

THE  
SALVATION ARMY  
MUSIC.



GENERAL BOOTH.

# SALVATION ARMY MUSIC.

COMPILED BY  
GENERAL BOOTH,

*And containing a Selection of the Most Important and Popular  
Tunes referred to in "Salvation Army Songs."*



THE SALVATION ARMY BOOK DEPARTMENT.

LONDON: 79-81 Fortress Road, N.W.

MELBOURNE: Bourke Street.

NEW YORK: 120 West Fourteenth Street.

TORONTO: Albert Street.

CAPE TOWN: Loop Street.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS book contains a selection from the Music used by The Salvation Army. Among the thousands of songs which are ever upon our people's lips in different parts of the world, some have proved themselves more attractive and more effective than others, and of such I have here brought together those which I think the best. The harmonies have been arranged in the simplest manner, and the more the book is used by young and old alike, both within and without our borders, the better I shall be pleased.

Certainly there will be found here every possible variety. The music that has been composed by our own people indicates, I think, clearly enough that we can and do appreciate the sweetest and purest melodies, while other favourites prove the high value we set on the great and moving harmonies that have come down to us even from the remotest times. It will be seen also that we have not hesitated to adopt strains such as have seldom before been associated with God's service. In no small degree by our own action, it is no longer needful, thank God, to defend the use of what once has been a popular tune of the world for the glory of the world's Saviour.

Nothing perhaps has more completely demonstrated the universal mission and success of The Salvation Army than the eagerness with which our tunes have been taken up and appreciated by people of every race. Certainly we have had composers of every race amongst us, and have everywhere made use of the most popular national airs, and as we go forward it is reasonable to hope that there may be found or produced three hundred more tunes as generally useful in the next twenty years as those contained in this Volume have proved to be during the past twenty.



I have of course had to omit from this small Volume many tunes we love, merely that I might not increase the bulk of what I desired to make a handy book. But we have here now a collection which will, I think, be found to be very complete, and which, while containing every variety of truly useful music, shows pretty clearly by its omissions as well as by its contents what I do and what I do not want.

Our music cannot be properly used where there is "taste" contrary to the direction God Himself has given to His musicians for all time, "*Play skilfully with a loud noise.*" May none of our musicians ever ape the skill of the world in the production of merely pretty sounds, not only disconnected with the quickening truth of God, but often almost inaudible to those whose hearts they ought to stir. But may there ever be in the soul of every reader of these notes that mighty torrent of love to God and eagerness to save the world which it has been sought to express in this music.

And now let me plead with everyone who sees this book to use it well. What can be more sad than to hear those who once sang well—sang in the spirit—and who though perhaps advanced in musical ability have lost the fire that once made their singing so glad and so powerful? What can be more horrible than to see people dressed up in the height of the world's fashion, or occupied with the world's prospects, enjoying songs and music that express contempt for the world and delight in God? What can be more fatal to any soul than to acquire the habit of carelessly singing of the things that have to do with its eternal destiny? Never, I entreat you, take this book into your hand without prayer that God may keep your heart up to heavenly concert pitch.

There is scarcely a tune here that does not carry to some of us most hallowed memories. From the first bright notes we heard from mother's lips in childhood's days, or the quickening strains that caught us at that first Army meeting, or the precious melodies in which we have joined our comrades in days of desperate conflict, to those that have boomed forth

in our greatest demonstrations, there are here put together the tunes that have helped us and others on during The Salvation Army's march to world-wide victory. May the mere memory of past blessings that much of this music will recall prevent backsliding, renew first love and stir up our troops everywhere to more desperate fighting for our Lord.

I send these pages forth, therefore, with confidence that God's blessing will be upon them. May they help the people in every land to sing more and more the praises of the Lamb that was slain, and to sing in perfect harmony with one another ! May they help to guard our children, and their children too, from all strains and songs and services which will not help them to live lives of holiness. May they spread far and wide the deep, blessed experiences and intense convictions our music has already helped so many millions to realise, and may their influence go on to generations yet to come. I cannot imagine that in Heaven itself we can cease to remember and repeat to each other the strains our souls have revelled in most here below.

Till then let us all sing.

**WILLIAM BOOTH.**

THE SALVATION ARMY,  
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,  
LONDON, MARCH, 1900.



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# SALVATION ARMY MUSIC.

## SECTION A.—LONG METRE, 1—20.

### 1.—And above the rest.

*mf Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 76.

1. Praise God for what He's done for me! Once I was blind, but now I see; I  
CHORUS. And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell, And a-

*cres.* *f*

on the brink of ru - in fell,—Glo - ry to God! I'm out of hell.  
-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus has done all things well.

2 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,  
And now to praise Him I'll begin;  
I never praised the Lord before,  
But now I'll praise Him more and more.

3 I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,  
But Jesus undertook my cause;

Bad as I was, He cleansed my soul,  
Healed my disease, and made me whole.

4 Praise God for what He's done for us!  
He's turned our hearts to praise Him thus.  
And now He cries, "Go on, go on;  
I'll crown you when your work is done."

### Another song to the above Tune.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,  
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;  
With all His saints I'll join to tell—  
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,  
His wisdom all His works express;  
But oh! His love what tongue can tell?  
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, powerful, and free  
Has been His love to sinful me!  
He plucked me from the jaws of hell—  
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart  
The tempter levels at my heart,  
With this I all his rage repel—  
My Jesus has done all things well.

## 2.—Boston.

Met. ♩ = 76.

*p Andante.*

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev' - ry  
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

soul be Je - sus' guest; bid - den all man - kind.

*mf* CHORUS.

doom,  
You are drift - ing, you are drift - ing to your doom, to your doom, You are  
You are drift - ing, you are drift - ing to your doom, to your doom, Yet there's

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

doom,  
drift - ing, you are drift - ing to your doom, to your doom ;  
mer - cy, yet there's mercy still for you.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,  
The invitation is to ALL :  
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, thou !  
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye weary wanderers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;  
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain !

5 His love is mighty to compel ;  
His conquering love consent to feel,  
Yield to His love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.

### 3.—Before Jehovah's awful Throne.

*f* *Maestoso.*

Met.  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 84.

1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye peo-ples, bow with sa-cred joy; Know

that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-  
Know that the Lord is God a-lone;

-ate, He can cre-ate, He can cre-ate, and He des-troy.  
He can cre-ate, He can cre-ate,

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heavens our voices raise;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,  
Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!

2 Wash out its stain, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,

Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee!  
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

5 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,  
Where all is joy and calm and peace.

## 4.—Confidence.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*Adagio.*

*p*

1. Oh, do not let thy Lord de - part, And close thine eyes a -

*cres.* *f*

- gainst the light; Poor sin - ner, har - den not thy heart, Thou wouldst be

saved—Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to - night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
This is the time!—oh, then, be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;  
Oh, wilt thou thus His love requite?

Renounce at length thy stubborn will,—  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun;  
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

## 5.—Dear Jesus is the One I love.

*Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

*mf*

1. Now, in a song of grate-ful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll  
CHORUS. Dear Je - sus is the One I love, Oh, bless His name! He died for



raise ; With all His saints I'll join to tell— My Je - sus has done all things well.  
me ; His blood now cleanses me from sin, Dear Je - sus now He sets me free.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess,  
His wisdom all His works express ;  
But oh ! His love what tongue can tell ?  
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, powerful, and free  
Has been His love to sinful me !  
He plucked me from the jaws of hell—  
My Jesus has done all things well.

## 6.—Ernan.

*p Andante.* Met.  $\frac{1}{4}$  = 66.

r. He wills that I should ho - ly be ; That ho - li -

*p* *cres.*

- ness I long to feel ; That full di - vine con -

*mf*

- for - mi - ty, To all my Sa - viour's righ - teous will.

2 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,  
And waits to prove Thine utmost will ;  
The promise, by Thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, Thou wilt in me fulfil.

3 Thy loving Spirit, Christ, alone  
Can lead me forth and make me free ;  
Burst every bond through which I groan  
And set my heart at liberty.



## 7.—Hursley.

*p Adagio.* Met. ♩ = 56.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not

night if Thou be near: Oh, may no earth - born

*mf*

cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
I have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near, and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## 8.—It was on the Cross.

*p Largo.* Met. ♩ = 56.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est

gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato*. Met.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

*mf*  
It was on the cross He shed His blood, It was there He was

cru - ci - fied;.....  
cru - ci - fied, cru - ci - fied; But He rose a - gain, and He  
cru - ci - fied;..... ..

lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per - fect love.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

## 9.—Monmouth.

*mp Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 80.

1. Dear Lord, and can it ev - er be, A sin - ful man a -

- shamed of Thee, A sin - ful man a - shamed of Thee?

A-shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ry shines thro'  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,

end - less days? Whose glo - ry shines through end - less days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
Whene'er I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may,  
When I've no sin to wash away,

No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
Till then, I'll boast the Saviour slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

# 10.—My Beautiful Home.

*mf Allegro.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

1. Above the waves of earthly strife, Above the ills and cares of life, Where all is

*mf* CHORUS.

peace-ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my home is there. My beautiful

*cres.*

home, my beau-ti-ful home,..... In the land where the glori-fied ev-er shall  
beautiful home, beautiful home,

*f*

room; Where an-gels bright wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

2 Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,  
Away from worldly loss and gain,  
From all temptation, tears and care,  
My home is there, my home is there.

3 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,  
My home is there, my home is there.



## II.—O Happy Day.

Met. ♩ = 100.

*mf Andante con moto.*

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sa - viour and my God!  
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 66.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a -

- way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ry

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

2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him that merits all my love!  
Let cheerful praises fill His house,  
While to His blessed throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine,  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 12.—Oh, wash me now.

*Moderato, con es press.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

i. With - in my heart, O Lord, ful - fil..... The pur - pose of Thy death and

pain, That all may know Thou liv - est still, In blood - wash'd hearts to rule and reign.  
death and pain,

*mf* CHORUS.

The foun - tain now is op - en wide, Oh, plunge me in the cleansing tide !..... And

let me now be pure with - in,..... Oh, wash me now from ev - 'ry sin !

2 O Lord, I gaze upon Thy face,  
That suff'ring face so marred for me,  
Touched by the wonders of Thy grace,  
My heart in love goes out to Thee.

3 O Saviour, by Thy bleeding form,  
The world is crucified to me ;

Thy loving heart, so rent and torn,  
Thy suff'ring bids me share with Thee.

4 'Twas on the cross Thou didst redeem  
My soul from sin and cruel despair ;  
'Tis near the cross I would be seen,  
And welcome every sinner there.

### 13.—Old Hundredth.

Met. ♩ = 63.

*f* *Maestoso.*

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him

serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make ;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise ;  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

### 14.—Rocked in the Cradle.

Met. ♩ = 66.

*mp* *Moderato.*

1. O Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by

fear..... and doubt and sin! Thou on-ly canst my spir-it

*cres.*

free, ..... And make me pure and clean with in.

*mf* CHORUS.

I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, For

*cres.*

Thou hast shed Thy blood for me; The cleans - ing stream now sets me

Thy blood for me;

*f* *rit.*

free; ..... The blood, the blood of Cal - va - ry!

2 My idols now I cast aside,  
All doubtful things I put away;  
My life I place at Thy command,  
Thy voice in all things to obey.

3 I give myself to Thee to save,  
And cleanse out all that's wrong in me,  
That I no other aim may have,  
But live to serve and honour Thee.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 With froward heart I went astray,  
In paths of sin I wandered wide,  
Till mercy met me by the way,  
And softly whispered, "Jesus died."

2 Offended at this sudden sound,  
Indignantly I turned aside,  
But still the voice was heard around,  
And still it whispered, "Jesus died."

3 Then justice crossed my path, and stood  
Erect and stern to quell my pride,  
His glittering sword was dipped in blood—  
Ah, well for me that Jesus died!

4 "Come forth, thou traitor to the Lord!"  
His voice in thundering accents cried;  
Oppressed, I sank beneath the word,  
And faintly answered, "Jesus died."



# 15.—Rockingham.

*mp Adagio.*

*cres.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

*mf*

i. O Lord, Thy heavenly grace im-part, And fix my frail, in - con-stant heart! Hence-

*dim.*

*mp*

- forth my chief de - sire shall be To de - di - cate my - self to Thee.

*mf* CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

Oh, I'm glad there is cleans-ing in the blood, in the blood, Oh, I'm

*cres.*

glad there is cleansing in the blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the  
in the blood;

*f*

world there is cleans-ing, There is cleans-ing in the Sa - viour's blood.

# 16.—Roll on, dark stream.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

1. God of my life, through all my days My grate - ful pow'rs shall

sound Thy praise; My song shall wake with ope - ning light, And cheer the dark and

*f* CHORUS. *cres.*  
si - lent night. Roll on, dark stream, We fear not thy  
Roll on, dark stream, roll on, dark stream,

*ff*  
foam,..... Our sol - diers are march - ing To home, sweet home.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

*Words of No. 15 continued.*

2 What'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;

And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Safe 'neath the shelter of Thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in Thee.

# 17.—Soon the reaping time will come.

Met. ♩ = 100.

*mf Allegro moderato.* *cres.* *f*

1. This is ..... the field, ... the world ... be - low, In which the ...

*mp*

Sow - - er came to sow; Je - sus, ..... the wheat - Sa -

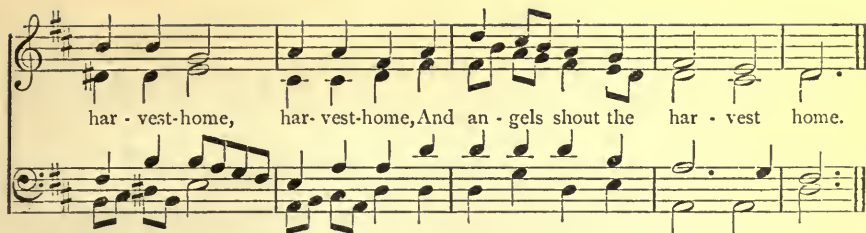
*cres.* *f*

- tan, ..... the tares - For so ..... the word ... of God de - clares.

*f* CHORUS.

And soon the reap - ing time will come, And an - gels shout the har - vest - home, And

soon the reap - ing time will come, And an - gels shout the har - vest - home,



har - vest - home, har - vest - home, And an - gels shout the har - vest home.

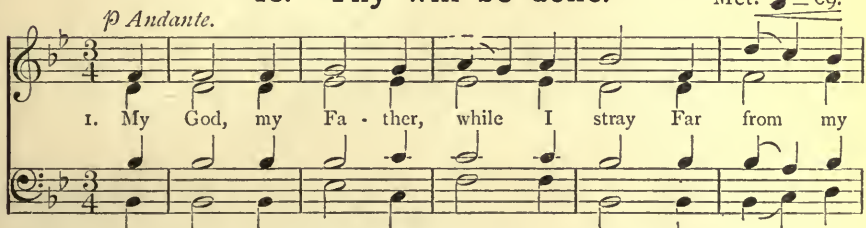
- 2 Most awful truth, and is it so?  
 Must all the world the harvest know?  
 Must all before the Judge appear?  
 Then for the harvest, oh, prepare!
- 3 To love my sins—a saint to appear—  
 To grow with wheat and be a tare—

- May serve me while on earth below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow.
- 4 But all who are from sin set free  
 Their Father's kingdom soon shall see,  
 Shine like the sun for ever there;  
 He that hath ears, then let him hear.

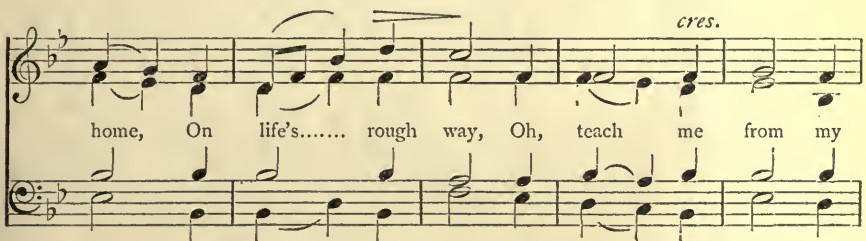
### 18.—Thy will be done.

Met. ♩ = 69.

*Andante.*

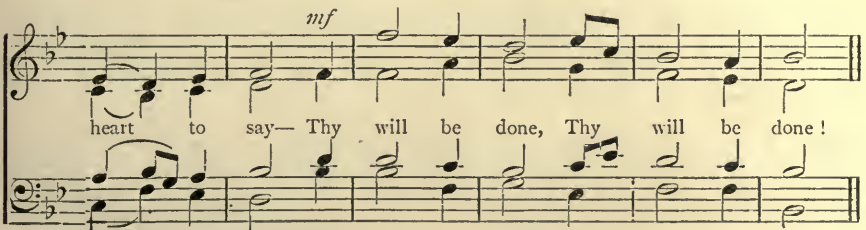


1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my



home, On life's..... rough way, Oh, teach me from my

*mf*



heart to say— Thy will be done, Thy will be done!

- 2 Thou shouldst call me to resign  
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
 I only yield Thee what was Thine—  
 Thy will be done, Thy will be done!
- 3 Should pining sickness waste away  
 My life in premature decay;

- My Father still I'll strive to say—  
 Thy will be done, Thy will be done!
- 4 Renew my will from day to day;  
 Blend it with Thine, and take away  
 All that now makes it hard to say—  
 Thy will be done, Thy will be done



## 19.—The Watch o'er the Rhine.

*f Vivace.* Met.

1. What sounds are those that reach the ear? They tell of free-dom draw-ing near, When

all who in sin's bond-age groan, Their great De-liv-er-er shall own.

*f* CHORUS. *cres.*

True sol-diers of the cross we are, For God and souls we march to war; We fight to

gain..... our hearts de-sire, To win the world.... by "blood and fire."

2 He who has helped us in the past,  
And borne us through each stormy blast,  
Will still conduct our Army on,  
Till all the world to Christ is won.

3 The hearts and lives by sin debased,  
The homes by drunkenness disgraced,

A new and brighter day shall see,  
And find in Jesus liberty.

4 Then let us each more boldly fight,  
In leading sinners to the light,  
Till we receive the glad "Well done,"  
When every victory is won.

## 20.—Wareham.

*p Andante.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 72.$   
*cres.*

1. I thirst, Thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me

*mf* in Thy cleans - ing blood, To dwell with - in Thy

wounds, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee!  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength do thence derive,  
And for Thee fight, and in Thee live.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

Come all who would to glory go,  
And leave this world of sin and woe;  
Forsake your sins without delay;  
Believe and you shall win the day.

2 Oh, do not tarry longer where  
You're sure to die in dark despair:  
We show to you a better way,  
In which you're sure to win the day.

3 In glory now the Saviour waits,  
And opens wide the pearly gates;  
He stands and beckons you away;  
Press on and you shall win the day.

4 And when you reach the realms above,  
Where all is harmony and love,  
You then shall join the heavenly lay,  
And sing and shout—We've won the day

SECTION B.—COMMON METRE, 21—65.

21.—Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, Thou - sands of chil - dren stand ; Chil -

*cres.* *f*

- dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band.

*f* CHORUS.

Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love,  
How came those children there?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To take away their sin ;

- Washed in that precious purple flood,  
Behold them white and clean.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name ;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up  
And sabbaths never end?

- 2 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein  
In glorious majesty ;  
And Him, through every stormy scene,  
I onward press to see.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee :  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

## 22.—Auld Lang Syne.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mf Moderato.* *cres.* *f*

I. Je - sus, the name high ov - er all, In hell, or earth, or sky; An -

- gels and men be - fore Thee fall And dev - ils fear and fly,

*f* CHORUS.

I do be - lieve, I will be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me, That

on the cross He shed His blood From sin to set me free.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
He scatters all their guilty fear,  
He turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus, the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;

Power into strengthless souls He speaks,  
And life into the dead.

4 Oh, that the world would taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.



## 23.—Behold the Saviour of mankind.

*p* Adagio.

Met. ♩ = 56.

1. Be - hold the Sa - viour of man - kind Nail'd to the  
How vast the love that Him in - clined To bleed and

*1st.* || *2nd.* || *mf* CHORUS.  
shame - ful tree ; O Thou dear suf - f'ring Lamb of  
die for thee !

*dim.* *p*  
God, Who gave Thy - self for me,..... Now plunge me  
me, for me,

in Thy cleans - ing blood, And make me all like Thee.....

- 2 Hark, how He groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,  
"Receive my soul," He cries.

See where He bows His sacred head ;  
He bows His head, and dies.

- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine.  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like Thine ?

## 24.—Belmont.

*cres.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 66$ .

*mp Andante.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to

*mf*

Me and rest!..... Lay down, thou wea - ry

one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.".....

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad :  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give

The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side.  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died !
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,  
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

## 25.—Bright Crowns there are.

*mf Allegro moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 96.

I. Ye va-liant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap-py praying band, Though in this world we

*f*

suf-fer loss, We'll reach fair Ca-naan's land,... We'll reach fair Ca-naan's land.

*f* CHORUS.

Bright crowns there are, For you and  
Bright crowns, bright crowns there are, there are, Bright crowns laid up on high, For you and me, for  
Bright crowns there are, For you and

*mc,*

you and me, There's a crown of vic-to-ry,.....There's a crown of vic-to-ry.

*mc,*

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,  
While heaven appears in view;  
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake  
To fight our passage through.

3 Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be  
When we arrive at home!  
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,  
And God shall say, "Well done!"

## 26.—Charming Name.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 96$ .

*mf Allegro moderato.*

'Tis mu-sic to my  
I. Je - sus,..... I love Thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mus-ic to my 'Tis

ear,.....  
mu - sie to my ear, 'Tis mu - sie to my ear ;  
ear,.....  
mu - sie to my ear,

*f* Fain would I sound it out so loud *mf* That earth and heaven should hear, *cres.* That  
That earth and heaven should

*ff*  
earth and heaven should hear, That earth and heaven should hear.  
hear, That earth and heaven should hear, That

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there,

The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honours of Thy name  
With my last labouring breath ;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The Conqueror of death.



## 27.—Conference.

Met. ♩ = 96.  
FINE.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

*f* And there's a cross for me,..... And there's a cross for me,..... *D.C.*

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free ;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierc'd feet,

- Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !  
O resurrection day !  
Ye angels, from the heavens come down  
And bear my soul away.

## 28.—Congress.

*f Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 106.

1. I've found the Pearl of Great-est Price, My heart doth sing for joy, My heart doth

*mp* sing for joy ; And sing I must, a Christ I have, *cres.* Oh, what a Christ have I !  
Oh, what a Christ have

*f*

Oh, what a Christ have I! Oh, what a Christ have I!

I! Oh, what a Christ have I! Oh, what a

2 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

3 My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's garden grows;  
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal,  
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

## 29.—Down in the Garden.

*p Andante.* Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Dark was the hour, Geth-se-ma-ne, When thro' thy walks was heard The low-ly Man of

*mf* CHORUS.

Ga-li-lee Still plead-ing with the Lord. Down in the gar-den, Hear that mournful  
2ND CHO. Je-sus, my Sa-voir, Let me weep with

*mp*

sound; There be-hold the Sa-voir weep-ing, Pray-ing on the cold, damp ground.  
Thee; Mer-cy, O Thou Son of Da-vid! Mer-cy's com-ing down to me.

2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow,  
As all our griefs He bears;  
Not words may tell his anguish now,  
But sweat and blood and tears.

3 There prostrate on the earth He lies,  
God's well beloved Son;

But still the fainting Sufferer cries,  
"Father, Thy will be done!"

4 For me He prays, I hear Him pray,  
He will my soul receive.  
Now, Jesus, take my sins away;  
Now, Jesus, I believe.

# 30.—Ellacombe.

Met. ♩ = 106.

*f Allegro moderato.*

1. My God! I know, I feel Thee mine, And will not quit my claim, Till

all I have is lost in Thee, And all re - newed I am. And

all re - newed I am, I am, And all re - newed I am: Till

all I have is lost in Thee, And all re - newed I am.

2 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

3 Oh, that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,

Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!

4 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
Spirit of Burning, come!

# 31.—Evan.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from my Sa-viour's veins; And

sin-ners plun-ged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 104.

Oh, Je-sus, my Sa-viour will welcome sinners home, Welcome sinners home,

*1st.*

Wel-come sin-ners home; Oh, Sin-ner, don't de-lay.

*2nd.*

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
His flowing wounds supply,  
My Saviour's love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing His power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 5 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the fighting host of God  
Be saved to sin no more.



## 32.—Give me a heart like Thine.

*mf Moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 84.

I. Give me a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A

*f*

heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways feels the blood So

*mp* CHORUS.

free-ly spilt for me. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine! By Thy

*cres.* *mf*

won-der-ful pow-er, And Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean:  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

### 33.—Grimsby.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ 104

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's

*mp* praise; The glo-ries of..... my God..... and King, The glo-ries

*f* of ..... my God ..... and King, The tri-umphs of His grace, The

grace, of His grace,

tri-umphs of His grace, The tri-umphs of His grace!

grace, of His grace,

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of Thy name.

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

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5 See, all your sins on Jesus laid;  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man

# 34.—Hallelujah to the Lamb.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten

thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

*f* CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb Who died on Mount

Cal - va - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus!"  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,  
 "For He was slain for us!"
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine;

- And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him who sits upon the throne;  
 And to adore the Lamb.

## 35.—Hark! listen to the trumpeters.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pe - ters, They sound for vol - un - teers, On

*cres.*  
Zi-on's bright and flow'ry mount, and flow'ry mount, and flow'ry mount, On Zi-on's bright and

*f*  
flow'ry mount, Be-hold the of - fi-cers. Their hor - ses white, their garments bright, With

arrow and bow they stand, En - list-ing sol-diers for their King, To march to Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame,  
A soldier I will be;  
I will enlist—gird on my arms,  
And fight for liberty.  
They want no cowards in their band,  
Who will their colours fly;  
But call for valiant-hearted men,  
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The trumpet sounds, the armies meet,  
And drive the hosts of hell;  
How dreadful is our God in arms,  
The great Immanuel.  
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
The eternal Son of God,  
And march with us to Canaan's land,  
Beyond the swelling flood.



# 36.—Haste away to Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. The an-gel of the Lord shall stand, While thou-sand thun-ders roar, And

*cres.* swear by heaven's e - ter - nal throne That time shall be no more; The earth and ev - 'ry

*f* *mp*

thing therein Shall melt with fer-vent heat, And sin-ners found still in their sins, Will

*cres.* *f*

*f* CHORUS.

have their God to meet. Haste a - way to Je - sus—Oh, hear the warning

Haste a-way

cry! Haste a - way to Je - sus, For death is draw-ing nigh.

Haste a-way

## 37.—I am clinging to the Cross.

*p Andante, con espress.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 84.$

1. For Thee, dear Lord, my spi-rit longs, With earnest, strong de-sire; I seek Thee now with all my

*mf CHORUS. Allegro moderato. Met.  $\text{♩} = 106.$*

heart, I'm wait-ing for the fire. I am cling-ing to the cross, I am clinging to the

cross, I am cling - ing to the cross,..... I am cling-ing to the cross, I am

cling-ing to the cross, I am cling-ing, I am cling-ing to the cross, the cross.

2 None else my soul can satisfy,  
Or give the rest I seek;  
Thy voice, O Lord, I wait to hear,  
Now to Thy servant speak.

3 O Lord, in willingness of love  
I'll tread the cross-bound way;  
'Tis fellowship with Thee I crave,  
To serve Thee and obey.

*Words of No. 36 continued.*

2 In vain they'll cry for rocks to hide  
Them from Jehovah's face;  
But, cursed by sin, they'll be denied—  
They'll have no hiding-place.  
Before God's bar we all must go,  
And hear the sentence given,  
"Depart, ye cursed, into hell!"  
Or, "Come with Me to heaven!"

3 When once the Judgment Day is past,  
'Twill be in vain to pray;  
Wherever then your lot is cast,  
For ever you must stay.  
Oh, awful thought! When time's no more,  
This is God's firm decree,  
In happiness or woe you'll dwell  
Through all eternity!

# 38.—I bring my all to Thee.

Met. ♩ = 52.  
me,.....

*mp Adagio sostenuto.* *cres.*

1. Oft have I heard Thy ten-der voice Call-ing, dear Lord, to me, to me,  
CHORUS. I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee, to Thee; I

*mf* Thee;.....  
Ask-ing a quick yet last-ing choice, 'Twixt worldly joys and Thee, and Thee;.....  
wish 'twere more, but all my store I bring just now to Thee, to Thee. I

*mp* *cres.* down;.....  
Stir-ring my heart's deep foun-tain springs, Breaking the bar-riers, bar-riers down;  
bring my all to Thee, dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee, to Thee; Thou

*mf* *Repeat for Chorus.*  
Bid-ding me rise on faith's strong wings, Cry-ing, "No cross, no crown!"  
wilt, I feel, Thy pro-mise seal, And give Thy-self to me.

2 And yet, alas, a storm-tossed sea  
Of care and doubt and fear  
Still parts me, Saviour, Lord, from Thee,  
Although Thou art so near.  
Oh, speak again and bid me come,  
From every fear set free,  
Over the self and sin and storm,  
Over the waves to Thee.

3 Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee,  
Who maketh all things new,  
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,  
My sorrows to subdue.  
And in the battle's blazing heat,  
When flesh and blood would quail,  
I'll fight and trust and still repeat  
That Jesus cannot fail.

# 39.—I feel like singing all the time.

*mf Allegro.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 116.$

I. I feel like sing - ing all the time, My tears are wiped a -

*cres.*

- way, For Je - sus is a Friend of mine: I'll

*f* CHORUS.

serve Him ev - 'ry day..... Sing - ing glo - ry,

Sing - ing

glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!

Sing - ing,

- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
Nailed there by sins of mine,  
Fast fell the burning tears; but now  
I'm singing all the time.
- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,  
I'll sing "Jesus is mine!"  
And so, though tears at times may start,  
I'm singing all the time.

- 4 The melting story of the Lamb  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
Till others, with the glad new song,  
Go singing all the time.
- 5 The angels sing a glorious song,  
But not a song like mine,  
For I am washed in Jesus' blood,  
And singing all the time.



# 40.—If the Cross we boldly bear.

Met.  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 106.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur - sue; If in -

*cres.* *f*

- der me not, ye much-loved friends, I must not go with you.

*f* CHORUS.

If the cross..... we bold-ly bear, Then a crown we shall

If the cross we bold-ly bear, Then a crown we

wear, When we dwell..... with Je-sus there, In the bright for-ev - er-more.

all shall wear, When we dwell with Je-sus there,

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where He goes;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,  
I'll go at His command;

Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be:  
Hinder me not; come, welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with thee.

# 41.—In evil long I took delight.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 126$

*mf Allegro.*

1. In ev - il long I took de - light, Un - awed by  
 CHORUS. Oh, the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Lamb of

shame or fear,..... Till a new ob - ject met my  
 Cal - va - ry,..... The Lamb that was slain, but liv - eth a

sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.....  
 - gain To in - ter - cede for me.....

*1st time.* | *2nd time.*

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree  
 In agony and blood,  
 Who fixed His dying eyes on me  
 As near the cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
 Can I forget that look ;  
 It seemed to charge me with His death,  
 Though not a word He spoke.

- 4 My conscience felt and owned my guilt,  
 And plunged me in despair ;  
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt  
 And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 A second look He gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive,"  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
 I die that thou may'st live.

## Another song to the above Tune.

- 1 God loved the world of sinners lost  
 And ruined by the fall !  
 Salvation full, at highest cost,  
 He offers free to all.  
 Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,  
 The love of God to me ;  
 It brought my Saviour from above,  
 To die on Calvary.
- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
 The risen Son of God ;  
 Redemption by His death I find,  
 And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
 And to His saints makes known  
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
 Through faith in Christ alone.

## 42.—Jesus died for you.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

*mf Allegro.*

1. Oh, what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found! Suit-

- ed to ev - 'ry sin - ner's case Who hears the joy - ful sound.

*f* CHORUS.

Je - sus died for you ;..... Je - sus died for me ;..... Yes,  
you, for you ; me, for me ;

Je - sus died for all man-kind, Bless God ! He died for me.....

2 Poor, sinful, thirsting, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation like a river rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 This spring with living water flows,  
And heavenly joy imparts.

Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners vile as you  
Have here found life and peace ;  
Come then, and prove its virtues, too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

# 43.—Lift up the banner on high.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our ears! A

to our ears!

so - v - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

*f* CHORUS.

So we'll lift up the banner on high,..... The sal - va - tion ban - ner of love ;..... 'We'll

fight be - neath its col - ours till we die, Then go to our home a - bove.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

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



# 44.—A Little Ship.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩. = 56.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;.... This

all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died!....

*f* CHORUS.

For me the Sa - viour died,.... For me the Sa - viour died,..... This

all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died!...

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;

Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

# 45.—Lord, fill my craving heart.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. While here be - fore Thy cross I kneel, To me Thy love im - part; With

a deep, burn - ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.

*p* CHORUS. *cres.* *mf*

Lord, fill my crav-ing heart, Lord, fill my crav-ing heart, With  
 Lord, fill my crav-ing heart, Lord, fill my crav-ing heart,

a deep burn - ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.

- 2 Deepen in me Thy work of grace,  
Teach me to do Thy will;  
Help me to live a spotless life,  
Thy holy laws fulfil.
- 3 With mighty power my soul baptize,  
My longing heart inspire,

- That I may from this moment rise  
A living flame of fire.
- 4 I want in this dark world to shine,  
And ever faithful be,  
That all around shall know I'm Thine  
In blest reality.

## 46.—Lover of the Lord.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face!  
Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin - dled by His grace.

Father's face!  
by His grace.

*mf* CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, of the Lord, Oh, you

must be a lov - er of the Lord, of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lov - er of the

Lord, of the Lord, Or you can't go to hea - ven when you die.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He hears thy humble sigh;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thee live;

Come to His cross, and grateful learn  
How freely He'll forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Regain thy long-sought rest;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to His breast.

# 47.—Manchester.

Met  $\text{♩} = 63$ .

*mf Allegretto.*

I. With stea - dy pace the pil - grim moves To - wards the bliss - ful shore, And

sings with cheer - ful heart and voice, "'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."....

*f* CHORUS.

'Tis bet - ter on be - fore,..... 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore,..... And

sings with cheer - ful heart and voice, 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore.....

2 His passage through a desert lies,  
Where furious lions roar;  
He takes his staff, and smiling, says,  
" 'Tis better on before."

3 When tempted to forsake his God,  
And give the contest o'er,  
He hears a voice which says, "Look up!  
'Tis better on before."

4 When stern affliction clouds his cheek,  
And death stands at the door,  
Hope cheers him with her merriest note—  
" 'Tis better on before."

5 And when on Jordan's bank he stands,  
And views the radiant shore,  
Bright angels whisper, "Come away!  
'Tis better on before."



## 48.—Mary.

*f Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's

*cres.* praise, My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo - ries of my

*mf* God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His

*ff* grace, The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!

- 2 My gacious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To sp ead through all the earth abroad  
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 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.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

# 49.—There's mercy still for thee.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

1. O wand'rer, knowing not the smile Of Je-sus' love-ly face, In darkness liv - ing

all the while, Re - ject - ing of - fer'd grace: To thee Je - ho - vah's voice doth sound, Thy

soul He waits to free; Thy Sa - viour hath a ran - som found, There's  
waits to free;

*mf* CHORUS. *cres.*  
mer - cy still for thee. There's mer - cy still for thee! There's mer - cy still for

*f*  
thee! Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole, There's mer - cy still for thee!  
for thee!

2 Though sins of years rise mountains high,  
And would thy hopes destroy,  
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away  
The stains, and bring thee joy.

Now, lift thy heart in earnest prayer,  
To Him for safety flee;  
While still the angels chant the strain,  
"There's mercy still for thee!"

# 50.—Mighty to keep.

*Andante con espress.*

Met.  $\frac{6}{8}$  = 112.

1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn, Sometimes it looks so

dark ev'-rywhere, Instead of the rose, the thorn. These are the times, when tempted sore, A

voice in my ear doth speak— Unsheath thy sword, there's vict'ry before, Thy Saviour is

*mf* CHORUS.  
mighty to keep... I have a Sa-viour who's mighty to keep, Mighty to keep,

mighty to keep; I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep, Mighty to keep ever - more.

2 Jesus, I'll trust Thee more and more,  
Trust where I cannot trace,  
Trust when I hear the ocean's roar,  
Trust when the foe I face.

Thou wilt be more than life to me,  
So broad, so high, so deep,  
Changing the thunder into glee,  
Able to save and to keep.

# 51.—Nativity.

*Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ - 112.

*mf*

*cres.*

1. O joy - ful sound..... of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap -

pear, Christ shall ..... in me ap - pear; I, ev - en

I shall be ho - ly I, ..... shall see His face; I shall be ho - ly here, I

here, I shall be ho - ly here, shall be ho - ly here, I shall be, I shall.... be ho - ly here. I shall be ho - ly here, I shall be,

- 2 This heart shall be His constant home ;  
I hear His Spirit's cry :  
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come!"  
He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view ;  
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize  
And wear it as my due.

- 4 'He visits now this heart of mine,  
He shakes His future home ;  
Oh, wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,  
Into Thy temple come !
- 5 With me I know, I feel, Thou art ;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless Thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.



# 52.—What, never run away?

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. To save the world is our de - sire, For en - - e - m - ies we pray!  
We'll nev - er tire, we'll stand the fire, And nev - er, nev - er run a - way.

*f* CHORUS.

We are march - ing on to con - quer all, Be - fore our God the

world shall fall; We'll face the foe, to bat - tle go, And

nev - er, nev - er run a - way. What, nev - er run a - way? No,

nev - er run a - way! What, nev - er run a - way? No, nev - er run a - way! We'll

face the foe, to bat-tle go, And nev-er, nev-er run a-way!

2 Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack,  
Our Captain we'll obey;  
The foe shall yet be driven back,  
We'll never, never run away.

3 With holy might the foe we'll smite,  
The monster sin to slay;

For God we'll fight, we know we're right,  
We'll never, never run away.

4 Onward we'll march, with flag unfurled,  
Jesus shall have the sway;  
Like Him who died to save the world,  
We'll never, never run away.

### 53.—We have no other argument.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

1. Sal-va-tion! Oh, the joy-ful sound! What plea-sure to our ears!  
A sov-er-eign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears!

*f* CHORUS.

We have no oth-er ar-gu-ment, We want no oth-er plea, 'Tis

*mf*

quite e-nough that Je-sus died, And that He died for me.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound

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

# 54.—Now I can read my title clear.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

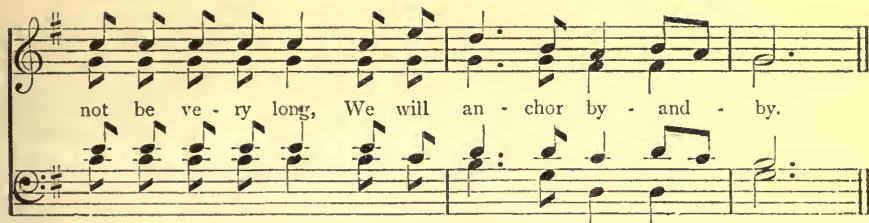
1. Now I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, Now  
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll

*cres.*  
I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, Now I can read my ti - tle  
bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry

*f*  
clear,..... To man - sions in the skies.  
fear,..... And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

*f* CHORUS.  
So we'll stand the storm, For it won't be ve - ry long, We will

an - chor by - and - by, by - and - by, We will stand the storm, It will



not be ve - ry long, We will an - chor by - and - by.

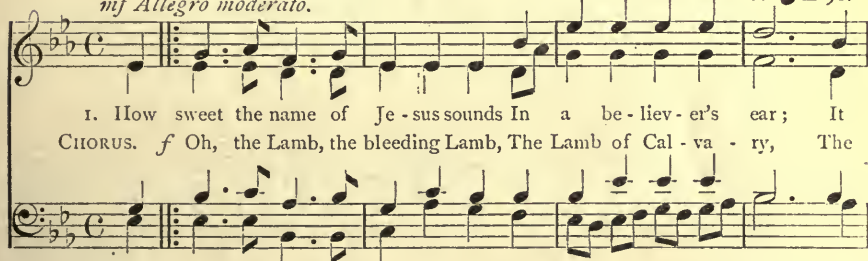
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Bold I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Though cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;

- Soon I shall safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

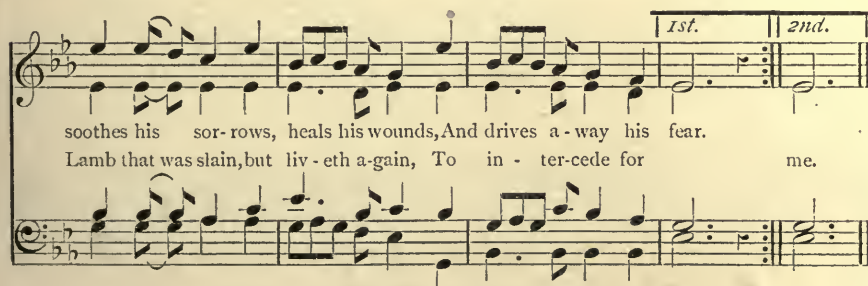
## 55.—Oh, the Lamb.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.



I. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear; It  
CHORUS. *f* Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry, The



soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
Lamb that was slain, but liv - eth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place;  
My never-failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought,  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I will Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!



# 56.—Oh, the Voice to me so dear.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. It is the blood that wash-es white, That makes me pure with - in, That

*cres.*

*f*

CHORUS.

keeps the in - ward wit - ness right, That cleans-es from all sin. Oh, the

blood..... to me so dear, Saving now from guilt and fear, Cleansing  
and fear,  
Oh, the blood to me so dear, Saving now from guilt and fear.

now..... my heart with - in, Mak-ing free from self and sin.  
Cleansing now my heart with - in,

2 It is the blood that sweeps away  
The power of Satan's rod,  
That shows the new and living way  
That leads to heaven and God.

3 It is the blood that brings us nigh  
To holiness and heaven,  
The source of victory and joy,—  
God's life for rebels given.

## 57.—Prepare me.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*mf Largo.*

1. Your gar-ments must be white as snow! Pre- pare to meet your God!  
For to His throne you'll have to go, Pre- pare to meet your God!

CHORUS.

Pre- pare me! pre- pare me, Lord! Pre- pare me! to stand be-fore Thy throne!

- 2 Get washed from every stain of sin.  
Prepare to meet your God!  
You must this great salvation win!  
Prepare to meet your God.
- 3 Prepare me now! prepare me here!  
To stand before Thy throne!

- That I, without a doubt or fear,  
May stand before Thy throne!
- 4 Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure!  
To stand before Thy throne!  
My pride and self and temper cure!  
To stand before Thy throne!

## 58.—Remember me.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mp Andante.*

1. Al - as! and did my Sa- viour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Did  
CHORUS. Re - mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, O Lord, re - mem-ber me; Re -

He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
- mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.

- 2 Was it for sins that I have done  
He suffered on the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,

- When Christ the mighty Maker died,  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

# 59.—Sing redeeming love.

*f* Allegro moderato.

Met. ♩ = 112.

1. Sal - va - tion sol - diers, full of fire, From bat - tle nev - er stay; Keep

up the fire, keep aim - ing higher, Make rea - dy, fire a - way!

*ff* CHORUS. *mf* *cres.*

Hal - le - lu - jah! We are on our way to glo - - ry, We

soon shall march the Hal - le - lu - jah streets, And sing re - deem - ing love.

- 2 Salvation soldiers, every hour  
King Jesus we'll obey;  
He loads our guns with saving power,  
In faith we'll fire away!
- 3 Salvation soldiers, sent to fight,  
Man's greatest foes to slay;

- 'Tis fighting keeps our armour bright  
The Army fires away!
- 4 Salvation soldiers bound for heaven,  
Keep fighting night and day;  
Use every gun that God has given—  
Make ready! fire away!

# 60.—Ten thousand thousand souls.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Ten thou-sand thou-sand souls there are, Who've en-ter'd thro' the door, the door; These

count-less souls are ga-ther'd in, And yet there's room for more, for more.

*f* CHORUS.

Then, come, oh, come, and go with me, Where plea-sures nev-er die,..... And

*mf*

you shall wear a star-ry crown, And reign a-bove the sky, the sky.

2 Room for the lame, the halt, the blind,  
Oh, yes, there's room for thee;  
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,  
By dying on the tree.

3 Room for the chief of sinners still,  
Though plagued with unbelief;  
That precious Christ can save thy soul  
Who saved the dying thief.

4 There's room for seeking, sighing souls,  
Who seek their fears to quell;  
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,  
Can save a soul from hell.

5 Then sure I am there's room for me,  
The worst of Adam's race;  
And so I'll sing in songs of praise,  
A sinner saved by grace.



# 61.—The glorious fountain.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mf Allegretto.*

i. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There  
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, And

is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from my Sa-viour's veins;  
sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

*1st.* | *2nd.*

*f* CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ri-ous foun-tain! Op-en for me!.....

Oh, glo-ri-ous foun-tain Op-en now for me!.....

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
His flowing wounds supply,

- My Saviour's love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing His power to save,  
When this poor lisp'ing, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

## 62.—The Judgment Day.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 93.

1. Your gar-ments must be white as snow! Pre - pare to meet your God! For

to His throne You'll have to go! Pre - pare to meet your God!

*f* CHORUS. *mf*

Then for this aw - ful day pre- pare, Re - pent and turn to God! His

life He gave, He longs to save, And wash you in His blood.

2 Get washed from ev'ry stain of sin!  
 Prepare to meet your God!  
 You must this great salvation win!  
 Prepare to meet your God!

3 Prepare me now! prepare me here!  
 To stand before Thy throne!

That I, without a doubt or fear,  
 May stand before Thy throne!

4 Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure  
 To stand before Thy throne!  
 My pride and self and temper cure!  
 To stand before Thy throne!

## 63.—They'll sing a welcome home.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see The saints above, how

*f* CHORUS.

great their joys, How bright their glories be. They'll sing their welcome home to me, They'll

sing their welcome home to me! And the Angels will stand on the Hal-le-lujah strand, And

FINE. *ff*

sing me a welcome home. Wel-come, welcome home! Wel-come, welcome home!

2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their redeeming Lord,  
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shows the same path to heaven.

# 64.—We'll fight till Jesus comes.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩♩.

1. We've 'lis - ted in the ho - ly war, While bat - tling for the Lord; Con -

tent to have a sol - dier's fare, While bat - tling for the Lord.

## *f* CHORUS.

We'll fight till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll  
We'll fight, we'll fight, We'll work, we'll work,

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

2 The war is all our souls delight,  
While battling for the Lord;  
We love the thickest of the fight,  
While battling for the Lord.

3 We want no cowards in our band,  
While battling for the Lord;  
But call for valiant-hearted men,  
While battling for the Lord.

4 The hottest fight is now begun,  
While battling for the Lord;  
And who will fight and never run?  
While battling for the Lord.

5 I tell you what I mean to do,  
While battling for the Lord;  
I mean to go to glory too,  
While battling for the Lord.



# 65.—While shepherds watched.

Mct. ♩ = 84.

*mf Moderato.*

While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed

on the ground,..... The an - gel of the Lord came  
on the ground,

down, And glo - ry shone a - round.....

- 2 "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind."
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign."
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the Seraph: and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng,  
Of angels, praising God, on high,  
Who thus addressed their song.
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease!

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is that soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!

- But now I find an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
That drove Thee from my breast.
  - 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

SECTION C.—SHORT METRE, Nos. 66—76

66.—A charge to keep I have.

*Allegro moderato.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 96.$

*f*

I. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy,..... A

*mf* *cres.*

God....., to glo - ri - fy. A ne - ver, A ne - ver,

A ne - ver,

*f*

A ne - ver dy - ing soul to save,.... And fit it for the sky, And

And fit it for the

fit it for the sky, And fit ..... it for the sky.

sky, And fit it for the sky, And fit it

2 'To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;

And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

# 67.—Falcon Street.

*f* Allegro moderato.

Met. ♩ = 120.

I. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join

in a song of sweet..... ac - cord, While ye..... sur - round His throne.

*f* CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But soldiers of the heavenly King  
Must speak their joys abroad.
- 3 Soon we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,

The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

5 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow

6 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## 68.—For ever with the Lord.

*mp Anãante.*

*cres. Met. ♩ = 72.*

1. "For ev-er with the Lord!" A-men! so let it be! Life from the dead is

*mf* *f* CHORUS.  
in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty. Hère in the bo-dy pent, Ab-

- sent from Him I roam, Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent, A days march near-er

*mp cres.* *f*  
home. Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march near-er home.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear.

3 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 From every stain made clean,  
From every sin set free;  
O blessed Lord, this is the gift  
That Thou hast promised me.  
And pressing through the past  
Of failure, fault, and fear,  
Before Thy cross my soul I cast,  
And dare to leave it there.

2 A heart by blood made clean,  
In every wish and thought,  
A heart that by God's power has been  
Into subjection brought;  
To walk, to weep, to sing,  
Within the light of heaven;  
This is the blessing, Saviour King,  
That Thou to me hast given.



# 69.—I hear Thy welcome voice.

Met. ♩ 50.

*p* Adagio.

*cres.*

*rit*

i. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For:

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

*f* CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;  
Thee, I'm com - ing now, Oh,

*mp*  
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse  
Till spotless all and pure.

3 Still Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,

To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

# 70.—We're marching to Zion.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. To leave the world below, March upward with our band, And step by step we

*cres.* *f*

mean to go, And step by step we mean to go, To Zi - on's hap - py land, To

*f* CHORUS.

Zi - on's hap - py land... We're marching to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Zi - on, We're marching The Ar - my to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful, ci - ty of God.

- 2 The city we shall see,  
The heavenly music hear ;  
Marching to songs of victory,  
With all the Army there.
- 3 The pearly gates are wide,  
The streets are bright and fair ;  
We'll march together side by side,  
Till safely landed there.

- 4 Beside the crystal stream,  
Led on by Zion's King,  
We'll swell the great salvation theme,  
And songs of victory sing.
- 5 With "blood and fire" unfurled,  
Marching to victory grand,  
The Army means to lead the world  
To Zion's happy land !

# 71.—Nearer my Home.

*mf Allegretto.* *cres.* *f* Met. ♩ = 112.

1. One sweet-ly so-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm near - er home to -

- day, to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore..... I'm near - er home to - day, to -

*f* CHORUS.

day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore..... Near - er my home,..... Near - er my

*mp* *cres.* *f*

home,..... I'm near - er my home to - day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.....

2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down ;

Nearer leaving the cross to-day,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink ;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Nearer now than I think.

## 72.—No home on earth have I.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mf Allegretto.*

i. Come in, my Lord, come in,..... And make my heart Thy home; Come

*cres.* *f* **FINE.**

in and cleanse my soul from sin, And dwell with me a - lone!

*mp* *mp* *mf*

Thy - self to me be given, In ful - ness of Thy love; Thy -

*cres.* *ff* *D.C. for Chorus.*

- self a - lone will make my heaven, Tho' all Thy gifts re - move.....

2 Come in, my Lord, come in,  
 Show forth Thy saving power;  
 Restore, renew, release from sin—  
 Oh, save this very hour!  
 Thy promise now I claim,  
 By faith put in my plea,  
 And trust in that almighty name  
 Immanuel, and Thee.

3 My I ord, Thou dost come in —  
 I feel it in my soul;  
 I hear Thy words, my Saviour-King,  
 “Be every whit made whole!”  
 Glory to God on high!  
 Let heaven and earth agree  
 My risen Christ to magnify—  
 For lo! He lives with me.



# 73.—There'll be no more sorrow there.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩. = 60.

1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm a - boat to die;..... Sing  
 Cro. There'll be no more sor - row there, There'll be no more sor - row there,.... In

songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.....  
 heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor - row there.....

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops  
 Roll off my marble brow,  
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
 Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moments come,  
 Oh, watch my dying face,

To catch the bright seraphic glow  
 Which on each feature plays.

- 4 Then to my raptured ear  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let Jesus cheer me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heaven.

# 74.—Reuben.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩. = 100.

1. When shall Thy love con - strain, And force me to Thy

*cres.* *f* *mp*  
 breast, And force me to Thy breast? When shall my

soul re - turn a - gain, When shall my soul re -

- turn a - gain To her e - ter - nal rest?

- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,—  
My wandering to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

- 4 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?
- 5 Nay, but I yield, I yield—  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.

## 75.—Silchester.

*mp Moderato.* *cres.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 76.$  *mf*

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands, To

His sure truth and ten - der care Who earth and heaven com - mands.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend thy cause, His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless love  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

# 76.—Welcome, Sweet Day.

*p Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. A - way..... my need - less fears, And

doubts no long - er mine; A ray of heaven - ly

light ap - pears, A mes - sen - ger di - vine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,  
That calms my troubled breast;  
My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the will divine,  
By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take,  
'To frustrate His decree;  
They cannot keep a blessing back,  
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,  
But in His pleasure rest,  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth and power  
Engage to make me blest.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 Spirit of faith, come down,  
Reveal the things of God,  
And make to us the Godhead known,  
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,  
And give us eyes to see,  
Who did for every sinner die  
Hath surely died for me.

3 Inspire the living faith,  
Which whoso'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes.

4 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

## SECTION D.—4-6's and 2-8's, 77—78.

## 77.—Darwells.

*f Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Let earth and heaven a - gree, An - gels and men be joined, To

*cres.* *ff*

cel - e - biate with me The Sa - viour of man - kind; To a - dore the

*mf cres.* *ff*

all - a - ton - ing Lamb, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.

- 2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory!  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

- 4 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
My poor, expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole.  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

- 5 Oh, for a trumpet-voice  
On all the world to call;  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified,  
For all, for all my Saviour died!



## 78.—Majesty.

Met. ♩ = 88.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

I. The Lord of earth and sky, The God of A - ges praise ; Who reigns enthroned on

*ff*

high, An - cient of endless days; Who reigns enthroned on high, An - cient of end - less

*f* *cres.*

days; Who lengthens out our tri - als here, And spares us yet an - oth - er year, Who

*ff*

lengthens out our tri - als here, And spares us yet..... an - oth - er year.

- 2 When Justice bared the sword  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord  
Cried, "Let it still alone!"  
The Father mild inclines His ear,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood  
From God obtained the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestowed

- On us a longer space:  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo! we see another year.
- 4 Then dig about our root,  
Break up the fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To Thy great praise abound:  
Oh, let us all Thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## SECTION E.—7's. (4 lines), 79—88.

## 79.—Christ now sits on Zion's Hill.

*mf Allegretto.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 112.$

1. Christ now sits on Zi - on's hill, He re - ceives poor

*f*

sin - ners still; Will you serve this bless - ed King?  
- ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty,

*mf* CHORUS.

Come, en - list, and with me sing: I His sol - dier  
Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty,

*1st.* *2nd.*

sure shall be, Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty. E - ty.

- 2 I by faith enlisted am  
In the service of the Lamb;  
Present pay I now receive:  
Peace of conscience He does give.
- 3 What a Captain I have got!  
Is not mine a happy lot?  
Therefore will I take the sword,  
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord.
- 4 Let the world their forces join,  
With the powers of hell combine—

- Greater is my King than they,  
Surely I shall win the day.
- 5 Wicked men I will not fear,  
Though they persecute me here;  
Though they may my body kill,  
Yet I'll be a conqueror still.
- 6 O my comrades, still fight on,  
Till the battle you have won;  
The great Captain we have chose  
Sure will conquer all His foes.

# 80.—Depth of Mercy.

*mp Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Depth of mer - cy! Can there be, Mer - cy  
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro.* Met. ♩ = 66.

still re - served for me? } God is love! I know, I feel,  
chief of sin - ners spare? }

Je - sus lives and loves me still; Je - - - sus  
Je - - - sus lives,

lives,..... He lives and loves me still.....  
Je - - - sus lives,

- 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 Whence to me this waste of love?  
Ask my Advocate above!  
See the cause in Jesus' face,  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 4 Jesus speaks and pleads His blood!  
He disarms the wrath of God;

- Now my Father's mercies move,  
Justice lingers into love.
- 5 Kindled His relentings are,  
Me He now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 6 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!  
God is love! I know, I feel:  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

81.—I am coming to the Cross. Met. ♩ = 56.

*p Adagio.* 1st.

1. I am com - - ing to the cross, I am poor,..... and weak, and blind.  
 I am count - - ing all but dross, I shall

I am coming to the cross, coming to the cross, I am poor and weak, and blind.  
 I am counting all but dross, counting all but dross,

*f CHORUS. Moderato. Met. ♩ = 72.*

2nd.

full..... sal - va - tion find. I am trust - - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blessed

I shall full sal - va - tion find. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,

Lamb..... of Cal - va - ry ; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus saves me, saves me

Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus saves me,

Je - sus... saves me... *rit.*

now !..... Je - sus, yes Je - sus saves me, Yes, Jesus, Jesus saves me, saves me now !

saves me now ! Je - sus... saves me...

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
 Long has evil reigned within ;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me :  
 " I will cleanse thee from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,  
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
 Soul and body, Thine to be,  
 Wholly Thine for evermore.

- 4 In the promises I trust,  
 Now I feel the blood applied ;  
 I am prostrate in the dust,  
 I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,  
 Perfected in love I am ;  
 I am every whit made whole,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !



## 82.—I'm Believing and Receiving.

*mp Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

I. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black-est stains be - come as

snow; Darkest night is changed to day, When you to the riv - er go.

*mf* CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the riv - er go; And my

heart its waves are cleans - ing Whit - er than the driv - en snow.

- 2 Doubts and fears are borne along  
On the current's ceaseless flow;  
Sorrow changes into song,  
When you to the river go.
- 3 Ease and wealth become as dross,  
Worthless earth's delight and show;  
All your boast is in the cross,  
When you to the river go.

- 4 Selfishness is lost in love—  
Love for Him whose love you know;  
All your treasure is above,  
When you to the river go.
- 5 Fighting is a great delight,  
Never will you fear the foe;  
Armed by King Jehovah's might,  
When you to the river go.

## 83.—Innocents.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mf Moderato.*

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child ;

*cres* Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty, *f* Suf - fer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought—  
Glorious Lord, forbid it not ;  
In the kingdom of Thy grace  
Give a little child a place.

3 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days ;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

## 84.—Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*p Andante.*

1. Je - sus! Lover of my soul,..... Let me to Thy bo - som fly ; While the near - er wa - ters

*mf* roll, While the tempest still is high, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hark my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;

Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to wash away my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# 85.—Nottingham.

*p Adagio.* Met. ♩ = 72.

I. Take my life, and let it be Con - se -

- cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my mo - ments

and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;

Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

## Another song to the above Tune.

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

2 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal grief hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head.  
Thou the blood of life hast shed.  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

# 86.—Saviour, lead me.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*p Adagio.* I stray, way ;

I. Saviour, lead me lest I, lead me lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way, all the way ;

Sa - viour, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;

side, a - bide ;

I am safe when by Thy side, when by Thy side, I would in Thy love, would in Thy love a-bide.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would

*mf CHORUS. Moderato. Met. ♩ = 66.*

Lead me, Lead me, Sa - viour, lead me lest I stray ;.....

Saviour, lead me lest I stray, lest I stray ;

*mp* stray.

Gent - ly down the stream of time, stream of time, Sa-viour, lead me lest I stray, lest I stray.

Gent-ly down the stream of time, stray.

2 Thou the Refuge of my soul,  
When the stormy billows roll ;  
I am safe when Thou art nigh,  
All my hopes on Thee rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, lead at last,  
When the storm of life is past,  
To the land of endless day,  
Where all tears are wiped away.\*



87.—Tossing like a troubled ocean. Met. ♩ = 56.

*p Adagio.* *cres.*

I. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer prayer; He Him-

*mf*

- self has bid us pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, There-fore will not

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 106.

say thee nay. Toss-ing like a trou- bled o- cean, Toss- ing like a trou- bled

o- cean, Toss- ing like a trou- bled o- cean, Lean- ing on my Sa- viour's breast.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with Thee bring,  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,

Then Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a soldier here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

# 88.—Will you stand for Christ alone.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 106.

*cres.*

I. I'm a sol-dier and I fight For my Sa-viour and the right, In my heart His

*f* CHORUS.

presence lives, Per-fect joy and peace He gives. Will you stand for Christ a-lone?  
Yes, I'll

*mf*

Will you stand for Christ a-lone? If we  
stand for Christ a-lone. Yes, I'll stand for Christ alone.

*cres.* *ff*

stand the strife to the end of life, We shall stand round the great white throne.

2 Though the world may scoff and jeer,  
I can stand without a fear,  
Stand and face all earth and hell  
While of Jesus' love I tell.

3 When my enemies come forth,  
To attack my soul in wrath,  
Then I stand my ground and fire,  
While the hosts of hell retire.

4 When the battle's at its height,  
And I close my deadly fight,  
Then with sword in hand I sing  
Praises to my blessèd King.

5 When my fighting days are done  
And the victory is won,  
Then a crown of life I'll gain  
And with Him in glory reign.

## SECTION F.—7's (6 lines), 89—91.

## 89.—Rousseau.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mp Moderato.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,

*mf cres.* *f*

Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

*mp*

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.  
 In my hands no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 I will hide myself in Thee.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 If so poor a soul as I  
 May to Thy great glory live,  
 All my actions sanctify,  
 All my words and thoughts receive;  
 Claim me for Thy service, claim  
 All I have and all I am.

2 Take my soul and body's powers,  
 Take my memory, mind, and will,  
 All my goods and all my hours,

All I know, and all I feel,  
 All I think or speak or do;  
 Take my heart—but make it new!

3 Now, my God, Thine own I am,  
 Now I give Thee back Thine own;  
 Freedom, friends, and health and fame,  
 Consecrate to Thee alone;  
 Thine I live, thrice happy I  
 For souls to fight, for Christ to die,

## 90.—Spanish Chant.

Met. ♩ = 66.

*mf* Moderato.

1. Bles - sed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Let Thy Spi - rit fall on me;

*f*  
Let the cleans - ing, heal - ing flow Wash and keep me white as snow,

*mf*  
That hence - forth my life may be Bright and beau - ti - ful for Thee.

2 Burn out every selfish thought,  
Let Thy will in me be wrought;  
Fan my love into a flame,  
Send a Pentecostal rain,  
That henceforth my life may be  
Spent in winning souls for Thee.

3 Teach me how to fight and win  
Perfect vict'ry over sin;  
Give me a compassion deep,  
That will for lost sinners weep,  
That henceforth my life may prove  
That I serve Thee out of love.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 Weary souls that wander wide  
From the only source of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of His!  
Sink into the purple flood;  
Rise into the life of God.

2 Oh, believe the record true,  
God to you His Son hath given!  
Ye may now be happy too,

Find on earth the life of heaven!  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

3 This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul designed;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind;  
Blest in Christ this moment be,  
Blest to all eternity.



# 91.—Wells.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mp Andante.*

1. Oh, dis - close Thy love - ly face! Quick en all my

droop - ing powers! Gasps my faint - ing soul for grace,

*cres.* *f*  
As a thirs - ty land for showers. Haste, my Lord, no

more de - lay; Come, my Sa - viour, come a - way!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee!  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;  
Scatter all my unbelief:  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

SECTION G, 7's (8 lines), 92-93.

92.—Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

*mf Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 92.

I. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the newborn King, Peace on earth and

*cres.* *ff* CHORUS.

mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the newborn King!"

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
- 3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 5 Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

# 93.—On the Cross of Calvary.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mp Andante.*

i. On the cross..... of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died..... for you and

*cres.* *mf*

me; There He shed..... His pre - cious blood, That from

*mp*

sin..... we might be free. Oh, the cleans - ing stream does

flow, And it wash - es white as snow !..... It was for

*f*

me..... that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

*mf* CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry,..... O Cal - va - ry!.....

O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry! It was for

me ..... that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry!

- 2 Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love  
Brought me down at Jesus' feet!  
Oh, such wondrous, dying love  
Asks a sacrifice complete!  
Here I give myself to Thee,  
Soul and body, Thine to be;  
It was for me Thy blood was shed  
On the cross of Calvary.
- 3 Take me, Jesus, I am Thine,  
Wholly Thine, for evermore;  
Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine;  
Dwell within for evermore!

Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from sin,  
Make and keep me pure within!  
It was for this Thy blood was shed  
On the cross of Calvary.

- 4 Clouds and darkness veiled the skies  
When the Lord was crucified;  
"It is finished!" was His cry  
When He bowed His head and died.  
It is finished, it is finished!  
All the world may now go free,  
It was for me that Jesus died  
On the cross of Calvary.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross;  
Nobly for their Master stood;  
Suffers in His righteous cause;  
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came;  
Washed their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow;

Therefore are they next the throne;  
Serve their Maker day and night:  
God resides among His own;  
God doth in His saints delight.

- 3 He that on the throne doth reign,  
Shall His saints for ever feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead;  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.



## SECTION H.—7's and 4's, 94—96.

## 94.—Jordan's Flood.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩. = 56.

I When you come to death's cold flood, How will you do? How will you do?  
You who now ne - glect your God, How will you do? How will you do?

*f*  
Death will be a so - lemn day, When the soul is forced a - way;

*mf*  
It will be too late to pray— How will you do?.... How will you do?

2 You who laugh, and scoff, and sneer,  
How will you do?  
When in Jordan you appear,  
How will you do?  
Can you then your terrors brave,  
Say you have no soul to save,  
When you sink beneath the wave?  
How will you do?

3 You who have no more than form,  
How will you do?  
Can you brave the awful storm?  
How will you do?  
When the waves of death assail,  
Every reed and prop will fail,  
Forms will be of no avail,  
How will you do?

4 O backsliders, turned aside,  
How will you do  
Whither will you flee to hide?  
How will you do?  
Conscience will in terror rise,  
And the worm that never dies,  
When you sink no more to rise,  
How will you do?

5 Soldier, now I'll turn to thee,  
How will you do?  
When thou dost the river see,  
How will you do?  
To the cross I then will cling,  
Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"  
"Victory! victory!" then I'll sing—  
That's how I'll do!

# 95.—There is a Happy Land.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way;

Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

*f* Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our Sa - viour King!"

Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will you doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye,  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die:  
On, then, to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won,  
And, bright above the sun,  
We'll reign for aye.

# 96.—Try again.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

*f*

1. Have you not suc - ceed - ed yet? Try, try, try a - gain!

*mf*

*f*

Mer - cy's door is o - pen set, Try, try, try a - gain.

*f*

Yours is not a sin - gle case, Oth - ers have the same to face ;

All your trust on Je - sus place, Try, try, try a - gain.

- 2 Something surely lurks within  
Try, try, try again ;  
Some beloved, besetting sin ;  
Try, try, try again ;  
Give up every plea beside,  
" I am lost, but Christ has died ;"  
Then the blood will be applied,  
Try, try, try again.
- 3 Do you say, " I've tried before ?"  
Try, try, try again ;  
Never give the conflict o'er,  
Try, try, try again ;  
Some have been as bad as you,  
But the Lord has brought them through,  
It may be the same with you,  
Try, try, try again.

- 4 Do you say, " I've tried in vain ?"  
Try, try, try again ;  
" As I was I still remain ?"  
Try, try, try again ;  
Know the darkest part of night  
Is before the dawn of light ;  
Press along, you're going right,  
Try, try, try again.
- 5 Do you, as the proverb, say,  
" I shall now be slain ;  
There's a lion in the way,  
I shall now be slain ;"  
Well, suppose you're saying true,  
And suppose there should be two,  
Jesus lives to bring you through,  
Try, try, try again.

SECTION I.—7's and 6's, 97—104.

97.—The day of victory's coming.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

*cres. Met. ♩ = 88.*

1. March on, sal - va - tion sol - diers, March forward to the fight, With Je - sus as our  
CHORUS. The day of vic - t'ry's com - ing, It's com - ing by - and - by, When to the flag of

Lead - er,..... We'll put the foe to flight. In spite of men and dev - ils, We'll  
Cal - va - ry All na - tions they will fly; O com - rades in The Ar - my, Let's

*Repeat for Chorus.*

raise our ban - ner high, For the day of vic'try's com - ing by - and - by, by - and - by.  
fight un - til we die, For the day of vic'try's com - ing by - and - by, by - and - by.

2 Hell's forces may be mighty—  
A strong opposing band;  
Yet never be discouraged,  
For your captain boldly stand;  
With "blood and fire" we'll conquer,  
Our every foe defy,  
For the day of vic'try's coming by-and-by.

3 Professors may deride us,  
And evil things may say,  
And worldlings point the finger,  
But who, I ask, are they?  
'Tis not in them we're trusting,  
But in our King on high,  
For the day of vic'try's coming by-and-by.

4 Though some would try to crush us,  
We're rising every day;  
And soon o'er every land and sea  
Our flag shall have the sway.  
"Salvation free to all men!"  
Shall be our battle cry,  
For the day of vic'try's coming by-and-by.

5 Now you who try to stop us,  
Pray do it never more;  
But show to us your favour  
By giving of your store;  
You who have money, give it,  
God will your all supply;  
For the day of vic'try's coming by-and-by.



# 98.—I'd choose to be a Soldier.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. Fight on, fight on for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high His roy-al banner—It

*cres.* must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un- to vic-t'ry His Ar-my shall He lead, Till *f*

*f* CHORUS.  
every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in- deed. I'm glad I am a sol-dier, And

battling on for God, Each day by grace made-bolder To con-quer thro' the blood.

- 2 Fight on ! fight on for Jesus !  
The trumpet-call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day !  
Ye that are men, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes ;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Fight on ! fight on for Jesus !  
Stand in His strength alone ;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own ;

- Put on salvation armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Fight on ! fight on for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long,  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song :  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be,  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# 99.—I'm a Soldier, if you want me.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 92.$

1. I'm a soldier, if you want me, For Je-sus I will fight; I want to spread sal-

I will fight,

-va-tion, And put the devil to flight. God finds me am-mu-nition, And blood and fire and

skill; I'm just the sort that's wanted, I know The Ar-my drill. I'm a

CHORUS.

soldier, should you want me, You will find me in The Sal-va-tion Ar-my. -va-tion Ar-my.

1st. 2nd.

- 2 I'm a soldier, if you want me,  
 Firm at my post I'll stay;  
 Like all true Army herces,  
 I never run away.  
 The grand Salvation Army  
 Has snatched me from the foe,  
 And now to rescue others,  
 If wanted, I will go.
- 3 I'm a soldier, if you want me  
 My bounty I have got;  
 My pension is in heaven,  
 I've there a happy lot.

- The honours of The Army  
 By battling are won;  
 I never will cease fighting  
 Till Jesus says, "Well done!"
- 4 I'll fight to help The General,  
 The officers as well,  
 And every private soldier  
 Who fights to conquer hell.  
 The colours of The Army  
 My dying hand shall wave,  
 Then Jesus me will welcome  
 In heaven among the brave.

# 100.—My all is on the altar.

*mp Andante con moto.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. My bo - dy, soul, and spi - rit, Je - sus, I give to Thee,..... A  
Thee, to Thee,

con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er more to be.....

*mf* CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;.....  
fire, the fire;

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.....

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,  
I trust in Thy great name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire, descending  
Just now upon my soul,

Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole !

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy precious blood ;  
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

# 101.—My soul is now united.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

I. My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ the Liv - ing Vine, His

grace I long have slight - ed, But now I feel Him mine; I

was to God a stran - ger, Till Je - sus took me in;..... He

freed my soul from dan - ger, And par - doned all my sin.

2 Soon as my all I ventured  
On the atoning blood,  
The Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God;  
My sins are all forgiven,  
I feel His blood applied,  
**And** I shall go to heaven,  
If I in Christ abide.

3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I still my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded,  
With glory in my view:  
Still Christ is my salvation—  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation,  
My Father's wrath is o'er.



# 102.—Steadily forward march.

*f Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Sal - va - tion is our mot - to, Sal - va - tion is our song, And

round the wide, wide world We'll send the cry a - long. Yes,

Je - sus is the sin - ner's Friend, The Bi - ble tells us so; Their

ma - ny sins He will for - give, And wash them white as snow.

*ff* CHORUS.

Stea - di - ly for - ward march! To Je - sus we will bring

Sin - ners of ev - 'ry kind, And He will take them in ;

Rich and poor as well, It does not mat - ter how,

Bring them in with all their sin, He'll wash them white as snow.

2 Though all the world oppose us,  
 Yet we will never fear,  
 With Jesus as our Leader,  
 His presence ever near ;  
 A wall of fire around us,  
 We'll never doubt His power,  
 But forward go the lost to save—  
 Yes, from this very hour.

3 Then forward to the conflict,  
 As through the world we go  
 Rejoicing in the precious blood  
 That washes white as snow.  
 Yes, we will go for Jesus,  
 Although we may be poor,  
 For if in love we do our best  
 Then victory is sure.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 I am a Christian soldier—  
 One of the noisy crew ;  
 I shout when I am happy,  
 And that I mean to do.  
 Some say I am too noisy,  
 I know the reason why ;  
 And if they felt the glory  
 They'd shout as well as I.

2 They sing and shout in heaven—  
 It is their hearts' delight ;  
 I shout when I am happy,  
 And that with all my might.  
 I've Jesus Christ within me—  
 He's turned the devil out ;  
 And when I feel the glory  
 It makes me sing and shout.

3 My sins are all forgiven,  
 Which did as mountains rise ;  
 My title's clear for heaven—  
 Yon country in the skies.  
 God's saints are my companions ;  
 I'm bound for endless day ;  
 And though the storms are raging,  
 I'll sail along the way.

4 I'll sail o'er life's rough ocean ;  
 With glory's port in view,  
 And Calvary's Royal Pilot  
 Will steer the vessel through.  
 I'll shout o'er death's dark river  
 And when I join the throng,  
 For ever and for ever  
 I'll roll the theme along.

# 103.—To the uttermost He saves.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

1. Come, with me vis - it Cal - v'ry, Where our Re-deem-er died; His  
He died from sins to sev - er Our hearts and lives com - plete; He

blood now fills the foun - tain, 'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.  
saves and keeps for ev - er Those liv - ing at His feet.

*mf* CHORUS

*cres.*

To the ut - ter-most He saves, To the ut - ter-most He saves, He saves; Dare you  
He saves,

now be - lieve, And His love re - ceive? To the ut - ter-most He saves.

2 I will surrender fully,  
And do my Saviour's will;  
He shall now make me holy  
And with Himself me fill.  
He's saving, I'm believing,  
This blessing I now claim;  
His Spirit I'm receiving,  
My heart is in a flame.

3 I've wondrous peace through trusting,  
A well of joy within;  
This rest is everlasting,  
My days fresh triumphs win.  
He gives me heavenly measure,  
"Pressed down" and "running o'er";  
Oh, what a priceless treasure,  
Glory for evermore!

# 104.—The Light of the world is Jesus.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

1. I once was ve - ry worldly, The same as ma - ny more, But since I've been to

*cres.*  
Je - sus He's saved me, I am sure; And if you're on - ly will - ing To

*f*  
give up all your sin, My Sa - vour He is wait - ing, I'm sure, to take you in.

*f* CHORUS.  
The Light of the world is Je - sus, The Light of the world is Je - sus! And

if you come to Him, He'll cleanse your soul from sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus!

2 You want to be made happy,  
And you wish to be made free,  
You wish to go to heaven,  
I'm sure, the same as we ;

And hell, you would not share it,  
You would its terrors flee,  
Then if you'll come to Jesus  
His true light you shall see.



## SECTION J.—7's and 11's, 105—108.

## 105.—Home once more.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

i. I'm a pro-di-gal come home, Nev-er more to stray or roam 'Midst the

sur-ges and the breakers of the world; And my heart with joy doth bound, For I

know the lost is found—I'm a pro-di-gal come to his home once more. Home once more!

Home once more! A pro-di-gal re-turned to his home once more; I've left the way of

sin The dev-il had me in, And, glo-ry be to God! I am home once more!

106.—Oh, the prodigal's coming home.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mf Allegretto.*

1. Je - sus comes and calls for thee, Now He longs to set thee free From the  
 CHORUS. Oh, the pro-di-gal's com-ing home, Com-ing home no more to roam; He is

*cres.* *f*

cru - el yoke of sla - ve - ry and sin;..... He has called thee oft be - fore, And has  
 we - ary wandering far a - way from home,..... He is seek - ing his Fa - ther's face, He is

*Repeat for Chorus.*

opened wide the door, To re - ceive the guil - ty sin - ner in.....  
 long - ing for His grace, Oh, the prod - i - gal's com - ing home, coming home.....

2 Thou hast hardened long thy heart,  
 And wouldst not consent to part  
 With thy own besetting sins and idols dear;  
 But again thy Saviour's voice  
 Bids thee haste to make thy choice,  
 Come, accept His offered grace and pardon  
 here!

3 Sinner, wilt thou still refuse,  
 And this wondrous love abuse,  
 Till thou hear the Master's voice proclaim,  
 "No room!"  
 Nay, but let the cry be heard—  
 "Now to Thee, my loving Lord,  
 Will I hasten as a weary wanderer home!"

*Words of No. 105 continued.*

2 My Saviour's voice I hear,  
 With His accents soft and clear,  
 Gently whispering peace and comfort to my soul;  
 Saying, "Son, be of good cheer,  
 I am with you—do not fear,"  
 And the angels sing a welcome home once more!

3 Though storms may beat around,  
 I have full salvation found—  
 On the Rock of Ages now I take my stand;

And one day I shall be crowned  
 In that land to which I'm bound—  
 I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

4 When my journey here is o'er,  
 And I reach the golden shore,  
 Where the ransomed of the Lord in glory dwell;  
 Then where friends have gone before,  
 I shall sing for evermore,  
 "A prodigal come to his home once more!"

# 107.—Oh, what battles I've been in.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

I. Oh, what bat-tles I've been in, And what con-flicts I have seen, But in

dark-ness as in brightness He is mine, He is mine; Oh, what mocking and what shame I can

suf-fer for His name, For in glo-ry as the stars He'll make me shine.

*f* CHORUS.

Washed in the blood white as snow,..... No-thing am I seek-ing here be-

*poco rit.*

*a tempo.*

-low; There's no more strife for my soul, I know, And nought can my peace ov-er-throw.

2 What a sinner I have been,  
 What a Saviour I have seen,  
 For He's saved me from my sorrow and my woe!  
 And, when lost to all around,  
 My Redeemer then I found,  
 And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

3 Oh, what mighty wondrous love  
 Brought my Saviour from above,  
 On the cross to shed His blood and die for me!  
 So I'll serve Him with my might,  
 In His service I'll delight,  
 For the blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free



# 108.—With the conquering Son of God.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mf*

1. We are sweep-ing thro' the land With the sword of God in hand; We are

watching and we're praying while we fight. *cres.* On the wings of love we'll fly To the

fight, while we fight.

*f*

souls a - bout to die, And we'll force them to be - hold the pre - cious light.

*f* CHORUS. *ff*

With the conquering Son of God, Who has washed us in His blood, Dan - ger

brav - ing, sin - ners sav - ing, We are sweep-ing thro' the land.

2 Oh, the blessed Lord of light,  
We will serve Him with our might,  
And His arm shall bring salvation to the poor;  
They shall lean upon His breast,  
Know the sweetness of His rest,  
Of His pardon He the vilest will assure

3 We are sweeping on to win  
Perfect victory over sin,  
And we'll shout our Saviour's praises evermore!  
When the strife on earth is done,  
And some million souls we've won,  
We'll rejoice our conquering comrades before.



## SECTION K.—8's (4 lines), 109—115.

## 109.—Almighty to save.

*mf Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My  
 strug-glings and wrest-lings be o'er, My heart by my  
 Sa-viour pos-sessed, Be fear-ing and sin-ning, be  
 fear-ing and sin-ning, And sin-ning no more?

2 Now search me, and try me, O Lord;  
 Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!  
 See! helpless I cling to Thy word,  
 My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3 My idols I cast at Thy feet,  
 My all I return Thee who gave;  
 This moment the work is complete,  
 For Thou art almighty to save!

4 O Saviour, I dare to believe,  
 Thy blood for my cleansing I see;  
 And, asking in faith, I receive  
 Salvation, full, present, and free.

5 O Lord, I shall now comprehend  
 Thy mercy so high and so deep;  
 And long shall my praises ascend,  
 For Thou art almighty to keep!

# 110.—We speak of the realms of the blest.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

I. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And

*cres.* *f* CHORUS. *f*

oft are its glo-ries con-fest,... But what must it be to be there? To be

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

To be there! To be there! To be there!

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

To be there! To be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within:  
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear:

The songs of the blood-washed above:  
But what must it be to be there?

4 Do thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
Then shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

# III.—Thou Shepherd of Israel.

Met. ♩. — 56.

*mf Allegretto.*

1. Thou Shep-herd of Is-rael and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart, For

clo-ser com-mu-nion I pine, I long to re-side where Thou art; The

pas-ture I lan-guish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd o-bey, Are

fed, on Thy bo-som re-clined, And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
The place of Thy people's abode,  
Where saints in true happiness gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God.  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree,  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart.

# 112.—The Cross now covers my sins.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩. = 56.

1. I stand all be-wil-dered with won-der, And gaze on the o-cean of love, And

ov-er its waves to my spi-rit Comes peace, like a hea-ven-ly dove!

*f* CHORUS. *mf*

The cross now cov-ers my sins, The past is un-der the blood; I'm

trust-ing in Je-sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,  
The blessing that setteth me free;  
But when I had ceased from my struggling,  
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me, and healed me,  
And bade me be every whit whole;

I touchèd the hem of His garment,  
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,  
The light of His face is on me;  
But listen, beloved, He speaketh—  
"My peace I will give unto thee."



# 113.—I believe we shall win.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Let us sing of His love once a - gain— Of the love that can nev - er de -

- cay, Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Till we praise Him a - gain in that day.

*f* CHORUS.

{ I be - lieve, Je - sus saves, And His blood makes me whiter than snow ; I be -  
I be - lieve, we shall win If we fight in the strength of our King ; I be -

I be - lieve, Je - sus saves, whiter than snow,  
I be - lieve, we shall win, King, of our King,

- lieve Je - sus saves, And His blood makes me whi - ter than snow.  
- lieve we shall win If we fight in the strength of our King.

I be - lieve, Je - sus saves,  
I be - lieve, we shall win,

2 There is cleansing and healing for all  
Who will wash in the life-giving flood ;  
There is perfect deliverance and joy  
To be had in this world through the blood.

3 So with banners unfurled to the breeze,  
Our motto shall "Holiness" be ;  
Till the crown from His hand we shall seize,  
And the King in His glory we see.

# 114.—Welcome to glory.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er? What

then for my spi - rit a - waits? Will they sing on the glo - ri - fied shore?

## *f* CHORUS.

Welcome home! Wel-come home! A wel-come in glo - ry for  
Welcome home! Welcome home!

all those who love Him; Welcome home! Welcome home A wel-come for me!  
Welcome home! Welcome home!

2 Yes, loved ones who knew me below,  
Who learned the new song with me here,  
In chorus will hail me, I know,  
And welcome me home with good cheer.

3 The beautiful gates will unfold;  
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;

The city of saints I'll behold;  
For oh, there's a welcome for me!

4 A sinner made whiter than snow,  
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,  
And shout, through the gates as I go,  
"Salvation to God and the Lamb."

# 115.—Yes, oh, yes!

*mp Andante, con moto.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

I. I have heard of a Sa - viour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must

*cres.* be ;..... *mf* But did He come down from a - bove..... Out of

*f* CHORUS. *mf* love and com - pas - sion for me ?..... Yes, oh, yes ! Out of

*1st time.* love and com - pas - sion for me !..... *2nd time.* - pas - sion for me !.....

- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,  
How He languished and died on the tree ;  
But then is it anywhere said  
That He languished and suffered for me ?
- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Which the soldiers of Jesus shall see ;

- But is there a place in the sky  
Made ready and furnished for me ?
- 4 Lord, answer these questions of mine ;  
To whom shall I go but to Thee ?  
And say, by Thy Spirit divine,  
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

## SECTION M.—6-8's, 116—121.

## 116.—Euphony.

Met. ♩ = 86.

*p Andante.*

I. Give me the faith that can re - move And sink the moun-tain to a

*cres.**mf*

plain; Give me the child-like pray - ing love, Which longs to build Thy

*p**cres.*

house a - gain; Thy love let it my heart o'er-power, And all my

sim - ple soul de - vour, And all my sim - ple soul de - vour.

2 I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone,  
To spend and to be spent for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known;  
And turn them to a pardoning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
Into Thy blessèd hands receive;  
And let me live to preach Thy word;

And let me to Thy glory live;  
My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine!  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a zeal like Thine;  
And lead them to Thy open side,  
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died



# 117.—Madrid.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. O Je - sus, ... Sa - viour, hear my..... cry, And all my

*cres.*  
need..... just now sup - ply! New power I want, and strength, and light,

*f* That I may con - quer in the fight. *mp* Oh, let me have..... wher-

*cres.* - er I..... go..... *f* Thy strength to con - quer ev - 'ry foe!

2 I need Thy love my heart to fill,  
To tell to all Thy blessed will,  
And to the hopeless souls make known  
The power that dwells in Thee alone;  
And then wherever I shall go  
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

3 Oh, make my life one blazing fire  
Of pure and fervent heart desire  
The lost to find, the low to raise,

And give them cause Thy name to praise,  
Because wherever I may go  
I show Thy power to every foe.

4 Let love be first, let love be last,  
Its light o'er all my life be cast;  
Come now, my Saviour, from above  
And deluge all my soul with love,  
So that wherever I may go  
Thy love shall conquer every foe

# 118.—Sagina.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

I. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the

Sa-viour's blood? Died He for me who caused His pain? For me who

Him to death pur - sued? A - mazing love! How can... it be,..... That

Thou,... my God,...shouldst die.... for me? A - maz - ing love! How

can it be, That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;

I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

# 119.—Sovereignty.

Met. ♩ = 76.

*mp Andante.*

*cres.*

*mf*

1. Would Je-sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs He then on

yon - der tree? What means that strange ex - pi - ring cry? Sin -

- ners, He prays for you and me, Sin - ners, He prays for

*f Allegro. Met. ♩ = 96.*

you and me. "For - give them, Fa - ther, oh, for - give! They know not

that by Me they live, They know not that by Me they live!"

2 Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

3 Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love for every sinner free;  
That every fallen soul of man  
May taste the grace that found out me;  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love!

# 120.—Stella.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mf* Moderato.

*1st time.*

1. Come, O Thou Trav - el - ler un-known, Whom still I hold but  
My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And

*2nd time.* *cres.*

can - not see, I am left a - lone with Thee. With Thee all

*mf*

night I mean to stay And wres - tle till the break of day.

CHORUS. *Allegretto*. Met. ♩ = 66.

*f* *1st time.* *2nd time.*

Oh, the blood of Je - sus, The precious blood of Je - sus,  
Oh, the blood of Je - sus, It wash-es white as snow.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare,  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art Thou the Man that died for me?

The secret of Thy love unfold:  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me:  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure universal love Thou art:  
To me, to all, Thy mercies move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.



# 121.—Ye banks and braes.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mp Allegretto.*

1. All things are pos-si-ble to him That can in Je-sus' name believe: Lord,

*cres.* *mf*

I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov-ing-ly re-ceive;

*mf cres.* *rit.* *f* *mp*

I can, I do be-lieve in Thee, All things are pos-si-ble to me; I

*a tempo. cres.* *mf*

can, I do be-lieve in Thee, All things are pos-si-ble to me.

2 The most impossible of all  
Is that I e'er from sin should cease:  
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;  
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!  
If nothing is too hard for Thee,  
All things are possible to me.

3 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
I here shall in Thy image shine,  
Nor sin in deed or word or thought;

Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,  
They cannot break the firm decree;  
All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,  
To Christ, the power of God in man;  
To me, when I am all renewed,  
When I in Christ am formed again,  
And witness, from all sin set free,  
All things are possible to me.

## SECTION N.—8's &amp; 3's, 122—128.

## 122.—Behold, behold the Lamb of God.

*mp. Moderato.*

Met. ♩. = 60.

i. Be - hold ! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. For

us Heshed His pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross. Oh,

hear His all im - por - tant cry, "Why per - ish, blood - bought sin - ner, why?" Draw

near and see your Sa - viour die, ... On the cross, ... on the cross.

2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,  
On the cross, on the cross ;  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth salvation make—  
While Jesus suffers for our sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.

3 And now the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross ;  
The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
To heaven He turns His dying eyes ;  
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries ;  
Then bows His sacred head and dies,  
On the cross, on the cross,

# 123.—There is a better World.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mf* *Moderato.* *f* *mf*

1. There is a bet-ter 'world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Where

*mf* *f*

sin and woe are done a-way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And

*mf*

mu-sic fills the bal-my air, And an-gels with bright wings are there, And

*f*

harp of gold and man-sions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

- 2 No clouds e'er pass along that sky,  
 Happy land! Happy land!  
 No teardrops glisten in the eye.  
 Happy land! Happy land!  
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,  
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,  
 Whose brightness fills the holy place,  
 Happy land! Happy land!
- 3 And wicked things and beasts of prey  
 Come not there! Come not there!  
 And ruthless death and fierce decay  
 Come not there! Come not there!

- There all are holy, all are good;  
 But hearts unwashed in Jesu's blood,  
 And guilty sinners unrenewed,  
 Come not there! Come not there!
- 4 And though we're sinners every one,  
 Jesus died! Jesus died!  
 And though our crown of peace is gone,  
 Jesus died! Jesus died!  
 We may be cleansed from every stain,  
 We may be crowned with bliss again,  
 And in that land of glory reign,  
 Jesus died! Jesus died!

# 124.—Christ for me.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 112.

1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee; And

*cres.* my un - chang - ing choice is made, *f* Christ for me; He *Moderato.*

*mf* Met. ♩ = 72. is my Pro - phet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring, And

*cres.* while I've breath I mean to sing, *f* Christ for me! *rit.* Christ for me!

- 2 Let others boast of heaps of gold :  
Christ for me ! Christ for me !  
His riches never can be told :  
Christ for me !  
Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your honours perish in a day ;  
My portion never can decay :  
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 3 In pining sickness or in health,  
Christ for me ! Christ for me !  
In deepest poverty or wealth,  
Christ for me !  
And in that all important day,  
When I the call of death obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me ! Christ for me !

- 4 At home, abroad, by night, by day,  
Christ for me ! Christ for me !  
Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray,  
Christ for me !  
Him first, Him last, Him all day long,  
My hope, my solace, and my song ;  
I'll send the ringing cry along,  
" Christ for me ! Christ for me ! "
- 5 Now who can sing my song and say,  
" Christ for me ! Christ for me !  
My life and truth, my light and way :  
Christ for me ? "  
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
We'll form a brave salvation band,  
And shout aloud throughout the land,  
" Christ for me ! Christ for me ! "



# 125.—Tucker.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 66.$   
*mp*

*mp Andante.* *f*

1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire! Thy

*f* *mf*

blood-bought gift to-day we claim,... Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire! Look

*cres.* *f*

down and see this wait-ing host,... Give us the prom-ised Ho-ly Ghost, We

want an - o - ther Pen - te - cost,... Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

2 God of Elijah, hear our cry,  
 Send the fire!  
 He'll make us fit to live or die,  
 Send the fire!  
 To burn up every trace of sin,  
 To bring the light and glory in,  
 The revolution now begin,  
 Send the fire!

3 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead,  
 Send the fire!  
 The fire will meet our every need,  
 Send the fire!  
 For strength to ever do the right,  
 For grace to conquer in the fight,  
 For power to walk the world in white,  
 Send the fire!

# 126.—What's the news?

Met. ♩ = 66.

*mf Allegretto.*

1. When-e'er we meet, you al-ways say, "What's the news? What's the news?  
Pray what's the or-der of the day, What's the news? What's the news?"

*f*

Oh, I have got..... good news to tell!— My Sa-viour has... done all things

well, And triumphed o-ver death and hell, That's the news, That's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,  
That's the news!  
To set a world of sinners free,  
That's the news!  
For us He bowed His sacred head,  
For us His precious blood was shed;  
And now He's risen from the dead,  
That's the news!

3 His work's reviving all around,  
That's the news!  
And many have the Saviour found,  
That's the news!  
And since their souls have caught the flame,  
They shout Hosanna to His name,  
And all around they spread His fame,  
That's the news!

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 The Saviour laid His crown aside—  
For the cross;  
And there for all the world He died  
On the cross;  
His cheeks were smote, His flesh was torn,  
His sacred temples felt the thorn,  
While heaven and earth in darkness mourn  
Round the cross.

2 Our sins were all upon Him laid  
On the cross;  
For all He hath salvation made  
On the cross;

His piercèd feet, His hands and side  
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,  
Life's cleansing fount was opened wide  
On the cross.

3 Ten thousand foes did Him surround  
On the cross;  
But lo! He did them all confound  
On the cross;  
His heavenly Father veiled His face,  
While devils thronged the sacred place,  
Still He redeemed our fallen race  
On the cross.

# 127.—We're sure to win.

Met. ♩ = 88.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

I. We meet the foes of all mankind, And fight to win, and fight to win! That

all the wretch-ed, joy may find! We fight to win, We fight to win!

Though they the slaves of sin may be, And have no hope to be set free, That  
**CHORUS.** The yel-low, red, and blue shall fly A - bove our heads un - til we die, With

they may God's sal - va - tion see, We fight to win, we fight to win!  
 blood and fire, 'neath ev - 'ry sky, We're sure to win, we're sure to win!

*Repeat for Chorus.*

2 Where Satan seems to bear the sway,  
 We stand to win! We stand to win!  
 In sore temptation every day,  
 We stand to win! We stand to win!  
 Though others may run 'o and fro,  
 And to all kinds of fountains go;  
 Just where the living waters flow,  
 We stand to win! We stand to win!

3 And while we fight at His command,  
 We're sure to win! We're sure to win!  
 Beneath His flag in every land,  
 We're sure to win! We're sure to win  
 The yellow, red, and blue shall fly  
 Above our heads until we die,  
 With blood and fire 'neath every sky;  
 We're sure to win! We're sure to win

128.—We're travelling home to Heaven above.

*mf Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 84. *f*

1. We're trav'ling home to heaven a - bove,.... Will you go,..... will you go? To sing the Sa-viour's dy - ing love,.... Will you go,..... will you go? *mf* *cres.* Mil-lions have reached that bliss - ful shore, Their tri - als and their la - bours *f* *cres.* *ff* o'er, And yet there's room for mil-lions more, Will you go,..... will you go?

- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
Will you go, will you go?  
In rapturous songs to praise His name,  
Will you go, will you go?  
Our sun will then no more go down,  
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,  
Our days of mourning ever gone,  
Will you go, will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,  
Will you go, will you go?  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
Will you go, will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see,"  
Will you go, will you go?

- 4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,  
"I will go, I will go!  
I'll start this moment, clear the way,  
Let me go, Let me go!  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell;  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let me go, Let me go!"



SECTION O.—8's and 4's, 129—130.

129.—Oh, how He loves!

Met. ♩ = 92.

*mp Moderato.* *mf*

i. One there is a - bove all o - thers— Oh, how He loves!

*mp* *mf*

His is love be - yond a bro - ther's— Oh, how He loves!

*f* *dim.*

Earth-ly friends may fail and leave us, One day kind, the next de - ceive us;

*mp* *mf*

But this Friend will nev - er leave us— Oh, how He loves!

- 2 Blessed Jesus—wouldst thou know Him?  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Give thyself this moment to Him,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Best of blessings He'll provide thee,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,  
 Safe to glory He will guide thee,  
 Oh, how He loves!
- 3 'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,  
 Oh, how He loves!

- With His precious blood He bought us,  
 In the wilderness He sought us,  
 To His fold He safely brought us,  
 Oh, how He loves!
- 4 Let us, then, this love keep viewing,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 He will strengthen each endeavour;  
 And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,  
 This shall be our theme for ever,  
 Oh, how He loves!

# 130.—Saints of God lift up your voices.

*f Allegro.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Saints of God, lift up your voi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!

While the host of heaven re - joi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!

Praise Him as ye on - ward go To the realms of end - less glo - ry,

Let His praise each heart o'er - flow, Praise ye the Lord!

2 For the hope of ev'ry nation,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
He has brought for us salvation,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
Jesus died for you and me,  
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain,  
Every sinner may be free.  
Praise ye the Lord!

3 Thousands have in Christ believèd,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
And His pardoning love receivèd,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
We have joined the happy throng,  
God is with us, we're His soldiers,  
Jesus shall be all our song.  
Praise ye the Lord!

4 Sinners, you may all go with us,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
Turn from sin, believe on Jesus,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
Now's the time, no more delay,  
Hasten to the crimson fountain,  
Will you start for heaven to-day?  
Praise ye the Lord!

5 Hallelujah! We are rising,  
Praise ye the Lord!  
And the work of God's reviving.  
Praise ye the Lord!  
See our numbers how they swell,  
Onward! The Salvation Army  
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell.  
Praise ye the Lord!

## SECTION P.—8's and 5's, 131—132.

## 131.—Death is coming.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 38.

1. Sin - ners, whi - ther would you wan - der? Whi - ther would you stray?

Oh, re - mem - ber life is slen - der, 'Tis but a short day.

*f* CHORUS.

Death is com - ing, sure - ly com - ing, And the Judg - ment Day;

*mf* Has - ten, sin - ner, to the Sa - viour, Seek the nar - row way!

2 Satan has resolved to have you  
For his lawful prey;  
Jesus Christ has died to save you—  
Haste, oh, haste away!

3 Listen to the invitation,  
While He's crying, "come!"  
If you miss this great salvation,  
Hell will be your doom.

4 Soon you'll see the Lord descending  
On His great white throne,  
Saints and sinners all attending  
To receive their doom.

5 Would you 'scape the awful sentence?  
From destruction flee?  
Seek the Lord by true repentance—  
Haste to Calvary.

# 132.—Joy, behold the Saviour.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Ho, my com-rades, see the mil - lions Dy - ing, soon to die;

*cres.* *f*

Fiends and men and God de - fy - ing, End - less ru - in nigh!

*f* CHORUS

Joy!..... be-hold the Sa - viour! Joy!..... the mes-sage hear!

Joy! oh, joy! be - hold the Saviour! Joy! oh, joy! the mes-sage hear!

I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing; I've come to save you, do not fear..... Yes,

I'll stand by un - til the morn - ing, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear!

2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on!  
Drink and sin men's souls destroying,  
Hope will soon be gone.

3 See our glo:ious banner waving!  
Converts' faces glow;  
Desperate sinners God is saving,  
Spite of every foe.



## SECTION Q.—8.8.8.6., 133—13D.

## 133.—Away over Jordan.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ — 112.

i. Oh, we are go - ing to wear a crown, Oh, we are go - ing to

wear a crown, Oh, we are go - ing to wear a crown, To wear a star - ry crown.

*ff* CHORUS. *mf* *ff*

A - way o - ver Jor - dan, With our.... bles - sed Je - sus, A -

*mf*

- way o - ver Jor - dan, To wear a star - ry crown.

- 2 You must be saved to wear that crown.
- 3 You must be cleansed to wear that crown.
- 4 You must live aright to wear that crown.
- 5 You must fight the fight to wear that crown.
- 6 We'll fight the fight to wear that crown.

# 134.—Just as I am.

*mf Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

1. Just as I am— with - out 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!

*A Chorus for the above Tune, if desired.*

*f Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 104.

Just as you are, the Lord will save you, Come with-out de - lay;..... Is there

a - ny poor soul who would have sal - va-tion? Come, and we will help you on your way.

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

3 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!

4 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!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

# 135.—Take all my sins away.

*p* Adagio.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 48$ .

1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to Thee, No lon - ger can I

from Thee stay! Break every chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a - way!

*mf* CHORUS.

*mp*

Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way! O spot-less

Lamb, I come to Thee— Take all my sins a - way!

- 2 My hungry soul cries out for Thee,  
Come and for ever seal my breast:  
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,  
There only can I rest.
- 3 Weary I am of inbred sin,  
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?

Enter and speak me pure within,  
Give me Thy perfect peace.

- 4 I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,  
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee:  
Salvation full just now I claim—  
Thy Spirit sets me free.

## SECTION R.—8's and 6's, 136—139.

## 136.—Come, Comrades dear.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

i. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Je - sus' word, In

*cres.* Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on; *f* Our trou-bles and our

tri - als here Will on - ly make us rich - er there, When we ar - rive at home, When

we ar - rive at home, Will on - ly make us rich - er there, When we ar - rive at home.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun ;  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high.  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

3 And when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply :  
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth  
To living streams of richest worth  
That never will run dry.

4 And then we'll shine and shout and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
When all the saints get home.  
Come on, come on, my comrades, dear,  
We soon shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.

5 "Amen, amen!" my soul replies ;  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim a mansion there ;  
Now, here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.



# 137.—Come on my Partners.

*f* Moderato.

Met. ♩ = 76.

I. O Je - sus, Sa - viour, Christ di - vine, When shall I know..... and

feel..... Thee mine,... With - out..... a doubt or fear, With -

- out..... a doubt or fear? With an - xious, long - ing thirst... I

And keep me ho - ly here, And  
come To beg Thee make my heart Thy home, And keep me ho - ly here, And keep me ho - ly

And keep me ho - ly here, And keep..... me ho - ly..... here.  
here, And keep me ho - ly here,..... And keep me ho - ly here.  
here, And keep me ho - ly here, And keep me ho - ly here.

2 I can, I do just now believe,  
I do the heavenly grace receive,  
The Spirit makes me clean.

Christ takes the whole of my poor heart,  
No chains shall ever from me part  
My Lord who reigns supreme.

# 138.—He lives.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 96.$

1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a -  
It gives my rav - ished soul a taste, And makes me for some mo - ments

*1st time.* | *2nd time.*  
- bove, It bears on ea - gle's wings; With Je - sus, priests and kings.  
feast,

*f* CHORUS. *cres.*  
He lives, He lives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives! He  
I know He lives, I know He lives,

*ff*  
lives, He lives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives.  
I know He lives, I know He lives,

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn and wine and oil,  
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.

- 4 Oh, that I might at once go up!  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Jesus, bring me in!  
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind, remove;  
The purchase of Thy death divide!  
Give me, with all the sanctified,  
The heritage of love!

# 139.—Praise.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*f Allegro moderato.*

1. There is a dwell-ing-place a - bove— Thi-ther, to meet the God of

love, The poor... in spi - rit go; There is a par - a - dise of rest—For

con - trite hearts and souls dis - tress Its streams of com - fort flow, Its streams of com - fort flow, There

is a par - a - dise of rest—For con - trite hearts and souls dis - tress Its streams of com - fort flow.

2 There is a voice to mercy true—  
To them who mercy's path pursue  
That voice shall bliss impart :  
There is a sight from man concealed—  
That sight—the face of God revealed—  
Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a name in heaven bestowed—  
That name, which hails them sons of God,  
The friends of peace shall know :

There is a kingdom in the sky,  
Where they shall reign with God on high  
Who serve Him here below.

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose  
The better part, like them to use  
The means Thy love hath given :  
Be holiness my aim on earth,  
That death be welcomed as a birth  
To life and bliss in heaven.

SECTION S.—8's and 7's (4 lines), 140—161.

140.—Always cheerful.

*mf Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 96.

1. On-ward! up-ward! blood-washed sol-dier; Turn not back, nor sheathe thy sword,

*cres.* *f*

Let its blade be sharp for con-quest, In the bat-tle for the Lord.

*f* CHORUS.

We will make the dev-il trem-ble, Where-so-ev-er we may be;

With King Je-sus as our Lead-er, We shall gain the vic-to-ry.

2 From the great white throne eternal,  
 God Himself is looking down;  
 He it is who now commands thee—  
 Take the cross and win the crown!

3 Onward! upward! doing, daring  
 All for Him who died for thee;  
 Face the foe, and meet with boldness  
 Danger, whatsoe'er it be.



# 141.—Angels call the Roll.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

I. When the roll is called in hea - ven,.. And the host.... shall mus - ter

*f* there, I will take my place a - mong them, And their joys and triumphs share.

*f* CHORUS.  
An - gels call the roll up yon - der, Mus - ter day... in heaven pro - claim; Call the

roll,.... and at the sum - mons I will an - swer to my name.

2 When the roll is called in heaven,  
I will answer to my name;  
And come forward at the summons,  
My inheritance to claim.

3 When the roll is called in heaven,  
To the front I'll make my way,  
And be welcomed by the Master  
To the realms of endless day.

# 142.—Even me.

*p Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 80.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free ;

Showers the thirs - ty soul re - fresh-ing : Let Thy power des - cend on me !

*f* CHORUS.

E - ven me ! E - ven me ! Let Thy power de - scend on me !

- 2 Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,  
Make me feel and make me see ;  
Send the burning, cleansing fire,  
Now show forth Thy power in me !
- 3 Love of God—so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ—so rich and free,

Grace of God—so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me !

- 4 Now Thy full salvation bringing,  
Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee !  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me !

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven  
Speaks of pardon full and free ;  
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven ;  
Boundless mercy flows for thee—even thee.
- 2 See the healing fountain springing  
From the Saviour on the tree ;  
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,  
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—even thee.
- 3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,  
"Come and lay thy soul on Me :

- Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  
I have rest and peace for thee—even thee."
- 4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,  
From thy sin and woe be free :  
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,  
Gladly will He welcome thee—even thee.
  - 5 There, in love for ever dwelling,  
Jesus all thy joy shall be ;  
And thy song shall still be telling  
All His mercy did for thee—even thee.

# 143.—Glory, glory to the Lamb.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

1. Pre-cious Je - sus, oh, to love Thee! Oh, to know that Thou art

mine! Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

*f* CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the

*mf*

Lamb! Oh, the cleans-ing blood has reached me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

2 Take my warmest, best affections,  
Take my memory, mind, and will;  
Then with all Thy loving Spirit  
All my emptied nature fill.

3 Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,  
Fearless stretch my eager hand;  
Virtue, like a healing fountain,  
Freely flows at love's command.

4 Oh! how precious, dear Redeemer,  
Is the love that fills my soul:  
It is done, the word is spoken,  
"Be thou every whit made whole."

5 Lo! a new creation dawning;  
Lo! I rise to life divine;  
In my soul an Easter morning;  
I am Christ's and Christ is mine.

# 144.—I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

*p* Moderato.

Met. ♩ = 84.

r. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee ;

*cres.* *mf*  
Though I be des - pised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

*f* CHORUS.  
I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me ; And tho'  
blood for me ;

all the world for - sake Thee, By Thy grace I will fol - low Thee.

- 2 Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet low rich is my condition !  
God and heaven are still my own !
- 3 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not like them, untrue.
- 4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might,

Foes may hate and friends may shun me,  
Show Thy face and all is bright.

- 5 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 6 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me !  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !



# 145.—Land beyond the blue.

*f Allegro moderato.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 112.$

1. We are march-ing home to glo - ry, March-ing up to man-sions bright,

Where the gold-en harps are play-ing, Where the saints are robed in white.

*ff* CHORUS.

There's a gol-den harp in glo - ry, There's a spot-less robe for you ;

*f*

When we reach the Hal-le-lu-jah ci - ty, In the land be-yond the blue.

2 March to swell the Hallelujah chorus,  
With departed friends to stay ;  
Sweetest notes of heavenly music  
Upon golden harps to play.

3 March across death's swelling river—  
Jesus will the waves divide ;

We shall have a Hallelujah heaven,  
When we reach the other side.

4 Sinners, join our happy Army,  
March with us to Canaan's shore ;  
Robes of white and harps of glory,  
May be yours for evermore !

# 146.—Loved ones gone before.

*mp Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. I no long - er fear death's riv - er, Bold - ly I shall breast its tide ;

From His hand there's nought can sev - er, Who will then be near to guide.

*mf* CHORUS.

When I come to death's dark riv - er, Je - sus will be there to guide me o'er ;

There where sor - row ne'er can en - ter, I shall meet the loved ones gone be - fore.

- 2 Full of joy will be the meeting  
With the friends on yonder shore ;  
There they wait to give me greeting  
When my fight of faith is o'er.
- 3 There the heart ne'er feels the sorrow  
That on earth from parting springs ;  
No dark fear about to-morrow  
O'er the soul a shadow brings.

- 4 For the weary heart there's blessing  
In the hope of that bright home ;  
Where the cross we find so pressing,  
For the crown shall be laid down.
- 5 Brother, are your sins forgiven ?  
Fearless can you cross death's tide ?  
Those whose hearts with guilt are laden  
Ne'er can reach the other side.

# 147.—Marseillaise.

*f* Allegro con spirito.

Met. ♩ = 120.

I. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo-ry, I'm a sol-dier go-ing home; Come and home, yes, going home;

hear me tell my sto-ry, All who love the Sa-viour, come.

*ff* CHORUS.

March *mf*

To arms, to arms, ye brave! See, see..... the stan-dard wave!

on, march on, March on, march on, The trumpet sounds, To vic-tory or death.

2 I will tell you what induced me  
In the glorious fight to start;  
'Twas the Saviour's loving-kindness  
Overcame and won my heart.

3 When I first commenced my warfare,  
Many said, "He'll run away;"  
But they all have been deceived—  
In the fight I am to-day.

4 I'm a wonder unto many,  
God alone the change has wrought;  
Here I raise my "Ebenezer,"  
Hither by His help I'm brought.

5 When to death's dark, swelling river,  
Like a warrior, I shall come,  
Then I mean to shout, "Salvation!"  
And go singing "Glory!" home.

# 148.—Never can tell.

*mf Allegro moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Lis-ten to the in - vi - ta - tion: "Come, ye wea - ry, come to Me!"

*f*

Come, and you shall find sal - va - tion! Will you not to Je - sus flee?

*mf* CHORUS. *cres.*

You never can tell when the Lord will call you, You never can tell when your end will be,

*f*

Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain, Come and get saved, and hap-py be.

2 Jesus loves you ; do not tarry !  
Hasten to His side to-day,  
And, by faith on Him relying,  
All your guilt will roll away.

3 Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him ;  
For, when you are called to die,  
You will want a loving Saviour,  
So in time for mercy cry.



# 149.—None of Self.

*mp Adagio.* Met. ♩ = 56.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could

*cres.*

ev - er be When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty Plead in

*mf* *p*

vain, and proud - ly answered— "All of self, and none of Thee!"

2 Yet He found me, I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,  
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father,"  
And my wistful heart said faintly—  
"Some of self, and some of Thee!"

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full, and free,  
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered—  
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

4 Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
Grant me now my spirit's longing—  
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

## Another song to the above Tune.

1 Lord, I come to Thee beseeching  
For a heart-renewing here,  
Up to Thee my hands are stretching,  
After Thee my heart is reaching,  
Saviour, in Thy power draw near.

2 'Neath the searching light of heaven,  
Here a deeper truth I see,  
Though the past was long forgiven,  
One more chain must yet be riven,  
Lord, from self I am not free.

3 Though Thy light some pain is bringing,  
Thou art answering my prayer,  
To Thy promises I'm clinging;  
At Thy cross myself I'm flinging,  
For the blood is flowing there.

4 'Tis the blood—oh, wondrous river!  
Now its power has touched my soul,  
'Tis the blood from sin can sever,  
'Tis the blood that doth deliver,  
Here and now it makes me whole.

# 150.—Oh! the Peace my Saviour gives!

Met. ♩ = 69.

*p Andante.*

1. Once I thought I walked with Je - sus, Yet such changeful feelings had,

*cres.*

*mf*

Some-times trusting, sometimes doubting, Some-times joy-ful, sometimes sad.

*mf* CHORUS.

Oh, the peace my Sa-viour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be - fore!

*poco rit.*

And my way has bright-er grown, Since I learned to trust Him more.

2 But He called me closer to Him,  
Bade my doubts and fears all cease;  
And when I had fully yielded  
Filled my soul with perfect peace.

3 Now I'm trusting ev'ry moment,  
Nothing less can be enough;  
And my Saviour bears me gently  
O'er those places once so rough.

# 151.—Only Thee.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

1. On - ly Thee, my soul's Re-deem - er ! Whom have I in heaven be - side ?

Who on earth, with love so ten - der, All my wand'ring steps will guide ?

*mf* CHORUS.

On - ly Thee ! On - ly Thee ! Lov - ing Sa - viour, On - ly Thee !

- 2 Only Thee ! No joy I covet  
But the joy to call Thee mine—  
Joy that gives the blest assurance  
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.
- 3 Only Thee ! I ask no other,  
Thou art more than all to me ;

Life, or health, or creature comfort—  
I would give them all for Thee.

- 4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,  
Would my raptured vision see,  
While my faith is reaching upward,  
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, I am waiting,  
Waiting to be cleansed from sin ;  
Now for Thee my all forsaking,  
Come and speak me pure within.
- 2 Jesus, Saviour, I am praying,  
Praying Thou wilt every day,  
Never leaving, ever staying,  
Walk beside me all the way.

- 3 Jesus, Saviour, I will follow—  
Follow just where Thou shalt lead ;  
Though the path bring pain and sorrow,  
Yet supply me every need.
- 4 Jesus, Saviour, I am leaving—  
Leaving all to follow Thee ;  
Now, by faith, Thy peace receiving,  
Thou art living one with me !

# 152.—We are out on the Ocean sailing.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

i. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweet - ly glide;  
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

*mf* CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be ov - er, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bour;

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,  
Over on the golden shore;  
Millions more are on their journey,  
Yet there's room for millions more.
- 3 Come on board and ship for glory;  
Be in haste, make up your mind,  
For our vessel's weighing anchor;  
You will soon be left behind.
- 4 We have kindred over yonder,  
On that bright and happy shore;

- By-and-by we'll swell the number,  
When the toils of life are o'er.
- 5 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on;  
All on board are sweetly singing,—  
Free salvation is the song.
- 6 When we all are safely anchored  
Over on the shining shore,  
We will march about the city,  
And we'll sing for evermore.



# 153.—Room for Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mp Moderato.*

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus— He who bore your load of sin?.....

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?

*mf* CHÓRUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!.....

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, o - bey!.....  
 Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!

Swing your heart's door wide - ly o - pen! Bid Him en - ter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business;  
 But for Christ the Crucified—  
 Not a place that He can enter.  
 In the heart for which He died!

3 Have you any time for Jesus,  
 As in grace He calls again?

Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted,"  
 To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus;  
 Soon will pass God's day of grace;  
 Soon your heart be cold and silent,  
 And your Saviour's pleadings cease.

# 154.—Sad and Weary with my Longing.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

i. Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Filled with shame because of sin ;

As I am, in con-sci-ous weak - ness, Here I must sal - va - tion win.

*mf* CHÓRUS. *Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 80.

All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross ;

*cres.*  
I am com-ing to the Mas - ter, I am cling-ing to the cross.

*f* Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling-ing to the cross.  
*rit.*  
cling - - ing, cling - - ing,

2 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus !  
It is dawning on my soul ;

I am finding His salvation,  
And the power that makes me whole.

# 155.—Shall we gather at the River?

Met. ♩ = 76.

*mp Moderato.*

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod ;

With its crys-tal tide for ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?

*f* CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er :

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Dashing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever  
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

- 4 At the shining of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever  
Raise their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

# 156.—Shall we meet beyond the River?

*mp Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

I. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, In that bright and hap - py land,

And with the re-deemed for ev - er, In our Sa - viour's pre - sence stand?

*mf* CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet,

*mp*

Shall we meet be - yond the ri - ver, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast our anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with many loved ones,  
Who were torn from our embrace?

Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?

4 Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,  
Never to be parted more;  
There we'll praise our Saviour ever  
On that bright and happy shore.



# 157.—Silver Threads.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mp Moderato, con espress.*

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.

*mf* CHORUS.

*cres.*

*f*

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do !.....

*mp*  
I love Je - sus, He's my Sa - viour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

2 Here I sit, in wonder viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace!

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.

5 May I still enjoy this blessing,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove His death each day more healing,  
And Himself more fully know.

# 158.—The Gospel Ship.

*mf Allegro moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 66.

1. The gos - pel ship a - long is sail - ing, Bound for Ca - naan's peace - ful shore ;  
 CHORUS. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah ! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry,

*f*

All who wish to go to glo - ry, Come and wel - come, rich and poor.  
 See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry, O - pen to each faith - ful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed  
 Far beyond this mortal shore ;  
 Thousands still are sailing in her,  
 Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,  
 All ye gales of gospel grace ;  
 Carrying every faithful sailor  
 To his heavenly landing-place.

4 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
 Sail with us through life's rough sea ;  
 Then with us you shall be happy,  
 Happy through eternity.

## *Another song to the above Tune.*

1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me !  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
 Oh ! the cleansing blood has reached me,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come ;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

# 159.—This is why I love my Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

I. Would you know why I love Je - sus—Why He is so dear to

me? 'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Sa - viour From my sins has ran-somed me.

*f* CHORUS.

This is why..... I love my Je - - sus, This is

This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why..... I love Him so; He has par - - doned my trans-

why I love my Jesus, This is why I love Him so; He has pardoned my transgressions, He has

- gres - sions, He has washed..... me white as white as snow.

pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, He has washed me white as snow.

# 160.—Turn to the Lord.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel feast to - day ;  
Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you, can you, yet de - lay?

*f* CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name ;

*mf*

Glo - ry, hon - our and sal - va - tion—Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Come, oh, come, all things are ready,  
To your Saviour's bosom fly ;  
Leave the worthless world behind you ;  
Seek for pardon, or you die.

3 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,  
Were they more than tongue can tell—  
What are all its boasted treasures  
To a soul when sunk in hell?

*Words of No. 159 continued.*

2 Would you know why I love Jesus—  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because the blood of Jesus  
Fully saves and cleanses me.

3 Would you know why I love Jesus—  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because, amid temptation,  
He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus—  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because in every conflict  
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus—  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because my Friend and Saviour  
He will ever, ever be.



# 161.—What a Friend we have in Jesus.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry Ev - ry - thing to God in prayer!

*cres.*

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what end - less pain we bear—

*f*

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ry - thing to God in prayer!

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

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arm He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## SECTION T.—8.7.4., 162—170.

## 162.—Austria.

*mf Maestoso.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. O Thou God of ev'-ry na-tion, We now for Thy bless-ing call; Fit us

for full con - se - cra-tion, Let the fire from heav - en fall; Bless our

*cres.* Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! With Thy power bap-tize us all; Bless our

Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! With Thy power bap-tize us all.

- 2 Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit ;  
 Make our soldiers white as snow ;  
 Save the world through Jesus' merit,  
 Satan's kingdom overthrow !  
 Bless our Army !  
 Send us where we ought to go !
- 3 Give us all more holy living,  
 Fill us with abundant power ;  
 Give The Army more thanksgiving,

Greater victories every hour.  
 Bless our Army !  
 Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.

- 4 Bless our General, bless our Leaders !  
 Bless our Officers as well ;  
 Bless Headquarters—bless our soldiers ;  
 Bless the foes of sin and hell !  
 Bless our Army !  
 We will all Thy goodness tell

# 163.—Blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge.

*mf Moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 66.

1. Bless-ed Lord, in.... Thee is re-fuge, Safe-ty for my

*f* *mf*

trem-bling soul, Power to... lift my... head when droop-ing,

*cres.* *f* *mp*

'Midst the an-gry bil-lows' roll. I will trust Thee,

*cres.* *f*

I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt con-trol.

2 In the past too unbelieving  
 'Midst the tempest I have been,  
 And my heart has slowly trusted  
 What my eyes have never seen.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

3 Oh, for trust that brings the triumph,  
 When defeat seems strangely near!  
 Oh, for faith that changes fighting  
 Into victory's ringing cheer!  
 Faith triumphant!  
 Knowing not defeat or fear.

# 164.—Calcutta.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

I. Love di - vine, from Je - sus flow - ing, Liv - ing wa - ters rich and free,

Won - drous love, with - out a lim - it, Flow - ing through e - ter - ni - ty.

*p* Bound - less o - cean, Bound - less o - cean, *cres.* I would cast my - self in Thee,

*f* I would cast my - self in Thee, I..... would cast my - self in Thee, I would Thee,.....

*cres.*..... *ff* cast myself in Thee, I would cast myself in Thee, I would cast my - self in Thee.

2 Love surpassing understanding,  
Angels would the myst'ry scan,  
Yet so tender that it reaches  
To the lowest child of man—  
Let me, Jesus, better know salvation's plan.

3 Love that pardons past transgression.  
Love that cleanses every stain,  
Love that fills to overflowing  
And invites to drink again—  
Precious fountain! which to open Christ was slain.



# 165.—Guide me, Great Jehovah!

*mf Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is marked *mf Moderato.* and has a tempo marking 'Met. ♩ = 72.'. The lyrics for the first system are: '1. Hark! the gos - pel news is sound - ing, Christ has suf - fered'. The second system starts with a dynamic marking of *f* and continues the lyrics: 'on the tree; Streams of mer - cy are a - bound - ing,'. The third system starts with a dynamic marking of *mf* and continues: 'Grace for all is rich and free. Now, poor sin - ner,'. The fourth system concludes the lyrics: 'Now, poor sin - ner, Look to Him who died for thee.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and repeat signs.

1. Hark! the gos - pel news is sound - ing, Christ has suf - fered  
on the tree; Streams of mer - cy are a - bound - ing,  
Grace for all is rich and free. Now, poor sin - ner,  
Now, poor sin - ner, Look to Him who died for thee.

- 2 Oh, escape to yonder mountain!  
Refuge find in Him to-day;  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away;  
Do not tarry,  
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied,  
Still it flows as fresh as ever

From the Saviour's wounded side;  
None need perish;  
All may live, for Christ has died.

- 4 Christ alone shall be our portion,  
Soon we hope to meet above,  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love;  
All His fulness  
We shall then for ever prove.

166.—He is bringing to His Fold

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Lo! the foun - tain,

o - pened wide, Streams through ev' - ry land and na - tion

*cres.* From the Sa - viour's wound - ed side..... *f* Full sal - va - tion!

Full sal - va - tion! Streams an end - less crim - son tide.

- 2 Oh, the glorious revelation!  
See the cleansing current flow,  
Washing stains of condemnation  
Whiter than the driven snow:  
Full salvation!  
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know!
- 3 Love's resistless current sweeping  
All the regions deep within;  
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping

- Now, and every instant, clean;  
Full salvation!  
From the guilt and power of sin.
- 4 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,  
Fear and grief are mine no more!  
Faith knows nought of dark to-morrow,  
For my Saviour goes before!  
Full salvation!  
Full and free for evermore.

# 167.—Helmsley.

*f* *Maestoso.*

Met. ♩ - 96.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds..... des - cend - ing,  
Thou - sand thou - sand saints..... at - tend - ing,

Once..... for fa - voured sin - ners slain;....  
Swell..... the tri - umph of His train....

*mp* Hal - - le - lu - jah! *cres.* Hal - - le - lu - jah!

*ff* Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling body bears  
Cause of endless exultation

- To His ransomed worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
Hallelujah!  
Everlasting God, come down!

# 168.—The Last Rose of Summer.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*p* Adagio.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, drift-ing downwards, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je-sus

rea-dy stands to save you, Full of pi-ty, love and power! He is

a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing, Doubt no more,.... He is

a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and ruined by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better

You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
Hear Him cry before He dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?



# 169.—Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.

*p* Moderato.

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. Sa - viour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-d' rest care ;

In Thy plea - sant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre - pare.

*mf* CHORUS.

Bles - sed Je - sus, Bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are ; Bles - sed

Je - sus, Bles - sed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be :  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :  
 Blessèd Jesus,  
 Let us early turn to Thee !

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,  
 Early let us do Thy will ;  
 Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,  
 With Thy joy our bosoms fill :  
 Blessèd Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us ; love us still !

# 170.—Take Salvation.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling—"Come, ye guil - ty, come to Me;

I have rest and peace to of - fer; Rest, thou la - b'ring one, for thee;

*cres.* Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, *f*

Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion,

Take it now and hap - py be, Take it now and hap - py be."

2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,  
Still the Saviour calls to thee:  
Faith can hear His invitational—  
"Come, ye laden, come to Me:  
Take salvation—  
Take it now and happy be."

3 Soon that voice will cease its calling,  
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;  
Sinner, heed the gracious message—

"To the blood for refuge flee:  
Take salvation—  
Take it now, and happy be."

4 Life is found alone in Jesus,  
Only there 'tis offered thee—  
Offered without price or money,  
'Tis the gift of God, sent free—  
Take salvation—  
Take it now, and happy be.

## SECTION U.—8's and 7's (8 lines), 171—176.

## 171.—I have Pleasure in His Service.

*p Andante con express.*Met.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

1. What are now those burning long-ings, Oh, so strong with-in my breast, Long-ings

for the smile of Je-sus, Longings to be set at rest? When I see my sin and

sor-row, Tears of bit-ter an-guish fall; For I know I once loved Je-sus More than

all, yes, more than all! For I know I once loved Jesus More than all, yes, more than all!

2 What are now these doubts that hinder,  
 Fears that point my soul to doom?  
 Darkening tempests o'er me gather,  
 In my heart peace has no room.  
 Can, oh, can I not find refuge  
 Where no terror can appal?  
 Yes, just now I'll turn to Jesus,  
 And I'll love Him more than all.

3 Where are now those chains that bound me—  
 Chains of sin, and self and pride?  
 Hallelujah! Jesus broke them  
 When I sought His riven side;

Now a sweeter, nobler bondage  
 Doth my raptured soul enthrall,  
 For there's pleasure in His service,  
 More than all, yes, more than all.

4 Where are now the golden fancies  
 That were mine in days of yore?  
 They are gone like fleeting shadows,  
 And I feel their charms no more;  
 For I left my idle dreaming  
 When I heard the Master's call,  
 For there's pleasure in His service,  
 More than all, yes, more than all

# 172.—Life's Morn will soon be Waning.

*mp Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 70.

1. I have given up all for Je-sus, This vain world is nought to me; All its

*cres.*  
plea-sures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal-va-ry. Tho' my friends despise, for-

- sake me, And on me the world looks cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the  
But my heart will know no sadness When the

*FINE. f* CHORUS.  
pear-ly gates un-fold. Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And the ev'-ning bells will toll ;  
pear-ly gates un-fold.

2 When the voice of Jesus calls me,  
And the angels whisper low,  
I will lean upon my Saviour,  
Through the valley as I go ;  
I will claim His precious promise,  
Worth to me the world of gold,  
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee  
When the pearly gates unfold."

3 Just beyond the waves of Jordan,  
Just beyond its chilling tide,  
Blooms the tree of life immortal,  
And the living waters glide.  
In that happy land of spirits,  
Flowers bloom on hills of gold,  
And the angels are awaiting  
Where the pearly gates unfold,



# 173.—My Father knows.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. I'm a pil - grim and a strang - er, Rough and thorn - y is the road—

Oft - en in the midst of dan - ger, But it leads to God.  
Anx - ious cares and thoughts per - plex me, But my Fa - ther knows.

. Clouds and dark - ness oft dis - tress me, Great and ma - ny are my foes,

- 2 Oh! how sweet is this assurance,  
Midst the conflict and the strife;  
Although sorrows past endurance  
Follow me through life,—  
Home in prospect still can cheer me,  
Yes, and give me sweet repose,  
While I feel His presence near me,—  
For my Father knows.
- 3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,  
Watches over me in love;  
Sends me help when foes assail me,  
Bids me look above.

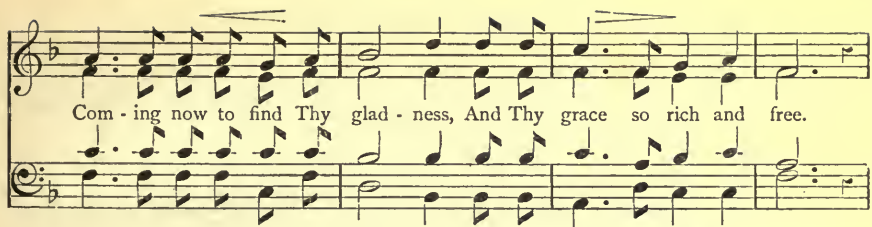
- Soon my journey will be ended,  
Life is drawing to a close;  
I shall then be well attended—  
This my Father knows.
- 4 I shall then with joy behold Him,  
Face to face my Father see,  
Fall with rapture and adore Him  
For His love to me;  
Nothing more shall then distress me,  
In the land of sweet repose:  
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—  
This my Father knows.

# 174.—O Saviour, I am Coming!

*mp Andante con express.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

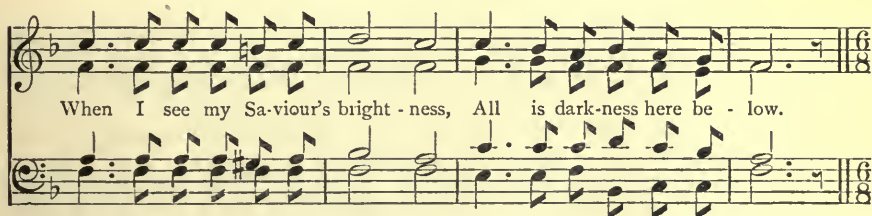
1. With my heart so full of sad - ness, I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee;



Com - ing now to find Thy glad - ness, And Thy grace so rich and free.

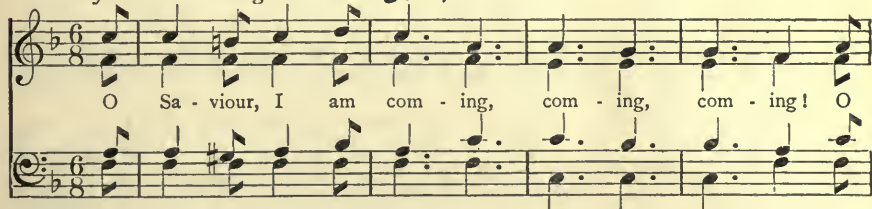


Emp - ty is the world's en - joy - ment, Fleet - ing is its glit - t'ring show ;

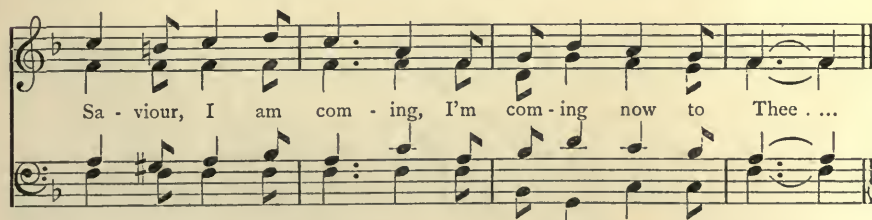


When I see my Sa - viour's bright - ness, All is dark - ness here be - low.

*mf* CHORUS. *Allegretto*. Met. ♩. = 72.



O Sa - viour, I am com - ing, com - ing, com - ing ! O



Sa - viour, I am com - ing, I'm com - ing now to Thee . . .

2 Coming with my heart of sorrow,  
 Coming with my life of care,  
 Coming to the Lord of mercy—  
 Coming to the God of prayer;

Leaving all the world behind me,  
 Leaving all my doubts and fears,  
 Pressing on to find my Saviour,  
 Who will wipe away my tears.

# 175.—Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Met. ♩ = 116.

*mf Allegro*

1. Wea-ry wand'rer, wilt thou lis-ten, While I sing of dy-ing love? Which did

make the Sa-viour hast-en From the rich-est realms a - bove : In a sta-ble and a

*cres.* *f*  
man-ger Did the Prince of Glo-ry lay; In the world He was a stranger, While He

*mf* CHORUS. *cres.*  
sought for souls a - stray. Hark ! hear the Sa-viour knocking, Hark ! hear the Sa - viour

*f*  
knock-ing, Hark ! hear the Sa - viour knocking! Wilt thou let Him en - ter now?

2 'Twas on Calvary's rugged mountain  
Where they nailed Him to a tree ;  
From His open side the fountain  
Flows in blood for thee and me.

Though thou hast refused an entrance  
To this Prince of Peace so fair,  
If thou'lt knock in true repentance  
Thou shalt find He still is there.

# 176.—Speak, Saviour, speak.

*p Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll o - bey; While be

- fore Thy cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears a - way! Oh, let the light now

falling Re - veal my ev' - ry need; Now hear me while I'm call - ing, Oh,

*p* CHORUS.

Speak, and I will heed. Speak, Sa - viour, speak! O - bey Thee I will

ev - er; Down at Thy Cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev - er.

2 Let me hear and I will follow  
Though the path be strewed with thorns;  
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,  
Thou makest calm the storm.

Now my heart Thy temple making,  
In Thy fulness dwell with me;  
Every evil way forsaking,  
Thine only I will be.



SECTION W.—10s, 177—179.

177.—Abide with me.

*p Adagio.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 66.

I. A - bid with me! Fast falls the ev - en tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid e!..... When oth - er help - ers

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour—  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

# 178.—Christians, awake.

Met. ♩ - 38.

*mf Moderato.*

1. Chris-tians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn Where - on the Sa - vour of man -

- kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love

Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful

tid - ings first be - gun Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,  
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
 To you and all the nations upon earth;  
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

# 179.—Poor Old Joe.

Met. ♩ = 66

*mp Moderato.*

1. Gone are the days of wretch-ed-ness and sin, Gone are the days of

*cres.* *f*

conflicts fierce with-in, Gone far a-way, no more my soul to know; My

*f* CHORUS.

Saviour's blood my heart is keeping White as snow. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, For with

*f*

Je-sus now I live, And constant peace, and joy, and com-fort He doth give.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurned;<br/>Gone are the times when from Calvary's scene I turned;<br/>Gone, to be brought against me never more!<br/>My Saviour's blood has bought my pardon—<br/>Safe and sure.</p> | <p>4 Come are the joys of a heart in blood washed white;<br/>Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right;<br/>Come to my heart, there for ever to remain,<br/>"For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—<br/>"Death is gain!"</p> |
| <p>3 Gone are the doubts of a soul that dare not trust;<br/>Gone are the fears of a heart by sorrow crushed;<br/>Gone, by the blood swept far from me away,<br/>And now I live in constant rapture—<br/>Night and day.</p>            | <p>5 Come is my King, my heart and life to cheer,<br/>Come is my Lord to keep from doubt and fear,<br/>Come mine to be while I to Him belong,<br/>And He is all my hope and comfort—<br/>Joy and song!</p>                              |

## SECTION X.—10's and 11's, 180—181.

## 180.—I'll drink when I'm dry.

*mf Allegretto.* Met. ♩ = 92.

1. Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such

*f*

tri - fles With me is now o'er; A coun - try I've found Where true joys a -

CHORUS.

- bound, To dwell, I'm de - termined, On that hap - py ground. I'll drink when I'm

dry, I'll drink a sup - ply: I'll drink from the foun - tain that nev - er runs dry.

- 2 Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin;  
'Midst outward afflictions Shall find Christ within;  
No mortal doth know What He can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort: Go after Him, go!
- 3 And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;

But this I can find, We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory And leave me behind.

- 4 And now I do care That my neighbours should share  
These blessings—to seek them Will none of you dare?  
In bondage, oh why, And death, will you lie?  
When Jesus assures you Salvation is nigh?



# 181.—Harwich.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

I. All ye that pass by, to Je - sus draw nigh! To

*cres.* you is it noth - ing that Je - sus should die? Your Ran - som and

Peace, your Sure - ty He is: Come, see, come, see, Come,

see if there ev - er was sor - row like His. *1st time.* sor - row like His. *2nd time.*

2 For what you have done, His blood must atone:  
The Father has punished for you His dear Son:  
The Lord in the day of His anger did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 For you and for me He prayed on the tree;  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus' blest name.  
He purchased the grace which now I embrace  
O Father, Thou know'st, He has died in my place!

5 His death is my plea: my Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that has answered for me;  
Acquitted I was when He bled on the cross,  
And by losing His life He has carried my cause.

## SECTION Y.—II's, 182—192.

## 182.—Hiding in Thee.

Met. ♩ = 92.

*p* Moderato.

i. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my  
ends of the earth un - to Thee will I cry, Lead

*1st.*

heart is o'er - whelm - ed with trou - ble and care;..... From the  
me to the Rock that is

*2nd.* *p* CHORUS. *cres.*

high - er than I. High - er than I, High - er than  
Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in

*f*

I; Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.  
Thee; Thou blest Rock of A - ges, I'm hid - ing in Thee.

- 2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,  
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of  
good,  
I'll pray to the Saviour, who kindly did die,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 3 When Thou, Lord, shalt close my pilgrimage  
here;  
In Jesus' own righteousness may I appear;

In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,  
'And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

- 4 And when the last trumpet shall sound  
through the skies,  
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall  
arise,  
As I soar in the air to the angels I'll cry,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

# 183.—Home, sweet Home.

*p* Moderato con express.

Met. ♩ = 84.

I. My rest is in hea - ven, my rest... is not here, Then why should I

*mf*  
mur - mur when tri - als are near? Be hushed, my sad spi - rit—the

worst that can come But short - ens my jour - ney, and hast - ens me home.

*f* CHORUS.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no friend like Jesus, There's no place like home!

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss  
And building my hopes in a region like  
this;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The winds of affliction around me may  
blow,  
And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing  
below;  
I smile at the storm, as I lean on His breast,  
And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.

- 4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,  
They'll only make heaven more sweet at the  
close;  
Come joy or come sorrow, what'er may befall,  
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
- 5 With Christ in my heart, and His sword in my  
hand,  
I'll march on in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it  
with song.

# 184.—Lord Jesus, I long.

*p Andante, con express.* *mf* Met. ♩ = 60.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole,  
I want Thee for ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me and I shall be

*f* CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than

*mp*

snow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain;  
To get this blest washing I all things forego,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne in  
the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself and whatever I know,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,  
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet;

By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought Thee Thou never  
saidst No!  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

6 Thy blessing by faith I receive from above,  
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;  
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I  
know  
The blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.



# 185.—My Jesus I love Thee.

*mf Moderato con express.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, ... For Thee all the

plea - sures of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my

Sa - viour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, if ev - er I

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

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first lovèd me,  
And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree;  
I love thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,  
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 O boundless salvation! deep ocean of love!  
O fulness of mercy Christ brought from above,  
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,  
Now flowing for all men—come roll over me!

2 My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,  
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;  
But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea,  
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me!

# 186.—Oh, the Drunkard may come.

*mp Andante con moto.*

Met. ♩ = 69.

♩  
 Poor sin - ner, thy Sa - viour is wait - ing for thee— Is  
 drunk - ard may come, and the swear - er may come, Back -

wait - ing to see if from sin thou wilt flee ; His love is so bound - less, so  
 - sli - ders and sin - ners are all welcome home ; If you will but re - pent, and be

*cres.* *f* FINE. CHORUS. ♩  
 full, and so free—Then why not come home while He's wait - ing for thee ? Oh, the  
 washed in the blood, For ev - er and ev - er you will dwell with the Lord.

2 The Lord is now looking, poor sinner, for thee ;  
 He knows thy poor soul is in great misery ;  
 From sin, fear, and death He would fain set thee free :  
 Come now to thy Saviour, He's waiting for thee.

3 The Lord who has bought thee has waited so long,  
 Oh, haste thee at once, or thy chance will be gone ;  
 Then ever in darkness, shut out thou must be  
 For ever from Jesus, who now waits for thee.

*The second song of No. 185 continued.*

3 O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood  
 On the brink of thy wonderful, life-giving  
 flood !

Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing  
 sea,  
 I will not go back till it rolls over me.

4 The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the  
 wave,  
 I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save ;"

My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll  
 be—  
 I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me.

5 And now, Hallelujah ! the rest of my days  
 Shall gladly be spent in promoting His  
 praise,  
 Who opened His bosom to pour out this  
 sea  
 Of boundless salvation for you and for me !

# 187.—Stand like the Brave.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*f* *Con spirito.*

1. God's trum-pet is sound-ing, "To arms!" is the call, More war-ri-ers are

want-ed to help on the war; My King's in the bat-tle, He's

call-ing for me, A sal-va-tion sol-dier for Je-sus I'll be.

*mf* *cres.* *ff*  
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.

2 On land and on water my colours I'll show,  
Through ten thousand battles with Jesus I'll  
go;  
In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me,  
His blood-and-fire soldier for ever I'll be.

3 When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed,  
Sin, death, hell and fiends shall not make me  
afraid;  
From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free,  
A salvation soldier for God I will be.

4 I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword  
and shield,  
And count it an honour to die in the field;  
In death and the grave there is victory for me,  
A salvation soldier in glory I'll be.

5 The war will go on till the world is pos-  
sessed,  
The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed:  
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see,  
The Salvation Army's the Army for me.

# 188.—The Blast of the Trumpet.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

I. The blast of the trum - pet, so loud and so

shrill, Will short-ly re - ec - ho o'er o - cean and hill.

*f* CHORUS.

When the migh - ty, migh - ty, migh - ty trump sounds, "Come, come a -

way!" Oh, may we be read - y to hail that glad day.

- 2 The earth and the waters shall yield up the dead,  
And the saved ones with joy will awake from their bed.
- 3 The shouts of the angels will burst from the skies,  
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.
- 4 The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair,  
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.
- 5 The cry of the Bridegroom shall echo around,  
And the Bride in her beauty go forth at the sound.
- 6 Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,  
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne.
- 7 O land of the holy, the happy and free,  
In Jesus thy portals are open to me!



# 189.—The Blue Bells of Scotland.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 112.

I. O Je - sus! O Je - sus! how vast Thy love to me! I'll

bathe in its full o - cean to all e - ter - ni - ty;

*S<sup>cres.</sup>* And, wend - ing on to glo - ry, this all my song shall be,— I

was a guil - ty sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me. *D.S.*

2 O Calv'ry! O Calv'ry! the thorn, the crown, the spear,  
'Tis there Thy love, my Jesus, in flowing wounds appear:  
O depths of love and mercy, to those dear wounds I flee;  
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.

3 I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Jesus, to Thy throne,  
A few more fleeting hours and I shall be at home;  
And when I reach those pearly gates then I'll put in this plea—  
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.

# 190.—The Lion of Judah.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro.*

1. Come, sin - ners, to Je - sus; no lon - ger de - lay; A  
 CHORUS. For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And

free, full sal - va - tion is off - ered to - day; A -  
 give us the vic - tory a - gain and a - gain; For the

*cres.*

- rise, all ye bond - slaves, A - wake from your dream! Be -  
 Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And

*f*  
 - lieve,..... and the light and the glo - ry shall stream.  
 give..... us the vic - tory a - gain and a - gain.

2 The world will oppose you, and Satan will rage :  
 To hinder your coming they both will engage ;  
 But Jesus, your Saviour, hath conquered for you,  
 And He will assist you to conquer them too.

3 Though rough be the fighting, and troubles arise,  
 There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies ;  
 A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view—  
 The laurels of vict'ry are waiting for you.

# 191.—The Wounds of Christ.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*p Adagio.*

1. Dark shadows were fall - ing, My spi - rit ap - pall - ing, For hid - den in my heart sin's deep  
And when I was weeping, The past o'er me creeping, I

*2nd.*

crim - son stain lay, heard of the blood that could wash sin a - way.

*p* CHORUS. *Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 84.

The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were made for thee; The

wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for re - fuge flee.

2 It soothes all life's sorrows,  
It smoothes all its furrows,  
It binds up the wounds which transgression has  
made;  
It turns night to morning,  
So truly adorning  
The spirit with joy when all other lights fade.

3 The current's first waking,  
Was when Christ was taking  
A world's shame and sorrow through death and  
the grave;  
And angels were scheming  
To make known the meaning  
To the hearts of all nations His power to save.

# 192.—There's no one like Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 116.

*mf Allegro.*

1. I've tra-velled the rough paths of life in my day, But Je - sus, He met me up -

- on the broad way; He par-doned my sins, and my soul He set free, And the

*f* CHORUS.  
broad way to death has no charms now for me. There's no one like Je - sus can

cheer me to - day, His love and His kind - ness can ne'er fade a - way; In

winter, in sum-mer, in sun-shine, in rain, My Saviour's af-fections are always the same.

2 The joys of this world I have left far behind,  
They brought only sorrow and care to my mind;  
The heart that was once in such misery and pain,  
To-day is rejoicing in Jesus's name.



## SECTION Z.—12's, 193—194.

## 193.—Hallelujah! 'tis done.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro.*

1. 'Tis the pro-mise of God full sal - va - tion to give Un - to

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. 'Tis the pro-mise of God full sal - va - tion to give Un - to".

*cres.*

him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le -

**CHORUS.**

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le -". A dynamic marking of *cres.* is above the first measure, and a *f* marking is above the start of the chorus. The word "CHORUS." is written above the second measure.

- lu - jah! 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "- lu - jah! 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am".

saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

*1st time.* | *2nd time.*

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth line of music. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One." The system is divided into two parts by a double bar line with repeat dots. The first part is labeled "1st time." and the second part is labeled "2nd time.".

- 2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too,  
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng—  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song;
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,  
And He smiles, as their song of salvation they sing.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,  
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold.

# 194.—My God, I am Thine.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro.*

1. My God, I am Thine; What a com - fort di -

*cres.*

- vine; What a bless - ing to know that my Je - sus is mine.

*f* CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le -

- lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.
- 3 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,  
And whoever has found it has paradise found.
- 4 My Jesus to know, and to feel His blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast,  
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste.
- 6 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
'To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

## SECTION A2.—12's and 9's, 195—198.

## 195.—He called me out of Darkness.

*mf Allegro moderato.*Met.  $\text{♩} = 88.$ 

1. Long in darkness and doubt did I wander from God, Just the slave of my-self and of

sin; And I saw not the hell at the end of the road, Nor the  
and of sin,

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 112.$ 

dan-ger I dai-ly was in. He called me out of darkness in - to

Out of dark-ness

light, in - to light out of darkness in - to light, in - to light; He

called me out of dark-ness in - to light, in - to light, The wondrous light of God.

2 Oh, the world of the future was nought to  
my heart,  
And the claims of my God I ignored;

While in no life but this had my soul any  
part,  
Till I knelt at the feet of my Lord.

# 196.—Oh, I'm happy all the day.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. Oh, how hap-py are they who the Sa-viour o-bey, And have laid up their trea-sure a-

-bove, up a-bove; Tongue can nev-er ex-press the sweet com-fort and peace Of a  
For my Saviour He has washed me in His all-a-ton-ing blood, And I

FINE. *f* CHORUS.  
soul filled with Je-sus' great love. Oh, I'm hap-py all the day, Now my  
hope to see Him washing ma-ny more.

Sa-viour I o-bey, And I nev-er mean to grieve Him an-y more, an-y more.

- 2 That sweet comfort is mine ; now the favour  
divine  
I've received through the blood of the Lamb,  
With my heart I believe, and what joy I  
receive,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Tis a heaven below, my Redeemer to know ;  
The angels can do nothing more

- Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long is my Sun and my  
Song,  
Oh, that all His salvation might see !  
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer  
and die,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.



# 197.—Ready to die.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 88.

1. With a sor - row for sin must re - pen - tance be - gin, Then sal -

- va - tion of course will draw nigh; But till washed in the blood of the

cru - cified Lord, You will nev - er be rea - dy to die.

*f* CHORUS.

Rea - dy to die,..... Rea - dy to die, You will nev - er be rea - dy to die.

- 2 We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals them both,  
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie—  
If you do not delay, but repent while you may,  
He will soon make you ready to die.
- 3 And that you may succeed, come along with all speed,  
To a Saviour who will not deny;  
So kneel down at His feet, at the blest Mercy-seat,  
And He'll soon make you ready to die.

# 198.—We'll all shout Hallelujah.

*mf Allegro.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they who the Sa - viour o - bey, And have

laid up their trea - sure a - bove, a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press that sweet  
sing re - deem - ing love With the

com - fort and peace Of a soul filled with Je - - sus' love.  
shin - ing hosts above, And with Je - sus we'll be hap - py all the day.

FINE.

*ff* CHORUS.

We'll all shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! As we march along the way; And we'll  
the way;

2 That sweet comfort is mine; now the favour  
divine  
I've received through the blood of the Lamb,  
With my heart I believe, and what joy I  
receive,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know;  
The angels can do nothing more  
Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long is my Sun and my  
Song,  
Oh, that all His salvation might see!  
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer  
and die,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height of the holy delight  
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possess, I am perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the heaven of God.

## SECTION B2.—12s and 11s, 199—201.

## 199.—Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

i. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great

*cres.* *f*

mer - cy is draw - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the

*p* *cres.*

Spi - rit says "Come!" And an - gels are wait - ing, and an - gels are

*f*

wait - ing, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home!

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay  
Your heart may grow better by staying away!  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as  
you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain  
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain,

To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,  
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that His mercy is boundless and  
free.

## 200.—The Ash Grove.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

i. Hark, sinner! while God from on high doth en-treat thee, And warnings with accents of

mer-cy do blend; Give ear to His voice, lest in judg-ment He meet thee, The

har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end. Give ear to His voice, lest in

judg-ment He meet thee, The har-vest is pass-ing, the sum-mer will end.

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee;  
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

3 Despised and rejected at length He may leave thee;

What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!

Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee;  
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.



## 201.—The Eden above.

*mf Allegretto.*

*cres.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 92.$

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The  
Ye wan - d'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, Oh,

home of the hap - py, the king - dom of love ;  
say, will you go to the E - den a - bove.

*mf* CHORUS.

*cres.*

Will you go?..... Will you go? Will you go?..... Will you

go? Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove ?

- 2 In that blessèd land neither sighing nor anguish  
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;  
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,  
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?
- 3 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,  
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move ;  
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,  
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

LAST CHORUS. We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,  
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

## SECTION C2.—6's and 4's. 202—203.

## 202.—God save the King.

*f Maestoso.* Met.  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 76

1. God bless our Army brave, Soon shall our colours wave  
O'er land and sea. Clothe us with righteousness, Our faithful  
soldiers bless, And crown with great success Our Army brave.

2 The "blood-and-fire" bestow,  
Go with us when we go  
To fight for Thee;  
Still with our Army stay,  
Drive sin and fear away,  
Give vict'ry day by day  
On Israel's side.

3 God bless our General,  
Our Officers as well,  
God bless them all.  
Oh, give us power to fight,  
To put all hell to flight,  
Let vict'ry still delight  
Our Army brave.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 Blessed and glorious King!  
To Thee our praise we bring,  
For this glad hour.  
Thou God of peace and love,  
Thou Christ enthroned above,  
Spirit whose fruit is love,  
Display Thy power!

2 Our General spare and bless,  
Give joy and happiness,  
And every good.  
Direct and safely lead,  
Supply his daily need  
For thought and word and deed  
Most gracious God!

3 Grant to Thy people all,  
Thy grace for every call,  
In this our day!  
That heart and life may be  
In joyful harmony,  
United close with Thee,  
Life, Truth and Way.

4 Help by Thy Spirit's sword,  
The true and living word  
Souls to inspire!  
With hearts from sin set free,  
With lips new touched by Thee  
Let us for ever be  
All flames of fire!

# 203.—Harlan.

Met. ♩ = 66.

*mp Adagio.*

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

*mf* *cres.*

Sa - viour di - vine; Now near me while I pray, Take all my

*f*

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!

- 2 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!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove,  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

SECTION D2.—PECULIAR METRES, 204—301.

204.—All I have I am bringing to Thee.

*mp Andante.* Met. ♩ = 88.

I. All I have by Thy blood Thou dost claim,..... Bles - sed  
*mf* CHORUS. All I have I am bring - ing to Thee,..... All I

*cres.*

Lord, who for me once was slain; Now Thine own I will give Thee, I  
 have I am bring - ing to Thee; In Thy steps I will fol - low, come

*mf* *dim.* *Repeat for Chorus.*

know Thou wilt take me, Though long Thou hast plead - ed in vain.  
 joy or come sor - row, Dear Sa - viour I will fol - low Thee.

2 With my all at Thy cross, Lord, I part,  
 See, I bring Thee my mind and my heart;  
 Here's my body and spirit,  
 My all Thou shalt have it,  
 I'll live for Thy glory alone.

3 All I have—it shall be nothing less—  
 All I have Thou shalt own, Lord, and bless;  
 Loss and pain shall not hinder;  
 I'll keep back no longer  
 From being Thine fully, my Lord.

4 Days of darkness there may be for me,  
 Rough and steep, too, my pathway may be;  
 But the joy or the sorrow  
 That comes with to-morrow,  
 Will just be the fittest for me.

5 Though by darkness my future is veiled,  
 Here's my all, for Thy love has prevailed;  
 I no longer will doubt Thee,  
 I know Thou dost save me,  
 My life shall be wholly for Thee.



# 205.—Amen for the Flag.

Met. ♩ = 112.

*f Vivace.*

1. A - men for the flag to The Ar - my so dear, 'Tis the

flag for all lands and all seas; The flag that is mak - ing hell's

le - gions to fear, The flag both for war and for peace. The

flag that will ev - er in bat - tle look bright, The flag that will

'wave till the wrong is put right, The flag that shall tri - umph with

sal - va - tion might, Is the flag of The Sal - va - tion Ar - my.

*f* CHORUS.

The flag that guides poor sin - ners on the way, The

flag that leads to end - less day, The flag that fills all

hell with dis - may, Is the flag of The Sal - va - tion Ar - my.

2 The flag for all people, for conquest and song,  
 The banner of blood and of fire ;  
 The flag for the brave, nobly marching along,  
 The flag that is leading us higher.  
 The flag and the music that cheers up the way,  
 The flag that will conquer, oppose it who may,  
 The flag that is giving to Jesus the sway,  
 Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

3 The flag ever bringing salvation to view,  
 The flag that the holy will fly ;  
 The crest and the yellow, the red and the blue,  
 The flag we will wave till we die.  
 The flag that will gather wherever it waves,  
 The flag that keeps winning the battles it braves,  
 The flag to be waved by the side of our graves,  
 Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

# 206.—Anything for Jesus.

*mp Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. Je-sus, pre-cious Sa-viour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul cor-rupt-ion

*cres.*  
made me ful - ly whole ; Ev' - ry hour I'll serve Thee, what-e'er may be - fall,

*mf* CHORUS.  
Till in heaven I crown Thee King and Lord of all. { All my heart I give Thee,  
An - y - thing for Je - sus,

*cres.* *f*  
day by day, come what may ; All my life I give Thee, dy-ing men to save.  
I will dare, and not fear ; An-y-thing for Je - sus, I will glad-ly dare.

2 From the lowly manger I will follow Thee,  
In the desert and the strife near Thee I will be ;  
E'en the sufferings of the cross I will gladly bear,  
If with Thee in heaven I a crown may wear.

3 In the toils and conflicts faithful I will be,  
All things I will gladly bear, they'll be good for me ;  
'To be a saviour of mankind, slaves of sin to bring,  
Give me holy courage, mighty, mighty King.

# 207.—Are you washed?

*f Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

x. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you

*f* CHORUS.

ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you

washed in the blood— In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are you  
Are you washed in the blood— of the Lamb?

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

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white—  
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?  
Will your soul be ready for the mansion bright,  
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



## 208.—At the Cross.

*mf Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 76.

1. When my heart was so hard That I ne'er would re-gard The sal-  
 CHORUS. At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

*cres.*

- va - tion held up to my sight, To the cross when I came In my  
 bur-den of my heart rolled a - way; It was there by faith I re -

*f*

dark - ness and shame, It was there where I first saw the light.  
 - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

2 For my blindness I thought  
 That no power could have wrought  
 Such a marvel of wonder and might:  
 But 'twas done, for I felt  
 At the cross as I knelt  
 That my darkness was turned into light.

3 Then the gloom had all passed,  
 And, rejoicing at last,  
 I was sure that my soul was made right;  
 For my Lord I could see  
 In His love died for me  
 On the cross where I first saw the light

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One;  
 There is life at this moment for thee;  
 Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be  
 saved—  
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 Oh, why was he there as the Bearer of Sin,  
 If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?  
 Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-  
 cleansing blood,  
 If His dying thy debt has not paid!

3 It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,  
 But the blood that atones for the soul;  
 On Him then who shed it thou mayest at  
 once  
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 His anguish of soul on the cross thou hast  
 seen,  
 His cry of distress thou hast heard;  
 Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,  
 Should pardon to thee be deferred?

## 209.—At the Cross there's Room.

*p* *Andante, con moto.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

I. Sin - ner, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room !

Tell the bur - den of thy heart, At the cross there's room !

*cres.* Tell it in tny Sa - viour's ear, *f* Cast a - way thy ev - 'ry fear ;

On - ly speak and He will hear ; At the cross there's room.

- 2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;  
At the cross there's room.  
Seek that consecrated spot ;  
At the cross there's room.  
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,  
Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;  
In the Saviour find thy rest ;  
At the cross there's room.
- 3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;  
At the cross there's room.  
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,  
At the cross there's room.

- Now a living fountain see,  
Opened there for thee and me,  
Rich and poor, for bond and free,  
At the cross there's room.
- 4 Blessèd thought ! For every one,  
At the cross there's room.  
Love's atoning work is done ;  
At the cross there's room.  
Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
Free to all who thither go ;  
Oh ! that all the world might know,  
At the cross there's room.

## 210.—At Thy feet I fall.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

1. O Lamb of God! Thou won-der-ful Sin-bear-er, Hard af-ter Thee my

soul doth fol-low on: As pants the hart for streams in des-erts drea-ry, So

**CHORUS.**  
*mp Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 84.

pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-giv-ing One. At Thy feet I fall,.....

Yield thee up my all, To suf-fer, live, or die, For my Lord cru-ci-fied.

2 I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me,  
And blackest darkness brought into my soul;  
Now I renounce the cursèd sin that hindered,  
And come once more to Thee to be made fully whole.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,  
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride;  
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing:  
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified.

## 211.—Be in Time.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩. = 84.

1. The voice of wis - dom cries,... Be in time, I e in

time! The voice of wis - dom cries,... Be in time!...

*f* To give up ev - 'ry sin In car - nest now be -

- gin, The night will soon set in,..... Be in time.

- 2 Ye aged sinners, hear,  
 Be in time, be in time ;  
 Your sands are running fast,  
 Harvest will soon be past,  
 Your die will soon be cast,  
 Be in time.
- 3 Though late, ye may return,  
 Be in time, be in time ;  
 Though late, ye may return,  
 You're not too old to learn,  
 While the lamp holds out to burn,  
 Be in time.

- 4 Ye who are young in years,  
 Be in time, be in time ;  
 Ye say you're in your bloom  
 And far from the dark tomb,  
 But mird, your day will come,  
 Be in time.
- 5 Backslider, dost thou hear?  
 Be in time, be in time ;  
 Thy sinful course forsake,  
 Thyself to prayer betake,  
 Thy deathless soul's at stake,  
 Be in time.



## 212.—Before I got Salvation.

*mf Allegro.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 100.$

1. Be - fore I got sal - va - tion I was sunk in de - gra - da - tion, And from my Sa - viour

wandered far a - stray ; But I came to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Where I fell in - to the fountain, And

*f* CHORUS.

from my heart the bur - den rolled a - way. 'Twas a hap - py day, and no mistake, When

Je - sus from my heart did take The load of sin that made it ache, And filled my soul with joy.

2 Since I have been converted  
And the devil's ranks deserted,  
I've had such joy and gladness in my soul !  
For Jesus I've been fighting,  
And in the war delighting,  
And now I'm pressing on towards the goal.

3 If faithful to my Saviour,  
I shall enjoy His favour,  
And He will keep me safely to the end ;  
And when I cross the river,  
I'll live with Him for ever,  
And one eternal day of glory spend.

## 213.—Begone, vain World.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. Be - gone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me,..... My

cap - tive soul..... has long been held by thee;... I

lis - tened long To thy vain song, And thought thy mu - sic sweet, And

thus my soul..... lay grov' - ling at thy feet.....

2 What are thy charms, could I command the whole?  
Thy mingled sweets could never feed a soul.  
A nobler prize Attracts mine eyes,  
Where trees immortal grow,  
A fruitful land where milk and honey flow.

3 My soul, through grace, on wings of faith shall rise  
Towards that dear place where my possession lies;  
That sacred land At God's right hand,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my cause His own.

## 214.—Beyond the River.

Met. ♩ = 104.

*mf Allegro.*

1. No mortal eye that land hath seen, Beyond, beyond the ri- ver; Its  
smil- ing val- leys, hills so green, Beyond, beyond the ri- ver. Its

*cres.* *f*

shores are com- ing near- er, The skies are grow- ing clear- er. Each day it seem- eth

*f* CHORUS.

dear- er, That land beyond the ri- ver. We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its

rage is al- most o- ver; We'll anchor in the harbour soon, In that land beyond the ri- ver.

- 2 No cankering care, no mortal strife,  
Beyond, beyond the river;  
But happy, never-ending life,  
Beyond, beyond the river.  
Through the eternal hours,  
God's love in heavenly showers  
Shall water faith's fair flowers,  
In the land beyond the river.
- 3 That glorious day will ne'er be done,  
Beyond, beyond the river;  
When we've the crown and kingdom won,  
Beyond, beyond the river;

There is eternal pleasure,  
And joys that none can measure,  
For those who have their treasure  
In the land beyond the river.

- 4 When we shall look from Zion's hill,  
Beyond, beyond the river;  
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,  
Beyond, beyond the river;  
There angels bright are singing,  
There golden harps are ringing,  
We ne'er shall cease our singing,  
In the land beyond the river.

# 215.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

Met. ♩ = 76.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Sin-ner, thou art speeding, Down to death, unheed - ing. Hear the Sa-viour pleading,

*cres.*

Haste, oh, haste a - way! From His mer - cy turn - ing, Dy - ing love still spurn-ing,

*f*

*f* CHORUS.

Over thee He's yearning, Oh, get saved to-day! Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day,  
Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day,

Sin-ners and backslid - ers are com-ing home to - day.  
Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! They're com-ing home to - day.

*1st.* *2nd.*

- 2 From thy bondage freeing,  
Tenderly He's calling,  
Precious blood still falling,  
Sinner, 'tis for thee;  
Kneel, with all thy sorrow,  
Rise to fight and follow,  
Don't wait till to-morrow,  
Do it here to-day.
- 3 Often He has called thee  
To accept salvation,  
Often He has waited  
At thy heart's closed door;

- Outside still He's standing;  
Now His Spirit's striving,  
Will you heed His knocking—  
Let Him in to-day?
- 4 Pardon's day is passing,  
See, the light is going,  
Heaven's doors are closing,  
Mercy will be gone.  
This grand chance is flying,  
Soon thou wilt be dying,  
Saints of God are crying,  
"All may come to-day!"



# 216.—Calvary's Stream is flowing so free.

Met. ♩ = 66.

*mf Allegretto.*

1. Cal-va-ry's stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing so free, flow-ing so free,

FINE.

Cal-va-ry's stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing, yes, flow-ing for thee.....

*f* Je-sus my Sa-viour has died on the tree, Died on the tree, died on the tree;

*D.C. for Chorus.*

*f* Je-sus my Sa-viour has died on the tree, Died on the tree for thee.....

thee, for thee.

2 Oh, look away to the sin-cleansing stream,  
 Flowing for thee, flowing for thee;  
 Come to its waters, and make thy heart  
 clean,  
 Flowing, yes, flowing for thee;  
 Oh, come believing, and wash in its waves,  
 Flowing for thee, flowing for thee;  
 Prove how completely this blest river  
 saves,  
 Flowing, yes, flowing for thee.

3 Why wilt thou linger? Come now to this  
 stream,  
 Flowing so free, flowing so free;  
 Come, thou art welcome, there's no price to  
 bring,  
 Flowing, it's flowing so free;  
 Every stain can this river remove,  
 Flowing so free, flowing so free;  
 How it releases from sin come and prove,  
 Flowing, yes, flowing so free.

# 217.—Can a poor Sinner come to Jesus?

Met. ♩. = 84.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1st time.

I. Can a poor sin - ner come to Je - sus? Can he come, can he come?

2nd time.

*f* CHORUS.

Can he come just now? Yes, oh, yes!.... He can come just

*cres.*

now. While the pre - cious blood is flow - ing, While the pre - cious blood is

*f* flow - ing, While the pre - cious blood is flow - ing, He can come just now.

2 Can a poor drunkard come to Jesus?

Can he come, can he come,  
Can he come just now?

3 Can a backslider come to Jesus?

Can he come, can he come,  
Can he come just now?

4 Can a poor prodigal come to Jesus?

Can he come, can he come,  
Can he come just now?

## 218.—Canaan.

Met. ♩ = 112.

*mf Allegro.*

Oh, what has Je - sus done for me? He came from the land of Ca - naan.  
He groaned and died up - on the tree That I might go to Ca - naan.

A glorious crown ap - pears in view, In that bright land of Ca - naan; A

palm of roy - al vic - t'ry too; Come, let us go to Ca - naan.  
Ca - naan is a hap - py place: Oh, will you go to Ca - naan.

FINE.

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, The glo - rious land of Ca - naan! Oh,

*ff* CHORUS. *mf D.S.*

2 When I shall join that blessèd throng,  
In the glorious land of Canaan,  
I'll sing the great Redeemer's song,  
With the happy saints in Canaan;  
How I've escaped the pains of hell,  
And landed in fair Canaan;  
The boundless joys no tongue can tell,  
Of our Father's house in Canaan.

3 Come, sinners, turn and go with me,  
For Jesus waits in Canaan,  
With angels bright, to welcome thee  
To all the joys in Canaan.  
Come freely to salvation's streams,  
And fight your way to Canaan;  
Where everlasting glory beams,  
In that bright land of Canaan.

## 219.—Cleansing for Me.

*mf Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleans-ing for me,  
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim Cleans-ing from Thee,

*f*

cleans - ing for me ;  
cleans - ing from Thee. Sin - ful and black though the past may have been,

Ma - ny the crush - ing de - feats I have seen, Yet on Thy prom - ise, O

Lord, now I lean, Cleans - ing for me, cleans - ing for me.

2 From all the sins over which I have wept,  
Cleansing for me ;  
Far, far away, by the blood current swept,  
Cleansing for me ;  
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,  
And as I come Thou wilt surely receive ;  
That over sin I may never more grieve,  
Cleansing for me.

3 From all the doubts that have filled me with  
gloom, Cleansing for me ;  
From all the fears that would point me to  
doom, Cleansing for me ;  
Jesus, though I may not understand,  
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,  
And through Thy word and Thy grace I  
shall stand, Cleansed by Thee.



# 220.—Climbing up the Golden Stair.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Oh, my heart is full of mu - sic and of glad - ness, As on

wings of love and faith I up - ward fly; Not a  
up - ward fly;

sha - dow - cloud my Sa - viour's face ob - scur - ing, While I'm

*f* CHORUS.  
climb - ing to my home - stead in the sky. Oh, I'm

climb - ing up the gold - en stair to glo - ry, Oh, I'm

climb - ing with my gold - en crown be - fore me ; am

*1st time.*  
climb - ing in the light, I am climb - ing day and night, I shall

shout with all my might when I get there ; Oh, I'm  
I get there ;

*2nd time.*  
climb - ing day and night, I am climb - ing up the gold - en stair.

- 2 Every day it seems I want to love Him better,  
Every day it seems I want to serve Him more,  
Every day I strive to climb the ladder faster,  
Every effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore.
- 3 Oh, the joy of getting others to climb with me !  
Lost, despairing, broken-hearted, all may come ;  
Calvary-love has made the stair a very wide one ;  
Sinner, lay your burden down and hasten home.

# 221.—Come, Shout and Sing.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. Come, shout and sing, make hea - ven ring With prais - es to our King, Who

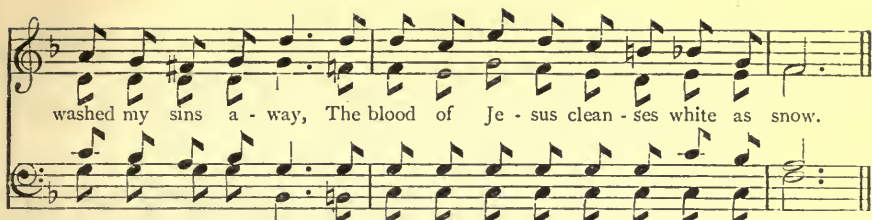
bled and died, was cru - ci - fied That He might pardon bring; His blood doth save the soul, Doth

cleanse and make it whole—The blood of Je - sus clean - ses white as snow.

*f* CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of Je - sus clean - ses white as snow, Yes, I know! The

blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow, Yes, I know! I bless the happy day, When He



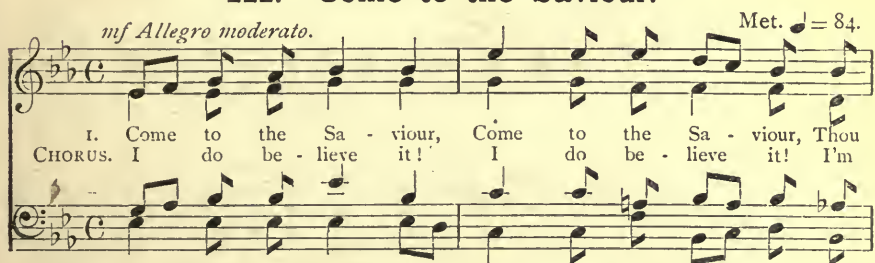
washed my sins a - way, The blood of Je - sus clean - ses white as snow.

2 Come, join our band, and make a stand  
 To drive sin from our land;  
 "To do or die," our battle cry;  
 We fight at God's command.  
 With banner wide unfurled,  
 We tell to all the world,  
 The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

3 At trumpet's sound we stand our ground,  
 And tell to those around,  
 Who have been long, with shackles strong,  
 By sin and Satan bound,  
 Salvation God has sent  
 For all who will repent—  
 The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

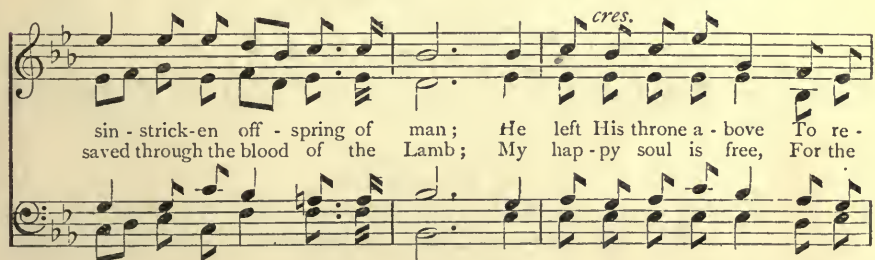
## 222.—Come to the Saviour.

*mf Allegro moderato.* Met.  $\text{♩} = 84$ .



I. Come to the Sa - viour, Come to the Sa - viour, Thou  
 CHORUS. I do be - lieve it! I do be - lieve it! I'm

*cres.*



sin - strick - en off - spring of man; He left His throne a - bove To re -  
 saved through the blood of the Lamb; My hap - py soul is free, For the

*f Repeat for Chorus.*



- veal His won - drous love, And to o - pen a foun - tain for sin.  
 Lord has par - doned me, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus' name!

2 Why dost thou linger? Why dost thou linger?  
 Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?  
 Thy time is flying fast,  
 And thy day will soon be past;  
 Oh, arouse thee, and come and be saved!

3 Pardon is offered, Pardon is offered,—  
 A pardon full, present, and free;  
 Thy mighty debt was paid  
 When on Calvary Jesus died  
 To atone for a rebel like thee.



## 223.—Dear Jesus of Calvary.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Dear Je - - sus, on Cal - va - ry, Dear Je - sus, on

*cres.* Cal - va - ry, And He died for you, And He died for me, And He died for us

all..... .. Dear Je - - sus, on Cal - v'ry, And He died for all.

- 2 I lay my sins on Jesus.
- 3 I now believe on Jesus.
- 4 I cast my care on Jesus.
- 5 Oh, when shall I see my Jesus?
- 6 I soon shall reign with Jesus.

## 224.—Down where the Living Waters flow.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Once I was far in sin, But Je - sus took me in,

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow ; 'Twas there He gave me sight, And  
wa - ters flow ;

let me see the light, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

*f* CHORUS.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, ... .. Down where the tree of life does

grow ; I'm liv - ing in the light, For  
life does grow ;

Je - sus now I fight, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

2 With Jesus at my side,  
I need no other guide,  
Down where the living waters flow ;  
He is my Hope and Stay,  
He saves me every day,  
Down where the living waters flow.

3 When fighting here is o'er,  
I'll rest for evermore,  
Down where the living waters flow ;  
I'll join the blood-washed throng,  
And sing the angels' song,  
Down where the living waters flow.

# 225.--Draw me Nearer.

*mp Andante con express.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to

me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee!

*mf* CHORUS.

Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast

died! Draw me near-er, near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side!

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;  
Let my soul be washed from its every stain,  
And my will be lost in Thine!

# 226.—Ere the Sun Goes Down.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84

I. You must get your sins for - given, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down; If you

wish to go to heaven, When the sun, when the sun goes down. Oh, now to God be

cry - ing, For your time is quickly fly - ing, In the grave you'll soon be ly - ing, When the

*mp* CHORUS. down, *cres.*  
sun goes down. Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down, goes down, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes

down, *f*  
down, goes down, Oh, sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Ere the sun goes down.

2 Every chance will soon be past,  
Even this may be the last;  
If this offer be rejected,

And salvation still neglected,  
Death will come when least expected,  
When the sun goes down.



# 227. - For you I am Praying.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mp Allegro moderato, con express.*

1st time.

I. I have a Sa-viour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing  
now He is watch - ing in ten - der-ness o'er me,

Sa - viour, though earth friends be few, And And oh, that my Sa - viour were

*mf* CHORUS.

your Sa - viour too! For you I am pray - ing, For you I am

pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

2 I have a Father : to me He has given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;  
And soon He will call me to meet Him in  
heaven,  
out oh, may He lead you to go with me too !

I have a peace : it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world  
rever knew ;

My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver :  
And oh, could I know it was given to you !

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them  
to glory,  
And prayer will be answered — 'twas  
answered for you !

# 228.—Gird on the Armour.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. I have read of men of faith Who have bravely fought till death, Who now the

crown of life are wear-ing; Then the thought comes back to me, Can I not a sol-dier be  
en - e - my may know, Where so-ev-er I may go,

FINE. *f* CHORUS.

Like to those mar-tyrs bold and dar - ing. I'll gird on my ar-mour and  
That I am fight-ing for Je - ho - vah.

rush to the field, De - ter-mined to con-quer, and ne-ver to yield; So the

2 I, like them, will take my stand  
With the sword of God in hand;  
Smiling amid opposing legions;  
I the victor's crown will gain,  
And at last go home to reign  
In heaven's bright and sunny regions.

3 I will join at once the fight,  
Leaning on my Saviour's might,  
Who's strong and mighty to deliver;

From my post I will not shrink,  
Though of death's cup I should drink—  
Hell to defeat is my endeavour.

4 Will you not enlist with me  
And a valiant soldier be?  
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slumber;  
Jesus calls for men of war  
Who will fight and ne'er give o'er,  
Routing hell's hosts in fear and wonder.

# 229.—Give me Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*mp Adagio.*

1. When I'm hap - py hear me sing, When I'm hap - py hear me sing,

*p* *cres.*  
When I'm hap - py hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus, Give me

*f* *pp*  
Je - sus, You may have all the world,— Give me Je - sus.

2 When in sorrow hear me sing,  
When in sorrow hear me sing,  
When in sorrow hear me sing,  
Give me Jesus.

3 When I'm fighting hear me sing,  
When I'm fighting hear me sing,  
When I'm fighting hear me sing,  
Give me Jesus.

4 When I'm dying hear me sing,  
When I'm dying hear me sing,  
When I'm dying hear me sing.  
Give me Jesus.

## 230.—Glory to His Name.

*m, Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

i. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried ;

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name !

*f* CHORUS.

Glo - ry to His name,..... Glo - ry to His name !.....

Now to my heart is the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name !

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Jesus does always abide within ;  
There at the cross where He took me in,  
Glory to His name !

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin !  
I am so glad I have entered in !

There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,  
Glory to His name !

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,  
Glory to His name !



# 231.—God be with you.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mp Moderato.*

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain ! By His counsels guide, up - hold you,

*mf* CHORUS.

With His sheepse - cure - ly fold you— God be with you till we meet a - gain ! Till we

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

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

2 God be with you till we meet again !  
'Neath His wings securely hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you—  
God be with you till we meet again !

3 God be with you till we meet again !  
When life's perils thick confound you,

Put His loving arms around you—  
God be with you till we meet again !

4 God be with you till we meet again !  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you—  
God be with you till we meet again !

# 232.—Jesus is mine.

(GOD GAVE HIS SON FOR ME.)

Met.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

*mf Andante, con espress.* *f*

I. When fade my earth - ly joys; Je - sus is mine!

*mf* *f*

When break earth's ten - der ties; Je - sus is mine!

*f*

Though dark this wil - der - ness, Though here no rest - ing place,

*f*

Je - sus will sure - ly bless; Je - sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;  
 Jesus is mine!  
 He's my unfailling stay;  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Turn not my heart away;  
 Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell ye dreams of night;  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Lost in this dawning light;  
 Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void:  
 Jesus has satisfied;  
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, eternity!  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, O loved and blest!  
 Welcome, sweet heaven of rest!  
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast!  
 Jesus is mine!

# 233.—God is keeping His Soldiers Fighting.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

1. God is keep-ing His sol-diers fight-ing, Ev-er-more we shall con-quer-ors be; All the

*cres.* host of hell are u-nit-ing, But we're sure to have vic-to-ry. Though to beat us they've been *f*

try-ing, Our col-ours still are fly-ing, And our flag shall wave for ever, For we never will give in.

*f* CHORUS. *1st time.* No we won't, no we  
No, we nev-er, nev-er, nev-er will give in, No we won't! No, we won't!

won't, *2nd time.* No we won't; For we mean to have the vic-to-ry for ev-er!

2 We will follow our conquering Saviour,  
From before Him hell's legions shall fly;  
Our battalions shall never waver,  
They're determined to conquer or die.

From holiness and heaven  
We never will be driven;  
We will stand our ground for ever,  
For we never will give in.



# 234.—Grace there is my every Debt to pay.

*p Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

I. Saviour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the re - cord of my sins re - peat,  
 Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spi - rit free,

*1st time.*

Stained with guilt, my-self ab - hor - ing, Filled with grief, my soul out - pour - ing ;

*2nd time.*

CHORUS. *Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 72.

Raise my sinking heart and bid me be Thy child once more? Grace there is my ev'ry debt to pay,

Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a-way, Power to keep me spotless day by day, For me, for me !

2 All the memories of deeds gone by  
 Rise within me and Thy power defy ;  
 With a deadly chill ensnaring,  
 They would leave my soul despairing.  
 Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell  
 How to stem the tides that round me swell,  
 How to ease my conscience, or to quell  
 My flaming heart.

3 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,  
 Over every promise write my name ;  
 As I am I come believing,  
 As Thou art, Thou dost, receiving,  
 Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave ;  
 Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,  
 Charging me to preach Thy power to save  
 To sin-bound souls.



# 235.—Happy Song.

*mf Allegro. 3/8*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 112.$

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and battle for the  
marching onward sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where living waters

right, We will praise His name, re-joic-ing in His might, And we'll work till Je-sus calls.  
flow, Come and join our ranks as soldiers here be-low, And we'll work till Je-sus calls.

*f* CHORUS.  
Then a-wake, then a-wake, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Shout for  
Then awake, then awake, Hap-py song, hap-py song,

*cres.* joy, Shout for joy, *ff* As we glad-ly march a-long. *mf* *D.S.* We are  
Shout for joy, shout for joy, march a-long.

2 We are marching onward, singing as we go,  
To the promised land where living waters flow,  
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here  
below.  
Come and work till Jesus calls.

3 In the open air our Army we prepare,  
As we rally round our blessed standard there,  
And the Saviour's cross we gladly learn to bear,  
While we work till Jesus calls.

4 We are marching on, our Captain, ever near,  
Will protect us still, His guiding voice we hear;  
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,  
But we'll work till Jesus calls.

5 We are marching on and pressing towards the  
prize,  
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,  
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,  
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

# 236.—Hark, hark, my Soul.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. Hark, hark, my soul,..... what war - like songs are swell - ing,  
How grand the truths.... those burn - ing strains are tell - ing

Through all the land and on from door to door;  
Of that great war..... till sin shall be no more.

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

*f* CHORUS.  
Sal - va - tion Ar - my, Ar - my of God,... On - ward to con - quer the

world with fire and blood, On - ward to con - quer the world with fire and blood.

- 2 Onward we go, the world shall hear our singing,  
Come, guilty souls, for Jesus bids you come;  
And through the dark its echoes loudly ringing,  
Shall lead the wretched, lost, and wandering home.
- 3 Far, far away, like thunder grandly pealing,  
We'll send the call for mercy full and free:  
And burdened souls by thousands humbly kneeling,  
Shall bend, dear Lord, their rebel necks to Thee.
- 4 Conquerors at last, though the fight be long and dreary,  
Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past;  
Our battles end in saving sinners weary,  
And Satan's kingdom down shall fall at last.

# 237.—He Died at his Post.

Met. ♩. = 52.

*mp Adagio.*

i. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth,.... He hoist-ed the

*cres.*

stand - ard of mer - cy and truth; For the love of his Lord, and to

*mf*

seek for the lost,..... Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his

post; Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.....

2 The strangers they wept that, in life's bright-est bloom,  
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;  
For in ardour he led in the van of the host,  
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,  
The battle was fought, and the victory won;  
But he whispered of those whom his heart  
loved the most,  
"Tell my comrades from me that I died at  
my post."

4 Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,  
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;  
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the  
bright coast,  
For he fell like a warrior—he died at his  
post.

5 And can we the words of our comrade forget?  
Oh no, they are fresh in our memory yet;  
An example so sacred can never be lost,  
We will fall in the fight, we will die at our  
post.



# 238.—He Pardoned a Rebel like Me.

*p Adagio.*

*mf*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. I heard of a Sa-viour whose love was so great That He laid down His

life on the tree;..... The thorns they were pierced on his beau-ti-ful

*Allegretto.* Met. ♩ = 96.  
FINE. *mf* CHORUS.

brow, To par-don a reb-el like me..... He pardoned a

me,..... reb-el like me, like me, He pardoned a reb-el like me, like me; The

2 They tell me He wept over sinners one day,  
Saying: "Oh, that your Saviour you  
knew!

How oft would I gather you under My wing,  
And pardon poor rebels like you."

3 Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard  
heart,  
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;

And I know when I came, Thou didst not  
cast me out,  
But didst pardon a rebel like me.

4 Oh, 'tis true, that poor sinners of all kinds  
He saves,  
And you He will not cast away;  
He waits in His mercy sweet peace to bestow,  
So come to the fountain to-day.



# 239.—He's the Lily of the Valley.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

I. I've found a Friend in Je - sus, He's ev' - ry - thing to me, He's the

Fair - est of Ten Thousand to my soul ; The Li - ly of the Val - ley, in  
to my soul ;

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole ; In

*cres.* sor - row He's my Com - fort, in trou - ble He's my Stay, He tells me ev' - ry  
*f*

care on Him to roll ; He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the  
on Him to roll ;

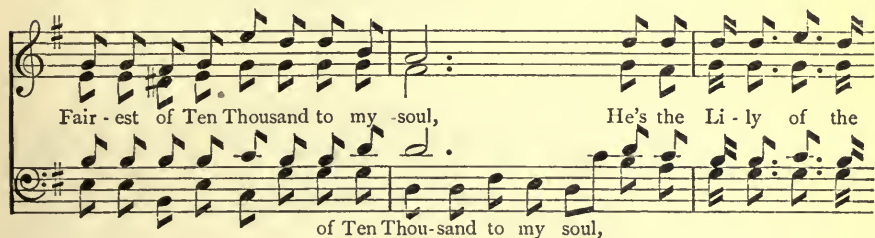


Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the Fair - est of Ten Thou-sand to my soul.

*f* CHORUS.



He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, The Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the



Fair - est of Ten Thousand to my -soul, He's the Li - ly of the

of Ten Thou-sand to my soul,



Val - ley, The Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fair-est of TenThousand to my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne ;  
 In temptation He's my Strong and Mighty Tower ;  
 I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn  
 From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.  
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,  
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,  
 While I live by faith and do His blessèd will ;  
 A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear ;  
 With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill ;  
 Then sweeping up to glory, I'll see His blessèd face,  
 Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.

# 240.—How much can you Suffer for Jesus?

*mf Moderato, con es press.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. How much can you suf - fer for Je - sus? In His ser-vice how much will you

*cres.* *f*

lose? At His cross will you still kneel a - dor - ing, And the cross which He gives you re -

*f* CHORUS.

- fuse?..... I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord, I dare do all for

*rit.*

Thee;..... I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord, I dare do all for Thee.

- 2 How much will you suffer for Jesus?  
There are plenty His wonders to praise!  
Dare you face the legions of hatred,  
And His down-trodden banner uprais?
- 3 How much will you suffer for Jesus?  
For the hate of His cause is the same;

- Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,  
Whilst shirking a share in His shame?
- 4 How much will you suffer for Jesus,  
On the way to the crown He will give?  
There are cruel deceivers and slanderers:  
A life on *these* terms can you live?

# 241.—I am so Glad.

Met. ♩. = 66.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given ;

Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dearest—that Je-sus loves me.

**f** CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves ev-en me.....

2 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him :  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to  
redeem ;  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree :  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me !

3 If one should ask of me, how can I tell—  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well :  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.

4 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
" Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me ! "

5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest ;  
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth  
flee  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.



# 242.—I bring my Heart to Jesus.

Met. ♩. = 69.

*mp Allegretto.*

1. I bring my heart to Je - sus, with its fears, With its hopes and

feel - ings, and its tears; Him it seeks, and find - ing, it is blest ;

Him it loves, and lov - ing, is at rest. Walk - ing with my Sa - viour, heart in heart,

*mf*

None can part, Walk - ing with my Sa - viour, heart in heart, None can part....

2 I bring my life to Jesus, with its care,  
And before His footstool, leave it there.  
Faded are its treasures, poor and dim ;  
It is not worth living without Him,  
More than life is Jesus, love and peace,  
Ne'er to cease.

3 I bring my sins to Jesus as I pray,  
That His blood will wash them all away.  
While I seek for favour at His feet,

And, with tears, His promise still repeat.  
He doth tell me plainly Jesus lives  
And forgives.

4 I bring my all to Jesus ; He hath seen  
How my soul desireth to be clean ;  
Nothing from His altar I would keep,  
To His cross of suffering I would leap,  
And the fire descending, brings to me  
Liberty.

# 243.—I need Thee every Hour.

*p* Adagio.

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No

*cres.* ten - der voice like Thine Can *mf* peace af - ford.

*mf* CHORUS.  
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I

need Thee! Oh, bless me now, my Sa - vour! I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

# 244.—I'll Stand for Christ.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 100.

1. In The Ar - my of Je - sus I've ta - ken my stand, To fight 'gainst the fer - ces of

sin, To the res - cue we go, Sa - tan's power to o'erthrow, And His

*f* CHORUS.

cap - tives to Je - sus we'll win. I'll stand for Christ, I'll stand for Christ, For Christ a -

lone, for Christ a-lone, A-mid the tem - pest, tempest and the storm, and the storm. Where Je - sus

A - mid the tempest and the storm, and the storm.

leads, where Je - sus leads, I'll fol - low on, I'll fol - low on, I'll stand, I'll stand for Christ a - lone.

2 We go forth not to fight 'gainst the sinner,  
but sin,  
The lost and the outcast we love;  
The claims of our King before them we bring,  
And we urge them His mercy to prove.

3 Jesus pitied our race, and He died in our place,  
To save a lost world was He slain;  
But He rose and now lives, and His pardon  
He gives  
Unto those who will call on His name.

## 245.—Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

*mp Allegretto.*

*cres.*

Met. ♩. = 56.

1. Why are you doubting and fear - ing? Why are you still un - der sin?.....

*mf*

Have you not found That His grace doth a-bound? He's migh-ty to save, let Him in!.....

CHORUS. *Vivace.* Met. ♩. = 66.

*f*

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er! Migh-ty to save! migh-ty to save!

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is migh-ty to save!

2 You say, "I am weak, I am helpless;  
I've tried again and again!"  
Well, this may be true,  
But 'tis not what *you* do—  
'Tis *He* who's the "Mighty to Save!"

3 When in my sorrow He found me,  
Found me, and bade me be whole:  
Turned all my night  
Into heavenly light,  
And from me my burden did roll!

4 When in the tempest He hides me,  
When in the storm He is near,  
All the way 'long  
He carries me on,  
Now I have nothing to fear!



# 246.—Joy, Freedom, Peace.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*p Andante.* 1st time.

1. Joy, free-dom, peace, and cease-less bless-ing, All, all for thee,  
If, while your weak-ness still con-fess-ing,

*mf* CHORUS. 2nd time.

To your Redeemer you flee. All the world can ne'er console thee—Cannot bring thee

*p*

joy; Je-sus a-lone can sat-is-ify thee, He will thy sor-row de-stroy.

2 Joy, dearer than a thousand treasures,  
Wilt thou receive;  
Jesus will deal it without measure  
If in His power you believe.

3 Free from your doubts and fears for ever,  
Will you not be?  
Jesus those chains of doubts will sever  
If you this pardon would see.

4 Peace, flowing calmly as a river,  
Now you may find;  
From all your troubles He'll deliver  
While to His will you're resigned.

5 Brightest and best of heavenly blessings  
Laid up for thee;  
If towards thy Saviour thou art pressing  
Crowned in the glory thou shalt be.

# 247.—Joy in The Salvation Army.

Met. ♩ = 88.

*ff Moderato.* *mf* *ff*

1. Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Sal-va-tion Ar-my! Joy! joy!  
Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Sal-va-tion Ar-my! Joy! joy!

*mf* joy! In The Ar - my of the Lord. Sing to God, sing to  
joy! In The Ar - my of the Lord.

*FINE. f*

sing to God,

God, with loud joyful songs of praise ; Beat the drums, beat the drums, while sal -  
sing to God, songs of praise ; beat the drums, beat the drums,

*p* - va - tion mu - sic plays. Play the music, play, sing the happy song, Loud hosannas shout with the

*cres.* hap - py throng, To the happy land we'll march a - long, We'll be joy - ful all the way.....  
*f* *D.C.*

2 Joy ! joy ! joy ! there is joy in The Salvation Army,  
Joy ! joy ! joy ! in The Army of the Lord.  
Blood and fire, blood and fire, is the Army soldier's might ;  
Blood and fire, blood and fire, is our victory in the fight.  
'Tis the blood and fire gives the battle-cry,  
'Tis the blood and fire makes the foe to fly,  
'Tis the blood and fire gives The Army joy  
And victory all the way.

3 Joy ! joy ! joy ! there is joy in The Salvation Army,  
Joy ! joy ! joy ! in The Army of the Lord.  
We will sing, we will sing till the world is full of joy ;  
We will shout, we will shout, till glad voices rend the sky.  
With a thousand bands and a thousand drums,  
We will praise the Lord in bright happy homes,  
We will sing and shout till the Master comes,  
We will ever praise the Lord.

## 248. Living beneath the Shade of the Cross.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and sigh-ing to cease,  
 CHORUS. Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of earth as dross;

*cres.*

*f*

*D.C.*

Look up to Je-sus who died on the tree To purchase a full sal-va-tion.  
 Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, En-joy-ing a full sal-va-tion.

- 2 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,  
 Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be  
 whole;  
 Washed in the blood of the crucified One—  
 Enjoying a full salvation.
- 3 If you want boldness, take part in the fight;  
 If you want purity, walk in the light;

- If you want liberty, shout and be free—  
 Enjoying a full salvation.
- 4 If you want holiness, cling to the cross,  
 Counting the riches of earth as dross;  
 Down at His feet you'll be cleansed and made  
 free—  
 Enjoying a full salvation.

## 249.—Lord, I make a Full Surrender.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, All I have I yield to Thee;

For Thy love so great and ten-der, Asks the gift of me.

*cres.*

Lord, I bring my whole af - fec - tion, Claim it, take it for Thine own ;

*mf*

Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tec - tion, Fixed on Thee a - lone.

*f* CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! I have given my all to God!

*mf*

And I now have full sal - va - tion Through the pre - cious blood.

2 Lord, my will I here present Thee  
Gladly, now no longer mine ;  
Let no evil thing prevent me  
Blending it with Thine.  
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,  
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow !  
All Thine own I now restore Thee,  
Thine for ever now.

3 Blessèd Spirit, Thou hast brought me  
Thus my will to Thee to give ;  
For the blood of Christ has bought me,  
And by faith I live.  
Show Thyself, O God of power,  
My unchanging, loving Friend ;  
Keep me, till in death's glad hour,  
Faith in sight shall end.



# 250.—Marching through Georgia.

*f Allegro.*

Met. ♩. = 96.

1. Shout a-loud sal - va-tion, and we'll have an - oth - er song, Sing it with a spi - rit that will

start the world a - long ; Sing it as our comrades sang it many a mil - lion strong, As  
Sound our Saviour's prai - ses o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea, As

*ff* CHORUS.

FINE.

March on!..... march on!.....

they were marching to glo - ry..... March on! march on! We bring the ju - bi -  
we go marching to glo - ry.....

Fight on!..... Fight on!.....

- lee ;.... Fight on! fight on! Sal - va-tion makes us free ;..... We'll

- 2 How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound!  
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found!  
How our grand battalions with conquering power abound,  
As we go marching to glory.
- 3 "Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our enemies make boast;  
They forget that with us comes the Almighty Holy Ghost,  
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host,  
As we go marching to glory.

# 251.—Men of Harlech.

Met. ♩ = 112.

*mf* *Con spirito.*

1. Sol-dier, rouse thee! War is rag-ing, God and fiends are bat-tle wag-ing, Eve-ry ransomed  
Dare ye still lie fond-ly dream-ing, Wrapt in ease and worldly schem-ing, While the mul-ti-

*f* CHORUS.

power engaging, Break the tempter's spell.  
- tudes are streaming Downwards in - to hell? Thro' the world resounding, Let the gospel sounding,

*cres.*

*ff*

Summon all, at Jesus' call His glo- rious cross surrounding. Sons of God, earth's tri- fles leaving,

Be not faithless but be-liev-ing, To your conquering Captain cleaving, Forward in the fight.

2 Lord, we come, and from Thee never  
Self nor earth our hearts shall sever;  
Thine entirely, Thine for ever,  
We will fight and die.  
To a world of rebels dying,  
Heaven and hell and God defying,  
Everywhere we'll still be crying,  
& "Will ye perish—why?"

3 Hark! I hear the warriors shouting,  
Now the hosts of hell we're routing;  
Courage! onward! never doubting,  
We shall win the day.  
See the foe before us falling,  
Sinners on the Saviour calling,  
Throwing off the bondage galling—  
Join our glad array.

# 252.—Mothers of Salem.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 60.

I. When moth - ers of Sa - lem Their chil - dren brought to Je - sus, The

stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, And bade them de - part ; But

Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweet - ly smiled and kind - ly said,

*f*  
"Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."

2 "For I will receive them,  
And fold them in My bosom ;  
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,  
Oh, drive them not away !  
For if their hearts to Me they give,  
They shall with Me in glory live :  
Suffer little children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour  
To bid those children welcome !  
But there are many thousands who  
Have never heard His name ;

The Bible they have never read,  
They know not that the Saviour said,  
"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

4 Oh, soon may the heathen  
Of every tribe and nation  
Fulfil Thy blessed word, and cast  
Their idols all away !  
Oh, shine upon them from above,  
And show Thyself a God of love,  
Teach the little children to come unto Thee.

## 253.—My Home is in Heaven.

*mp Andante con moto.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. I have a home that is fair - er than day, And my dear Saviour has shown me the way

*cres.* *mf*

Oft when I'm sad and temp - ta - tions a-rise, I look to my home far a - way.

*f* CHORUS.

My home is in heaven, there is no parting there, All will be hap - py, glorious, bright and fair;

*mf*

There'll be no sor - row, there'll be no tears, In that bright home far a - way.

2 Friends I shall see, who have journeyed before,  
And landed safe on that beautiful shore;  
I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,  
In that bright home far away.

3 Oh, who will journey to heaven with me?  
Jesus has died that we all may go free;  
Come, then, to Him who has purchased for you  
A crown in that home far away.



# 254.—My Mind upon Thee, Lord.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mp Moderato.*

I. My mind up-on Thee, Lord, is stayed, My all up-on Thy  
 And since, in sin-gle-ness of aim, I part with all Thy

*mf* CHORUS.  
*Allegretto.* Met. ♩ = 60.

al-tar laid, Oh, hear my prayer!  
 power to gain, O God, draw near!

Sa-viour, dear Sa-viour, draw

near-er, Hum-ble in spi-rit I kneel at Thy cross;

Speak out Thy wishes still clear-er, And I will o-bey at all cost.....

2 By every promise Thou hast made,  
 And by the price Thy love has paid  
 For my release,  
 I claim the power to make me whole,  
 And keep through every hour my soul  
 In perfect peace.

3 And now by faith the deed is done,  
 And Thou again to live hast come  
 Within my heart.  
 And rising now with Thee, my Lord,  
 To lose the world I can afford,  
 For mine Thou art.

## 255.—My Saviour Suffered on the Tree.

*mf Allegro, ma non troppo.*

Met. ♩ = 66.

1. My Sa-viour suf-fered on the tree, Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb! Oh,

come and praise the Lord with me, Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

*f* CHORUS. *dim.* *mf*

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleed-ing Lamb! I love the sound of Je-sus' name, It

sets my spi-rit all in a flame, Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

2 He bore my sins and curse and shame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
And I am saved through Jesus' name,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
That Jesus tasted death for me,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

# 256.—My sins are Under the Blood.

*mf. Moderato.*

Met. ♩ =

1. God's an - ger now is turned a - way, My sins are un - der the blood; My

*cres.* *f* CHORUS.

dark - ness He has turned to - day, My sins are un - der the blood. My

sins,..... my sins,..... My sins are un - der the blood;..... My  
sins, my sins, are un - der the blood, My guilt is gone and my soul is free; My

peace,..... my peace;..... My peace is made with God.....  
peace, my peace, is made with God, For the Lord has par - doned me.....

2 My doubts are gone, the past forgiven,  
My sins are under the blood;  
My title's clear, I'm bound for heaven,  
My sins are under the blood.

3 How sweet the Lord's alone to be,  
My sins are under the blood;  
What joy to know He cleanses me,  
My sins are under the blood.

4 When sorrow's waves around me roll,  
My sins are under the blood;  
In perfect peace He keeps my soul,  
My sins are under the blood.

5 In every step His hand doth lead,  
My sins are under the blood;  
And He supplies my every need,  
My sins are under the blood.

# 257.—Nearer, my God, to Thee.

*p Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

1. "Near - er, my God, to Thee— Near - er to Thee!"

E'en though it be a cross that rais - eth me;

Still all my song shall be, "Near - er, my God, to Thee—

Near - er, my God, to Thee— Near - er to Thee."

2 Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down—  
Darkness come over me, my rest a stone;  
Yet, in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear steps unto heaven:  
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts bright with  
Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

5 And when on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!"



# 258.—Never mind : Go on!

*mf Allegro.*

Mct. ♩ = 104.

1. In the fight, say, does your heart grow wea - ry? Do you find your  
Lay a - side all fear, and, on - ward press - ing, Brave - ly fight, and

*cres.*  
path is rough and thor - ny, And a - bove the sky is dark and stor - my?  
God will give His bless - ing; Though the war at times may prove dis - tress - ing,

*f* **CHORUS.**  
Nev - er mind : go on !  
Nev - er mind : go on ! When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind,

*cres.*  
In our Saviour strength enough We may al - ways find ; Though the fighting may be tough,

*ff* Go on, go on to vic - t'ry.  
Let our mot - to be, Go on, go on to vic - t'ry.

# 259.—Nothing but Thy Blood can save Me.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 52.

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me.  
Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

*f* CHORUS.

No! No! No-thing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing

*mp*

To Thy cross, O Lamb of God! No-thing but Thy blood can save me.

- 2 See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
Me unpardoned do not leave,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.
- 3 Dark, indeed, the past has been,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
Yet in mercy take me in,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.
- 4 As I am, Oh, hear me pray,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;

- I can come no other way,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.
- 5 All that I can do is vain,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
I can ne'er remove a stain,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.
- 6 Lord, I cast myself on Thee,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
From my guilt, oh, set me free,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

*Words of No. 258 continued.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 Faithful be, delaying not to follow<br/>Where Christ leads, though it may be through<br/>sorrow;<br/>If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,<br/>Never mind: go on!<br/>Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten,<br/>One glad heart will always others brighten,<br/>Though the strife the coward's soul may frighten,<br/>Never mind: go on!</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 When down-hearted, look away to Jesus,<br/>Who for you did shed His blood most<br/>precious;<br/>Let us say, though all the world should hate us,<br/>Never mind: go on!<br/>Do your best in fighting for your Saviour,<br/>For His sake, fear not to lose men's favour,<br/>If beside you should a comrade waver,<br/>Never mind: go on!</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

# 260.—Numberless as the Sands.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

I. When we gath - er at last o - ver Jor - dan, And the

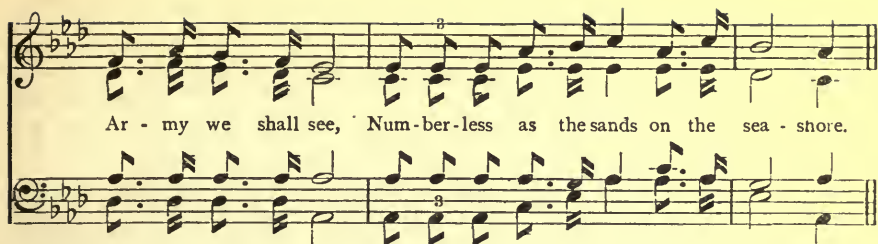
ran - sored in glo - ry we see, As the num - ber - less sands on the

sea - shore, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.

**f** CHORUS.

Num - ber - less as the sands on the sea - shore, Num - ber - less as the

sands on the shore, on the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be When The



Ar - my we shall see, Num - ber - less as the sands on the sea - shore.

- 2 When we see all the saved of the ages,  
Who from sorrow and trials are free,  
Meeting there with a heavenly greeting—  
What a wonderful sight that will be!
- 3 When we stand by the beautiful river,  
'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,

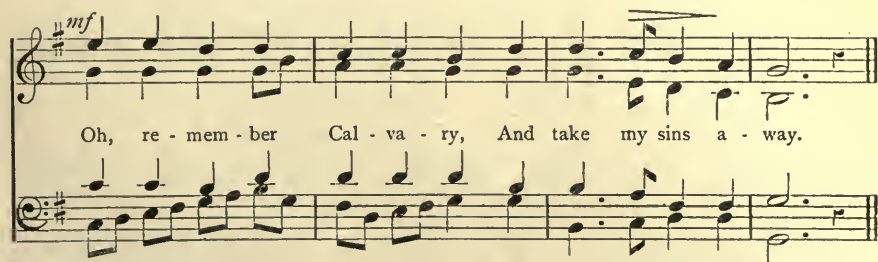
- Gazing over the fair land of promise—  
What a wonderful sight that will be!
- 4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,  
And His glory unclouded we see,  
While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth—  
What a wonderful sight that will be!

## 261.—Oh, Remember Calvary.



*p Adagio.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 56.

1. Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry,



*mf*

Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And take my sins a - way.

- 2 I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Speak, and let the lost be found,  
And let the dying live.
- 4 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 5 Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

- 6 Me, with all my sins, I cast  
On my atoning God.
- 7 Tell me now, in love divine  
That Thou hast pardoned me.
- 8 Yes, I can, I do believe,  
That Thou dost pardon me.
- 9 Thou art ours, and we are Thine  
Through all eternity.



# 262. — Oh, tell us Why you call Yourselves an Army?

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

Question. Oh, tell us why you call yourselves an Ar-my— Are you sol-diers? Do you  
 Answer. Oh, yes, we are the true Sal-va-tion Ar-my, We are sol-diers, and we

fight? Are you sol-diers? Do you fight?  
 fight; We are sol-diers, and we fight. Our Leader is the Lord of Hosts, 'Tis

in His strength our Ar-my boasts; We'll drive the devil from these coasts, Trusting Je-sus, we shall

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro.* Met. ♩ = 72.

win, Trusting Je-sus, we shall win. Oh, we'll fight the fight for God and right, We

nev-er will give in; And trusting in our Saviour's might, The Ar-my's bound to win.

2 How do you know the Saviour leads the Army?  
 Is He with you? Are you sure?—  
 Oh, yes, we feel the Saviour leads The Army,  
 He is with us, to be sure!

'Twas Jesus made us hate the wrong,  
 'Tis Jesus fills our hearts with song,  
 Jesus will lead us all along,  
 Trusting Jesus we shall win.

# 263.—Oh, that's the Place.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 96$ .

*mf Allegro moderato.*

*cres.*

1. Je-sus is my Saviour, this I know, He has given peace to my heart ; When my soul was

*f* *mf*

burdened, filled full of woe, Seeking from my sin to part, Graciously He heard me

*cres.* *f*

when I prayed, Drew me to His riv-en side, There by faith I washed, and so was saved, His

*f* CHORUS.

blood was there ap-plied. Oh, that's the place where I love to be, For migh-ty wonders

*cres.* *ff*

there I see ; Would you be blest, then come, live with me, At the cross of Je - sus.

2 There I came to Jesus, bound and sad,  
Liberty I claimed from my sin ;  
Readily He gave it, and oh, so glad  
Was my heart then made by Him !

Fetters which had bound me He destroyed,  
Blessèd is the spot to me,  
Where I knelt to thank Him, overjoyed  
To find my soul was free !

# 264.—Oh, the Blessed Lord.

*mf Allegro.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. Oh, the bless-ed Lord, He has saved my soul From the world and the dev-il, and He's  
Oh, this poor old heart, That was full of sin, He has made quite new, and has

made me whole; And my heart it's kept So white and clean, For to  
en-tered in; And my soul I know Is ready to go For to

*f* CHORUS.  
ride up in the cha-riot in the morn. Oh, the blood of Je-sus,  
ride up in the cha-riot in the morn.

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow;

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Yes, it ciens-es white as snow.

2 Oh, the blood I know,  
Has washed white as snow—  
From the depth of my heart I can tell you so;  
And I shan't have a fear  
When the trumpet I hear,  
For I'll ride up in the chariot in the morn.

Oh, it's nice to be sure  
That your heart is pure,  
And that He a crown will give us if we to the end  
And to know that He abides [endure];  
In our hearts, and ever guides  
Till we ride up in the chariot in the morn.



# 265.—Oh, the Crowning Day is coming.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

*1st time.*

1. There is com-ing on a great day of re-joic-ing, When all the ransomed shall ga-ther their  
All earth's sorrow and its sin then dis-ap-pear-ing, Ev-e-ry heart will the

*2nd time.* **f** CHORUS.

Lord as King to crown; Sa- viour then own. Oh, the crown-ing day is

com-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing, Praise the Lord! For our

*cres.* **ff**

Saviour Kings shall reign, He shall have His own again, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

- 2 From far distant lands battalions now are marching,  
Who will have part in the honours which Jesus will bestow;  
God be praised for all the souls that now are starting,  
Swelling the hosts that to victory go.
- 3 For the grand review, my comrades, we shall gather,  
With all the brave and the true we shall pass before the King;  
Oh, what joy 'twill be for us then to remember  
That we the world for our Lord helped to win.
- 4 There are many who would tell us we are dreaming,  
Thinking that Jesus shall reign o'er the nations of the world;  
But with steadfast faith we still fight on unheeding,  
Safe from the taunts that against us are hurled.



# 266.—Oh, what shall I do be Saved.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 56.

i. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that

bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at

war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I

do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

*mf* Met. ♩ = 72.

2 Oh, what shall I do to be saved,  
When the pleasures of youth are all fled,  
And the friends I have loved  
From the earth are removed,  
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?

3 Oh, what shall I do to be saved,  
When sickness my strength shall subdue,  
Or the world in a day,  
Like a cloud, rolls away,  
And eternity opens to view?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me!  
Come, come, and speak peace to my soul!  
Unto whom shall I flee,  
Blessèd Lord, but to Thee?  
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole!  
That will I do! that will I do!  
To Jesus I'll go and be saved!

## 267.—Open, and let the Master in.

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 88.

r. Once I heard a sound at my heart's closed door, And was roused from my slumber of sin: It was

Je-sus knocked, He had knocked be-fore; Now I said, "Blessed Mas-ter, come in!" Then

CHORUS.

o - pen,  
o - pen, o - pen to Him, O - pen, and let the Mas-ter in!..... For your  
o - pen,  
o - pen, o - pen to Him, o - pen to Him, let Him in;

heart will be bright with a heav-en-ly light, If you'll on - ly let the Mas-ter in.

2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming love,  
And He made me His own happy guest;  
In my joy I thought that the saints above  
Could be hardly more favoured or blest.

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,  
He's my Shield; He my table prepares,

He restores my soul, He renews my youth,  
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with His presence dear,  
And the love He so freely hath given;  
While His promise tells, as I serve Him here,  
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

# 268.—Promoted to Glory.

*Lento sostenuto.*

Met. ♩ = 52.

1. Sum - moned Home, the call has sound - ed, Bid - ding a sol - dier his  
 2. Once the sword, but now the scap - tre, Once the fight, now the

*cres.*

war - fare cease; And the song of an - gels re - sound - ed,  
 rest and fame, Bro - ken ev - 'ry earth - ly fet - ter,

*mf cres.*

*f*

Wel - comes a war - rior to e - ter - nal peace. Praise the Lord! From  
 Now the glo - ry for the cross and shame; Once the loss of

earth - ly strug - gles A com - rade has found re - lease.  
 all for Je - sus, But now the e - ter - nal gain.

*cres.* *mf*

Death has lost its sting, the grave its vic - to - ry; Con - flicts and dan - gers are  
Trials and sor - rows here have found their mean - ing, Mys - ter - ies their ex - plan -

*mp* *dim.*

o - - ver; See him hon - oured at the throne of glo - ry,  
a - - tion; Safe, for ev - er in the sun - light gleam - ing

*p* CHORUS. *cres.*

Crowned by the hand of Je - ho - vah! } Strife and sor - row  
Of His e - ter - nal Sal - va - tion. }

*mf*

o - ver, The Lord's true faith - ful sol - - dier Has been

*mp dim.* *pp*

called to go from the ranks be - low, To the con - q'ring host a - bove.



# 269.—Ring the Bell, Watchman.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Come, join our Ar-my, to bat-tle we go, Je-sus will help us to conquer the foe De -

- fending the right and op- posing the wrong, The Sal- vation Ar- my is marching a-long.

*f* CHORUS.

Marching a-long, marching a-long, The Sal- vation Ar- my is marching a - long ;

*mf* *cres.* *f*  
Soldiers of Je- sus, be valiant and strong, The Sal- vation Ar- my is marching a-long.

2 Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven ;  
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall be given ;  
If hell should surround us, we'll press through the throng.  
The Salvation Army is marching along.

3 Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,  
True to our colours, we'll fight till we die ;  
' Saved from all sin ' is our war-cry and song.  
The Salvation Army is marching along.

## 270.—Sandon.

*p* *Andante con espress.* *f* Met. ♩ = 66.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me

*p* *f*

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead

*p* *cres.*

Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to

*mf*

see The dis - tant scene,.... one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on!  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish days, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on—  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# 271.—Sinner, see yon Light.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

Sinner, see yon light, Shining clear and bright From the cross of Cal-va-ry, Where the

Sa-viour died, And from His side Flowed the blood that sets us free.

*f* CHORUS.

Come a-way, come a-way,

Come a-way, come a-way, To the cross for re-fuge flee; See the

Sa-viour stands With His bleed-ing hands, Thy ran-som He paid on the tree.

2 In the gloomy shade  
When He knelt and prayed,  
Oh, what painful agony!  
When His brow was wet  
With the bloody sweat  
When in dark Gethsemane.

3 See, the Saviour stands  
With His wounded hands,  
And He calls aloud to thee,

“ I for thee life gave,  
Thy soul to save,  
Now thy heart, oh, give to Me ! ”

4 Come away to Him  
And confess thy sin,  
Come to Him who died for thee ;  
To His feet draw near,  
With a heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

## 272.—Soldiers Fighting round the Cross.

*mf Con spirito.*

*f* Met.  $\text{♩} = 100.$

1. Sol - diers fight - ing round the cross, Fight for your Lord,

*mf*  
Rec - kon all things else but dross, Fight for your Lord.

*f* CHORUS.  
All hail, all hail! Oh, come and join our conquering band. All  
All hail, I'm saved, all hail, I'm saved!

hail, All hail! We'll con - quer if we die.  
hail, I'm saved, all hail, I'm saved!

2 Gird your sword, on God rely,  
Fight for your Lord,  
And your every foe defy,  
Fight for your Lord.

3 In the name of Christ your Friend,  
Fight for your Lord,  
With the powers of hell contend :  
Fight for your Lord.

4 Fight the fight of faith with me,  
Fight for your Lord,  
Jesus gives the victory,  
Fight for your Lord.

5 "Be thou faithful," hear Him cry :  
Fight for your Lord,  
"In My service fight and die."  
Fight for your Lord.



# 273.—Storm the Forts of Darkness.

Met. ♩ = 112.

*f* *Con spirito.*

x. Soldiers of our God, a-rise! The day is drawing nearer ;  
Shake the slumber from your eyes, The light is growing clearer. Sit no longer i - dly by,

While the heedless millions die ; Lift the blood-stained banner high, And take the field for Je - sus.

*mf* CHORUS. *ff* *mf*

Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down ! Storm the forts of darkness, bring them

*ff*

down, bring them down ! Pull down the devil's kingdom, Where'er he holds dominion ; Storm the forts of

*mf* *cres.*

darkness, bring them down. Glo - ry, honour to the Lamb, Praise and power to the  
bring them down.

Lamb ;..... Glo - ry, honour, Praise and power, Be for ev - er to the Lamb.  
to the Lamb ;

2 See the brazen hosts of hell,  
Art and power employing ;  
More than human tongue can tell,  
Blood-bought souls destroying.

Hark ! from ruin's ghastly road,  
Victims groan beneath their load,  
Forward, O ye sons of God,  
And dare or die for Jesus.

## 274.—Sweet Heaven.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 60$ .

*mp Moderato, con espress.*

1. With my faint, weary soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And Thy per - fect sal - va - tion to see,  
With my heart all a - glow To be washed white as snow, I am

2nd time. *mf* CHORUS. con - ing, dear Sa - viour, to Thee. I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Sa - viour, to Thee, With my

heart all a - glow To be washed white as snow, I am com - ing, dear Sa - viour, to Thee.

2 Oh, how long I have tried  
To resist nature's tide !  
All in vain have I sighed to be free ;  
In myself all undone,  
'Neath the waves sinking down,  
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

3 I Thy promise believe,  
That in Thee I shall live,  
Through Thy blood shed so freely for me ;  
To obtain a pure heart  
And secure the good part,  
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

## 275.—Sword and Shield.

*mf Allegro.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

I. We are march - ing o'er the re - gions Where the sla - ve - ry of sin

Is en - forced by hell - ish le - gions, But we'll fight and we shall win.

*f* Step by step we march a - long; Nev - er daun - ted, fear - ing

none; True lib - er - ty from self and Sa - tan Is our song.

*f* CHORUS.

With sword and shield we'll take the field, We're not a - afraid to die, While the

stan-dard of the cross is wav-ing o'er us; We raise on high our bat-tle cry, And

all hell's pow'rs de-fy, Scat-tered by our ranks, the foe falls down be-fore us.

*ff* March on! March on! Heed not the can-non's roar; *mf*

*Marcato.* cannon's roar;

*ff* March on! March on! There's a crown when the bat-tle's o'er.

2 Have you heard the voice of weeping?  
 Have you heard the wail of woe?  
 Have you seen the fearful reaping  
 Of a soul that sinks below?  
 Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,  
 Heed, oh, heed, the world's great need,  
 To save the lost, like Him who saved you,  
 Forward speed!

3 In the darkest hour remember  
 Him who on the cross has died;  
 So that every captive's fetter  
 Might be broken, cast aside!  
 Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,  
 Forward, dying souls to save!  
 Fight on, until in every land  
 Your colours wave!



# 276.—That means Me.

Met. ♩ = 96.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. With loads of sin up-on me, a life made black by guilt, I scarcely dared to hope that 'twas for

*cres.*

me the blood was spilt; But I opened up the Bible, where I rejoiced to see That "Whoso-ev-er

*f* CHORUS.

will may come," and that means me. That means me, that means me, "Whosoever will may come," that means me; I

am so ve-ry glad, because the Master said, "Whosoever will may come," and that means me.

- 2 Oh, what a mighty blessing that Jesus made it plain,  
And didn't say it was for James or John, or any other name;  
'Twas but one word, "Whosoever," for simple folks to see,  
And even I can understand that that means me.
- 3 I came to Him so guilty, I came with all my sin,  
Oh, freely He did pardon me, He quickly took me in;  
'Twas that blessed "Whosoever" that did it, I can see  
Wherever "Whosoever" comes, that that means me.
- 4 Now, sinner, come to Jesus, the promise is for you,  
The word is, "Whosoever," and what you have now to do  
Is to come this very moment, and He will set you free,  
For "Whosoever" means you, too, as it meant me.

## 277.—The Mistakes of my Life.

*mp Adagio.*

Met. ♩ = 83.

1. The mis-takes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I

*cres.* *mf*

scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.

*mf* CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But

as the dear Sa-viour now bids me come in, I'll en-ter the o - pen door.

- 2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray;  
But I come as He has bidden,  
And He will not say me nay.
- 3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
My sins He will wash away;

- And the feet that shrink and falter  
Shall walk through the gates of day.
- 4 The mistakes of my life have been many,  
And my spirit is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But the Saviour will let me in.

# 278.—The Ransomed of the Lord.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 104.$

1. The ransomed of the Lord are a hap - py band, Though de -

- spised they are strong, Hal - le - lu - jah! They are bound to re - cruit as they

march a - long, Will you come and join us? Hal - le - lu - jah!

*ff* CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I be - long to The Ar - my, Hal - le - lu - jah!

- 2 King David, though he sat upon a throne of state,  
Was a soldier of this band, Hallelujah!  
And the beggar, who lay at the rich man's gate,  
Was a warrior in this band, Hallelujah!
- 3 The three Hebrew worthies who would not deny their God  
Were all soldiers in this band, Hallelujah!  
And Daniel, who with lions never lost a drop of blood,  
Was a member of this band, Hallelujah!
- 4 The woman who was cured of her issue of blood,  
Was a soldier of this band, Hallelujah!  
She spent all her money, but found no good,  
But she found it in the Saviour, Hallelujah!



# 279.—I'm Glad I'm Ready!

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

1. There's a gold - en day, And 'tis not far a - way, When the Prince of all the  
Then the hosts shall raise Loud their voi - ces in praise, While with "Righ-teous-ness of

earth shall no long - er de - lay, But shall send forth the call To the na - tions all For the  
saints" the Bride her - self ar - rays; And with rap - turous song They will march a - long To the

*1st.* || *2nd.* CHORUS.  
Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb! Lamb! Oh, I'm glad I'm ready! Oh, I'm glad I'm ready!

*1st time.* | *2nd time.*  
Rea - dy with the "wed - ding gar - ment" on! Fighting till I join the hap - py throng!

2 There's a cross you must bear,  
And a robe you must wear,  
If the glories of the marriage supper you would  
share;  
You must be quite sure  
That for Him you'll endure  
Till the royal marriage supper of the Lamb!

There must not one stain  
On your garment remain  
If you wish to seek the favour of the Bride-  
groom to gain!  
For no sin shall enter in  
To the palace of the King  
At the royal marriage supper of the Lamb!



# 280.—To Save a Poor Sinner.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

*mp And.te.*

1. When Je-sus was born in the man-ger, The shepherds came thi-ther to see,.... For the

*mf*  
an-gels proclaimed that a Sa-viour was born, To save a poor sin-ner like me.....

*f* CHORUS. *mp*  
To save a poor sinner! To save a poor sinner! To save a poor sin-ner like me; For the

an-gels proclaimed that a Sa-viour was born, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

2 He was wounded for our transgressions,  
Acquainted with sorrow was He;  
In the garden He prayed, and sweat great  
drops of blood,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

3 He was brought to Pilate for judgment,  
He was sentenced to hang on a tree;

"It is finished!" He cried, when He suf-  
fered and died  
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 Death's barriers could not hold Him,  
He burst them asunder for thee;  
On the third day He rose, in spite of His foes,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

# 281.—Trim your Lamps.

Met. ♩ = 104.  
cres.

*mf Vivace.*

1. Re-joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the clouds ap-pear, And

*f* CHORUS.

for His peo - ple call. Trim your lamps and be rea - dy, Trim your

lamps and be rea - dy, Trim your lamps and be rea - dy for the midnight cry, For the

mid-night cry, for the midnight cry, Trim your lamps and be rea-dy for the midnight cry.

2 The trumpet sounds, the thunders roll,  
The heavens passing as a scroll,  
The earth will burn with fire.

3 Poor sinners then on earth will cry  
While lightning's flashing from the sky,  
"O mountains, on us fall!"

4 Yes, sinners then on earth will burn,  
To ashes will their bodies turn;  
The saints will shout with joy.

5 Then on a sea of glass shall stand  
King Jesus, with His conquering band,  
Safe housed above the fire.

6 Come, buy your oil, before too late,  
And ready for the Brideroom wait,  
And watch to enter in.

7 Come, soldiers, all, and let us cry  
To warn poor sinners, and to cry,  
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

## 282.—Under The Army Flag.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .*mf Allegro.*

1. We are sal - va - tion sol - diers of ev' - ry class and grade, Whilst fight - ing for King

Je - sus we nev - er feel a - fraid; We fight be - neath our Ar - my Flag, and

*cres.* *f*  
nev - er, nev - er yield—We fight be - neath our Ar - my Flag in the barracks, street, or field.

*f* CHORUS. *1st time.*  
Un - der The Ar - my Flag we'll fight our way to glo - ry, Under The Ar - my Flag we'll  
Un - der The Ar - my Flag we'll tell sal - va - tion's

*2nd time.*  
con - quer or we'll die; sto - ry, For "Victory and Sal - va - tion!" shall be our bat - tle cry.

- 2 The world may jeer and scorn us, yet still we onward go,  
We never shrink from danger, though Satan is our foe;  
We march along in Jesus' name—Jesus who reigns on high—  
And "Victory through His precious blood!" shall be our battle cry.



# 283.—Up from the Grave.

Met. ♩ = 88.

*p* *Moderato.* *cres.*

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus my Sa - viour! Wait - ing the com - ing day, Je - sus my

*ff* CHORUS. *Allegro.* Met. ♩ = 112.

Lord. Up from the grave He a - rose, With a - migh - ty tri - umph o'er His

He a - rose,

foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er in my

He a - rose,

heart to reign. He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

He a - rose! He a - rose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed—  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Vainly they seal the dead—  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
He tore the bars away—  
Jesus, my Lord!



# 284.—Victory for Me.

*f Con Spirito.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. To the front! the cry is ring - ing, To the front! your place is there;

In the conflict men are want - ed, Men of hope, and faith and prayer, and faith and prayer.

*ff* Self - ish ends shall claim no right *mf* From the bat - tle's post to take us,

*ff* Fear shall van - ish in the fight, *mf cres.* For tri - umphant God will make us. *ff*

*ff* CHORUS.  
No re - treat - ing, Hell de - feat - ing, Shoulder to shoulder we stand;  
we stand;

God look down, With glo-ry crown Our con-q'ring band. Vic-t'ry for me,

*mf* through the blood of Christ my Sa-viour, *ff* Vic-t'ry for me, *mf* Through the pre-cious blood.

2 To the front ! the fight is raging,  
 Christ's own banner leads the way,  
 Every power and thought engaging,  
 Might divine shall be our stay.  
 We have heard the cry for help  
 From the dying millions round us,  
 We've received the royal command  
 From our dying Lord who found us.

3 To the front ! no more delaying,  
 Wounded spirits need thy care ;  
 To the front ! thy Lord obeying,  
 Stoop to help the dying there.  
 Broken hearts and blighted hopes,  
 Slaves of sin and degradation,  
 Wait for thee, in love to bring  
 Holy peace and liberation.

## 285.—Weeping Mary.

*mf Moderato.* *cres.* Met. ♩ = 76.  
 1. Is there a - ny-bo-dy here like weep-ing Ma - ry? Call to my Je-sus, and He'll draw nigh.

*f* CHORUS.  
 Oh, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu - jah ! Glo-ry be to God who rules on high !

2 Is there anybody here like sinking Peter?  
 Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh.

4 Is there anybody here like doubting Thomas?  
 Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh.

3 Is there anybody here like blind Bartimeus?  
 Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh.

5 Is there anybody here that wants salvation?  
 Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh

# 286.—We'll be Heroes.

*f* *Maestoso*.

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. We'll be he - roes, We'll be he - roes When the bat - tle is

fierce ; When the rag - - ing storm loud - er

grows,..... Will our cou - rage in - crease, Will our

cou - rage in - crease, By the cross,..... By the cross.

2 We shall conquer, we shall conquer  
Through the blood of the Lamb ;  
And we ne'er will retreat, though we  
die,  
Till the conquest we've won,  
By the cross

We are rising, we are rising,  
And the foe shall be driven ;

As warriors brave, let us sing,  
We have victory and heaven,  
By the cross.

4 When we're dying, when we're dying  
In the arms of His love,  
On the wings of faith we'll ascend  
To the palace of God,  
By the cross.

# 287.—We shall Walk through the Valley.

*pp Adagio.*

Met.  $\text{♩} = 56.$

I. We shall meet our loved ones there, ov - er there, Where no eye e'er sheds a

tear, sheds a tear, For Je - sus Him-self shall be our Lea - der, As we

*FINE. pp CHORUS.*  
walk through the val - ley in peace, in peace. We shall walk through the val - ley and the

sha - dow of death, We shall walk through the val - ley in peace, in peace ;

2 We shall see our Saviour there,  
Where no eye e'er sheds a tear,  
Free from sorrow, grief and care,  
As we walk through the valley in peace.

3 We shall sing His praises there,  
Where no eye e'er sheds a tear ;  
Who has saved and cleansed us here,  
As we walk through the valley in peace.

4 We shall reign as victors there,  
Where no eye e'er sheds a tear !  
For we'll fight and conquer here,  
As we walk through the valley in peace.

5 We shall meet the sinners there,  
Where no eye e'er sheds a tear ;  
Whom we led to Jesus here,  
As we walk through the valley in peace.



288.—When the Chariot is Lowering. Met. ♩ = 60.

*mf Lento.*

1. When the cha-ri-ot is lower-ing, And the an-gels are hov-er-ing, Will He take me

*cres.*

in? When the light-ning is flash-ing, And the thun-der is crash-ing,

*f* CHORUS. *Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 80.

May I, may I have no sin? When the chariot's low-er-ing, if I have no sin,

*p*

As the angels are hov-er-ing, He will take me in. Je - sus, Je - sus, can

*cres. mf*

wash a-way my sin; Je - sus, Sa - viour, I know He'll take thee in.

2 On the resurrection morning,  
As the bright day is dawning,  
Saints will wait for me.  
Then we'll stand by the river  
Near the throne, no more to sever,  
Ever, ever His face to see.

3 When the wicked are flying,  
And the backsliders are crying,  
He will call my name.  
If I keep up my fighting,  
And in Jesus delighting,  
I in heaven with Him shall reign.

# 289.—Where do you Journey?

Met.  $\text{♩} = 104.$

*mp Adagio.*

1. Oh, think of the claims of your Sa-viour! Oh, think of the path that He trod, How  
And though far in sin you have wandered, Left vir-tue and goodness and right; Though

wea-ry He was, and for - sa - ken,... To bring guil-ty re - bels to God!  
tal-ents you've wasted and squan-dered, Yet Je - sus can save you to - night.

*mf* CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus can save you to - night,.... Yes, Je - sus can save you to - night! For -  
to-night,

- sake the broadway of de - struc-tion,... For Je - sus can save you to - night!

2 No matter what kind of transgressor,  
No sinner's admitted on high;  
Unless a salvation possessor,  
No hope will you have when you die.

Give heed to the blest invitation,  
And overboard cast self and pride,  
For sinners of every nation  
There's pardon with Christ crucified.

*Another song to the above Tune.*

1 Oh, where do you journey, my brother?  
Oh, where do you journey, I pray?  
Where do you journey, my sister?  
For stormy and dark is the way.  
We're journeying onward to Canaan,  
Through suffering, and trial, and care,  
And when we get safely to glory,  
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

And when we get safely to glory,  
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?  
2 Oh, what is your mission, my brother,  
What is your mission below?  
What is your mission, my sister,  
As journeying onward you go?  
Our mission is practising mercy,  
Sweet charity, patience, and love,  
And following the footsteps of Jesus,  
That lead to the mansions above.

CHORUS.

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

## 290.—While He's Waiting.

*mf Andante.*

Met. ♩ = 69.

I. Love of love so won - drous, Rich and free!

Now the King of Glo - ry A par - don of - fers thee!

*mf* CHORUS *Moderato.* Met. ♩ = 80.

While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in!

While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in!

2 For thy heart He's waited  
Days and years;  
And thy sins, long hated,  
Have caused Him bitter tears.

3 Canst thou leave His pardon  
Still unknown?  
And forget the mercy  
That towards thee He has shown?

4 Soon the day is coming  
When alone—  
Trembling or rejoicing—  
You must His Kingship own.

5 Ah! His love, so tender,  
Asks thee "come!"  
And thy life, so slender,  
Bids thee for safety run.



# 291.—While the Light from Heaven.

*mp Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 80.

1. Sins of years are all numbered, Blackest stains brought to light, Bro-ken pledg-es un-

- cov-ered, None es-cape from His sight. Unwashed hearts are re-ject-ed, Guil-ty

*cres.* *mf*

souls rise a-lone, When you stand in the light of His great Judgment throne.

*f* CHORUS.

While the light from heaven is fall-ing, Sins con-fes-sing, wants re-veal-ing,  
While re-deem-ing grace is flow-ing, He can wash your sins a-way.

1st time. 2nd time.

2 All the past with its chances,  
All the "what might have been,"  
Every conquest and victory  
He had meant you should win.  
How you'll wish you'd gone forward,  
Loving Jesus alone,  
When you stand in the light  
Of His great Judgment throne.

3 Poor lost sinners of all kinds,  
Trembling followers as well,  
With their robes surely blood-washed,  
They shall come forth to tell  
Of the battles fought bravely,  
Of the victories won,  
As they stand in the light  
Of His great Judgment throne.



# 292.—Whiter than the Snow.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*mp Moderato.*

i. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of the All - see - ing

eyes? Tell me, is there no tho - rough cure, No es -

- cape from the sins I des - pise? Tell me, can I nev - er be

free..... From this ter - ri - ble bond - age with - in?.....

*mp*  
Is there no de - live - rance for me? Must I al - ways have sin dwell with -

*f* CHORUS.

Whi - - - - - ter than the snow,

- in? Whi - ter than the snow, Whi - ter than the snow,

Whi - - - - - ter than the snow!

Whi-ter than the snow, Whi-ter than the snow! Wash me in the blood of the

Lamb,.....

snow.

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

- 2 Will my Saviour only pass by,  
Only show me how faulty I've been?  
Will He not attend to my cry?  
Can I not at this moment be clean?  
Blessèd Lord, almighty to heal,  
I know that Thy power cannot fail;  
Here and now I know—yes, I feel,  
The prayer of my heart does prevail.
- 3 Now I know to me Thou wilt show  
What before I never could see;  
Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell,  
And united to Thee I shall be.  
The light of Thy smile is on me,  
Thy love to my heart is made known;  
Now the face of my God I shall see,  
And His power in my life shall be shown.

# 293.—Who'll be the Next?

Met. ♩ = 80.

*mp Moderato.*

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?

*cres.* *f*

Some one is read - y, Some - one is wait - ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

*mf* CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Come and bow at His precious feet?  
Who'll be the next to lay every burden  
Down at the Father's Mercy-seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next to praise His name?  
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?  
Singing, Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb?

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,  
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?  
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed  
Singing upon the other side?

# 294.—Whosoever Will may Come.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

I. All have need of God's sal - va - tion, If with Him they'd live for - ev - er, But a

*cres.* *f*

pro - mise He has giv - en, It is writ - ten "who - so - ev - er.".....

*f* CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come, And who comes to Him shall nev - er..... Dis - ap -

- point - ed turn a - way, Praise the Lord! its "who - so - ev - er!"

2 And this word it reaches nations,  
Not the rich, or learnèd, or clever  
Only shall by Him be rescued,  
Oh, praise God! it's "whosoever."

For the poor and broken-hearted  
There's a hope, and they need never

Have a fear about their coming,  
For the Book says "whosoever."

4 To all kingdoms and all peoples  
'Tis the same, and shall be ever,  
There's no difference in the message,  
But to all it's "whosoever."



# 295.—Why wilt thou Die?

*p* Adagio.

Met. ♩ = 52.

1. Sin - ner, for thee, A par - don is free, Though dark thy ca -

- reer may have been; Thy bur - den shall roll From thy guil - ty

CHORUS. Met. ♩ = 72.  
*mf* Moderato.

soul, When the light of His face thou hast seen. Oh, why wilt thou

*dim.*  
die? Why wilt thou die? Sin - ner, sin - ner, why?

2 Tired of thy sin  
And sorrow within,  
Thy soul longs to find its true joy—  
The joy that thy King  
In mercy doth bring  
Thy sorrow and sin to destroy.

3 Death is at hand,  
Thy life to demand,  
Make haste, now, thy Saviour to find;

No longer delay,  
Thou'rt passing away,  
And Satan thy soul waits to bind.

4 Awful despair  
Thy bosom will tear,  
When heaven for thee has no room—  
For ever shut out  
In darkness and doubt,  
Then hell everlasting thy doom.

# 296.—Will you be There, and I?

*mf Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 88.

1. I know there's a bright and a glo-rious land A - way in the heav - ens high, Where

all the redeemed shall with Je - sus dwell—Will you be there, and I?

*f* CHORUS. *mf*

Will you be there, and I?..... Will you be there, and I? Where  
and I?

all the redeemed shall with Je - sus dwell—Will you be there, and I?

2 In robes of white, o'er streets of gold,  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
They'll walk in the light of their Father's love—  
Will you be there, and I?

3 From every kingdom of earth they'll come,  
To raise their anthems high;  
Their harps will never be there unstrung—  
Will you be there, and I?

4 If we find a loving Saviour now,  
And follow Him faithfully,  
When He gathers His children in that bright home,  
Then you'll be there, and I!  
Yes! you'll be there, etc.

# 297.—Will you Quit the Field?

Met. ♩ = 120.

*f* *Con spirito.*

*ff* 1st time.

1. Will you quit the field? Will you ev-er yield? Nev-er, nev-er,  
Will you bold-ly fight, And de-fend the right?

*ff* 2nd. *mf* CHORUS.

nev-er! Yes, for ev-er! Nev-er quit the field till the

foe is slain, Nev-er quit the field, oh, nev-er, nev-er yield!

*cres.* *ff*

Nev-er quit the field till we vic-t'ry gain, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er!

2 When the foe is near  
Will you have a fear?  
Never, never, never!  
Will you take your stand  
With faith's sword in hand?  
Yes, for ever!

3 Will you cease to sing  
Praises to your King?  
Never, never, never!  
Bravely ev'ry day,  
Will you march away?  
Yes, for ever!

# 298.—Wonderful Love.

Met. ♩ = 56.

*mp Adagio.*

1. Je - sus came down my ran - som to be, Oh, it was won - der - ful love !.... For

out of the Fa - ther's heart He came, To die for me on a cross of shame, To

set me free He took the blame, Oh, it was won - der - ful love !....

*mf* CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.* Met. ♩ = 126.

Wonderful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love, Coming to me from hea - ven a - bove,

Fill - ing me, thrill - ing me through and through, Oh, it was won - der - ful love !.....

2 Clear to faith's vision, the cross reveals  
Beautiful actions of love ;  
And all that by grace e'en I may be  
When saved, to serve Him eternally.  
He came, He died, for you, and me,  
Oh, it is wonderful love !

3 His death's a claim, His love has a plea,  
Oh, it is wonderful love !  
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,  
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall,  
I give myself, I give up all,  
All for Thy wonderful love.



299.—Wonderful Words of Life. Met. ♩ = 66.

*mf Allegretto.*

*1st.*

1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sin-ner like me ;  
He turned His back on the glo - rified throng To save a poor sin-ner like

*2nd. f*

me. The angels they sang Him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the sto - ry ; He  
Cho. sins rose as high as a mountain, They all dis-ap-peared in the fountain ; He

came from on high, to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sin-ner like me,..... He  
put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free !..... He

*1st.* || *2nd.*

came from on high, to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sin-ner like me. My  
put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free !

CHORUS.

2 This wonderful Saviour took such a low place,  
To save a poor sinner like me ;  
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace,  
To save a poor sinner like me ;  
Was born in a stable and manger,  
In His own world was a stranger,  
With all things did part to win my hard heart.  
And save a poor sinner like me.

3 This Jesus had nowhere to lay His head,  
To save a poor sinner like me ;  
He was a Lamb to the slaughter led,  
To save a poor sinner like me,  
Midst darkness my Saviour is dying,  
" 'Tis finished ! " I hear Jesus crying ;  
My soul may go free, He died on the tree,  
To save a poor sinner like me.

# 300.—Crown Him.

Met. ♩ = 76.

*f* *Maestoso.*

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al

*cres.* *ff*  
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

*f*  
And crown..... Him Lord of all, And crown..... Him Lord of all, And

And crown Him Lord of all.                      And crown Him Lord of all, And

*ff*  
crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
All nations great and small,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye sinners lost of Adam's race,  
Partakers of the fall,  
Come and be saved by Jesus' grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the power of Jesus' blood,  
And crown Him Lord of all
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

# 301.—I cannot Leave the Dear Old Flag.

Met. ♩. = 66.

*mf Allegretto.*

1st time.

1. They bid me choose an eas - ier path, And seek a light - er cross,  
They bid me min - gle with heaven's gold, A lit - tle of

2nd time.

*cres.*

earth's dross; They bid me, but in vain, once more The world's il - lu - sions

*f*  
try!..... I can - not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet - ter far to

die!..... I can - not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet - ter far to die!.....

2 They say the fighting is too hard,  
That health will surely fail,  
That dreadful is a pauper's lot,  
They'd have such fears prevail.  
But, oh, how can I quit my post,  
While millions sin-bound lie?  
I cannot leave the dear old flag!  
'Twere better far to die!

3 They say I can a Christian be,  
And serve God quite as well,  
And reach heaven just as surely by  
The music of church-bell!  
But, oh, the drum and clarion-call  
Of band make my pulse fly!  
I cannot leave the dear old flag—  
'Twere better far to die!

# 302.—I've Found the Pearl.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.

x, I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price, My heart doth sing for joy,..... My heart doth sing for

*cres.* joy; And sing I must, for Christ I have, And sing I must, for Christ I have, Oh, *f*

what a Christ have I,..... Oh, what a Christ have I. *ff*

2 My Christ, He is the Lord of Lords,  
He is the King of Kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

3 My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's garden grows;  
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal,  
My Christ is Sharon's rose.

4 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My medicine and my health:  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
My glory and my wealth.

5 Christ is my Father and my Friend,  
My Brother and my Love;  
My Bread, my Hope, my Counsellor  
My Advocate above.

6 My Christ, He is the heaven of heavens,  
My Christ, what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is all-in-all.



# 303.—Jerusalem.

*Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 104.

*f*

Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain sin re-

*mp*

- move; Now in my gasping soul re-

*cres.*

- veal..... The virtue of Thy love, The virtue of Thy

The vir-tue of Thy love, The

*f*

love, The virtue, The virtue of Thy love.

vir-tue of Thy love.

- 2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness brought in ;  
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,  
To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,  
And can no longer doubt ;  
Remove from hence ! to sin I say,  
Be cast this moment out !
- 4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,  
This moment be subdued :

- Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou ;  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless :  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

## 304.—Eaton.

Met.  $\text{♩} = 104.$ *mf Allegro moderato.*

1. O Je - sus, Sa - viour, hear my cry, And all my need just

now sup - ply; New pow'r I want, and strength, and light, That

I may con - quer in the fight. Oh, let me have,..... where-

- e'er I go, Thy strength to con - quer ev - 'ry foe!

2 I need Thy love my heart to fill,  
To tell to all Thy blessed will,  
And to the hopeless souls make known  
The power that dwells in Thee alone;  
And then wherever I shall go  
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

3 Oh, make my life one blazing fire  
Of pure and fervent heart-desire  
The lost to find, the low to raise,

And give them cause Thy name to praise,  
Because wherever I may go  
I show Thy power to every foe!

4 Let love be first, let love be last,  
Its light o'er all my life be cast;  
Come now, my Saviour, from above,  
And deluge all my soul with love,  
So that wherever I may go  
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

# 305.—Stand up for Jesus.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

I. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From

*cres.* vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His *f* Ar - my He shall lead,..... *mf* Till

ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet-call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day;  
With loyal hearts now serve Him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own;

Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# 306.—Give to Jesus glory.

Met. ♩ = 60.

*mf Allegretto.*

1. To save the lost the Sa-viour came, It was for them..... in

*cres.*

*f*

mer - cy He gave His life, the news pro-claim, And give to Je - sus glo-ry!

*mf* CHORUS.

*cres.*

Give to Je - sus glo - ry! Give to Je - sus glo - ry! Pro-claim re -

- demp - tion's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glo - ry!

2 What matchless grace, how rich, how free !  
Our Saviour calls all to Him ;  
A Saviour He to all would be,  
Oh, give to Jesus glory !

3 In every land where man is found  
Let us make known the story

Of love divine, its praises sound,  
And give to Jesus glory !

4 There pardon is for all who come  
Their sins confessing truly ;  
Then pardon claim, O guilty one,  
And give to Jesus glory !



# 307.—St. Peter's

*mf All:gro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear ; It

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding - place ;  
My never - failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace !

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I will Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death !

# 308.—O for a heart that is whiter than snow.

*mp Moderato con espress.*

*cres.*

Met. ♩ = 96.

1. O for a heart that is whi - ter than snow, Kept, ev - er

kept 'neath the life - giv - ing flow, Cleans'd from all pas - sion, self -

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *mp*

- seek - ing and pride, Wash'd in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.

*mp* CHORUS. *cres.* *mf*

O for a heart whi - ter than snow ! Sa - viour, di -

*mp*

- vine, to whom else shall I go? Thou who didst die,

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *mp*

lov - ing me so, Give me a heart that is whi - ter than snow !

- 2 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !  
Calm in the peace that He loves to bestow ;  
Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,  
Ready for service whene'er He shall choose.
- 3 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !  
With the pure flame of the Spirit aglow ;  
Filled with the love that is true and sincere,  
Love that is able to banish all fear.
- 4 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !  
Then in His grace and His knowledge to grow !  
Growing like Him who my pattern shall be,  
Till in His beauty my King I shall see.

# 309.—Only trust Him.

*mf Moderato.*

*cres.*

Met. ♩ = 88.

I. Come, ev' - ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord, And

He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.

*f* CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him! On - ly trust Him now!

He will save you! He will save you! He will save you now!

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

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you into rest;

Believe on Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join the holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.

# 310.—Vain, delusive world adieu!

Met. ♩ = 48.  
cres.

*p Adagio.*

1. Vain, de-lu-sive world, a-dieu, With all..... of crea-ture good; On-ly Je-sus I pur-

*mf* *p* *cres.*

- sue, Who bought me with His blood; All thy plea-sures I fore-go, I tram-ple

*f* *mp* *Piu mosso.* Met. ♩ = 66. *cres.*

on thy wealth and pride; On-ly Je-sus will..... I

*f*

know, Je-sus, Je-sus, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity :  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me.  
Me to save from endless woe,  
The sin-atoning Victim died ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Turning to my rest again,  
The Saviour I adore ;  
He relieves my grief and pain,  
And bids me weep no more.

- Rivers of salvation flow  
From out His head, His hands, His side ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Here will I set up my rest !  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of His breast  
Shall never more depart.  
Whither shall a sinner go ?  
His wounds for me stand open wide ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.



# 311.—It is well with my soul.

Met. ♩ = 84.

*p Andante.*

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like

*mf*

sea bil - lows, roll ; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to

*f*

**CHORUS.**

know, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is

*cres.*

..... with my soul,.....  
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 For me be it Christ, be it Christ, hence to live !  
If Jordan above me shall roll ;  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
- 4 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal ;  
O trump of the angel ! O voice of the Lord !  
Blessèd hope ! blessèd rest of my soul !

## 312.—Missionary.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 84.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where

*cres.*

Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, From

*f*

many an an - cient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain, They

*mf*

call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we, to men benighted,  
 The Lamp of Life deny?  
 Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt our Saviour's name.

# 313.—Covenant.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 92.  
*mf*

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from my Sa-viour's veins; And

*cres.* *f* CHORUS.  
sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains. Lose

all their guil - ty stains,..... Lose all their guil - ty stains; And *mf*

*cres.* *f*  
sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
His flowing wounds supply,  
My Saviour's love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing His power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 5 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the fighting host of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

# 314.—Cranbrook.

*f* Allegro.

Met. ♩ = 104.

1. Called from a - bove, I rise And wash a - way my

sin;..... The stream to which my spi - rit flies,

The stream to which my spi - rit

*mf* The stream to which my spi - rit flies, Can make the foul - est clean, can  
*cres.* Can make the foul - est  
flies, The stream to which my spi - rit flies,

*ff* make the foul - est clean, can make the foul - est clean.  
clean, can make the foul - est clean, Can make the foul - est clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,  
A fountain deep and wide,  
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear,  
In my Redeemer's side.

3 Deep in my soul I feel  
The living waters spring,

And joy the wondrous news to tell,  
And full salvation sing.

4 My thirsty spirit craves  
No lesser joy than this:  
To know that Jesus fully saves,  
And I am fully His.



# 315.—Whither, pilgrims?

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 72.

1. Whither, pil-grims, are you go-ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand?  
We are go-ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our King's com-mand.

*cres.* Ov-er hills and plains and val-leys, We are go-ing to His  
We are go-ing to His pal-ace, *f*

pal-ace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land; the bet-ter land.

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

- 2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for,  
In that far-off better land?  
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,  
From a Saviour's loving hand.  
We shall drink of life's clear river,  
We shall dwell with God for ever, (*repeat*)  
In that bright and better land.
- 3 Fear ye not the way so lonely,  
Ye, a little feeble band?  
No, for friends unseen are near us,  
Angels bright around us stand.

Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,  
He will guard, and He will guide us, (*rep.*)  
Going to the better land.

- 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you  
To that bright and better land?  
Come and welcome, come and welcome,  
Welcome to our pilgrim band.  
Come, O come, and do not leave us;  
Christ is waiting to receive us, (*repeat*)  
In that bright and better land.

*Another Song to the above Tune.*

- 1 Hark! the gospel news is sounding,  
Christ has suffered on the tree;  
Streams of mercy are bounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free.  
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who  
died for thee.
- 2 Oh! escape to Calvary's mountain,  
Refuge find in Him to-day;  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away:  
Do not tarry: come to Jesus while  
you may.

- 3 Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever  
From the Saviour's wounded side;  
None need perish—all may live, for  
Christ has died.
- 4 Christ alone shall be our portion—  
Soon we hope to meet above;  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love;  
All His fulness we shall then for ever  
prove.

# 316.—I love Jesus.

Met. ♩ = 72.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

I'm a sol-dier bound for glo - ry, I'm a sol - dier go - ing home; Come and

CHORUS.

hear me tell my sto - ry, All who love - the Sa - viour come. I love

Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do; I love

Je - sus, He's my Sa - viour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

2 I will tell you what induced me  
In the glorious fight to start:  
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness  
Overcame and won my heart.

3 When I first commenced my warfare,  
Many said, "He'll run away;"  
But they all have been deceived—  
In the fight I am to-day.

4 I'm a wonder unto many,  
God alone the change has wrought,  
Here I raise my "Ebenezer,"  
Hither by His help I'm brought.

5 When to death's dark, swelling river,  
Like a warrior I shall come,  
Then I mean to shout "Salvation!"  
And go singing "Glory!" home.

# 317.—Eden.

*mf Allegretto.*

Met. ♩ = 76.

1. The love of Christ doth me constrain To

*cres.* seek the wand'ring souls of men, With *f*

cries, en-trea-ties, tears, to save— To

snatch them from the gap- ing grave. *mf*

- 2 For this let men revile my name ;  
 No cross I shun ; I fear no shame ;  
 All hail reproach, and welcome pain ;  
 Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 3 To Thee I all my powers present,  
 That for Thy truth they may be spent ;

- Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord ;  
 Thy will be done, Thy name adored.
- 4 Give me Thy strength, O God of power,  
 Then winds may blow, or thunders roar,  
 Thy faithful witness will I be ;  
 'Tis fixed ; I can do all through Thee.

# 318.—Holly.

*p* *Moderato.*

Met. ♩ = 80.

1. With - in my heart, O Lord, ful - fil

The pur - pose of Thy death and pain,

*cres.*

That all may know Thou liv - est still,

*mf*

In blood - wash'd hearts to rule and reign.

2 O Lord, I gaze upon Thy face,  
That suffering face so marred for me;  
Touched by the wonders of Thy grace  
My heart in love goes out to Thee.

3 O Saviour, by Thy bleeding form,  
The world is crucified to me;

Thy loving heart, so rent and torn,  
Thy suffering bids me share with Thee.

4 'Twas on the cross Thou didst redeem  
My soul from sin and cruel despair;  
'Tis near the cross I would be seen,  
And welcome every sinner there.



# 319.—Praise God! I'm saved!

(THE ARMY DOXOLOGY.)

Met. ♩ = 88.

*f* *Maztoso.*

Praise God! I'm saved! Praise God! I'm saved! All's

*cres.* *ff*

well, all's well, all's well, all's well, He sets me free.

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