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.
NOTICE.

Many of the Songs in this book are Copyright, and may not be reprinted without permission of the Publisher.
PREFACE.

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.
## INDEX TO THE SONGS.

**Note.**—The first lines of first verses and of choruses are given, the latter in *italic* type. In the second column of figures the numbers of the same songs and choruses in the New Song Book are given.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A charge to keep</strong></td>
<td>63</td>
<td><strong>Come, sinners,</strong> to</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Abide with me</strong></td>
<td>174</td>
<td><strong>Come, sinners,</strong> to the</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Above the waves</strong></td>
<td>9</td>
<td><strong>Come, Thou Fount</strong></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Alas and did my</strong></td>
<td>55</td>
<td><strong>Come to the Saviour</strong></td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All hail, I'm saved</strong></td>
<td>273</td>
<td><strong>Come, with me visit</strong></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All hail the power</strong></td>
<td>303</td>
<td><strong>Come, ye sinners</strong></td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All have need of</strong></td>
<td>297</td>
<td><strong>Come, ye that love</strong></td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All I have by Thy</strong></td>
<td>201</td>
<td><strong>Commit thou all thy</strong></td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All I have I am</strong></td>
<td>201</td>
<td><strong>Dark shadows</strong> were</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All I have I leave</strong></td>
<td>151</td>
<td><strong>Dark was the hour</strong></td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All my heart I give</strong></td>
<td>447</td>
<td><strong>Dear Jesus is the One</strong></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All the storms will</strong></td>
<td>149</td>
<td><strong>Dear Jesus on</strong></td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All the world can</strong></td>
<td>246</td>
<td><strong>Dear Lord, and can</strong></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All things are</strong></td>
<td>118</td>
<td><strong>Death is coming</strong></td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>All ye that pass by</strong></td>
<td>178</td>
<td><strong>Depth of mercy</strong></td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amen for the flag</strong></td>
<td>202</td>
<td><strong>Down at the cross</strong></td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And above the rest</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Down in the garden</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And can it be</strong></td>
<td>115</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Down where the</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And soon the reaping</strong></td>
<td>16</td>
<td><strong>Ere the sun goes</strong></td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Angels call the roll</strong></td>
<td>138</td>
<td><strong>Even me</strong></td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Anything for Jesus</strong></td>
<td>204</td>
<td><strong>Fight on for Jesus</strong></td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Are you washed</strong></td>
<td>205</td>
<td><strong>For ever here my</strong></td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Around the throne</strong></td>
<td>20</td>
<td><strong>For ever with the</strong></td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>At the cross of the</strong></td>
<td>206</td>
<td><strong>For me the Saviour</strong></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>At Thy feet I fall</strong></td>
<td>208</td>
<td><strong>For the Lion of</strong></td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Away from his home</strong></td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>For Thee, dear Lord</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Away, my needless</strong></td>
<td>72</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>For you I am</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Away over Jordan</strong></td>
<td>150</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>From every stain</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Before I got</strong></td>
<td>210</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Full salvation</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Before Jochovah's</strong></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Gentle Jesus, meek</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Begone, vain world</strong></td>
<td>211</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Give me a heart like</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Behold, behold the</strong></td>
<td>119</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Give me a heart to</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Behold the Saviour</strong></td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Give me the faith</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed and glorious</strong></td>
<td>199</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Give me the wings</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Jesus</strong></td>
<td>176</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Glory, glory</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Lamb of</strong></td>
<td>85</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Glory, glory, Jesus</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blessed Lord, in</strong></td>
<td>160</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Glory to His name</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bright crowns there</strong></td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God be with you</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Calvary's stream</strong></td>
<td>214</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God bless our Army</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Can a poor sinner</strong></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God is keeping His</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Canaan, bright</strong></td>
<td>216</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God is love, I know</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Christ now sits</strong></td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God is loved</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Christians, awake</strong></td>
<td>175</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God's anger now is</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, all who would</strong></td>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>God's trumpet is</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come away, come</strong></td>
<td>272</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Gone are the days</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, comrades dear</strong></td>
<td>183</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Grace there is</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come in, My Lord</strong></td>
<td>69</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hallelujah, I belong</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, join our</strong></td>
<td>270</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hallelujah,</strong> send the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, let us join</strong></td>
<td>92</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hallelujah,</strong> 'tis done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, my soul, thy</strong></td>
<td>63</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hallelujah to the</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, O Thou</strong></td>
<td>117</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hallelujah, we are</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come on, my</strong></td>
<td>134</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Happy day, happy</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, shout and</strong></td>
<td>220</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, hark, my soul</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Come, sing to me of</strong></td>
<td>70</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, hear the</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, listen to the</strong></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, sinner, while</strong></td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, the gospel</strong></td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, the herald</strong></td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hark, the voice of</strong></td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Haste away to Jesus</strong></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Have you any room</strong></td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Have you been to</strong></td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Have you not</strong></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>He called me out of</strong></td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>He lives, I know He</strong></td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>He pardoned a rebel</strong></td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>He wills that I</strong></td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>He's the Lily of the</strong></td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Here in the body</strong></td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Hiding in Thee</strong></td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Higher than I</strong></td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ho, my comrades</strong></td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Home once more</strong></td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Home, sweet home</strong></td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>How much can you</strong></td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>How much we name</strong></td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am a Christian</strong></td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am clinging to</strong></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am coming, Lord.</strong></td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am coming to the</strong></td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am so glad</strong></td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am Thine, O Lord</strong></td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I am trusting, Lord</strong></td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I believe Jesus saves</strong></td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I believe we shall win</strong></td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I bring my all to</strong></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I bring my heart to 242</strong></td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I can, I do believe in</strong></td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I dare, Lord</strong></td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I do believe, I will</strong></td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I do believe it</strong></td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I feel like singing</strong></td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have a home</strong></td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have a Saviour</strong></td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have a Saviour</strong></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have given up all</strong></td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have, Saviour's.</strong></td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I have read of men</strong></td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I hear Thy welcome</strong></td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I heard of a Saviour</strong></td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I heard the voice of</strong></td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>I His soldier sure</strong></td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I know I am weak 279
I know there's a 299
I love Jesus 154
I need Thee every 243
I no longer fear 143
If once was very 101
I stand all bewildered 109
I thirst, Thou 19
I will follow Thee 141
I'll drink when I'm 177
I'll gird on my 277
I'll stand for Christ 244
I'm a pilgrim and 170
I'm a prodigal come 102
I'm a soldier, and I 83
I'm a soldier bound 144
I'm a soldier, if you 95
I'm a soldier, should 95
I'm believing and 78
I'm coming 275
I'm glad I am a 94
I'm happy, for with 176
I've found a Friend 238
I've found the 26, 305
I've heard of a 302
I've travelled the 189
If so poor a soul 84
If the cross we 38
If you pardon 248
In all my Lord's 38
In evil long I took 39
In seasons of grief 179
In the Army of 244
In the fight, say 258
Is there anybody 257
It is the blood that 54
It was on the cross 7
Jerusalem, my happy 20
Jesus came down 301
Jesus came and 103
Jesus died for you 40
Jesus, I love Thy 25
Jesus, my cross 141
Jesus is my Saviour 263
Jesus is strong to 245
Jesus, Lover of my 79
Jesus, my Saviour 27
Jesus, precious 204
Jesus, Saviour, I am 148
Jesus, see me at Thy 259
Jesus, the name 21
Joy, freedom, peace 246
Joy, oh, joy, behold 129
Joy, there is joy in 246
Joyful, all ye nations 87
Just as I am 131
Just as you are 131
Lead, kindly Light 271
Lead me, Saviour 81
Let earth and 73
Let me hear Thy 173
Let us sing of His. 110
Life's morn will soon 169
Listen to the 145
Living beneath the 248
Lo, He comes 164
Long in darkness 192
Lord, fill my craving 43
Lord, I come to 146
Lord, I hear of 137
Lord, I make a full 248
Lord Jesus, I long 181
Lord, Lord through the 217
Love divine, from 161
Love of love so 292
Love in the grave 285
March on, salvation 93
March on, we bring 250
Marching along 270
Must Jesus bear the 26
My all is on the 96
My beautiful home 9
My body, soul, and 96
My faith looks up 200
My God, I Am Thine 191
My God, I know 28
My God, my Father 17
My heart is fixed 121
My home is in 253
My Jesus, I love 182
My mind upon Thee 245
My rest is in heaven 180
My Saviour suffered 255
My sins are under 256
My sins rose as high 302
My soul is now 97
Nearer, my God, to 257
Never quit the field 300
No mortal eye that 212
No, no, nothing do I 259
No retreatings 286
No, we never, never 239
Now I can read 52
Now in a song of 1, 4
Numberless as the 260
O boundless 182
O Calvary, dark 99
O glorious hope 135
O happy day that 10
O Jesus, how vast 186
O Jesus...Christ 134
O Jesus...hear 114
O joyful sound 49
O Lord, I come just 12
O Lord, Thy 14
O Saviour, I am 171
O spotless Lamb 183
O Thou dear 23
O Thou God of 159
O Thou to whose 3
O wanderer, knowing 47
Oft have I heard 127
Oh, dissemble thy 26
Oh, do not let thy 4
Oh, for a closer 62
Oh, for a thousand 46
Oh, glorious fountain 58
Oh, glory, Hallelujah 287
Oh, how happy 193
Oh, I'm climbing up 217
Oh, I'm glad I'm 281
Oh, I'm glad there is 14
Oh, I'm happy all 193
Oh, Jesus, my Saviour 29
Oh, my heart is full 218
Oh, remember 261
Oh, say, shall we 291
Oh, tell me no more 177
Oh, tell us why 262
Oh, that's the place 263
Oh, the bitter shame 146
Oh, the blessed 264
Oh, the blood...cleanse 220
Oh, the blood...it 117
Oh, the blood...oh the 264
Oh, the blood, to me 54
Oh, the crowning day 265
Oh, the drunkard 183
Oh, the Lamb 39
Oh, the peace my 147
Oh, the prodigal's 103
Oh, the voice 64
Oh, think of the 291
Oh, 'twas love 39
Oh, turn ye 196
Oh, we are going 130
Oh, we'll fight 202
Oh, what amazing 107
Oh, what battles 104
Oh, what has Jesus 216
Oh, what shall I do 206
Oh, when shall I 111
Oh, when shall we 206
Oh, where do you 291
Oh, why wilt thou die 298
Oh, you must be a 44
On the cross of 88
Once I heard 267
Once I thought I 147
Once I was far in 222
One sweetly solemn 68
One there is above 290
Only Thee 148
Onward, upward 137
Poor sinner, thy 183
Praise God for what 1
Praise God, I'm 319
Praise ye the Lord 64
Precious Jesus, oh 140
Prepare me, Lord 55
Ready to die 194
Rejoice, ye saints 233
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>S.B.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Remember me</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>The yellow, red, and</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>We’re bound for</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return, O wanderer</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Then awake, happy</td>
<td>324</td>
<td>We’re marching to</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock of Ages</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>Then come, oh, come</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>We’re travelling</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll on, dark stream</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Then for this awful</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>We’ve ’listened</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room for Jesus, King</td>
<td>150</td>
<td>Then open, open</td>
<td>267</td>
<td>Weary souls that</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad and weary with</td>
<td>151</td>
<td>There is a better</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>Weary wanderer</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saints of God, lift</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>There is a dwelling</td>
<td>336</td>
<td>Welcome home</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation Army</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>There is a fountain</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>What a Friend we</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation, oh, the</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>There is life for a</td>
<td>206</td>
<td>What are now those</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation is our</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>There’ll be no more</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>What shall I do</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation soldiers</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>There’s a golden day</td>
<td>281</td>
<td>What sounds are</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, dear Saviour</td>
<td>254</td>
<td>There’s a golden lamp</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>When fade my</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, hear me</td>
<td>233</td>
<td>There’s mercy still</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>When I come to</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, lead me</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>There’s no one like</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>When I survey</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, like a</td>
<td>166</td>
<td>They’ll sing their</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>When I’m happy</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we gather at</td>
<td>152</td>
<td>This is the field</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>When Jesus was</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we meet</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>This is why I love</td>
<td>156</td>
<td>When mothers of</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shout aloud</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>Thou Christ of</td>
<td>123</td>
<td>When my heart was</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singing glory</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>Thou Shepherd of</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>When our heads are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinner, for thee</td>
<td>298</td>
<td>Through the world</td>
<td>201</td>
<td>When shall They</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinner, see you</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>Till we meet</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>When the chariot</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinner, thou art</td>
<td>213</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>When the mighty</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinner, we are sent</td>
<td>157</td>
<td>They’ll sing their</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>When the road we</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinner, wheresoe’er</td>
<td>207</td>
<td>This is the field</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>When the roll is</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinners, whither</td>
<td>128</td>
<td>There’s a golden lamp</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>When we gather at</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sins of years are</td>
<td>293</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>When you come to</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sins of years</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>Till we meet</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>Whene’er we meet</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So we’ll lift up</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>White here before</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So we’ll stand the</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>Till we meet</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>While He’s waiting</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier, rouse thee</td>
<td>256</td>
<td>Till we meet</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>While shepherds</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers fighting</td>
<td>273</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>While the light</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers of our God</td>
<td>274</td>
<td>Till we meet</td>
<td>230</td>
<td>Whiter than snow</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sometimes I’m tried</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Whiter than the snow</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speak, Saviour</td>
<td>178</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Who are these</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spirit of faith, come</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Who’ll be the next</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stand like the</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Whosoever will may</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steadily forward</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Why are you</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storm the forts of</td>
<td>274</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Will you be there</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strife and sorrow</td>
<td>269</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Will you go</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summoned home</td>
<td>268</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Will you quit the</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun of my soul</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>756</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Will you stand for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet the moments</td>
<td>154</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With a sorrow for</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take all my sins</td>
<td>132</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With froward heart</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take my life and let</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With loads of sin</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell me what to do</td>
<td>294</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With my faint</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell my life and</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With my heart so</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten thousand</td>
<td>57</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With steady pace</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That means me</td>
<td>278</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With sword and</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The angel of</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>With the conquering</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The blast of</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Within my heart</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cross now covers</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Wonderful love</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The day of victory</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Would Jesus have</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The flag that guides</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Would you know</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fountain now is</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Victory for me</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gospel ship</td>
<td>155</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Washed in the blood</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lamb, the Lamb</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are marching</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Light of</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>o’er 276</td>
<td>557</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord of the</td>
<td>749</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are marching on to</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mistakes of my</td>
<td>279</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are marching on with</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ransomed of</td>
<td>280</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are out of the</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Saviour laid</td>
<td>123</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are salvation</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The voice of wisdom</td>
<td>209</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We are sweeping</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wounds of Christ</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We have no other</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>victory for me</td>
<td>555</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We meet the foes</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washed in the blood</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We shall meet our</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are marching</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We shall walk</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We shall walk</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We will speak of</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We will make the</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We’ll all shout</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We’ll all shout</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We’ll be heroes</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We’ll fight till</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>We’ll stand the</td>
<td>654</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye valiant soldiers</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>They bid me choose</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>Your garments</td>
<td>55, 59</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**ALPHABETICAL INDEX.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>A charge to keep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>177</td>
<td>Abide with me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>All I have I am bringing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109</td>
<td>Almighty to save</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140</td>
<td>Always cheerful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>205</td>
<td>Amen for the flag</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>And above the rest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141</td>
<td>Angels call the roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>206</td>
<td>Anything for Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>207</td>
<td>Are you washed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Around the throne of God</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209</td>
<td>At the cross there’s room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>208</td>
<td>At Thy feet I fall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221</td>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>182</td>
<td>Austria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>Away over Jordan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>211</td>
<td>Be in time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>212</td>
<td>Before I got salvation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213</td>
<td>Before Jehovah’s awful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218</td>
<td>Begone, vain world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>Behold, behold the Lamb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Behold the Saviour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Belmont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>214</td>
<td>Beyond the river</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163</td>
<td>Blessed Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Bright crowns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>215</td>
<td>Bringing in the sheaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>164</td>
<td>Calcutta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217</td>
<td>Calvary’s stream now is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218</td>
<td>Can a poor sinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Canaan, bright Canaan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>Charming name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>Christ for me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Christ now sits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>178</td>
<td>Christians, awake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>219</td>
<td>Cleansing for me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220</td>
<td>Climbing up the golden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Conference</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Confidence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Congress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>136</td>
<td>Come, comrades dear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>137</td>
<td>Come on, my partners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221</td>
<td>Come shout and sing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>222</td>
<td>Come to the Saviour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300</td>
<td>Crown Him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Darwells</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td>Dear Jesus on Calvary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Drear Jesus is the One</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131</td>
<td>Death is coming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Depth of mercy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Down in the garden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>224</td>
<td>Down where the living</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>225</td>
<td>Draw me nearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Ellacombe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>Ere the sun goes down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Ernan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116</td>
<td>Euphony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Evan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>142</td>
<td>Even me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Falcon Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>For ever with the Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227</td>
<td>For you I am praying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>228</td>
<td>Gird on the armour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td>Give me a heart like</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143</td>
<td>Give me Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>148</td>
<td>Glory, glory, to the Lamb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>Glory to His Name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231</td>
<td>God be with you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>God gave His Son</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233</td>
<td>God is keeping His</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>202</td>
<td>God save the King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234</td>
<td>Grace there is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Grimaby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>165</td>
<td>Guide me, great Jehovah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>193</td>
<td>Hallelujah, 'tis done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Hallelujah to the Lamb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>235</td>
<td>Happy song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>236</td>
<td>Hark, hark, my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Hark, listen to the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Hark, the herald angels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>203</td>
<td>Harlan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>181</td>
<td>Harwich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Haste away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>195</td>
<td>He called me out of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>237</td>
<td>He died at his post</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>166</td>
<td>He is bringing to His fold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>He lives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>238</td>
<td>He pardoned a rebel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239</td>
<td>He’s the Lily of the Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>167</td>
<td>Helmsley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>182</td>
<td>Hiding in Thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105</td>
<td>Home once more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>183</td>
<td>Home, sweet home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>240</td>
<td>How much can you suffer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Hursley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>I am clinging to the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>I am coming to the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241</td>
<td>I am so glad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113</td>
<td>I believe we shall win</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>I bring my all to Thee</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tune</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>242</td>
<td>I bring my heart to Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>301</td>
<td>I cannot leave the deardold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>I feel like singing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>171</td>
<td>I have pleasure in His</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>I hear Thy welcome voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243</td>
<td>I need Thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144</td>
<td>I will follow Thee, my</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>I’d choose to be a soldier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>I’ll drink when I’m dry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150</td>
<td>I’ll stand for Christ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99</td>
<td>I’m a soldier, if you want</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>I’m believing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>279</td>
<td>I’m glad I’m ready</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>302</td>
<td>I’ve found the Pearl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>If the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>In evil long</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Innocents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>It was on the cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Jesus died for you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>Jesus is mine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245</td>
<td>Jesus is strong to deliver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Jesus, Lover of my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>Jordan’s flood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>246</td>
<td>Joy, joy, the Saviour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>247</td>
<td>Joy in the S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>Just as I am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>Land beyond the blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>Last rose of summer, The</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172</td>
<td>Life’s morn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Lift up the banner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Little ship, The</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>248</td>
<td>Living beneath the shade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Lord, fill my craving heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>249</td>
<td>Lord, I make a full</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Lord Jesus, I long</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>146</td>
<td>Loved ones gone before</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Lover of the Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117</td>
<td>Madrid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Majesty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250</td>
<td>Marching through</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>147</td>
<td>Marseillaise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>251</td>
<td>Men of Harlech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Mighty to keep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Monmouth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>222</td>
<td>Mothers of Salem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>My all is on the altar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>My beautiful home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>173</td>
<td>My Father knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>194</td>
<td>My God, I am Thine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109</td>
<td>Thee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tune</td>
<td>TUNE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My home is in heaven 253</td>
<td>Rockingham 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Jesus, I love Thee 185</td>
<td>Roll on, dark stream 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My mind upon Thee 254</td>
<td>Room for Jesus 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Saviour suffered on 255</td>
<td>Rousseau 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My sins are under the 256</td>
<td>Sad and weary 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My soul is now united 101</td>
<td>Saints of God 130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nativity 61</td>
<td>Sandon 270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer, my God, to Thee 257</td>
<td>Saviour, lead me 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer my home 71</td>
<td>Saviour, like a shepherd 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never can tell 148</td>
<td>Scattered seeds of kindness 175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never mind, go on 253</td>
<td>Shall we gather at the 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No home on earth 72</td>
<td>Shall we meet 156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>None of self 149</td>
<td>Silchester 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing but Thy blood 259</td>
<td>Silver threads 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nottingham 85</td>
<td>Sing redeeming love 59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I can read 54</td>
<td>Sinner, see your light 271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Numberless as the sands 260</td>
<td>Soldiers, fighting round 272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O happy day 11</td>
<td>Soon the resting time 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Saviour, I am coming 174</td>
<td>Sovereignty 119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, how He loves 129</td>
<td>Spanish chant 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, I'm happy all the day 196</td>
<td>Speak, Saviour, speak 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, remember Calvary 261</td>
<td>Stand like the brave 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, tell me who's 262</td>
<td>Steadily forward march 102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, that's the place 263</td>
<td>Stella 120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the blessed Lord 264</td>
<td>Storm the forts 273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the crowning day 265</td>
<td>Sweet heaven 274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the drunkard may 186</td>
<td>Sword and shield 275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the Lamb 55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the peace 150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the prodigal's coming 106</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the voice 56</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, turn ye 199</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, wash me now 12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, what battles 107</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, what shall I do 266</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old hundredth 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the cross of Calvary 93</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Thee 151</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open and let the Master 267</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor old Joe 179</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise 139</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise God, I'm saved 303</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prepare me 57</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promoted to glory 268</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ready to die 197</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember me 58</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reuben 74</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring the bell, watchman 269</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rocked in the cradle 14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
METRICAL INDEX.

NOTE.—As a number of the tunes are available for more than one metre, when the tunes are given elsewhere than in the class to which they specially belong, they are printed in italics.

Section A.—Long Metre.

TUNE | Title
---|---
1 | I feel like singing
2 | If the cross we boldly bear
3 | In evil long
4 | I've found the Pearl
5 | Jesus died for you
6 | Lift up the banner
7 | Lord, fill my craving heart
8 | Lover of the Lord
9 | Manchester
10 | Mary
11 | Mighty to keep (double)
12 | My sins are under the
13 | My soul is now united
14 | Nativity
15 | Now I can read my title
16 | Oh, the Lamb
17 | Oh, the voice
18 | Open and let the Master in
19 | Prepare me
20 | Remember me
21 | Sing redeeming love
22 | Sinner, see you light
23 | Sweet heaven
24 | Ten thousand thousand
25 | The blast of the trumpet
26 | The glorious fountain
27 | The Judgment Day
28 | There's a mercystill (double)
29 | They'll sing a welcome
30 | Tucker
31 | We have no other
32 | What, never run away
33 | We'll fight till Jesus
34 | While shepherds

Sect. E.—7’s (4 lines).

TUNE | Title
---|---
79 | Christ now sits
80 | Depth of mercy
81 | I am coming to the cross
82 | I'm believing and receiving
83 | Innocents
84 | Jesus, Lover of my soul
85 | Nottingham
86 | Saviour, lead me
87 | Tossing like a troubled
88 | Will you stand for Christ

Sect. F.—7’s (8 lines).

TUNE | Title
---|---
79 | Christ now sits
80 | He is bringing to His fold
81 | Jesus, Lover of my soul
82 | Rousseau
83 | Spanish chant
84 | Wells

Sect. G.—7’s (8 lines).

TUNE | Title
---|---
92 | Hark! the herald angels
93 | On the cross of Calvary

Sect. H.—7’s and 4’s.

TUNE | Title
---|---
209 | At the cross there's room
94 | Jordan's flood
129 | Oh, how He loves
95 | There is a happy land
96 | Try again

Sect. I.—7’s and 6’s.

TUNE | Title
---|---
30 | Ellacombe
98 | I'd choose to be a soldier
99 | I'm a soldier, if you
100 | My all is on the altar
101 | My soul is now united
102 | Steadily forward march
103 | The day of victory's coming
104 | The Light of the world
105 | To the uttermost He saves
282 | Under the Army flag

Sect. J.—7’s and 11’s.

TUNE | Title
---|---
105 | Home once mor
106 | Oh, the prodigal's coming
107 | Oh, what battles
108 | With the conquering Son
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. K.—8's (4 lines)</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
<th>Sect. T.—8.7.4.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Almighty to save</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>Austria</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How much can you suffer</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>Blessed Lord</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I believe we shall win</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>Calcutta</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The cross now covers</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Guide me, great Jehovah</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou Shepherd of Israel</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>He is bringing</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tossing like a troubled</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>Helmsley</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We speak of the realms</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>Last rose of summer, The</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome to glory</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>Saviour, like a shepherd</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, oh, yes</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>Take salvation</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. M.—6-8's.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Euphony</td>
<td>116</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madrid</td>
<td>117</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moppomouth</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sagina</td>
<td>118</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sovereignty</td>
<td>119</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soon the reaping time</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stella</td>
<td>120</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells</td>
<td>91</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye banks and braes</td>
<td>121</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. N.—8's and 3's.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold, behold the Lamb</td>
<td>122</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ for me</td>
<td>124</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleansing for me</td>
<td>219</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a better world.</td>
<td>123</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tucker</td>
<td>125</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're sure to win</td>
<td>127</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're travelling home</td>
<td>128</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's the news?</td>
<td>126</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. O.—8's and 4's.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, how He loves</td>
<td>129</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saints of God</td>
<td>130</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. P.—8's and 3's.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death is coming</td>
<td>131</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy, behold the Saviour</td>
<td>132</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land beyond the blue</td>
<td>145</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. Q.—8.8.8.5.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away over Jordan</td>
<td>133</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just as I am</td>
<td>134</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I can read</td>
<td>54</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take all my sins away</td>
<td>135</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Also any L.M. tune, by repeating the last two syllables of each verse.]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. R.—8's and 6's.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, comrades dear</td>
<td>136</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come on, my partners</td>
<td>137</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He lives</td>
<td>138</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise</td>
<td>139</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect. S.—8's and 7's (4 lines).</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Always cheerful</td>
<td>140</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angels call the roll</td>
<td>141</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Even me</td>
<td>142</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to the Lamb</td>
<td>143</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will follow Thee, my</td>
<td>144</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land beyond the blue</td>
<td>145</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. V.—9's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I believe we shall win</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tossing like a troubled</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, oh, yes</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. W.—10's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abide with me</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians awake</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernan</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor old Joe</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. X.—10's and 11's</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hallelujah! 'tis done</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harwich</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurley</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll drink when I'm dry</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I am Thine</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. Y.—11's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hallelujah! 'tis done</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harwich</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. Z.—12's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hallelujah! 'tis done</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, I am Thine</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. A2.—12's and 9's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Are you washed</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the cross, where I first—or</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He called me out</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll stand for Christ</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lover of the Lord</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, I'm happy all the day</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, the voice</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open and let the Master in</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ready to die</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet heaven</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll all shout Hallelujah</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will you be there and I</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. B3.—12's and 11's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He died at his post</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mothers of Salem</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, turn (Adeste Fideles)</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ash grove</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eden above</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. C2.—6's and 4's.</th>
<th>TUNE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>God save the King</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harlan</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Peculiar Metres.

All I have I am bringing 204
Amen for the flag 205
Anything for Jesus 206
Are you washed 207
At the cross there's room 209
At the cross, where I first— 208
At Thy feet I fall 210
Be in time 211
Before I got salvation 212
Begone, vain world 213
Beyond the river 214
Bringing in the sheaves 215
Calvary's stream 216
Can a poor sinner 217
Gazaan 218
Cleansing for me 219
Climbing up the golden 220
Come shout and sing 221
Index to Sixteen Additional Songs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUNES</th>
<th>TITLES OF TUNES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>313</td>
<td>Covenant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>314</td>
<td>Cranbrook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304</td>
<td>Eaton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>317</td>
<td>Eden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>306</td>
<td>Give to Jesus glory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>318</td>
<td>Holly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>316</td>
<td>I love Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>311</td>
<td>It is well with my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>303</td>
<td>Jerusalem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>Missionary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>308</td>
<td>O, for a heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>309</td>
<td>Only trust Him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>307</td>
<td>St. Peter's.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>305</td>
<td>Stand up for Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>310</td>
<td>Vain delusive world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>315</td>
<td>Whither, pilgrims</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRST LINES.</th>
<th>TUNES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Called from above</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, every soul by sin</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, O my God</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Greenland's icy</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet the name of Jesus</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm a soldier bound</td>
<td>316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, for a heart whiter</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stand up! stand up for Jesus</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The love of Christ doth me</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a fountain</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To save the lost</td>
<td>306</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vain, delusive world, adieu</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When peace like a river</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whither, pilgrims, are you</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Within my heart, O Lord</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Salvation Army Music.

Section A.—Long Metre, 1—20.

I.—And above the rest.

mf Moderato.

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

cres.

on the brink of ruin fell,—Glory to God! I'm out of hell.

above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus 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.

2. Boston.

\[ \text{Met. } \frac{d}{4} = 76. \]

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Ye need not one be left behind,
Let ev’ry soul be Jesus’ guest;
bidden all mankind.

Chorus.

 mf
You are drifting, you are drifting to your doom,
You are drifting, you are drifting to your doom,
Yet there’s mercy, yet there’s mercy still for you.

1st time.

2nd time.

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.

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye peoples, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create, He can create, and He destroy.

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.

Adagio.

Met. \( \textit{d} = 56 \).

1. Oh, do not let thy Lord depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden 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?

Our blessed Lord refuses none Who would to Hira 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. \( \textit{d} = 76 \).

1. Now, in a song of grateful praise, To my dear Lord my voice I'll

CHORUS. Dear Jesus is the One I love, Oh, bless His name! He died for
raise; With all His saints I'll join to tell— My Jesus has done all things well. His blood now cleanses me from sin, Dear Jesus 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.

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.

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.

\[ p \text{ Adagio.} \]

\[ J = 56. \]

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: Oh, may no earth-born
cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant'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
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.

\[ p \text{ Largo.} \]

\[ J = 56. \]
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. \( \text{d} = 80\).

1. Dear Lord, and can it ever be, A sinful man ashamed of Thee, A sinful man ashamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glory shines through endless days? Whose glory shines through endless 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.

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

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

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. \( j = 60 \).

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

peaceful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my home is there. My beautiful

home, my beautiful home,...... In the land where the glorified ever shall

beautiful home, beautiful home,

roam; Where angels 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.

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. $\frac{d}{d}=66$.

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.*

1. Within my heart, O Lord, fulfilling........ The purpose of Thy death and

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;

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.

Thy loving heart, so rent and torn, Thy suffering bids me share with Thee.
13.—Old Hundredth.

Met. $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 63.$

1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye before Him and rejoice.

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. $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 66.$

1. O Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by fear. . . . . . . and doubt and sin! Thou only canst my spirit
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.

\[ mp \text{ Adagio.} \]

1. O Lord, Thy heavenly grace im-part, And fix my frail, in-constant heart! Hence-

\[ dim. \text{ mf} \]

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

\[ mf \text{ Chorus. Allegro moderato. Met. } \dot{q} = 72. \]

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the blood, in the blood, Oh, I'm

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

world there is cleansing, There is cleansing in the Sa-viour's blood.
16.—Roll on, dark stream.

**Words of No. 15 continued.**

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.

2 Whate'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.

*mf Allegro moderato.  cres.*

1. This is the field, the world below, In which the...

*mp*

Sower came to sow; Jesus, the wheat—

*Cres.*

—tan, the tares— For so the word of God declares.

*Chorus.*

And soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest-home, And
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 more;  
He that hath ears, then let him hear.

### 18. Thy will be done.

Met. \( \frac{d}{=69} \)

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.

\[ \text{f Vivace.} \]

[音乐符号]

1. What sounds are those that reach the ear? They tell of freedom drawing near, When all who in sin's bondage groan, Their great Deliverer shall own.

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,
20. — Wareham.

I. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me

in Thy cleansing blood, To dwell within 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.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band.

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?

3 Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labours have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

4 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein In glorious majesty; And Him, through every stormy scene, I onward press to see.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labours have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
22.—Auld Lang Syne.

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.

1. Behold the Saviour of mankind.
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
O Thou dear suffering Lamb of God,
Who gave Thyself for me,
Now plunge me in Thy cleansing 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.

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?

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

\[\text{mp Andante.} \quad \text{cres. Met. } \text{d} = 66.\]

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest! Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon 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.

1. Ye va•liant sol•di•ers of the cross, Ye hap•py praying band, Though in this world we

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

\[ \text{Chorus.} \]
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

me,

you and me, There's a crown of victo•ry,........There's a crown of victo•ry.

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.

mf Allegro moderato.

'Tis music to my ear,

I. Jesus,... I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear,

Faith would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear,

That earth and heaven should hear,

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,

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

The noblest balm of all its wounds,
   The cordial of its care.
27.—Conference.

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.

And there's a cross for me, And there's a cross for me.

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' pierced feet,

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.

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

sing for joy; And sing I must, a Christ I have, Oh, what a Christ have I!

mp cres.

met. \( \frac{4}{4} = 106 \).
Oh, what a Christ have I! Oh, what a Christ have I!

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.

2 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.

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

Galilee Still pleading with the Lord. Down in the gar-den, Hear that mournful

2nd Cho. Je-sus, my Sa-viour, Let me weep with

sound; There be-hold the Sa-viour weep-ing, Pray-ing on the cold, damp ground.
Thee; Mer-ey, 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.

\[ f \text{ Allegro moderato.} \]

\text{Met. } \frac{d}{2} = 106.

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

all I have is lost in Thine, And all renewed I am. And

all renewed I am, I am, And all renewed I am; Till

all I have is lost in Thine, And all renewed 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. \( \dot{\cdot} = 56 \).

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins; And

\[ \text{sin\text{-}ers plunged be\text{-}neath that flood, Lose all their guil\text{-}ty stains.} \]

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. Met. \( \dot{\cdot} = 104 \).

Oh, J\text{-}esus, my Saviour will welcome sinners home, Welcome sinners home,

\[ \text{Wel\text{-}come sin\text{-}ners home; Oh, Sinner, don't de\text{-}lay.} \]

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.

1. Give me a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels the blood So freely spilt for me. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine! By Thy wonderful power, And Thy grace every 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.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The glories 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

31
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten

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

f Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb Who died on Mount

Cal-va-ry! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

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 throné; And to adore the Lamb.
35.—Hark! listen to the trumpeters.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 104 \)

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters, They sound for volunteers, On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount, and flow'ry mount, On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount, Behold the officers. Their horses white, their garments bright, With arrow and bow they stand, Enlisting soldiers 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.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. The angel of the Lord shall stand, While thousand thunders roar, And

swear by heaven's eternal throne That time shall be no more; The earth and every

thing therein Shall melt with fervent heat, And sinners found still in their sins, Will

have their God to meet. Haste away to Jesus—Oh, hear the warning

cry! Haste away to Jesus, For death is drawing nigh.

Haste away
37.—I am clinging to the Cross.

♫ Andante, con espress. ♫

1. For Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs, With earnest, strong desire; I seek Thee now with all my heart, I'm waiting for the fire. I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross,

mf Chorus. Allegro moderato. ♫

heart, I'm waiting for the fire. I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross.

cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to 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.

Words of No. 36 continued.

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.

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!
I bring my all to Thee.

mp Adagio sostenuto.

1. Oft have I heard Thy tender voice
   Calling, 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

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

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

down;

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.

1. I feel like singing all the time, My tears are wiped away, For Jesus is a Friend of mine: I'll serve Him every day...... Singing glory,

Chorus.

Sing-ing,
glo-ry, Glory be to God on high!

f Chorus.

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.

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.

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.

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.
If the Cross we boldly bear.

1. In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue; Hinder me not, ye much-loved friends, I must not go with you.

If the cross we boldly bear, Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell with Jesus there, In the bright forevermore.

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.

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

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

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.

**Chorus.** Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb of


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.

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.

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.

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 fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
42.—Jesus died for you.

mf Allegro.

1. Oh, what amazing words of grace Are in the gospel found! Suit-
ed to every sinner's case Who hears the joyful sound.

f Chorus.

Jesus died for you;....... Jesus died for me;........ Yes,
you, for you; me, for me;

Jesus died for all mankind, 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.

\[mf\text{ Allegro moderato.}\]

\[\text{Met. } \bigodot = 104.\]

1. Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears!

- sov’reign balm for ev’ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

\[f\text{ Chorus.}\]

So we'll lift up the banner on high,..... The salvation banner of love;.....‘We'll

fight beneath its colours till we die, Then go to our home above.

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.

41
44.—A Little Ship.

mf Allegretto.

1. For ever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;... This

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.

Met. \( \frac{56}{56} \)
45.—Lord, fill my craving heart.

Lord, fill my craving heart, With a deep, burning love for souls, Lord, fill my craving heart.

Lord, fill my craving heart, Lord, fill my craving heart, With a deep burning love for souls, Lord, fill my craving 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.
1. Return, O wanderer, return, And seek thy Father's face!
   Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by His grace.

   Father's face!

   by His grace.

mf CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, of the Lord, Oh, you

must be a lover of the Lord, of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lover of the

Lord, of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O wanderer, return,
   He hears thy humble sigh;
   He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
   When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
   Thy Saviour bids thee live;

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

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

44
With steady pace the pilgrim moves towards the blissful shore, and sings with cheerful heart and voice, "'Tis better on before."

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.

47.—Manchester.
48.—Mary.

f Allegro moderato.  Met. $= 92.$

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my

God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His

grace, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs 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! 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.

1. O wand'rer, knowing not the smile Of Jesus' lovely face, In darkness liv'ning
   all the while, Reject ing of-fer'd grace: To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound, Thy
   soul He waits to free; Thy Saviour hath a ran-som found, There's

*mf* Chorus.

mer-cy still for thee. There's mer-cy still for thee! There's mer-cy still for

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!"
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 mighty to keep...

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.

1. O joyful sound of gospel grace! Christ shall in me appear, Christ shall in me appear; I, even I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here.

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. 'Tis 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?

mf Allegro moderato.

1. To save the world is our desire, For enemies we pray! We'll never tire, we'll stand the fire, And never, never run away.

We are marching on to conquer all, Before our God the world shall fall; We'll face the foe, to battle go, And never, never run away. What, never run away? No, never run away! What, never run away? No, never run away! We'll
2 Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack, 
    For God we'll fight, we know we're right, 
    Our Captain we'll obey; 
    We'll never, never run away.

3 With holy might the foe we'll smite, 
    For God we'll fight, we know we're right, 
    The monster sin to slay; 
    We'll never, never run away.

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

53.—We have no other argument.

mf Allegro moderato.  Met. \( \frac{d}{d} = 76 \)

1. Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! 
   A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears!

f Chorus.

We have no other argument, We want no other plea, 'Tis

Quite enough that Jesus 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.

Now I can read my title clear, title clear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear, every fear, I'll bid farewell to every fear,
I can read my title clear, title clear,
To mansions in the skies.
And wipe my weeping eyes.

So we'll stand the storm, For it won't be very long,
We will anchor by and by, by and by, We will stand the storm, It will
not be very long, We will anchor by and by.

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.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer's ear; It

CHORUS. f Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb of Calvary, The

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.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. It is the blood that washes white, That makes me pure within, That keeps the inward witness right, That cleanses from all sin. Oh, the

CHORUS.

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 within, Making free from self and sin.

Cleansing now my heart within,

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.

Met. $d = 96.$
57.—Prepare me.

mf Largo.

1. Your garments must be white as snow! Prepare to meet your God!
   For to His throne you'll have to go, Prepare to meet your God!

CHORUS.

Prepare me! prepare me, Lord! Prepare me! to stand before 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.

mp Andante.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Did
   Chorus. Remember me, remember me, O Lord, remember me;
   Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans, And then remember me.

He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

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.

Salvation soldiers, full of fire, From battle never stay; Keep up the fire, keep aiming higher, Make ready, fire away!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! We are on our way to glory, We soon shall march the Hallelujah streets, And sing redeeming 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.*

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.

*Chorus.*

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

mf Allegretto.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And

is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins; sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

f Chorus.

Oh, glorious fountain! Open for me!

Oh, glorious fountain Open 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.

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.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream His flowing wounds supply,
62.—The Judgment Day.

mf Moderato.

Met. \( \frac{1}{6} = 92. \)

1. Your garments must be white as snow! Prepare to meet your God! For to His throne You'll have to go! Prepare to meet your God!

f Chorus.

Then for this awful day prepare, Repent 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.  

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see The saints above, how 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 sing me a welcome home. Welcome, welcome home! Welcome, 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.

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

mf Moderato.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came on the ground,

down, And glory shone around.

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!

4 But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

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.*

\[ Met. \ \upsilon = 96. \]

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never, A never, A never,

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;

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, While ye surround His throne.

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,

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.

\[ \text{mf Andante.} \]

1. “For ever with the Lord!” Amen! so let it be! Life from the dead is sent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A day’s march nearer home. Near-er home, near-er home, A day’s march near-er home.

\[ \text{f Chorus.} \]

in that word, ’Tis immortality. Here in the body pent, Amen! so let it be! Life from the dead is sent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A day’s march nearer home. Near-er home, near-er home, A day’s march near-er home.

\[ \text{mp cres.} \]

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.

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.

\[ \text{p Adagio.} \]

I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For

cleaning in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

\[ \text{f Chorus.} \]

I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee;

Thee, I'm coming now, Oh,

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood, That flowed on Calvary.

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.*

1. To leave the world below, March upward with our band, And step by step we mean to go, And step by step we mean to go, To Zion’s happy land, To Zion’s happy land...

*Chorus.*

Zion’s happy land... We’re marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful... Zion, We’re marching The Army to Zion, That beautiful, city 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.  

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

f Chorus.

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

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

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

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

3
72.—No home on earth have I.

mf Allegretto.

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

in and cleanse my soul from sin, And dwell with me alone!

Thy self to me be given, In fulness of Thy love; Thy

self alone will make my heaven, Tho' all Thy gifts remove.

D.C. for Chorus.

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 Lord, 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.

There'll be no more sorrow there.

1. Come, sing to me of heaven, When I'm about to die; Sing
   There'll be no more sorrow there, There'll be no more sorrow there, In
   songs of holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high;
   heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow 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.

When shall Thy love constrain, And force me to Thy

1. When shall Thy love constrain, And force me to Thy

breast, And force me to Thy breast? When shall my
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.

1. Commit thou all thy griefs And ways into His hands, To
    His sure truth and tender care Who earth and heaven commands.

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.


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 who'er on Jesus call,
    And perfects them in love.
SECTION D.—4-6's and 2-8's, 77—78.

77.—Darwells.

\( \text{Allegro moderato} \)\( \text{Met.} \dfrac{d}{4} = 72. \)

1. Let earth and heaven agree, Angels and men be joined, To

\( \text{celebrate with me The Saviour of mankind;} \) To adore the

\( \text{all atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name.} \)

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.

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.

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.

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 cied!
1. The Lord of earth and sky, The God of Ages praise; Who reigns enthroned on high, Ancient of endless days; Who reigns enthroned on high, Ancient of endless days; Who lengthens out our trials here, And spares us yet another year, Who lengthens out our trials here, And spares us yet another 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

4. On us a longer space: Thou didst in our behalf appear, And lo! we see another year.

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.

78.—Majesty.
79.—Christ now sits on Zion's Hill.

mf Allegretto.

1. Christ now sits on Zion's hill, He receives poor sinners still; Will you serve this blessed King?

mf Chorus.

Come, enlist, and with me sing: I His soldier sure shall be, Happy in eternity.

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.

Depth of mercy! Can there be, / Can my God His wrath forbear?

Chorus. Allegro. Met. $\frac{4}{4}$ = 66.

Still reserved for me? / Chief of sinners spare?

God is love! I know, I feel,

Jesus lives and loves me still; / Jesus lives,

lives, He lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace, / Now my Father's mercies move,
Long provoked Him to His face; / Justice lingers into love.
Would not hearken to His calls, / Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls. / Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this waste of love? / 5 Kindled His relentings are,
Ask my Advocate above! / Me He now delights to spare;
See the cause in Jesus' face, / Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Now before the throne of grace. / Let the lifted thunder drop.

4 Jesus speaks and pleads His blood! / 6 There for me the Saviour stands,
He disarms the wrath of God; / Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel: / God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
81. — I am coming to the Cross.

Adagio.

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

Coming to the cross,
Counting all but dross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind.

Moderato.

2. I am coming to the cross,
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,

Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me

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

Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

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!

77
82.—I’m Believing and Receiving.

mp Allegretto.

I. Sins of years are washed away, Black-est stains become as

mf CHORUS.

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.

82
83.—Innocents.

-mf Moderato.

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

   Pity my simp-li-ci-ty, Suf-fer me to come to Thee.

2. Fain I would to Thee be brought—
Glorious Lord, forbid it not;
In the king-dom 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.

p Andante.

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

79
Nottingham

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless 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.

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

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

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

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

Gent-ly down the stream of time,

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.
Tossing like a troubled ocean. Met. $= 56$.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. Met. $= 106$.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer; He Himself has bid us pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, Therefore will not

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.
Will you stand for Christ alone.

_I'm a soldier and I fight For my Saviour and the right, In my heart His presence lives, Perfect joy and peace He gives. Will you stand for Christ alone?

---

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 blessed 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.

mp Moderato. Met. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 60 \).

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee,

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{\textit{cres.}} & \text{mf} \\
& \text{Let the water and the blood From Thy wounded side which flowed,} \\
& \text{Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.}
\end{align*}
\]

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,  

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.

1. Blessed Lamb of Calvary, Let Thy Spirit fall on me;

Let the cleansing, healing flow
Wash and keep me white as snow,

That henceforth my life may be
Bright and beautiful 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,
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,

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.

m₃ Andante.

1. Oh, disclose Thy lovely face! Quick en all my drooping powers! Gasps my fainting soul for grace,

As a thirsty land for showers. Haste, my Lord, no more delay; Come, my Saviour, come away!

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.
Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. $d = 92$.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing “Glo-ry to the newborn King, Peace on earth and

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’ange-lic host pro-claim, Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-al-d 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.

\[ \text{mp Andante.} \]

I. On the cross of Calvary, Jesus died for you and me;
There He shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream does flow, And it washes white as snow!
It was for me that Jesus died On the cross of Calvary.
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;
Sufferers in His righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

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.

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;

80,
When you come to death's cold flood, How will you do? How will you do?
You who now neglect your God, How will you do? How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day, When the soul is forced away;

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

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?

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?

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?

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!

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

SECTION H.—7's and 4's, 94—96.

mf Allegretto. Met. \( \cdot \) = 56.

94.—Jordan's Flood.
95.—There is a Happy Land.

mf Moderato. Met. $\dot{J} = 84.$

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away;

Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King!"

Loud let His praises 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.

mf Allegro moderate.

1. Have you not succeeded yet? Try, try, try again!

Mercy's door is open set, Try, try, try again.

Yours is not a single case, Others have the same to face;

All your trust on Jesus place, Try, try, try again.

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 say, 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.

92
SECTION I.—7's and 6's, 97–104.

97.—The day of victory's coming.

mf Allegro moderato.

Cres. Met. \( \frac{J = 88}{\text{cres.}} \)

CHORUS. The day of vict'ry's coming, It's coming 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

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

Repeat for Chorus.

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 vict'ry'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 vict'ry'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 vict'ry'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 vict'ry's coming by-and-by.
98.—I'd choose to be a Soldier.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. $d = 92$.

1. Fight on, fight on for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high His royal banner—It must not suffer loss: From victory unto victory His Army shall He lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed. I'm glad I am a soldier, And battling on for God, Each day by grace made bolder To conquer 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;

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.

Put on salvation armour, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
99.—I'm a Soldier, if you want me.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 92. \)

I. I'm a soldier, if you want me, For Jesus I will fight; I want to spread salvation, And put the devil to flight. God finds me ammunition, And blood and fire and skill; I'm just the sort that's wanted, I know The Army drill. I'm a soldier, should you want me, You will find me in The Salvation Army.

---

2 I'm a soldier, if you want me,
Firm at my post I'll stay;
Like all true Army heroes,
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. $d = 92.$

1. My body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to Thee,...... A

Thee, to Thee,

consecrated offering, Thine ever more to be......

mf CHORUS.

My all is on the altar, I'm waiting for the fire;........

fire, the fire;

Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire..........
101.—My soul is now united.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. $\cdot = 96.$

1. My soul is now united To Christ the Living Vine, His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel Him mine; I was to God a stranger, Till Jesus took me in; He freed my soul from danger, And pardoned 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. Salvation is our motto, Salvation is our song, And
   round the wide, wide world We'll send the cry along. Yes,
   Jesus is the sinner's Friend, The Bible tells us so; Their
   many sins He will forgive, And wash them white as snow.

$^{f'}$ **Chorus.**

Steadily forward march! To Jesus we will bring
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.

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

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.

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.

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.
To the uttermost He saves.

**1.** Come, with me visit Cal'vry, Where our Redeemer died; His blood now fills the fountain, 'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide. He died from sins to sever Our hearts and lives complete; He saves and keeps for ever Those living at His feet.

**mf Chorus**

To the uttermost He saves, To the uttermost He saves, He saves; Dare you now believe, And His love receive? To the uttermost 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. $ \frac{d}{2} = 100.$

I. I once was very worldly, The same as many more, But since I've been to

Jesus He's saved me, I am sure; And if you're only willing To

give up all your sin, My Saviour He is waiting, I'm sure, to take you in.

$f$ Chorus.

The Light of the world is Jesus, The Light of the world is Jesus! And

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

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.
105.—Home once more.

m<sup>6</sup>f Moderato.  Met.  \( \text{f} = 100 \).

1. 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.

**Verse 1.**

Jesus comes and calls for thee,
Now He longs to set thee free
From the cruel yoke of slavery and sin;
He has called thee oft before,
And has wearily wandering far away from home,
He is seeking his Father's face,
Oh, the prodigal's coming home,
Coming home no more to roam;
He is weary wandering far away from home.

**Chorus.**

Oh, the prodigal's coming home,
Coming home no more to roam;
He is weary wandering far away from home.

**Verse 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!

**Verse 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!"

**Verse 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!"

**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. \(\frac{\text{d}}{\text{f}} = 84.\)

1. Oh, what battles I've been in, And what conflicts I have seen, But in

\[
\text{darkness as in brightness He is mine, He is mine; Oh, what mocking and what shame I can}
\]

\[
suffer for His name, For in glory as the stars He'll make me shine.
\]

f Chorus.

Washed in the blood white as snow, No-thing am I seek-ing here be-

\[\text{poco rit.} \quad \text{a tempo.}\]

- low; There's no more strife for my soul, I know, And nought can my peace over-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 bondages sets me free.

104
108.—With the conquering Son of God.

With the conquering Son of God.
Met. $j = 84.$

1. We are sweeping thro' the land With the sword of God in hand; We are watching and we're praying while we fight.

On the wings of love we'll fly To the fight, while we fight.

souls a·bout to die, And we'll force them to be·hold the pre·cious light.

f' CHORUS.

With the conquering Son of God, Who has washed us in His blood, Dan·ger brav·ing, sin·ners sav·ing, We are sweeping 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 rejoin our conquering comrades gone before.
SECTION K.—8's (4 lines), 109—115.

109.—Almighty to save.

mf Moderato.

1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My
struggling and wrestlings be o'er, My heart by my
Saviour possessed, Be fearing and sinning, be
fearing and sinning, And sinning 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. $= 92.$

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair; And

cres.

CHORUS.

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 you, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

107
Thou Shepherd of Israel.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where Thou art; The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined, 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.
The Cross now covers my sins.

**Chorus.**

1. I stand all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love, And over its waves to my spirit Comes peace, like a heavenly dove!  

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 touched 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."
**II3.**—I believe we shall win.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Let us sing of His love once again—Of the love that can never decay, Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Till we praise Him again in that day.

---

**f Chorus.**

I believe, Jesus saves, And His blood makes me whiter than snow; I believe, we shall win, If we fight in the strength of our King.

---

I believe, Jesus saves, And His blood makes me whiter than snow; I believe, we shall win, If we fight in the strength of our King.

---

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.

---

110
114.—Welcome to glory.

\[ mf \text{ Allegro moderato.} \]

\[ \text{Met. } \dot{=} \text{ 96.} \]

1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mortality o'er? What then for my spirit awaits? Will they sing on the glorified shore?

\[ f \text{ Chorus.} \]

Welcome home! Welcome home! A welcome in glory for Welcome home! Welcome home!

Welcome home! Welcome home!

Welcome home! Welcome home!

| 2 Yes, loved ones who knew me below, | The city of saints I'll behold; |
| Who learned the new song with me here, | For oh, there's a welcome for me! |
| In chorus will hail me, I know, | 4 A sinner made whiter than snow, |
| And welcome me home with good cheer. | I'll join in the mighty acclaim, |

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.*

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a wonderful love it must be; But did He come down from above? Out of love and compassion for me?.... Yes, oh, yes! Out of love and compassion 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.

112
Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart overpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

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 blessed 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. $\frac{3}{4}$ = 84.

1. O Jesus,... Saviour, hear my... cry,  And all my need... just now supply! New power I want, and strength, and light,

That I may conquer in the fight. Oh, let me have... wherever... go... Thy strength to conquer every 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.

114
118.—Sagina.

mf Allegro moderato. Met. $\dot{=} = 92.$

1. And can it be that I should gain An in-t'rest in the

Saviour's blood? Died He for me who caused His pain? For me who

Him to death pursed? Amazing love! How can... it be,... That

Thou,... my God,... shouldst die... for me? Amazing 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.

mp Andante.

1. Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs He then on yonder tree? What means that strange expiring cry? Sin-

f Allegro. Met. \( \text{d} = 96. \)

you and me. "Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive! 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.

mf Moderato.

1. Come, O Thou Traveler unknown, Whom still I hold but
My company before is gone, And

2nd time.  
cres.
can not see, I am left alone with Thee. With Thee all

night I mean to stay And wrestle till the break of day.

CHORUS. Allegretto. Met. \( \text{d} = 66. \)

\( f \)

Oh, the blood of Jesus, The precious blood of Jesus,
Oh, the blood of Jesus, 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.

1. All things are possible to him That can in Jesus' name believe: Lord,
   Thy truth I lovingly receive;
   All things are possible to me; I can, I do believe in Thee,
   Nor sin in deed or word or thought.

   I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lovingly receive;
   All things are possible to me; I can, I do believe in Thee.

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.

   Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
   They cannot break the firm decree;
   All things are possible to me.

3. When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
   I here shall in Thy image shine,
   And witness, from all sin set free,
   All things are possible to me.

   All things are possible to God,
   To Christ, the power of God in man;
   To me, when I am all renewed,
   And witness, from all sin set free,
   All things are possible to me.

   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.
Behold, behold the Lamb of God.

1. Behold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. For us He shed His precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. Oh, hear His all important cry, "Why perish, blood-bought sinner, why?" Draw near and see your Saviour 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.

There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And music fills the balmy air, And angels with bright wings are there, And harps of gold and mansions 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 Jesus' 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!

120
124.—Christ for me.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. $J = 112.$

1. My heart is fixed, eternal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee; And

my un-changing choice is made, Christ for me; He

while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! 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!"
1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire! Thy

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, Send the fire! To bring the light and glory in, Send the fire! 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, Send the fire! For grace to conquer in the fight, Send the fire! For power to walk the world in white, Send the fire!
126.—What's the news?

mf Allegretto.

1. When-e'er we meet, you always say, "What's the news? What's the news? Pray what's the order of the day, What's the news? What'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;

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.

His pierced feet, His hands and side
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,
Life's cleansing fount was opened wide
On the cross.

123
127.—We’re sure to win.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. We meet the foes of all mankind, And fight to win, and fight to win! That all the wretched, 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 yellow, red, and blue shall fly Above our heads until we die, With

Repeat for Chorus.

they may God’s salvation see, We fight to win, we fight to win!

blood and fire, 'neath every sky, We’re sure to win, we’re sure to win!

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

124
128.—We’re travelling home to Heaven above.

mf Allegro moderato. f

I. We’re travelling home to Heaven above, Will you go, will you go?

mf cres. o’er, And yet there’s room for millions more, Will you go, will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful shore, Their trials and their labours

f cres. 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?

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?

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!”

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?
129.—Oh, how He loves!

One there is above all others—Oh, how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's—Oh, how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us, One day kind, the next deceive us;

But this Friend will never 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.

1. Saints of God, lift up your voices, Praise ye the Lord!

While the host of heaven rejoices, Praise ye the Lord!

Praise Him as ye onward go To the realms of endless glory,

Let His praise each heart overflow, 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,
Praise ye the Lord!
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may be free.
Praise ye the Lord!

3 Thousands have in Christ believed,
Praise ye the Lord!
And His pardoning love received,
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!
131.—Death is coming.

mf Moderato.

1. Sinners, whither would you wander? Whither would you stray?

Oh, remember life is slender, 'Tis but a short day.

f Chorus.

Death is coming, surely coming, And the Judgment Day;

Has ten, sinner, to the Saviour, Seek the narrow 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. \( \mathfrak{d} = 104 \)

1. Ho, my com-rades, see the millions Dying, soon to die;

Fiends and men and God defying, Endless ruin in night!

*f Chorus*

Joy! behold the Saviour! Joy! the message hear!

Joy! oh, joy! behold the Saviour! Joy! oh, joy! the message hear!

I'll stand by until the morning; I've come to save you, do not fear.... Yes,

I'll stand by until the morning, 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 glorious banner waving!
Converts' faces glow;
Desperate sinners God is saving,
Spite of every foe.
SECTION Q.—8.8.8.6., 133—135.

133.—Away over Jordan.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Oh, we are going to wear a crown, Oh, we are going to wear a crown, Oh, we are going to wear a crown, To wear a starry crown.

ff Chorus.

Away over Jordan, With our... blessed Jesus, Away over Jordan, To wear a starry 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.

13c
134.—Just as I am.

mf Andante.

Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

A Chorus for the above Tune, if desired.

Moderato. Met. $\frac{J}{J} = 104$.

Just as you are, the Lord will save you, Come without delay;........ 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.

Adagio.

1. O spotless Lamb! I come to Thee, No longer can I

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.

Enter and speak me pure within,
   Give me Thy perfect peace.

3 Weary I am of inbred sin,
   Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?

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.

1. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word, In Jesus' ways go on, In Jesus' ways go on; Our troubles and our trials here Will only make us richer there, When we arrive at home, When we arrive at home, Will only make us richer there, When we arrive 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.

Moderato.

1. O Jesus, Saviour, Christ divine, When shall I know and feel... Thee mine... Without... a doubt or fear, Without a doubt or fear? With anxious, longing thirst... 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.
1. O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things above, It bears on eagle's wings; With Jesus, priests and kings.

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.

1. There is a dwelling-place above—Thither, to meet the God of love, the poor... in spirit go; There is a paradise of rest—For contrite hearts and souls distressed Its streams of comfort flow, Its streams of comfort flow, There is a paradise of rest—For contrite hearts and souls distressed Its streams of comfort 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:

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.

There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high
Who serve Him here below.
140.—Always cheerful.

mf Allegro moderato.

Met. $\dot{=} 96.$

1. On-ward! up-ward! blood-washed sol-dier; Turn not back, nor sheathe thy sword,

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.

1. When the roll is called in heaven, And the host.... shall muster there, I will take my place among them, And their joys and triumphs share.

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.
1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;

Showers the thirsty soul refreshing: Let Thy power descend on me!

2. Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,  Grace of God—so strong and boundless,  Magnify it all in me!
   Make me feel and make me see;  Send the burning, cleansing fire,  Now show forth Thy power in me!
   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,

Another song to the above Tune.

1 Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven  Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  I have rest and peace for thee—even thee.
   Speaks of pardon full and free;  Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;  Boundless mercy flows for thee—even thee.
   Boundless mercy flows for thee—even thee.

2 See the healing fountain springing  Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  I have rest and peace for thee—even thee.
   From the Saviour on the tree;  From thy sin and woe be free:
   Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,  Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
   Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—even thee.  Gladly will He welcome thee—even thee.

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,  Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  I have rest and peace for thee—even thee.
   "Come and lay thy soul on Me:
   "Come and lay thy soul on Me:

4 Now Thy full salvation bringing,  Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  I have rest and peace for thee—even thee.
   Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee!  Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee!
   Whilst the streams of life are springing,  Whilst the streams of life are springing,
   Blessing others, oh, bless me!  Blessing others, oh, bless me!

5 There, in love for ever dwelling,  Though thy heart for sin be breaking,  I have rest and peace for thee—even thee.
   Jesus all thy joy shall be;  And thy song shall still be telling
   And thy song shall still be telling  All His mercy did for thee—even thee.
143.—Glory, glory to the Lamb.

mf Allegretto.

1. Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee! Oh, to know that Thou art mine! Jesus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Chorus.

Glory, glory! Jesus saves me, Glory, glory to the Lamb! Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glory 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.

Moderato.  

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;

Though I be despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Chorus.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me; And tho' all the world for sake Thee, By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

2 Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how 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.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. We are marching home to glory, Marching up to mansions bright,

Where the golden harps are playing, Where the saints are robed in white.

**Chorus.**

There's a golden harp in glory, There's a spotless robe for you;

When we reach the Hallelujah city, In the land beyond 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;

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!

We shall have a Hallelujah heaven,
   When we reach the other side.
Loved ones gone before.

1. I no longer fear death's river, Boldly I shall breast its tide;

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.

From His hand there's nought can sever, Who will then be near to guide.

When I come to death's dark river, Jesus will be there to guide me o'er;

There where sorrow ne'er can enter, I shall meet the loved ones gone before.

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.
147.—Marseillaise.

f Allegro con spirito.

Met. $d = 120.$

1. I'm a soldier bound for glory, I'm a soldier going home; Come and

home, yes, going home;

hear me tell my story, All who love the Saviour, come.

ff Chorus.

March

To arms, to arms, ye brave! See, see..... the standard wave!

March on, march on, The trumpet sounds, To victory 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.  

1. Listen to the invitation: "Come, ye weary, come to Me!"

mf Chorus.

You never can tell when the Lord will call you, You never can tell when your end will be,

Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain, Come and get saved, and happy 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.
1. Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow That a time could ever be When I let the Saviour's pity Plead in vain, and proudly answered— "All of self, and none of Thee!"

2. Yet He found me, I beheld Him Bleeding on the accursed 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. $d = 69.$

Once I thought I walked with Jesus,
Yet such changeful feelings had,

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting,
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.

Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before!

And my way has brighter 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.

Moderato.

1. Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside?

Who on earth, with love so tender, All my wand'ring steps will guide?

Chorus.

Only Thee! Only Thee! Loving Saviour, Only 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.

Life, or health, or creature comfort—
   I would give them all for Thee.

3. Only Thee! I ask no other,
   Thou art more than all to me;

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.

3. Jesus, Saviour, I will follow—
   Follow just where Thou shalt lead;
   Though the path bring pain and sorrow,
   Yet supply my every need.

2. Jesus, Saviour, I am praying,
   Praying Thou wilt every day,
   Never leaving, ever staying,
   Walk beside me all the way.

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.  

1. We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
   We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

mf Chorus.

All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor in the harbour;

We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond 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.

149
153.—Room for Jesus.

As He knocks and asks admission, Sinner, will you let Him in?

mf CHÓRUS.
Room for Jesus, King of Glory! Has ten now, His word obey!

Room for Jesus, King of Glory! Has ten now, obey!

Room for Jesus, King of Glory! Has ten now, His word obey!

Swing your heart's door widely open! Bid Him enter 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.

1 Have you any room for Jesus—He who bore your load of sin?.....
154. — Sad and Weary with my Longing.

Sad and weary with my longing, Filled with shame because of sin;

As I am, in conscious weakness, Here I must salvation win.

All I have I leave for Jesus, I am counting it but dross;

I am coming to the Master, I am clinging to the cross.

Clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

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?

mp Moderato.  Met. $= 76.$

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod;

With its crystal tide for ever Flowing by the throne of God?

f Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river:

Gather with the saints at the river, 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 see
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?

Shall we meet beyond the river, In that bright and happy land,
And with the redeemed forever, In our Saviour's presence stand?

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges 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.

*mp Moderato, con espress.*

Met. $\frac{d}{2} = 72.$

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;

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.

---

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.  

1. The gospel ship along is sailing, Bound for Canaan's peace-ful shore;  
Chorus. Glory, glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! All the sail-ors loudly cry,  
All who wish to go to glory, Come and wel-come, rich and poor.
See the bliss-ful port of glory, 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 Wraft 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.

mf Allegro moderato.  

Met. \( \dot{=} \) 84.

1. Would you know why I love Jesus—Why He is so dear to me? 'Tis because my blessed Saviour From my sins has ransomed me.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus, This is why I love Him so;

why I love my Jesus, This is why I love Him so; He has pardoned my transgressions, He has

pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me white as snow.
160.—Turn to the Lord.

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;

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. \( \text{d} = 66 \).

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what endless pain we bear—

All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our Refuge— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?— Take it to the Lord in prayer!

In His arm He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
1. O Thou God of ev’ry nation, We now for Thy blessing call; Fit us

for full consecration, Let the fire from heaven fall; Bless our

Army! Bless our Army! With Thy power baptize us all; Bless our

Army! Bless our Army! With Thy power baptize 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. Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge, Safety for my

mf

Moderate.

Met.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.

Moderate.
164.—Calcutta.

mf Moderato.

1. Love divine, from Jesus flowing, Living waters rich and free,

Won-drous love, without a lim-it, Flow-ing through e-ter-ni-ty.

Bound-less o-cean, Bound-less o-cean, I would cast my-self in Thee,

I would cast my-self in Thee, I..... would cast my-self in Thee, I would

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!

1

Hark! the gospel news is sounding, Christ has suffered

on the tree; Streams of mercy are abounding,

Grace for all is rich and free. Now, poor sinner,

Now, poor sinner, 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.

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

\[mf \text{ Allegro moderato.}\]

1. Full salvation! Full salvation! Lo! the fountain,
opened wide, Streams through every land and nation.

\[cres.\]

From the Saviour's wounded side...... Full salvation!

Full salvation! Streams an endless crimson 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.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
   Thousands of saints attending,
   Once for favoured sinners slain;
   Swell the triumph of His train!

   Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

   Hal-le-lu-jah! God appears 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 bear,
   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!
1. Come, ye sinners, drifting downwards, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power! He is able, He is able, He is willing, Doubt no more, He is able, He is able, He is willing, 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:

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.

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-d'rest care;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold prepare.

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed

Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

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:
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee!

Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blesséd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy joy our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us; love us still!
1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—"Come, ye guilty, come to Me; I have rest and peace to offer; Rest, thou labouring one, for thee;

Take salvation, Take salvation, Take salvation,

Take salvation, Take salvation, Take salvation,

Take it now and happy be, Take it now and happy be."

2. Yes; though high in heavenly glory, Still the Saviour calls to thee:
Faith can hear His invitation—
"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. $\frac{d}{m} = 60$.

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.

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.

I have given up all for Jesus, This vain world is nought to me; All its pleasures are forgotten In remembering Calvary. 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 pearly gates unfold. Life's morn will soon be waning, And the evening bells will toll; pearly gates unfold.

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. \( \text{\textit{j}} = 84 \).

I. I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, Rough and thorny is the road—

FINE.

Oft—en in the midst of danger, But it leads to God.
Anxious cares and thoughts perplex me, But my Father knows.

Clouds and darkness oft distress me, Great and many 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. \( \text{\textit{j}} = 66 \).

I. With my heart so full of sadness, I am coming, Lord, to Thee;

...
Com- ing now to find Thy glad - ness, And Thy grace so rich and free.

Empty 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.
Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

1. Weary wand'rer, wilt thou listen, While I sing of dying love? Which did

make the Saviour hast-en From the rich-est realms a-bove: In a sta-ble and a

man-ger Did the Prince of Glo-ry lay; In the world He was a stranger, While He

sought for souls a-stray. Hark! hear the Saviour knocking, Hark! hear the Saviour

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.

1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll obey; While be

fore Thy cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears away! Oh, let the light now

falling Reveal my ev'ry need; Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh,

p Chorus.

speak, and I will heed, Speak, Saviour, speak! Obey Thee I will

ev'ry; Down at Thy Cross I seek From all that's wrong to sever.

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.

173
NOTE.—For Tunes of Section V (9's), see Index.

SECTION W.—10s, 177–179.

177.—Abide with me.

\[ p \text{ Adagio.} \]

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the even tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide 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; IIs 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!

174
178.—Christians, awake.

mf Moderato.

1. Christians, awake, salute the happy morn Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born; Rise to adore the mystery of love

Which hosts of angels chanted from above; With them the joyful tidings first begun Of God incarnate and the Virgin’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.

mp Moderato.  

1. Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin, Gone are the days of conflicts fierce within, Gone far away, no more my soul to know; My

CHORUS.

Saviour's blood my heart is keeping White as snow. I'm happy, I'm happy, For with

Je - sus now I live, And constant peace, and joy, and comfort He doth give.

2. Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurned; Gone are the times when from Calvary's scene I turned; Gone, to be brought against me never more! My Saviour's blood has bought my pardon— Safe and sure.

3. Gone are the doubts of a soul that dare not trust; Gone are the fears of a heart by sorrow crushed; Gone, by the blood swept far from me away, And now I live in constant rapture— Night and day.

4. Come are the joys of a heart in blood washed white; Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right; Come to my heart, there for ever to remain, "For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and— "Death is gain!"

5. Come is my King, my heart and life to cheer, Come is my Lord to keep from doubt and fear, Come mine to be while I to Him belong, And He is all my hope and comfort— Joy and song!
SECTION X.—10's and 11's, 180—181.

180.—I'll drink when I'm dry.

\[mf Allegretto.\]

1. Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such

trifles With me is now o'er; A country I've found Where true joys a

bound, To dwell, I'm determined, On that happy ground. I'll drink when I'm
dry, I'll drink a supply: I'll drink from the fountain that never 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?

177
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.

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.
1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry,
Lead heart is o'erwhelmed with trouble and care;
... From the me to the Rock that is

2nd. **p Chorus.**

higher than I. Higher than I, Higher than
Hiding in Thee, Hiding in

I; Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Thee; Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding 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. $= 84$

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest... is not here, Then why should I

mur-mur when trials are near? Be hushed, my sad spirit-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, whate'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.*

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
   I want Thee forever to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe, Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Whit'er than snow, yes, whiter than snow, Now wash me and I shall be whiter 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, blessed 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. $d = 96.$

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,... For Thee all the

pleasures of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my

Sa-viour art Thou, If ever I loved Thee, if ever I

loved Thee, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, ’tis now.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved 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. \( \frac{d}{d} = 69. \)

1 Poor sinner, thy Saviour is waiting for thee—Is drunkard may come, and the swearer may come, Back—

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 colder—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.

1. God's trumpet is sounding, "To arms!" is the call, More warriors are wanted to help on the war; My King's in the battle, He's calling for me, A salvation soldier for Jesus I'll be. 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 possessed, 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. $d = 84.$

1. The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill, Will shortly echo o'er ocean and hill.

f Chorus.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trumpet sounds, "Come, come away!" Oh, may we be ready 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!

185
189.—The Blue Bells of Scotland.

\[mf\text{Moderato.}\]

\[\text{Met. } d = 112.\]

1. 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;

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.

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 place—
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.

186
190. — The Lion of Judah.

mf Allegro.  

Met. \( \text{=} \) 104.

I. Come, sinners, to Jesus; no longer delay; 
A Chorus. For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain, And

free, full salvation is offered today; A 
give us the victory again and again; For the

cres.

— rise, all ye bond-servants, A — wake from your dream! Be — 
Lion of Judah shall break every chain, And

\( f \)

— lieve, ..... and the light and the glory shall stream. 
give, ........ us the victory again and again.

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 victory are waiting for you.
191. — The Wounds of Christ.

Met. $d = 56.$

1. Dark shadows were falling, My spirit appalling, For hid in my heart sin's deep
And when I was weeping, The past o'er me creeping, I

2. It soothes all life's sorrows,
   It smooths 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.

4. Crimson stain lay, heard of the blood that could wash sin away.

Chorus.

The wounds of Christ are open, Sinner, they were made for thee; The

wounds of Christ are open, There for refuge flee.

5. It soothes all life's sorrows,
   It smooths 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.
192.—There's no one like Jesus.

mf Allegro.  

I. I've travelled the rough paths of life in my day, But Jesus, He met me up—

on the broad way; He pardoned 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 Jesus can

cheer me to-day, His love and His kindness can ne'er fade away; In

winter, in summer, in sunshine, in rain, My Saviour's affections 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.

189
193.—Hallelujah! ’tis done.

**CHORUS.**

Hallelujah! ’tis done! I believe on the Son; I am

saved by the blood of the crucified One; crucified One.

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.

1. My God, I am Thine; What a comfort di-
cres. 

ty; What a blessing to know that my Je-
sus is mine.

f CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! send the glory! Hal-le-

lu-jah! send the glory! 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.
195.—He called me out of Darkness.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

---

1. Long in darkness and doubt did I wander from God, Just the slave of myself and of sin; And I saw not the hell at the end of the road, Nor the danger I daily was in.

*f CHORUS. Allegro.*

Out of darkness called me out of darkness into light, into light; He called me out of darkness into light, into light, The wondrous light of God.

---

2 Oh, the world of the future was nought to my heart, While in no life but this had my soul any part,

And the claims of my God I ignored; Till I knelt at thine feet.
Oh, I'm happy all the day.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Oh, how happy are they who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above, up above; Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace Of a For my Saviour He has washed me in His all-atoning blood, And I

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

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.

Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore.
197.—Ready to die.

mf Allegro moderato.  

1. With a sorrow for sin must repentance begin, Then salvation of course will draw nigh; But till washed in the blood of the crucified Lord, You will never be ready 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.

I. Oh, how happy are they who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above, above; Tongue can never express that sweet singing love With the comfort and peace Of a soul filled with Jesus' love. shining hosts above, And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

ff Chorus.

We'll all shout, Hallelujah! As we march along the way; And we'll

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' 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 posset, I am perfectly blest,
As if filled with the heaven of God.
199.—Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is drawing so nigh? Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come!" And angels are waiting, and angels are waiting, And angels are waiting to welcome 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.
1. Hark, sinner! while God from on high doth entreat thee, And warnings with accents of mercy do blend; Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee, The harvest is passing, the summer will end. Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee, The harvest is passing, the summer 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.
1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The
Ye wan-d'ers from God in the broad road of folly, Oh,
home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
say, will you go to the Eden above.

mf Chorus. cres.

Will you go?.... Will you go? Will you go?.......
Will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blessed 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,
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.
202.—God save the King.

1. God bless our Army brave, Soon shall our colours wave
   Over land and sea. Clothe us with righteous-ness, 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!
My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine; Now near me while I pray, Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
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!
204.—All I have I am bringing to Thee.

**mp Andante.**

1. All I have by Thy blood Thou dost claim,...... Blessed

**mf CHORUS.** All I have I am bringing to Thee,...... All I

**cres.**

Lord, who for me once was slain; Now Thine own I will give Thee, I have I am bringing to Thee; In Thy steps I will follow, come

**mf**

know Thou wilt take me, Though long Thou hast pleaded in vain. joy or come sorrow, Dear Saviour I will follow Thee.

**dim.**

Repeat for Chorus.

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.

Amen for the flag to The Army so dear, 'Tis the flag for all lands and all seas; The flag that is making hell's legions to fear, The flag both for war and for peace. The flag that will ever in battle look bright, The flag that will wave till the wrong is put right, The flag that shall triumph with

Met. } = 112.
salvation might, Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

\[ f \text{ Chorus.}\]

The flag that guides poor sinners on the way,

The flag that leads to endless day,

The flag that fills all hell with dismay, Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

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.

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 braces,
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.*

1. Jesus, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul corruption made me fully whole; Ev'ry hour I'll serve Thee, what-e'er may befall,

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.

204
207.—Are you washed?

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood—In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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?

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?
1. When my heart was so hard, That I ne'er would regard The shades of death, 
   At the Cross. At the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the 
   Chorus. At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light.

   Variation held up to my sight, To the Cross when I came  
   In my burden of my heart rolled away; It was there by faith I 
   received my sight, And now I am happy 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.

\( \text{p Andante, con moto.} \)

\( \text{Met. } \frac{\text{d}}{\text{q}} = 92. \)

1. Sinner, where so e’er thou art, At the cross there’s room!

Tell the burden of thy heart, At the cross there’s room!

Tell it in thy Saviour’s ear, Cast away thy ev’ry fear;

Only 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. Blessed 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.

1. O Lamb of God! Thou wonderful Sin-bearer, Hard after Thee my soul doth follow on: As pants the hart for streams in deserts drea-ry, So

Chorus.

mp Moderato. Met. $d = 84$.

pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-giving One. At Thy feet I fall,...........

Yield thee up my all, To suffer, live, or die, For my Lord crucified.

2 I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my soul;
Now I renounce the cursed 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.
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 mind, 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.

I. Before I got salvation I was sunk in degradation, And from my Saviour wandered far a-stray; But I came to Cal'ry's mountain, Where I fell into the fountain, And from my heart the burden rolled away. 'Twas a happy day, and no mistake, When Jesus 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. $\mathfrak{d} = 65.$

1. Begone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me,... My captive soul.... has long been held by thee;... I listened long To thy vain song, And thought thy music sweet,

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.

211
No mortal eye that land hath seen, Beyond, beyond the river; Its smiling valleys, hills so green, Beyond, beyond the river. Its

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.

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.

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.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Sin-ner, thou art speeding, Down to death, unheed-ing. I hear the Sa-viour pleading,

Haste, oh, haste a-way! From His mer- cy turn-ing, Dy-ing love still spurn-ing,

Ov-er thee He's yearning, Oh, get saved 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.

2. From thy bond-age 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.

Outside still He's standing; Now His Spirit's striv-ing, Will you heed His knock-ing—Let Him in to-day?

3. Often He has called thee To accept salvation, Often He has waited At thy heart's closed door;

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!"

213
216.—Calvary’s Stream is flowing so free.

\[mf\text{ Allegretto.}\]

1. Cal-val-ry’s stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing so free, Flow-ing so free,

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.

FINE.

Cal-val-ry’s stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing, yes, flowing for thee;
217.—Can a poor Sinner come to Jesus?

mf Allegro moderato. 1st time.

Can a poor sin- ner come to Je - sus? Can he come, can he come?

2nd time. Chorus.

Can he come just now? Yes, oh, yes!.... He can come just now.

While the pre-cious blood is flowing, 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?
Oh, what has Jesus done for me? He came from the land of Canaan.
He groaned and died upon the tree That I might go to Canaan.

A glorious crown appears in view, In that bright land of Canaan; A
palm of royal victory too; Come, let us go to Canaan.
Canaan is a happy place: Oh, will you go to Canaan.

Canaan, bright Canaan, The glorious land of Canaan! Oh,

2 When I shall join that blessed 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.

1. Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me,
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim Cleansing from Thee,
Cleansing for me; cleansing from Thee. Sinful and black though the past may have been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen, Yet on Thy promise, O

Lord, now I lean, Cleansing for me, cleansing 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, although 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 music and of gladness, As on

wings of love and faith I upward fly; Not a

shadow-cloud my Saviour's face obscuring, While I'm

climbing to my homestead in the sky. Oh, I'm

climbing up the golden stair to glory, Oh, I'm

$\text{Chorus.}$
climbing with my golden crown before me; I am

climbing in the light, I am climbing day and night, I shall

shout with all my might when I get there; Oh, I'm

I get there;

climbing day and night, I am climbing up the golden 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.
Come, shout and sing.

mf Allegro moderato.

Come, shout and sing, make heaven ring With praises to our King, Who bled and died, was crucified That He might pardon bring; His blood doth save the soul, Doth cleanse and make it whole—The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

f Chorus.

Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, Yes, I know! The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, Yes, I know! I bless the happy day, When He
washed my sins away, The blood of Jesus cleanses 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.

CHORUS. I do believe it! I do believe it! I'm

Repeat for Chorus.

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.

1. Dear Jesus, on Calvary, Dear Jesus, on
   Calvary, And He died for you, And He died for me, And He died for us
   all...... Dear Jesus, on Cal'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.

1. Once I was far in sin, But Jesus took me in,
Down where the living waters flow; 'Twas there He gave me sight, And waters flow;

let me see the light, Down where the living waters flow.

f Chorus.

Down where the living waters flow; Down where the tree of life does grow; I'm living in the light, For life does grow;

Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters 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.

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 closer drawn to Thee!

Chorus.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died! Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side!

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.*

**Chorus:**

1. You must get your sins forgiven, 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 crying, For your time is quickly flying, In the grave you'll soon be lying, When the

**Chorus:**

sun goes down. Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down, goes down, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down, goes down, Oh, sinner, come to Jesus, 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.

mp Allegro moderato, con express.

1st time.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory, A dear loving now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,

2nd time.

Saviour, though earth friends be few, And And oh, that my Saviour were

mf CHORUS.

your Saviour too! For you I am praying, For you I am

I'm praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying 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,
but 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 never knew;

My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver:
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

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!

225
228.—Gird on the Armour.

mf Allegro moderato. Met. $d = 96.$

I have read of men of faith Who have bravely fought till death, Who now the crown of life are wearing; Then the thought comes back to me, Can I not a soldier be even my may know, Where so ever I may go,

I'll gird on my armour and rush to the field, Determined to conquer, and never 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.
1. When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, Give me Jesus.

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.

Allegro moderato.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;

There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name!

f Chorus.

Glo - ry to His name,.......... Glory to His name!....

Now to my heart is the blood applied, Glory 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.

mp Moderato.

1. God be with you till we meet again! By His counsels guide, uphold you,

mf CHORUS.

With His sheep securely fold you— God be with you till we meet again! Till we

meet!........ Till we meet! Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we

Till we meet! Till we meet, we meet!

Till we meet!........ Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!

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!

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!

3 God be with you till we meet again! When life's perils thick confound you,
232.—Jesus is mine.
(GOD GAVE HIS SON FOR ME.)

mf Andante, con espress.               Met. $\frac{4}{4}$ = 60.

1. When fade my earthly joys; Jesus is mine!

When break earth's tender ties; Jesus is mine!

Though dark this wilderness, Though here no resting place,

Jesus will surely bless; Jesus is mine!

2. Tempt not my soul away; Jesus is mine!
   He's my unfailing 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!

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!

   All that my soul has tried
   Left but a dismal void:
   Jesus has satisfied;
   Jesus is mine!

231
233.—God is keeping His Soldiers Fighting.  

 mf Allegro moderato.  

 Met. J = 100.

 1. God is keeping His soldiers fighting, Ever-more we shall conquerors be; All the
   host of hell are uniting, But we're sure to have victory. Though to beat us they've been
   try-ing, Our colours still are flying, And our flag shall wave for ever, For we never will give in.

 f Chorus.

 No we won't, no we

 No, we never, never, never will give in, No we won't! No, we won't!

 No won't,

 No we won't; For we mean to have the victory for ever!

 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. \( \frac{j}{J} = 56. \)

1. Saviour, hear me, while before Thy feet I the record of my sins repeat,
   Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,

Stained with guilt, myself abhorring, Filled with grief, my soul outpouring;

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 away, 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. §

We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and battle for the
marching onward singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters

FINE.

right, We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might, And we'll work till Jesus calls.
flow, Come and join our ranks as soldiers here below, And we'll work till Jesus calls.

f Chorus.

Then awake, then awake, Happy song, happy song, Shout for
Then awake, then awake, Happy song, happy song,

cres. joy, Shout for joy, As we gladly march along.
Shout for joy, shout for joy, march a-long.

We are

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.
I. Hark, hark, my soul, what war-like songs are swelling,
How grand the truths... those burning strains are telling

Through all the land and on from door to door;
Of that great war... till sin shall be no more.

Salvation Army, Army of God...
Onward to conquer 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.

He Died at his Post.

1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth, he hoisted the standard of mercy and truth; For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost, soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post; soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

2. The strangers they wept that, in life's brightest 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.

\[ \text{\( P \) Adagio.} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{Met.} \quad \text{\( J = 66. \)} \]

1. I heard of a Saviour whose love was so great
   That He laid down His life on the tree;
   The thorns they were pierced on his beautiful
   brow, To pardon a rebel like me.

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. \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{m}} = 96. \)

I. I've found a Friend in Jesus, He's ev'ry-thing to me, He's the

Fair-est of Ten Thousand 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

care on Him to roll;

He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, the

on Him to roll;

238
Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul.

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,

Val-ley, The Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fair-est of Ten Thousand 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 blessed 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 blessed face,
   Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.

239
240.—How much can you Suffer for Jesus?

How much can you suffer for Jesus? In His service how much will you lose? At His cross will you still kneel adoring, And the cross which He gives you receive?

CHORUS.


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 upraise?

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.

mf Allegro moderato.

I. I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given;

Wonder-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.

f Chorus.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus 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.

I bring my heart to Jesus, with its fears, With its hopes and feelings, and its tears; Him it seeks, and finding, it is blest; Him it loves, and loving, is at rest. Walking with my Saviour, heart in heart,

None can part, Walking with my Saviour, 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.

? 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.

\[ \text{Adagio.} \]

\[ \text{Met. } \frac{d}{d} = 66. \]

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No
tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.

\[ \text{CHORUS.} \]

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I

need Thee! Oh, bless me now, my Saviour! 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.

1. In The Army of Jesus I've taken my stand, To fight 'gainst the forces of

sin, To the rescue we go, Satan's power to o'erthrow, And His

f Chorus.

captives to Jesus we'll win. I'll stand for Christ, I'll stand for Christ, For Christ a-

lone, for Christ a-lone, Amid the tempest, tempest and the storm, and the storm. Where Jesus

Amid the tempest and the storm, and the storm.

leads, where Jesus leads, I'll follow on, I'll follow 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.*

1. Why are you doubting and fearing? Why are you still under sin?.......

*mf*

Have you not found That His grace doth abound? He's mighty to save, let Him in!.......

**CHORUS. Vivace. Met. J. = 66.**

Jesus is strong to deliver! Mighty to save! mighty to save!

Jesus is strong to deliver! Jesus is mighty 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. $= 60.$

Joy, freedom, peace, and ceaseless blessing, All, all for thee,
If, while your weakness still confessing,
To your Redeemer you flee. All the world can ne'er console thee—Cannot bring thee joy; Jesus alone can satisfy thee, He will thy sorrow destroy.

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.


Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Salvation Army! Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Salvation Army! Joy! joy!
In The Army of the Lord, joy!  

Sing to God, sing to God, with loud joyful songs of praise;  
Beat the drums, beat the drums, while salvation music plays.  
Play the music, play, sing the happy song, Loud hosannas shout with the happy throng, To the happy land we'll march along, We'll be joyful all the way......

2 Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in The Salvation Army,  
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,  
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.

**Chorus.** Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth as dross;

If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,

Look up to Jesus who died on the tree To purchase a full salvation.

Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want liberty, shout and be free—

Enjoying a full salvation.

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.

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 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.

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.

**Lord, I make a full surrender,** All I have I yield to Thee;

For Thy love so great and tender, Asks the gift of me.

For Thy love so great and tender, Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection, Claim it, take it for Thine own;

Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tection, Fixed on Thee a - lone.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! I have given my all to God!

And I now have full salvation Through the precious 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 Blessed 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. \( \frac{d}{d} = 96 \).

1. Shout aloud salvation, and we'll have another song, Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along; Sing it as our comrades sang it many a million strong, As sound our Saviour's praises over every land and sea, As

ff Chorus.  

FINE. March on!.... march on!....

they were marching to glory....  March on! march on! We bring the jubil-

we go marching to glory....

Fight on!.... Fight on!....

- lee;.... Fight on! fight on! Salvation 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.

mf Con spirito.

1. Soldier, rouse thee! War is raging, God and fiends are battle waging, Every ransomed
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming, While the mult-

f Chorus.

power engaging, Break the tempter's spell.
-
tudes are streaming Downwards in - to hell? Thro' the world resounding, Let the gospel sounding,

Summon all, at Jesus' call His glorious cross surrounding. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving,

Be not faithless but believing, 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. $d = 60.$

1. When mothers of Salem Their children brought to Jesus, The stern disciples drove them back, And bade them depart; But Jesus saw them ere they fled, And sweetly smiled and kindly said, "Suffer little children to come unto 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.

My Home is in Heaven.

I. I have a home that is fair-er than day, And my dear Saviour has shown me the way.

cres.

Oft when I'm sad and tempta-tions arise, I look to my home far a-way.

f Chorus.

My home is in heaven, there is no parting there, All will be happy, 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.

My mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
And since, in singleness of aim, I part with all Thy

Chorus.

Allegretto.

And 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.

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.
My Saviour Suffered on the Tree.

255

1. My Saviour suffered on the tree, Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Oh, come and praise the Lord with me, Glory to the bleeding 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.

1. God’s a-n-g-er now is turned a-way, My sins are un-der the blood; My

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 e., e,
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.

Met. $J = 56.$

1. "Nearer, my God, to Thee—Nearer to Thee!"

E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be, "Nearer, my God, to Thee—Nearer, my God, to Thee—Nearer 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!

Never mind: Go on! Never mind: Go on!

Chorus.

In our Saviour strength enough We may always find; Though the fighting may be tough,

Go on, go on to victory.

Let our motto be, Go on, go on to victory.

I. In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary? Do you find your

Lay aside all fear, and, onward pressing, Bravely fight, and

path is rough and thorny, And above the sky is dark and stormy?

God will give His blessing; Though the war at times may prove distressing,

In our Saviour strength enough We may always find; Though the fighting may be tough,

Go on, go on to victory.

Let our motto be, Go on, go on to victory.

Never mind: Go on!

Never mind: Go on! When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind,
259.—Nothing but Thy Blood can save Me.

mp Adagio.

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! Nothing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing

To Thy cross, O Lamb of God! Nothing 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.

2 Faithful be, delaying not to follow
   Where Christ leads, though it may be through sorrow;
   If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,
   Never mind : go on!

   I can come no other way,
   Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

3 When down-hearted, look away to Jesus,
   Who for you did shed His blood most precious;
   Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
   Never mind : go on !

   Do your best in fighting for your Saviour,
   For His sake, fear not to lose men's favour,
   If beside you should a comrade waver,
   Never mind : go on !
260.—**Numberless as the Sands.**

*mf Allegro moderato.*

Met. $\frac{d}{d} = 96.$

When we gather at last over Jordan, And the

ransomed in glory we see, As the numberless sands on the

sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be.

**f Chorus.**

Numberless as the sands on the sea-shore, Numberless as the

sands on the shore, on the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be When The
Army we shall see, 'Number-less as the sands on the seashore.

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!

261.—Oh, Remember Calvary.

Oh, remember Calvary, Oh, remember Calvary,

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 believes
   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?

*PRIMARY TEXT:* 

mf Allegro moderato.  


Answer. Oh, yes, we are the true Salvation Army, We are soldiers, and we fight. Our Leader is the Lord of Hosts, 'Tis in His strength our Army boasts; We'll drive the devil from these coasts, Trusting Jesus, we shall fight. Our Leader is the Lord of Hosts, 'Tis in His strength our Army boasts; We'll drive the devil from these coasts, Trusting Jesus, we shall fight.

f CHORUS. Allegro. Met. \( \text{d} = 72 \).

win, Trusting Jesus, 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 Army'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.
Oh, that's the Place.

1. Jesus is my Saviour, this I know, He has given peace to my heart; When my soul was burdened, filled full of woe, Seeking from my sin to part, Graciously He heard me when I prayed, Drew me to His riven side, There by faith I washed, and so was saved, His blood was there applied. Oh, that's the place where I love to be, For mighty wonders there I see; Would you be blest, then come, live with me, At the cross of Jesus.

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! Fetter which had bound me He destroyed, Blessed 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.

1. Oh, the bless-ed Lord, He has saved my soul From the world and the dev-il, and He's made me whole; And my heart it's kept So white and clean, For to entered in; And my soul I know Is ready to go For to

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus clean-ses white as snow;

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Yes, it cleans-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 trump-et 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.

1. There is coming on a great day of rejoicing, When all the ransomed shall gather their All earth's sorrow and its sin then disappearing, Every heart will the

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. $j = 56.$

I. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll. What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

Chorus. Moderato.  
mf Met. $j = 72.$

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, Blessed 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.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's closed door, And was roused from my slumber of sin: It was

Jesu's knockt, He had knocked before; Now I said, ''Blessed Master, come in!'' Then

open, open, open to Him, open, and let the Master in! For your

open to Him, open to Him, let Him in;

heart will be bright with a heavenly light, If you'll only let the Master 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. \( \text{\textit{d} = 52} \)

1. Sum-moned Home, the call has sound-ed, Bid-ding a sol-dier his
   warfare cease; And the song of an-gels re-sound-ed,
   warfare cease; And the song of an-gels re-sound-ed,
   Wel-comes a war-rior to e-ter-nal peace. Praise the Lord! From
   earth-ly strug-gles A com-rade has found re-lease.

2. Once the sword, but now the scep-tre, Once the fight, now the
   rest and fame, Bro-ken ev-ry earth-ly fet-ter,
   now the glo-ry for the cross and shame; Once the loss of
   all for Je-sus, But now the e-ter-nal gain.

1. Sum-moned Home, the call has sound-ed, Bid-ding a sol-dier his
   war-fare cease; And the song of an-gels re-sound-ed,
   Wel-comes a war-rior to e-ter-nal peace. Praise the Lord! From
   earth-ly strug-gles A com-rade has found re-lease.

2. Once the sword, but now the scep-tre, Once the fight, now the
   rest and fame, Bro-ken ev-ry earth-ly fet-ter,
   now the glo-ry for the cross and shame; Once the loss of
   all for Je-sus, But now the e-ter-nal gain.
Death has lost its sting, the grave its victory; Conflicts and dangers are
Trials and sorrows here have found their meaning, Mysteries their explanation.

Crowned by the hand of Jehovah! Strife and sorrow
Of His eternal Salvation. The Lord's true faithful soldier Has been

called to go from the ranks below, To the conquering host above.
269.—Ring the Bell, Watchman.

\[mf\] Allegro moderato.

1. Come, join our Army, to battle we go, Jesus will help us to conquer the foe—

\[\text{f Chorus.}\]

Marching along, marching along, The Salvation Army is marching along;

\[mf\] cresc. \[f\]

Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong, The Salvation Army is marching along.

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.
I. Lead, kindly Light, amid th’encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,.... one step enough 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.
Sinner, see yon Light.


Sinner, see yon light, Shining clear and bright
From the cross of Cal-va-ry,
Where the Saviour died, And from His side
Flowed the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.
Come a-way, come a-way,
Come a-way, To the cross for re-fuge flee;
See the Saviour 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
272.—Soldiers Fighting round the Cross.

mf Con spirito.

1. Soldiers fighting round the cross, Fight for your Lord,

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 conquer 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.

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 idly by,

While the heedless millions die; Lift the blood-stained banner high, And take the field for Jesus.

Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down! Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down! Pull down the devil's kingdom, Where'er he holds dominion; Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down.

Glory, honour to the Lamb. Praise and power to the
41

Lamb; Glory, 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.

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
    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.

We are marching o'er the regions Where the slavery of sin is enforced by hellish legions, But we'll fight and we shall win.

Step by step we march along; Never daunted, fearing none; True liberty from self and Satan Is our song.

With sword and shield we'll take the field, We're not afraid to die, While the
standard of the cross is waving o'er us; We raise on high our battle cry, And

all hell's pow'rs defy, Scattered by our ranks, the foe falls down before us.

March on! March on! Heed not the cannon's roar;
Marcato.

March on! March on! There's a crown when the battle'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.

mf Allegro moderato.  

Met. \( \dot{=} 96. \)

1. With loads of sin upon me, a life made black by guilt, I scarcely dared to hope that 'twas for me the blood was spilt; But I opened up the Bible, where I rejoiced to see That 'Whosoever will may come,' and that means me. That means me, that means me, 'Whosoever will may come,' and that means me; I am so very 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.*

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.

*mf Chorus.*

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But as the dear Saviour now bids me come in, I'll enter the open 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.
2. The ransomed of the Lord are a happy band, Though despised they are strong, Hallelujah! They are bound to recruit as they march along, Will you come and join us? 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!

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!
279.—I'm Glad I'm Ready!

mf Allegro moderato.

There's a golden day, And 'tis not far away, When the Prince of all the saints the Bride herself arrays; And with rapturous song

Then the hosts shall raise Loud their voices in praise, While with "Righ-teous-ness of earth shall no longer delay, But shall send forth the call To the nations all For the

earth shall no longer delay. But shall send forth the call To the nations all For the

royal marriage supper of the Lamb!

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready! Oh, I'm glad I'm ready!

No sin shall enter in To the palace of the King At the royal marriage supper of the Lamb!

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 Bridegroom to gain! For no sin shall enter in To the palace of the King At the royal marriage supper of the Lamb!

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 Bridegroom to gain! For no sin shall enter in To the palace of the King At the royal marriage supper of the Lamb!

281
280.—To Save a Poor Sinner.

* * *

I. When Jesus was born in the manger, The shepherds came thither to see; For the

Angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born, To save a poor sinner like me.

* * *

Chorus.

To save a poor sinner! To save a poor sinner! To save a poor sinner like me; For the

Angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born, To save a poor sinner 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;

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.

Trim your Lamps.

I. Re-joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will in the clouds appear, And

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 Bridegroom wait,
And watch to enter in.

7 Come, soldiers, all, and let us try
To warn poor sinners, and to cry,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
1. We are salvation soldiers of ev'ry class and grade, Whilst fighting for King Jesus we never feel afraid; We fight beneath our Army Flag, and never, never yield—We fight beneath our Army Flag in the barracks, street, or field.

CHORUS.

Under the Army Flag we'll fight our way to glory, Under the Army Flag we'll Under the Army Flag we'll tell salvation's

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.
1. Low in the grave He lay, Jesus my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead—Jesus, my Lord! Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars away—Jesus, my Lord!

283. — Up from the Grave.

ff Chorus. Allegro. Met. \( \dot{=} 112. \)

He a-rose, With a migh-ty tri-umph o'er His foes; He a-rose a Victor from the dark do-main, And He lives for ev-er in my heart to reign. He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!

He a-rose! He a-rose!
1. To the front! the cry is ringing, To the front! your place is there;

In the conflict men are wanted, Men of hope, and faith and prayer, and faith and prayer.

Selfish ends shall claim no right From the battle's post to take us,

Fear shall vanish in the fight, For triumphant God will make us.

ff Chorus.

No retreat ing, Hell defeating, Shoulder to shoulder we stand;
God look down, With glory crown Our con-q'ring band.  
Vic-t'ry for me,

through the blood of Christ my Sa-viour, Vic-t'ry for me,  
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.

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.

3 Is there anybody here like blind Bartimeus?  
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.

5 Is there anybody here that wants salvation?  
Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh.
286.—We'll be Heroes.

We'll be heroes, We'll be heroes
When the battle is fierce;
When the raging storm grows,

Will our courage increase,
Will our courage increase,

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,

As warriors brave, let us sing,
We have victory and heaven,

And the foe shall be driven;

By the cross.

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.  

I. We shall meet our loved ones there, over there, Where no eye e'er sheds a tear, sheds a tear, For Jesus Himself shall be our Leader, As we walk through the valley in peace, in peace. We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death, We shall walk through the valley in peace, in peace;

Fine. pp Chorus.

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.

mf Lento.

1. When the chariot is lowering, And the angels are hovering, Will He take me in? When the lightning is flashing, And the thunder is crashing,

f Chorus. Moderato. Met. \( \frac{d}{d} = 60 \).

May I, may I have no sin? When the chariot's lowering, if I have no sin,

As the angels are hovering, He will take me in. Jesus, Jesus, can

washes away my sin; Jesus, Saviour, 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?

1. Oh, think of the claims of your Saviour! Oh, think of the path that He trod, How weary He was, and forsaken,... To bring guilty rebels to God! Though far in sin you have wandered, Left virtue and goodness and right; Though talents you've wasted and squandered, Yet Jesus 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.

   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?

   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?

   Chorus.
   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.*

1. Love of love so wondrous, Rich and free!

Now the King of Glory A pardon offers thee!

*mf Chorus Moderato.*

While He's waiting, pleading, knocking, Let Him in!

While He's waiting, pleading, knocking, Let Him in!

2 For thy heart He's waited
   Days and years;
   And thy sins, long hated,
   Have caused Him bitter tears.

4 Soon the day is coming
   When alone—
   Trembling or rejoicing—
   You must His Kingship own.

3 Canst thou leave His pardon
   Still unknown?
   And forget the mercy
   That towards thee He has shown?

5 Ah! His love, so tender,
   Asks thee "come!"
   And thy life, so slender,
   Bids thee for safety run.

292
291.—While the Light from Heaven.

_i._ Sins of years are all numbered, Blackest stains brought to light, Broken pledges uncovered, None escape from His sight. Unwashed hearts are rejected, Guilty souls rise alone, When you stand in the light of His great Judgment throne.

_Choir._

While the light from heaven is falling, Sins confessing, wants revealing,
While redeeming grace is flowing, He can wash your sins away.

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.

\[ \text{Met. } \frac{d}{d} = 84. \]

1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of the All-seeing eyes?

Tell me, is there no thorough cure, No escape from the sins I despise?

Tell me, can I never be free.......... From this terrible bondage within?.......

Is there no deliverance for me? Must I always have sin dwell within?
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?  
    Blessed 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?

mp Moderato.

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?

Cresc.

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 follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now? Follow Jesus 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?
   Sing, 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?

296
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

prom - ise He has giv - en, It is writ - ten "who - so - ev - er.".....

Whoso - ev - er will may come, And who comes to Him shall nev - er..... Disap -

point - ed turn a - way, Praise the Lord! its "who - so - ev - er!"

2 And this word it reaches nations,
Not the rich, or learned, 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?

Adagio.

1. Sinner, for thee, A pardon is free, Though dark thy career may have been; Thy burden shall roll From thy guilty soul, When the light of His face thou hast seen. Oh, why wilt thou die? Why wilt thou die? Sinner, sinner, why?

Chorus. Met. \( \text{mf} \) Moderato.

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.

298
296.—Will you be There, and I?

mf Moderato.

1. I know there's a bright and a glorious land Away in the heavens high, Where

Chorus.

Will you be there, and I?..... Will you be there, and I? Where

all the redeemed shall with Jesus 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 unstung—
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.

299
297.—Will you Quit the Field?

Met. $\text{d} = 120.$

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?

  从来！
   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!

   从来！从来！从来！

   Never 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.

mp Adagio.

1. Jesus came down my ransom to be, Oh, it was wonderful love!... For

out of the Father's heart He came, To die for me on a cross of shame, To

set me free He took the blame, Oh, it was wonderful love!....

mf Chorus. Allegro moderato. Met. \( \frac{3}{4} = 126. \\

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love, Coming to me from heaven above,

Fill-ing me, thrilling me through and through, Oh, it was wonderful 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.
1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sinner like me;
   He turned His back on the glorified throng To save a poor sinner like me.
   The angels they sang Him from glory, I'm glad that they told me the story; He
   Cho. sins rose as high as a mountain, They all disappeared in the fountain; He
   came from on high, to suffer and die, To save a poor sinner like me;..... He
   put my name down for a palace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free!..... He
   came from on high, to suffer and die, To save a poor sinner like me. My
   put my name down for a palace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free!

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.
1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, 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.

mf Allegretto.

1st time.

They bid me choose an easier path, And seek a lighter cross,
They bid me mingle with heaven's gold, A little of

2nd time.

earth's dross; They bid me, but in vain, once more The world's illusions

try!..... I cannot leave the dear old flag, 'Twere better far to

die!..... I cannot leave the dear old flag, 'Twere better 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.

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.
Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain sin remove; Now in my gasping soul reveal the virtue of Thy love, The virtue of Thy love, The virtue 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.

mf Allegro moderato.

I. O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry, And all my need just now supply; New pow'r I want, and strength, and light, That I may conquer in the fight. Oh, let me have,...... where-

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. \( \frac{d}{d} = 96. \)

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From

cres.

vic'try un-to vic'try, His Army He shall lead,..... Till
ev'ry foe is van-ish'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.

Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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;

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.
I. To save the lost the Saviour came, It was for them.... in

mercy He gave His life, the news proclaim, And give to Jesus glory!

Give to Jesus glory! Give to Jesus glory! Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale, And give to Jesus glory!

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 Allegro moderato.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away 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. cresc. Met. \( \dot{d} = 96. \)

1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow, Kept, ever kept 'neath the life-giving flow, Cleans'd from all passion, self-
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.
Only trust Him.

1. Come, every soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest, By trusting in His word.

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.
Vain, delusive world adieu!

I. Vain, delusive world, adieu, With all... of creature good; Only Jesus I pur-

-Piu mosso. Met. \( \frac{d}{d} = 66 \)

-suie, Who bought me with His blood; All thy pleasures I fore-go, I trample

know, Jesus, Jesus, And Jesus crucified.

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.

P Andante.

I. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows, like sea billows, roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

P Chorus. It is well...

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!
   Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!
312.—Missionary.

mf Allegro moderato. Met. $\dot{\jmath} = 84.$

1. From Green-land's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where

Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand, From

Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand, From

many an an-cient riv-er, From many a pal-my plain, They

many an an-cient riv-er, From many a pal-my plain, They

call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

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.

315
313.—Covenant.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins; And

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins; And

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.

2. All their guilty stains Lose all their guilty stains; And

All their guilty stains Lose all their guilty stains; And

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.

1. Called from above, I rise And wash away my

sin;..... The stream to which my spirit flies,

The stream to which my spirit flies, Can make the foulest clean,

Can make the foulest flies, The stream to which my spirit flies,

make the foulest clean, can make the foulest clean, Can make the foulest 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.
1. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand? We are going on a journey, Going at our King's command.

Over hills and plains and valleys, We are going to His palace, Going to the better land.

Christ, our Leader, walks beside us, He will guard, and He will guide us, (rep.) Going to the better land.

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.

Another Song to the above Tune.

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.

1. Hark! the gospel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; Streams of mercy are abounding, 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.

mf Allegro moderato.

I'm a soldier bound for glory, I'm a soldier going home; Come and

CHORUS.

hear me tell my story, All who love the Saviour come. I love

Jesus, Hallelujah! I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do; I love

Jesus, He's my Saviour, Jesus 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.

1. The love of Christ doth me constrain To seek the wand'ring souls of men, With cries, entreaties, tears, to save—

snatch them from the gaping grave.

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.

\[ p \text{ Moderato.} \]

1. 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.

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. $\frac{4}{4} = 88.$

Praise God! I'm saved! Praise God! I'm saved! All's well, all's well, all's well, He sets me free.
SALVATION ARMY PUBLICATIONS.

**BY THE GENERAL.**

**Salvation Soldiery.** Stirring Addresses on the Requirements of Jesus Christ's Service. Every page full of Burning Truths. 156 pages. Illustrated. Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

**The General's Letters.** Remarkable series of Letters published in *The War Cry* of 1885, dealing with Neutrality, Courage, Realities, etc. 204 pages. Half Calf, 5s.; Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

**The Training of Children.** Important to Parents. This book shows how to make Children into Saints and Soldiers. 260 pages. Cloth, Bevelled Edges, 2s. 6d.; Limp Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 6d.

**The Doctrines of The Salvation Army.** 119 pages. Limp Cloth, 6d.

**The Salvation Army Directory. No. I.** For Young Children. 29 pages. 1d.

**The Salvation Army Directory. No. II.** For Children of from Ten to Fourteen years of age. 65 pages. 1d.

**Orders and Regulations for Field Officers.** New (1904) Edition. 634 pages. Red Cloth Boards, 3s. 6d.

**Orders and Regulations for Soldiers of The Salvation Army.** 164 pages. Cloth, 6d.; Paper, 1d.

**The Why and Wherefore of the Rules and Regulations of The Salvation Army.** 107 pages. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 6d.

**How to be Saved.** One Halfpenny, or 3s. per 100.

**A Ladder to Holiness.** One Halfpenny, or 3s. per 100.

**Holy Living; or, What The Salvation Army Teaches about Sanctification.** 32 pages. 1d., or 6s. per 100.

**Purity of Heart.** A Collection of Letters to Salvationists on Personal Holiness. 118 pages. Cloth, 1s.; Paper, 6d.

**Religion for Every Day. Vol. I.** An invaluable Work for every Salvationist. Deals with matters affecting Soul, Body, Family, Business, etc. 190 pages. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

**Love, Marriage, and Home.** Being Vol. II. of *Religion for Every Day.* 190 pages. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s. Two Vols. in one. 370 pages. Cloth, 3s.

**Faith-Healing.** A Memorandum specially written for Salvation Army Officers. 3d.

**BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.**

**Life and Death.** Stirring Addresses to the Unsaved. Thoughtful and Powerful Appeals. 206 pages. Half Calf, 5s.; Cloth Gilt, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

**Godliness.** Searching Disquisitions on Important Phases of the Spiritual Growth. 177 pages. Half Calf, 5s.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

**Practical Religion.** One of the grandest books of the age. Invaluable for Teachers of Sanctification. 214 pages. Half Calf, 5s.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.

**The Salvation Army in Relation to the Church and State.** Deals with important questions relating to the Church in its Political and National Character. 92 pages. Half Calf, 4s. 6d.; Cloth, 1s.; Paper, 6d.

**Aggressive Christianity.** Series of Papers on Christian Warfare. 193 pages. Half Calf, 5s.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Paper, 1s.
BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

On the Banks of the River. A Brief History of the Last Days of Mrs. General Booth. Cloth, 1s.; Paper, 6d.

Books that Bless. A Series of Pungent Reviews, reprinted, by request, from The War Cry. 191 pages. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Linen, 1s.

Servants of All. A description of the Officers of The Army and their Work. 167 pages. Cloth, Bevelled Boards, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 1s.; Paper, 6d.

Social Reparation; or, Personal Impressions of Work for Darkest England. 124 pages. Cloth, 1s.; Paper, 6d.

Bible Battle-Axes. A Reprint of Short Scripture Studies from The Field Officer magazine. Carefully revised. 178 pages. Cloth, 1s.

BY COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

The Life of Mrs. Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army. Two vols. Profusely Illustrated, Cloth, 15s.

Abridged Edition of the Above. Containing the bulk of the Original matter, with all the Portraits and Illustrations. 536 pages. Cloth, Bevelled Boards, 3s. 6d.

The Consul: A Sketch of Emma Booth-Tucker. With Frontispiece of the Consul, and other Portraits. Satin Striped Cloth, Gilt, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

SONGS AND MUSIC.

Salvation Army Songs. Containing 870 Songs, with Choruses. 656 pages. Circuit Edges, 2s. 6d.; Leather, Gilt Edges, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 1s.; Limp, 6d.

Ditto, Ditto, Circuit Edges, with Soldier's Guide combined, 3s. 6d.

Ditto, Ditto, Thin Edition, containing all the above Songs and Choruses. 228 pages. In various bindings. 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s., 6d.

Army Bells. Being Salvation Army Songs for Young People. 3d.

The Band of Love International Musical Drills. Illustrated. 219 pages. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Salvation Army Music. Containing 303 Songs and Tunes specially selected by The General. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Home Pianoforte Tutor. 4s. and 2s. 6d.

SALVATION ARMY PERIODICALS.

The War Cry. The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army. Fully Illustrated, 16 pages. 1d. weekly. Annual Subscription, 6s. 6d., post free; if abroad, 8s. 8d.

The Young Soldier. Paper for Children. Profusely Illustrated. Every child should have it. 16 pages. 1/2d. weekly. Annual Subscription, 4s. 4d., post free.


All the World. A record of Salvation Army Missionary Work in all Lands. Illustrated. 56 pages. 3d. monthly. Annual Subscription, 4s. 6d., post free.

The Deliverer. The Organ of the Women's Social Work. Numerous Illustrations. 16 pages, monthly, 1d. Annual Subscription, 1s. 6d., post free.


The Local Officer. Devoted to the Interests of the Local Officers, Bandsmen, and Corps Cadets of The Salvation Army. 40 pages. 1d. monthly.

The Salvation Army Printing Works, St. Albans.