4. Take to God your plans and failures, An - y time and an - y - where;

He will heed your sup - pli - ca - tion, If you cast on Him your care.  
God will an - swer by His Spir - it, Ev' - ry one who makes request.  
Un - to God pray with - out ceas - ing, He will an - swer ev' - ry prayer.  
No one e'er has gone un - an - swered, For He an - swers ev' - ry prayer.

CHORUS.

He will answer ev' - ry prayer, He will answer ev' - ry prayer,  
He will answer, answer ev'ry prayer, He will answer, answer ev'ry prayer.

Go to Him in faith be - liev - ing, He will an - swer ev' - ry prayer.

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## Of Galilee.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Far a - bove Ju - de - a's hill - tops Rose a star that shone for me;  
 2. Far a - way in Jor - dan's val - ley Breathed a life that wrought for me;  
 3. Far with - out the Cit - y's shad - ow Broke a heart that bled for me;  
 4. Far a - cross the years a mes - sage Rings from heav'nly guards to me:—

Ho - ly an - gels, sing His sto - ry - Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee!  
 Waft, ye east - ern winds, His sto - ry - Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee!  
 Weep - ing a - ges, tell His sto - ry - Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry!  
 "He is ris'n!" Re - peat the sto - ry - Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee!

## REFRAIN.

Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Child* . . of Gal - i - lee,  
 Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Man* . . of Gal - i - lee,  
 Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry, Christ, the *Lamb* . . of Cal - va - ry,  
 Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Lord* . . of Gal - i - lee,  
 Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee, Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee,

Ho - ly an - gels, sing His sto - ry - Christ, the *Child* of Gal - i - lee!  
 Waft, ye east - ern winds, His sto - ry - Christ, the *Man* of Gal - i - lee!  
 Weep - ing a - ges, tell His sto - ry - Christ, the *Lamb* of Cal - va - ry!  
 "He is ris'n!" Re - peat the sto - ry - Christ, the *Lord* of Gal - i - lee!

## Yonder.

PAUL HUTCHINSON.

E. JONES BURTON.

1. Someday when on the western hills The glowing sun shall sink to rest,  
 2. The road may rough and thorn-strewn be, The day seem long and fill'd with grief,  
 3. Tho' here I fal - ter and I fail His glorious ban - ner to un-furl,  
 4. So I press ev - er t'ward the mark, And seek to gain the bright reward,  
 1. Some day when on The glowing sun

My Father's voice will call me home, To share the glo - ry of the blest.  
 Still in His pres - ence I press on Till He shall give me glad re - lief.  
 My Saviour's grace will meet my needs And bear me thro' the gates of pearl.  
 Which I shall know in all its joy When once I see my bless - ed Lord.  
 My Father's voice When once I see

## CHORUS.

Then on my brow His name shall stand, Then in His sight I'll praise sing,  
 Then on my brow Then in His sight

For I'll be num - bered in the band, Wash'd by the blood of Christ my King.  
 For I'll be numbered Wash'd by the blood

## Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-waking, When sunlight through  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-  
 3. While the hosts cry ho - sanna, from heaven descending, With glo-ri-fied  
 4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go without dy-ing; No sickness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an - gels at - tend-ing, With grace on His brow like a  
 sad - ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up through the clouds with our

ful - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."  
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."  
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

## CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ returneth?

*rit.*  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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## Saved by the Blood.

S. J. HENDERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran - somed from  
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re -  
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He  
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the

sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and  
 joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint -  
 spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His  
 Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 own pre - cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

## CHORUS.

Saved! . . . saved . . . My sins are all pardon'd, my guilt is all gone!  
 Glo-ry, I'm saved! glo-ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . . saved! . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 Glo-ry, I'm saved, glo-ry I'm saved!

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## The Lights of Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
DUET.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. O the friends that now are waiting, In the cloudless realms of day,  
2. They have laid aside their ar-mor For the robe of spotless white;  
3. On those dear fa mil-iar fa - ces There will be no trace of care;

Who are call - ing me to fol - low Where their steps have led the way;  
And with Je - sus they are walking Where the riv - er spark - les bright.  
Ev - 'ry sigh was hush'd forev - er At the pal - ace gate so fair.

They have laid a - side their ar - mor, And their earth - ly course is run;  
We have la - bored here togeth - er, We have la - bored side by side,  
I shall see them, I shall know them, I shall hear their song of love,

They have kept the faith with pa - tience And their crown of life is won.  
Just a lit - tle while be - fore me They have cross'd the rolling tide.  
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah In our Father's house a - bove.

REFRAIN.

They are call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, Sweetly call - ing me to come,

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## The Lights of Home.—Concluded.

*rit.*  
And I'm look - ing thro' the shad - ows For the bless - ed lights of home.

## I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing  
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in  
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Saviour tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - derness  
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in  
Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to

## CHORUS.

*f*  
o'er me, And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too.  
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!  
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!  
glory, And pray'r will be answer'd—'twas answer'd for you!

*p* *f* *pp rall.*  
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

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By Per., Biglow & Main Co.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers!

"Be strong and of good courage!"—Deuteronomy xxxi. 6.

S. BARING-GOULD (by per.) (ALSTON. IIS.) ROBERT HARKNESS.  
With dignity.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, march - ing as to war,  
2. At the name of Je - sus Sa - tan's host doth flee;  
3. Like a might - y ar - my moves the church of God;  
4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, king - doms rise and wane;  
5. On - ward then, ye peo - ple, join our hap - py throng;

With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore;  
On then, Chris - tian sol - diers, on to vic - to - ry!  
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing where the saints have trod;  
But the church of Je - sus, con - stant will re - main;  
Blend with our your voic - es in the tri - umph - song;

Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, leads a - gainst the foe;  
Hell's foun - da - tions qui - ver at the shout of praise;  
We are not di - vid - ed, all one bod - y we—  
Gates of hell can nev - er 'gainst that church pre - vail;  
Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, un - to Christ the King—

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## Onward, Christian Soldiers!

For - ward in - to bat - tle see His ban - ners go.  
Broth - ers, lift your voic - es, loud your an - thems raise!  
One in hope and doc - trine, one in char - i - ty.  
We have Christ's own prom - ise— and that can - not fail.  
This thro' count - less a - ges men and an - gels sing

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, march - ing as to war,  
With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.



## My Saviour's Love is Higher than the Stars.

INA DULEY OGDON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I love to tell in song and sto-ry Of Je - sus and His grace,  
2. I love to tell of how He found me, In sor - row, sin and night,  
3. I love to tell that now His fa - vor, Sup - plies my ev' - ry need,  
4. And so my theme in song and sto - ry, Is Je - sus, Saviour, Friend,

I fain would shed His bless-ed sun-shine In ev' - ry heart and place.  
Of how His ten-der touch of heal-ing Re-stored my soul to light.  
For in the se-cret of His pres-ence Are life and joy in - deed.  
I on - ly long for all to own Him, To trust Him to the end.

## CHORUS.

My Sav-iour's love is high-er than the stars, 'Tis deep-er than the sea;

O the wealth of all the world could never do What He has done for me.

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## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
par - don - on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."  
crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

## No. 225. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND  
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com - ing by and by;  
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com - ing by and by;  
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com - ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,  
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come  
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not."

CHORUS. *m pp*  
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-  
 2. Come, Thou in-cas-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred-wit-ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!  
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir-it of hol-i-ness, On us de-scend!  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!  
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

## No. 232 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.  
 earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

4. Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

## No. 233. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from  
 2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

3. To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.  
 shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,  
 own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

4. People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

## FAMILIAR HYMNS

### There is a Fountain

Key C.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.  
 Lose all their guilty stains,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
3. Then in a nobler sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering  
 tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

### Just As I Am

Key E flat

1. Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
2. 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!
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

### Shall We Meet

Key A.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?  
 Where in all the bright forever,  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

- Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
 Shall meet we beyond the river?  
 Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet there many a loved one,  
 That was torn from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face?
  3. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we know his blessed favor,  
 And sit down upon his throne?

### Nearer My God To Thee.

Key G.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee!  
 Nearer to thee,  
 Even though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!
2. Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!
3. There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

### My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Key E Flat.

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

### Rock of Ages.

Key B Flat.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfill thy laws' demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone:  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

## Only a Touch.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On - ly a touch! My Saviour's hand A wondrous change has wrought  
 2. On - ly a touch! My sight-less eyes Be - held His smil - ing face;  
 3. On - ly a touch! A sweet "Fear not," When I was sore a - fraid,  
 4. On - ly a touch! It thrills me yet, Nor will it pass a - way;  
 5. On - ly a touch! It is for you, That touch of liv - ing pow'r,

And to my need - y, sin - ful soul, Has rich - est bless - ing brought  
 On - ly a touch! My deafened ears Could hear His words of grace.  
 E - ven on me His own right hand, Most ten - der - ly was held.  
 The pierc-ed hand which once I felt, Is on me still to - day.  
 The outstretch'd hand of Christ the Lord, Is here this ver - y hour.

## CHORUS.

On - ly a touch! On - ly a touch! It brought me life and heal - ing

*ad lib.*  
 On - ly a touch! A ten - der touch, His lov - ing heart, re - veal - ing.