



AN HARD

Lalm of Victory:

FOR THE

Bible School.

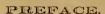
By L. H. DOWLING,

Editor of the "Crown of Sunday School Songs," "The Little Watchman," etc.

ST. LOUIS:
PUBLISHED BY L. H. DOWLING.
For sale by Booksellers generally







Go, thon PALM OF VICTORY,

Wave before the world of song;

Help the angels of the earth;

Cheer them as they march along,

Help the trusting little child Cling to Jesus Christ alone; Draw the servants of our God Ever nearer to His throne. Go, thou Palm of Victory;

Be an angel full of love,

Bearing messages of peace,

Pointing to that Rest above.

May the precious God of grace
Bless thee in the field of song—
Bless the winning weary souls
To the white-robed, ransomed throng.
L. H. DOWLING.

OUR THANKS.

Our thanks are gratefully tendered to all our musical friends who have so kindly contributed to the pages of the PALM OF VICTORY.

We cannot but make honorable mention of the name of Prof. F. A. PARKER, of Bloomington, Ill., to whose kindness, exquisite musical taste and culture, we are indebted for many of the fine harmonies that grace our pages.

SPECIAL FITNESS.

Songs should be sung with especial reference to the fitness of things. In consideration of this fact, the PALM OF VICTORY contains a song adapted to almost every Bible-lesson and occasion.

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Porf. Z. M. Parvin has our thanks for the use of several pieces from Songs of Delight. L. H. D.

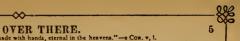




THE PALM OF VICTORY.







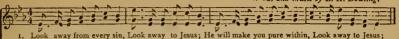




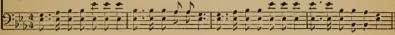


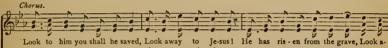
LOOK AWAY TO JESUS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."-ts, xiv, es. Weras and Music by L. H. Dowling.



- 2. Look away from earthly dross. Look away to Jesus: He will help you bear the cross. Look away to Jesus:
- 2. When you near the silent tomb, Look away to Jesus; He will lead you thro' its gloom, Look away to Jesus;







Look away, Look a-way, Look a-way,



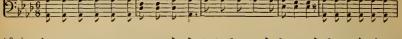
THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

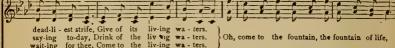
"And whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely,"-REV. Exil, 17.

Words and Music by L. H. Dowling,



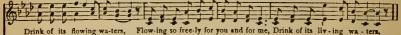
- Ie-sus will give of the fountain of life, Give of the flowing wa-ters; Give to the soldier in Ye who are wea-ry and faint on the way, Thirsting for flow-ing wa-ters; Je-sus, in mer-cy, is
 - Who ev er heareth, wherev er you be, Come to the flow-ing wa-ters; Je-sus is waiting, still

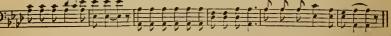




for thee, Come to the liv-ing wa - ters.



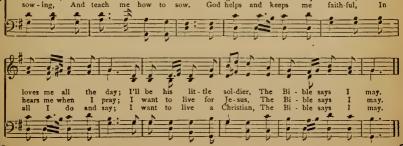






















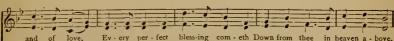
THANKS WE GIVE.

"Oh give thanks upto the Lord, for he is good,"-Ps, cxxxvi. z. Words and Music by Elder G. T. Wilson,

Giv - er of each bless-ing, That thy chil-dren here en - joy, We would bring our Thanks we give to thee, our Fa - ther, In the name of Christ, thy Son, For the boun-ties More than all we thank and praise thee For the Bi · ble-precious boon-For the bound-less

humble trib-ute, And our powers of praise employ; Thou art good and thou art gracious, Full of mer-cy

we are sharing. Thou has giv-en ev ery one. Thou hast led us, thou hast fed us, Thou hast giv-en love un-fold ed In the gift of thy dear Son. For the hope of life im-mor-tal-That the blest shall



And the friends who free - ly love us, Whose bright smiles our path-way cheer homes so dear In the land where death comes nev - er, Through the vast e - ter - ni - tv. live with thee,





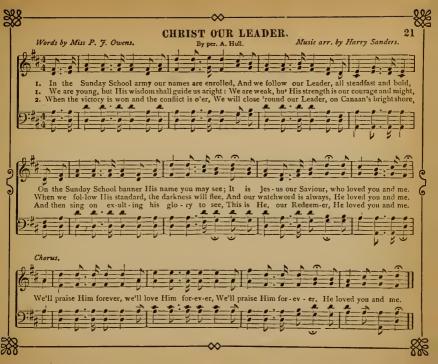






Spirited.

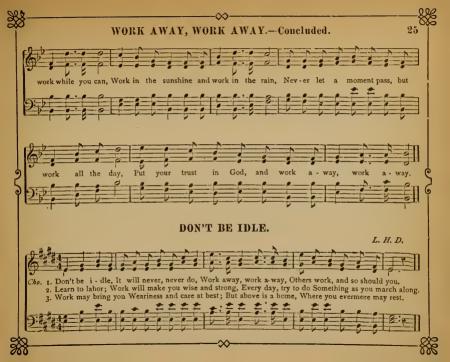






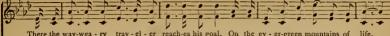








MOUNTAIN OF LIFE.-Concluded.



There the way-wea - ry tray - el - er reach-es his goal, On the ev - er-green mountains of life. And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er-green mountains of life. And our guide is our glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the ev --er-green mountains of life.



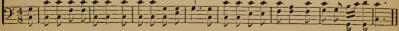


On the mountains of life, On the mountains of life, On the ev - er-green mountains of From the mountains of life, From the mountains of life, From the ey - er-green mountains of

REUNION IN HEAVEN.



- 2. No dread of wasting sickness, No tho't of ache or pain, No fretting hours of weakness, Shall mar our peace again.
- 1. No death our homes o'ershading Shall e'er our harps unstring, For all is life unfading In presence of our King.

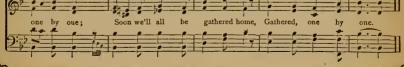












30

GIVE ME YOUR HEART.

"My son, give me thine heart."-PROV. xxiii, 26.

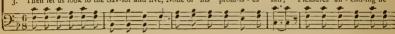




Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

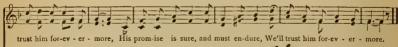


Iesus has said that his children shall meet, None of his prom-is - es fail: By the Riv-er of Life, with its Then let us look to the Sav-ior and live, None of his prom-is - es fail: Pleasures un - end-ing he









him

33

LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO.

"And trembling and astounded said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." - Acrs. 9: 6.





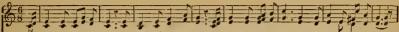






"There remaines the therefore a rest for the people of God —HEB. iv, 9.

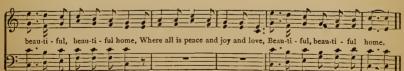
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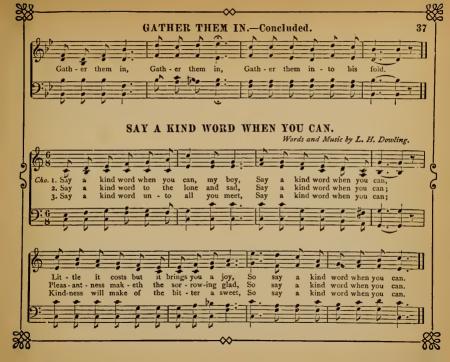
was a wandering child. I loved a far to roam. But Iesus sought and found me. And told me of a home. I heard my Savior's call. I wan-dered on no more. I have begun my journey. My home is just before. 3. By faith I'll reach my home, I'll triumph over sin; By faith I'll knock at heaven's Gate, And Christ will let me in.





















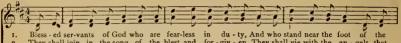




THEY SHALL SHINE.

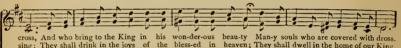
"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

DAN. Xii, 3. Words and Music by L. H. Dowling,

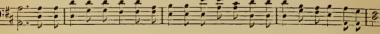


2. They shall join in the song of the blest and for -giv - en, They shall vie with the an - gels that

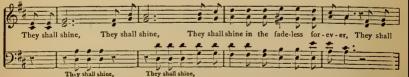
3. They shall walk by the side of the life -giv - ing riv - er. They shall bathe in its crys - tal - ine



sing; They shall drink in the joys of the bless-ed in heaven; They shall dwell in the home of our King tide, And the song they shall sing in its full-ness for - ev - er, Is, "Ho-san - na to Je-sus, who died."



Chorus.





46

FLEE FOR REFUGE TO THE MOUNTAIN.

"A young man was upon the beach when the tide came swelling in upon him, and before he was aware of it, he was almost engulphed. A friend in the distance seeing his critical condition called to him! "Haste, haste flee to the mountain, or you perish!" The young man heard and was saved.

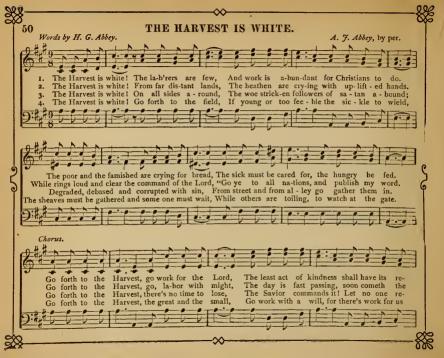
With Spirit. Words and Music by L. H. Dowling. I. Hark! the mighty billows roaring! See! the tide comes in! Flee for re-fuge the mountain. to Foaming in the way: Look! the wayes of sin 2. See the breakers of temp-ta-tion. are roll-ing 3. Mount the waves of trib-u - la-tion. Looking still a - bove. Flee for re-fuge the mountain Charus. Leave the tide of High-er ev - ery day, and climb the mountain. Hold the signal Haste a - way..... high. Of re-deem-ing love. Haste a-way. Christ will answer to thy calling, And his help is nigh, Christ will answer to thy calling, And his help is nigh,



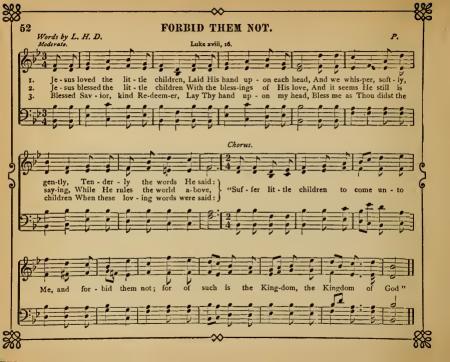
JESUS LOVES THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

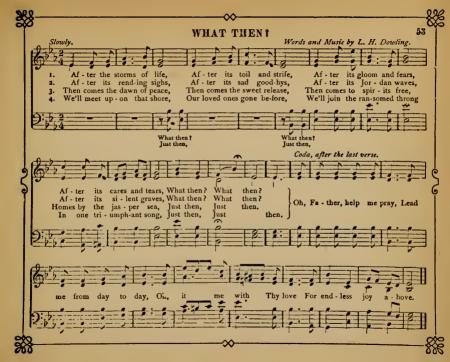






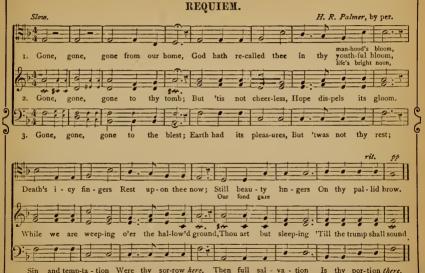








Occasional Songs.

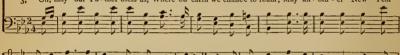






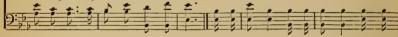
Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.

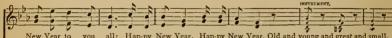
- We come with songs to greet you, As we jour-ney on our way, And we pray that God We sing to God thanksgiving Now, for all His mercies past; And we praise Him for
- Oh, may our Fa-ther bless us. Where on earth we chance to roam: May an-oth er New Year



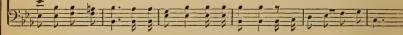
a hap - pv New Year's day.

goodness. That for -ev - er more shall last. Map-py New Year, Hap-py New Year, Hap - py a year's march near - er home. find us Tust





all: Hap-py New Year, Hap-py New Year, Old and young and great and small.







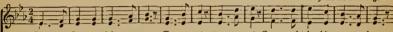




Praise and Revival Songs.

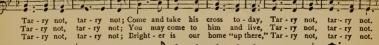
TARRY NOT.

"He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,"—JOHN vi, 37.
Words and Music by L. H. Dowling.



- Come to Ie sus right a way, Tar-ry not, tar ry not, Come and take his cross to-day. 2. He is will-ing to for-give, Tar-ry not, tar - ry not, You may come to him and live.
- 2. Though this world he bright and fair, Tar-ry not, tar -ry not, Bright er is our home "up there."

Ritard.







63

REMEMBER ME.

Asa Hull, by per.



1. A - last and did my Savior bleed? And did my sovereign die? Would be devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? Cho. Help me dear, Savior thee to own, And ev - er faithful be; And when thou sittest on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me,



- 2 Was it for erimes that I have done He hung upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknowu!
- And love beyond degree! 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
- And shut his glories in,
- When Christ, the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's sin.
- While his dear cross appears;
 - And melt my eyes in tears.

MARTYN.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face Here, Lord, I give myself away.
 - 'Tis all that I can do.

LESSON SONG. Music and Chorus above.

I. Mary to the Savior's tomb.

Mark xvi: 9-20.

Cho.

Mark xiv: 42-50.

On Kedron's banks our Savior stood. The soldier band was nigh, And Judas there betrayed his Lord,

And gave him up to die. Mark xiv: 66-72. Within the palace Peter stood, His boldness all forgot;

And there he dared deny his Lord: He said, "I know him not," Cho.

Hasted at the early dawn: Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone:

For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise, Trembling while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice: Christ had risen from the dead. Now he bids her heart rejoice:

What a change his word can make l Turning darkness into day!

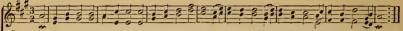
You who weep for Jesus' sake. He will wipe your tears away.



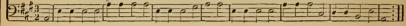


THE LORD IS WAITING NOW.

Words by L. H. Dowling.



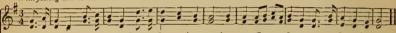
I Come all ye weary, sin-sick souls. Oh, do no more delay. The Lord of Life is waiting now To wash your sins away. Cho. Yes come to Fesus as you are. Oh. Come to him and live: He's waiting, waiting, waiting now, And willing to forgive, 2 In Jesus Christ put all your trust. Leave every sinful way: Obey him for he's waiting now To wash your sins away. 2 Don't wait for friends, they cannot save, 'Tis madness to delay, To-morrow it may be too late. Oh, come to Christto-day.



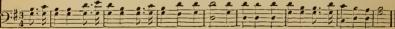
COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.

With feeling and earnestness.

"Behold! now is the day of salvation."



- 1. Come to Jesus, come to Jes-us, Come to Jes-us, just now, just now; Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now. 2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you, just now, just now; He will save you, he will save you.
- 3. O, believe him, O, believe him, O helieve him, just now, just now; O, helieve him, O, believe him, just now.

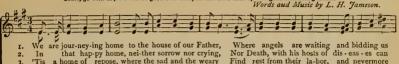


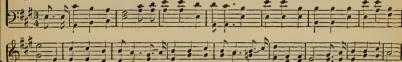
- 4. He is able, just now.
- 5. He is willing, just now.
- 6. He'll receive you, just now.
- 7. Flee to Jesus, just now.

- 8. Call unto him, just now.
- o. He will hear you, just now.
- 10. He'll have mercy, just now.
- 11. He'll forgive you, just now.
- 12. He will cleanse you, just now.
- 13. He'll renew you, just now.
- 14. He will clothe you, just now.
- Is. Jesus loves you, just now.









come; All things are now ready; say, would you not rather Come go with the saints to their Paradise home. come. There mourners are freed from all anguish and sighing-Come, go with the saints to their Paradise home. roam: Where prospects of happi - ness never grow dreary—Come, go with the saints to their Paradise home.



Come sinners.



Come sinners.





Our glad, our

olad

Our

glad song.

song.

JESUS IS MINE.

sing-ing

sing-ing

for

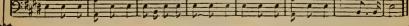
for



I was a-way from home, And I loved a far to roam, But Je-sus bid me come, Je-sus is mine.

Tho' earth is bright and fair, Brighter is my home "up there," Undimmed by dark despair, Jesus is mine.

Let death's unvielding wave Lay me in the si-lent grave, Je-sus, my Lord, can save, Je-sus is mine.





Sing

Sing-ing







z Nearer, my God, to thee. Nearer to thee :

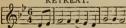
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me : Still all my song shall be. Nearer, my God, to thee. Nearer to thee.

. Though like the wanderer. Daylight all gone. Darkness be over me. My rest a stone : Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee.

Nearer to thee. 3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven.

All that thou sendest me In mercy given : Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee. Nearer to thee.

RETREAT.



From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat,

'Tis found beneath the mercy seat. . There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all beside more sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed; Or how the host of hell defeat, Had suffering souls no mercy seat?

z My soul be on thy guard. Ten thousand foes arise :

The hosts of sin are pressing hard. To draw thee from the skies.

e Oh, watch, and fight and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er: Renew it boldly every day. And help divine implore.

2 Ne'er think the victory won. Nor lay thine armor down : Thy ardnous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

He'll take thee, at thy parting breath. To his divine abode. r Oh, when shall I see Jesus.

And dwell with him above. To drink the flowing fountain

Of everlasting love? When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin. And with my blessed Jesus

Drink endless pleasures in? a Bet now I am a soldier. My Captain's gone before.

He's given me my orders. And tells me not to fear. And if I hold out faithful. A crown of life he'll give.

And all his valiant soldiers Eternal life shall have. 3 Oh, let us all prove faithful, Though trials cross the way:

We'll cast our care on Jesus. And not forget to pray. Gird on the beavenly armor Of faith and hope and love.

nd when our warfare's ended We'll reign with him above.

r My gracious Redeemer I love. His praises aloud I'll proclaim. And join with the armies above. To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine Shall be my eternal employ. And feel them incessantly shine.

My boundless, ineffable joy, e Yon palaces, scepters, and crowns, Your pride with disdain I survey.

Your pomps are but shadows and sounds And pass in a moment away. The crown that my Savior bestows

You permanent s a shall outshipe: My joy everlastingly flows-

My God, my Redeemer is mine.

r Jesus, lover of my soul.

Let me to thy bosom fly, Whille the billows near me roll,

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

Safe into the haven guide,-Oh, receive my soul at last,

. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee ! Leave, oh, leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed. All my help from thee I bring, Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find : Raise the fallen, cheer the faint. Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name. Prince of Peace and Righteousposs: Most unworthy, Lord, I am.

Thou art full of love and grace.





Tune, NAOMI. Key D.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss. Thy sovereign will denies. Accepted, at thy throne of grace. Let this petition rise:-

- "Give us a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free: The blessings of thy grace impart. And make us live to thee.
- "Let the sweet hope, that we are thine. Our life and death attend: Thy presence through our journey shine, 4 And crown our journey's end."

Tune, NETTLETON. Key E b.

- I Come thou fount of every blessing. Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet. Sung by flaming tongues above: Praise the mount-I'm fixed upon it: Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer: Hither by thy help I'm come: And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God: He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood,
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter. Bind my wand'ring heart to thee: Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it-Prone to leave the God I love: Here's my heart, O take and seal it: Seal it for thy courts above.

Tune, DENNIS, Key F.

- Blest he the tie that hinds Our hearts in Christian love : The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- a Refore our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers: Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 2 We share our mutual woes: Our mutual burdens bear: And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- Though often called to part. Amid these scenes of pain: Vet we shall still be joined in heart. And hope to meet again.
- e From sorow, toil, and pain. And sin, we shall be free: And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

Tune, TO-DAY. Key F.

- To-day the Savior calls! Ye wanderers, come: Oh! ve benighted souls. Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Savior calls ! For refuge fly: The storm of vengeance falls; And death is nigh,
- 3 To-day the Savior calls ! Oh (listen now ! Within these sacred walls. To Jesus bow.
- The Spirit calls to-day I Yield to his power: Oh grieve him not away! 'Tis mercy's hour.

Tune, CORONATION, Key G.

- x All hail the power of Jesus' name I Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem. Aid crown him-I and of all
- 2 Crown him-you martyrs of our God. Who from his altar call. Extol the stem of Jesse's. And crown him-Lord of all
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race. --A remnant weak and small, Hail bim, who saves you by his grace. And crown him-Lord of all.
- 4 You gentile sinners ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall: Go, spread your trophies at his feet. And crown him-Lord of all.
- Babes, men, and sires, who know his love Who feel your sin and thrall. Now join with all the hosts above. And crown Him-Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe. On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe.
 - And crown him-Lord of all.

Tune. OAK. Kev F.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here. Heaven is my home: Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home : Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my Father-land. Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage. Heaven is my home: Short is my pilgrimage. Heaven is my home: And time's wild wintry blast Soon will be overpast. I shall reach home at last. Heaven is my home.





Tune, WEBB. Key Ab.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
 A foll wer of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,— Supported by thy word.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine,
 In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

Tune, SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER, Key D.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer That calls me from a worfol of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And of? escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer Thy wings shall my petition bear, To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his face Believe his word and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer May I thy consolation share; Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I vew my home and take my flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the everlasting prize; And shout while passing through the air, Farewell, larewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Tune, KENTUCKY. Key Ab.

- A Charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,—
 Oh! may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with Jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And Oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely— Assured, if 1 my trust betray, I shall forever die,

Tune, SHINING SHORE. Key G.

- My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

 Cho. For oh, we stand &c.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heavenly home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let every lamp be burning.

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught cao molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever; Our King says come, and there's our home, Forever, oh! forever!

Cho. For oh, we stand, &c.

Tune, DENNIS. Key F.

- How gentle God's command!
 How kind his precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his powerful sway, His sunts securely dwell; That hand which bears all nature up Will guide his children well.
- Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved, Renewed from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.

Tune, OLIVET. Key E b.

- My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary! Savior divine! Now hear me, while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Ob! let me, from this day Be wholly thine.
- 2 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.
- When eads life's transient dream, When death's cold sulleo stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior! then, in love, Ferr and distrust remove; Oh! bear me safe above,— A rans med soul.

- All you that are weary and sad-come! And you that are cheerful and glad-come! In robes of humility clad-come ! The Savior invites you to-day.
- 2 Let the halt and the maimed, and the blind-Let ali who are freely inclined-come! fcome With an humble and peaceable mind-come Away from the waters of strife,
- 2 The Spirit and Bride freely say-come! And let him that heareth it, say-come! And let him that thirsteth to-day-come ! And drink of the fountain of life.

Tune MELODY. Key A.

- Salvation! Oh! the joyful sound T'is pleasure to our ears:-A sov'reign halm for every wound. A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin. At hell's dark door we lave But we arise, by grace divine, To see a heavenly day
- Salvation!-let the echo fly The spacious earth around: While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

Tune, ANTIOCH. Key Eb.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King : Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground: He comes to make his blessings flow. Far as the curse is found.

r Oh happy day, that fixed my choice, On thee, my Savior, and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapture all abroad.

- 2 Oh! happy bond, that seals my yows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful authems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 2 Be this the purpose of my soul. My solemn, my determined choice, To yield to his supreme control. And, in his kind commands, rejoice.
- A Oh! may I never faint nor tire. Nor wandering leave his sacred ways: Great God! accept my soul's desire. And give me strength to live thy praise

Tune, BOYLSTON or BELEOTH, Key C

- I love thy kingdom, Lord! The house of thine abode. The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
- I love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand: Dear as the apple of thine eve. And graven on thy hand.
- For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend To her my cares and toil be giveo, Till toils and cares shall end.
- Beyond my highest joy. I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows Her hymns of love and praise.

Tune, WEBB. Key Bb.

. The morning light is breaking The darkness disappears: The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation. Pursue thy onward way: Flow thou to every nation. Nor in thy richness stay: Stav not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home : Stay not till all the holy Proclaim-"The Lord is come!"

Tune. NETTLETON. Key E b.

r Come, ve sinners, poor and needy Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you. Full of pity, love, and power: 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 glimm'ring beam.
- Agonizing in the garden. Your Redeemer prostrate lies: On the bloody tree behold him! Hear him cry, before he dies. It is finished!-Sinners, will not this suffice?
- A Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood: Venture on him,-venture freely; Let no other trust intrude: None but Iesus Can do helpless sinners good.





Tune, WODDWORTH, Key E.

- r. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that they bid'st me to come to thee. O Lamb of God, I come. I come!
- a Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot-To thee, whose blood can cleaose each spot, O Lamb of God, I come,
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears with in, and foes without-O Lamb of God, I come. A Just as I am, thou wilt receive.
- Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe-O Lamb of God, I come, s Just as I am-thy love unknown.
- Has broken every barrier down: Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God. I come.

Tune, FOUNTAIN. Key D.

- There is a fountain filled with blood. Drawn from Immanuel's veins. And sinners plunged beneath that flood. Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day: And there have I, though vile as he, Washed all my sins away.
- 3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 4 And when this lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save.

Tune, TOPLADY, Key Bb.

- . Rock of Ages cleft for me. Let me hide myself in thee: Let the water and the blood. From thy riven side which flowed. Be of sin the double cure: Cleanse me from its guilt and nower.
- Not the labor of my hands. Can fulfill the law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow. All for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and thou alone,
 - Nothing in my hand I bring. Simply to thy cross I cling: Naked, come to thee for dress: Helpless, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to thy fountain fly; Wash me, Savior, or I die.
- While I draw this fleeting breath, When my heart-strings break in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne, Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

SWEET BY-AND-BY. Key A.

There 's a land that is fairer than day. And by faith we may see it afar: For the Father waits over the way. To prepare us a dwelling place there. Chorus:

In the sweet by-and-by We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

We shall sing on that beautiful shore. The melodious songs of the blest : And our spirits shall sorrow no more-Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above. We will offer a tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of his love. And the blessings that hallow our days.

MY JESUS LLOVE THEE.

- My Jesus, I love Thee, I know thou art mine: For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign: My gracious Redeemer, my Savior 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 on Calvary's tree: Hove Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
- "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,"
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death. And praise Thee as long as Thou givest me
 - And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my
 - "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now."
- A In mansions of glory and endless delight. I'll ever adore Thee in you heaven of light, I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow "It ever I loved Thee, dear Jesus, 'tisnow,'

Tune, SHEPHERD.

- 1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need thy tenderest care: In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare:
 - Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us. Poor and sinful though we be: Thou hast mercy to relieve us. Grace to cleanse, and power to free; Blessed Jesus.
 - We will early turn to thee.
- 2 Early let us seek thy favor: Early let us do thy will: Blessed Lord, and only Savior, With thy love our bosoms fill: Blessed Jesus.
 - Thou hast loved us, love us still,





There is a home, a happy home, Where way-worn travelers rest, Where toil and languor never come, And every mourner's blest.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port, A safe and quiet shore, Where weary mariners resort And fear the storms no more.

There is a crowo, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair;
And priests and kings of high reoown
That crown of glory wear.

5 That land be mine, that calm retreat, That crown of glory bright; Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet, And every burden light.

Tune, ROWLEY. Key G.

How happy are they who the Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Tongue eannot express the sweet comfort and peace

Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 This comfort is mine, since the Savior divice I have found in the blood of the Lamb! Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,

What a heaven in Jesus' blest name.

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to koow, And the angels can do nothing more Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat, And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song: Oh that all to this refuge may fly! He has loved me, I eried, he has suffered and

To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above All my sin and temptation and pain; Oh why should I grieve, while on him I be-

Oh why should I sorrow again!

6 Oh the rapturons height of that holy delight, Which I find in the life-giving blood! Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly

blessed, Being filled with the fullness of Gnd.

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his

Who has died me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his

They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this? what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am II
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

Tune, SHOUT THE TIDINGS. Key G.

I Shout the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young:
Till the precious invitation
Wakeo every heart and tongue.

Cho. Send the sound,
The earth around
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd,
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation, O'er the prairies of the West; Till each gath'ring congregation, With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation, Mingling with the ocean's roar, Till the ships of every nation Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

I FEEL LIKE SINGING ALL THE TIME. Key A.

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.

Cho. Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.

3 When fierce temptations try my heart, I'll sing "Jesus is mine;" And so, though tears at times may start I'm singleg all the time.

4 Oh, happy little singing one, What music is like thine? With Jesus as thy Life and Sun, Go singing all the time!

"The melting story of the Lamb"
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

Tune, BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E.

shall we gather at the river, Where bright angels' feet have trod; With its crystal tide forever, Flowing by the throne of God? Cho, Yes, we'll gather, &c.

2 On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river, Where the Savior-King we own, We shall meet and sorrow never, 'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With a melody of peace.





'TIS ALWAYS NEW.

"For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son."-Rom. 5: 10.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Music by Z. M. PARVIN.

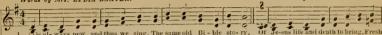
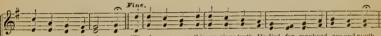


fig. al. ways new, and thus we sing, The same old Bi-ble storry, Of Jesus life and death to bring, Fresh
 For-ev ev new, those sweet old strains, The music and the number; That once, on fair Judea's plains, The
 We gather round the Cross and hear, That same old melting sto-ry; It falls in mer-ey on the ear, And
 Oh Diessed Je-sus, when a - bove, The gold-en harps are given. For-ev e-ramore new songs of love Shall



D. S. Of Je - sus life and death to show, The



rnys of heav'nly glo - ry; Shep-herds filled with wonder; fills the soul with glo - ry! fill the courts of heaven!

'Tis at - ways new, this pre-cious truth, He died for manhood, age and youth We'll sing a - gain that song of love, With an-gels 'round the throne a-bove, Oh! gra-cious Sa - viour can it be, Thy pre-cious blood was shed for me! Oh, may we there our Sa-viour meet, And join that song divine -!v sweet.



way to-Sheav'nly glo - ry.















THE HAND THAT LIFTS ME.

"Homble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up."-JAMES 4: 10.











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