


SPIRITUAL
HYMNS

OF

Brethren in Christ

Revised



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Spiritual Hymns

of

Brethren in Christ

Pull for the Shore

Light in the darkness, sailor;
Day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows
Fair haven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor,
Now almost o'er;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
Pull for the shore!

CHORUS

Pull for the shore, sailor;
Pull for the shore.
Heed not the rolling waves,
But bend to the oar.
Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
Cling to self no more;
Leave that poor, old, stranded wreck,
And pull for the shore!

Cloth-b

Flexibl

Black M

Trust in the life-boat, sailor;
All else will fail.
Stronger the surges dash,
And fiercer the gale.
Heed not the stormy winds,
Though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star,"
And pull for the shore!

CHORUS

Bright gleams the morning, sailor;
Uplift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing,
Glory is nigh.
Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
Sing evermore:
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
Pull for the shore!

Add

CHORUS

J. R. ZOOK, Chairman,
1194 14th Street, Des Moines, Iowa

S. R. SMITH, Secretary,
Grantham, Pa.

M. L. HOFFMAN,
Abilene, Kansas

PREFACE

THIS Revised Edition is published to meet the needs of those who are actively engaged in Evangelistic and Mission work, and is especially adapted for Social, Evangelistic, Mission and Sunday School services.

The Committee spared no pains in the compilation of this publication to make a book most desirable in size, quality of thought, music and price.

We trust that our humble efforts may at least bear some fruitage to the Glory of God, and be an influence to win many souls to Jesus, who washed us and made us white in His own precious blood.

Committee { J. R. Zook
S. R. Smith
M. L. Hoffman

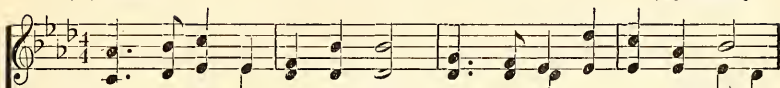
Spiritual Hymns.

No. 1.

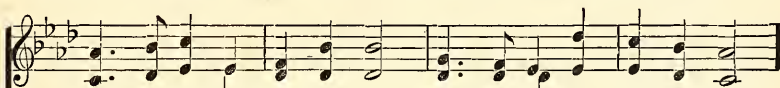
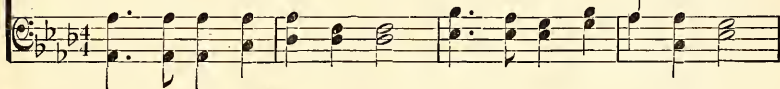
Arise and Shine.

J. R. Zook.

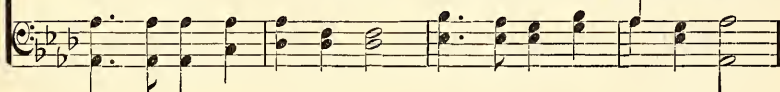
S. R. Smith.



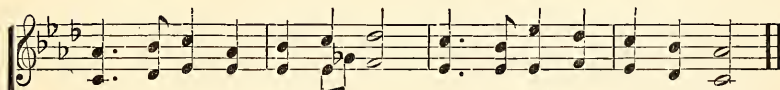
1. Rise and shine, His light is thine, Church of Christ a - rise and shine.
2. O, how few the road do tread With our Lord the Liv - ing Head;
3. Let us seek lost souls to find, Be to all help - ful and kind,



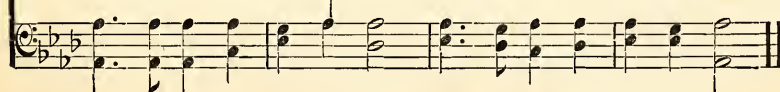
Let us live "Thy king - dom come," So God's will, not ours, be done;
Love of mon - ey, pleas - ure, pride, Frown on Christ, who bled and died.
Look for Him, our com - ing Lord, Who will bring us great re - ward.



Robes of white put on and sing Songs of praise to Christ our King.
In His love u - nit - ed stand, Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Crowns of stars we then shall wear; Palms of vic - t'ry we will bear.



Pay our tithes of all we claim, Lay up treas - ures with the same.
As we march, God's ho - ly throng, Laud and sing sal - va - tion's song.
In that home, so pure and bright, We shall dwell all clad in white.



C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . . O that will be
O that will

glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;

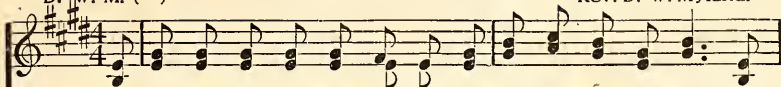
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

("Went and told Jesus.")

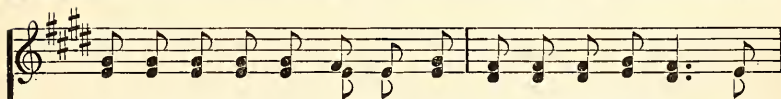
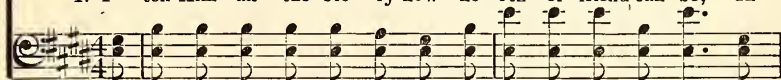
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Rev. D. W. Myland.

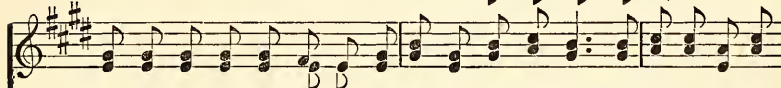
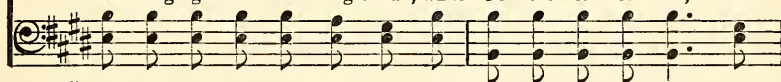
D. W. M. (**)



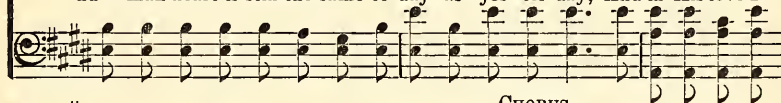
1. Tell Je - sus when the bur - den seems too great for you to bear; Go
2. Tell Je - sus all there is to tell a - bout your dai - ly needs; A -
3. If you could know how ten - der - ly He makes our cares His own, You
4. I tell Him all the sto - ry now—no oth - er friend can be, In



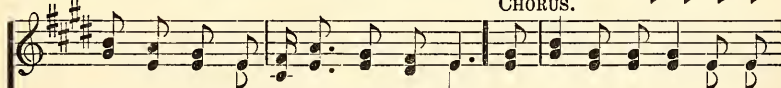
lay it at the feet of Christ, and know that He will care; And
 bout the dim un - cer - tain - ties thro' which your pathway leads; A -
 would not stand a - part a - gain and bear the pain a - lone; You
 morn - ing light or eve - ning shade, what Je - sus is to me; His



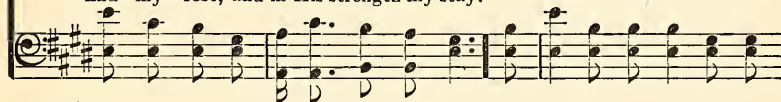
tell Him all the lit - tle things that come to cloud your way, The puzzles and per -
 bout the cherished hopes that lie crushed lifeless at your feet, The golden dreams left
 would not miss the joy and peace of walking at His side, Of find - ing tem - pest
 hu - man heart is still the same to - day as yes - ter - day, And in His love I



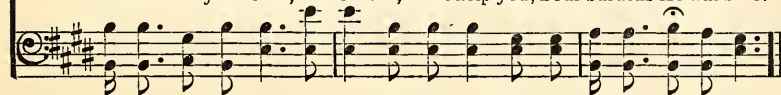
CHORUS.



plex - i - ties that troub - le you to - day.
 un - ful - filled, the la - bor in - com - plete. Tell Je - sus—He lis - tens; Go
 changed to calm, and sor - row sanc - ti - fied.
 find my rest, and in His strength my stay.



tell Him all your care; Tell Je - sus, He'll help you, Your burdens He will bear.



Miriam E. Arnold.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the sun-light of the Sav-ior's love, Shines in beau-ty on us from a-
2. When the sun-light of His love shines in, How we yearn for those who live in
3. May the Sav-ior's bless-ed sun-light shine In this heart and from this life of

bove, How it thrills us with a joy Earthly pow'rs cannot de-destroy, When the
sin, That they, too, may know the peace, That shall ever more increase, When the
mine, Till on heav'n's e-ter - nal shore, I shall praise Him ev-er-more, As the

CHORUS.

sun - light of His love shines in. When the sun-light of His love shines in,

How it scat-ters doubt and fear and sin; How the shad-ows flee a - way,

Turn-ing dark-ness in - to day, When the sun - light of His love shines in.

No. 5.

Some of These Days.

F. L. S. and E. A. H.

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Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Some of these days the skies will be bright - er; Some of these days the
 2. Some of these days, in des - erts up - spring - ing; Fountains will flash, while
 3. Some of these days we'll bur - y our sor - row; Out of the fu - ture,
 4. Some of these days God's wondrous sal - va - tion Will, in its love, em -

bur - dens be light - er; Hearts will be hap - pier, souls will be whit - er,
 joy - bells are ring - ing, Earth will be full of joy and of sing - ing,
 light we may bor - row; There will be joy and hope in the mor - row,
 brace ev - 'ry na - tion; All then shall hail our King's cor - o - na - tion,

rit. CHORUS.
 Some of these days, some of these days. Some of these days all sin will be

ban - ished, Some of these days all e - vil be van - ished, Earth will be

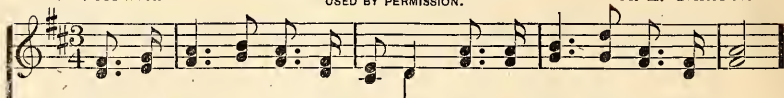
rit.
 bright - er, hearts will be light - er, Souls will be whit - er Some of these days.

Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

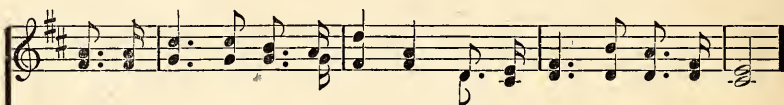
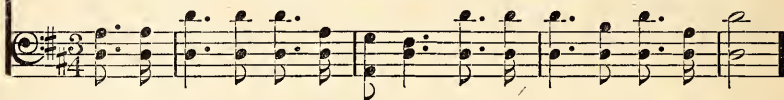
E. E. Hewitt.

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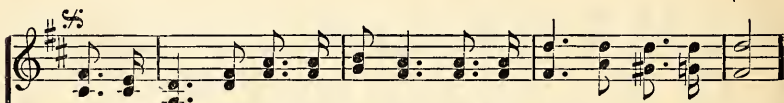
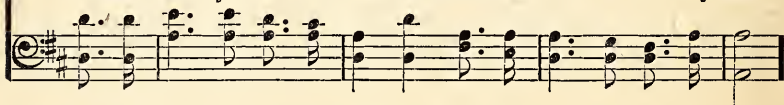
H. L. Gilmour.



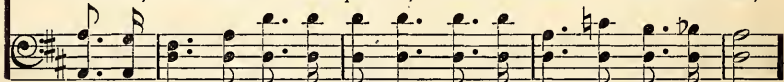
1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord;
2. Tho' I'm least of all His chil - dren, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O, the wound - ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind re - mem - brance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

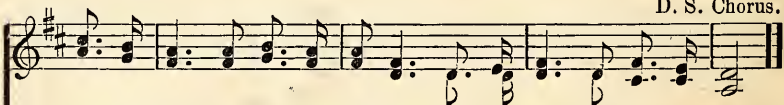


For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can - not see,

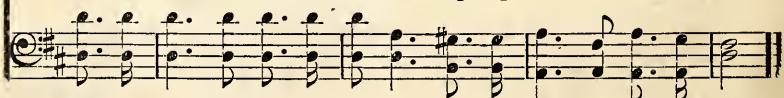


CHO.—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;

D. S. Chorus.



Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun - shine and the shadow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."



While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.

No. 7.

No Room In the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

1. No beautiful cham-ber, No soft cradle bed, No place but a man-ger,
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seeking His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't of their sin,
 No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sorrow for sin,
 No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for sin,

CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Jesus, Oh,
 No doing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.
 Lest you should hear at Heaven's gate,
 give Him welcome free, "There is no room for thee."

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at evening the sun go - eth down? . . . When I
 go - eth down?

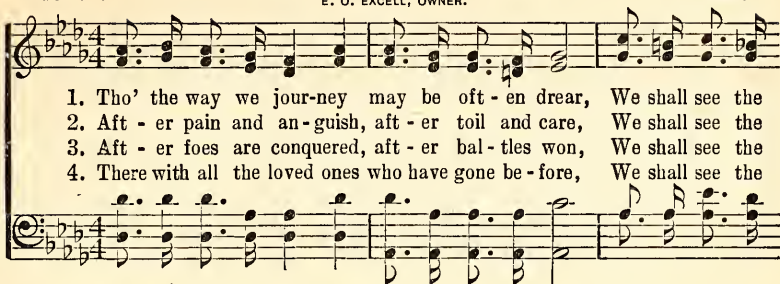
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
 an - y stars in my crown?

No. 9. We Shall See the King Some Day.

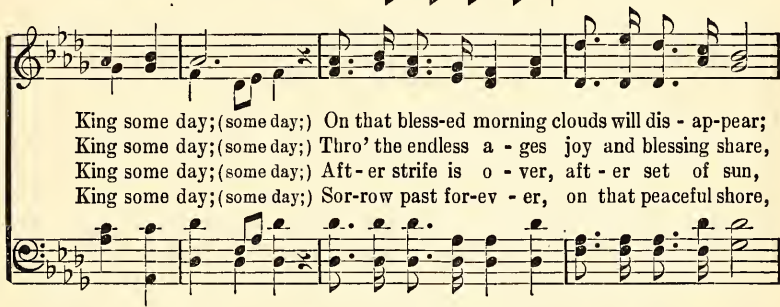
L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

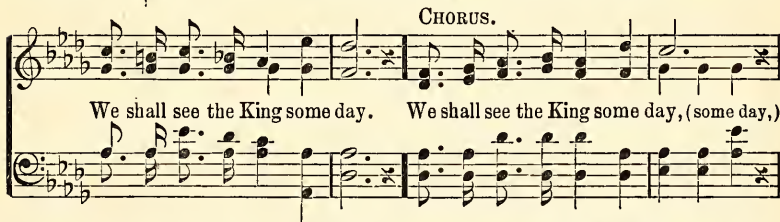


1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

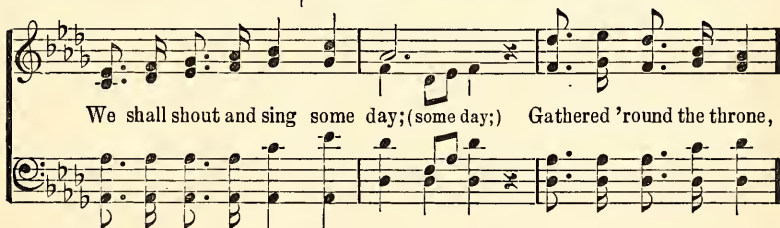


King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

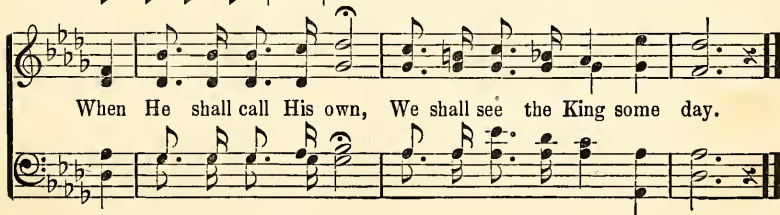
CHORUS.



We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)



We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,



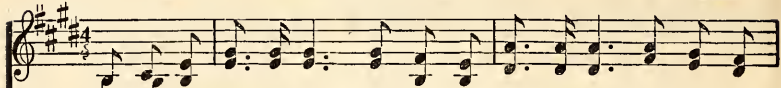
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

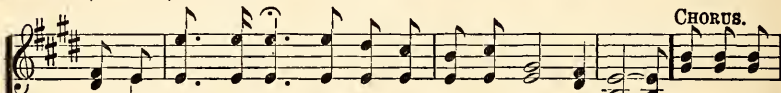
Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

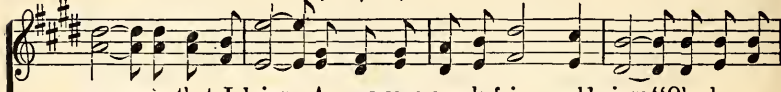
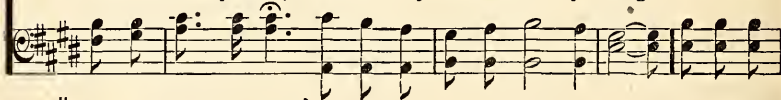


far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

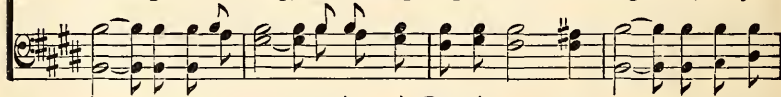


CHORUS.

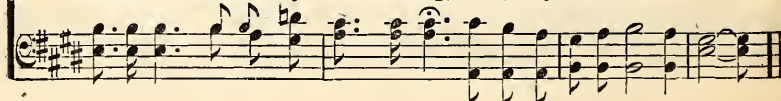
realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."



Rev. D. W. Myland.

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Rev. D. W. Myland.
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.

1. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, On this as-sur-ance I re-ly;
2. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, Com-mit-ted to an All-wise God;
3. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, No foe I fear, or tem-pest wild;
4. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, In time of troub-le He's my stay;
5. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, And so "the vic-to-ry" is mine;
6. I know in whom I have be-liev - ed, This "Hope of glory" fills my soul;



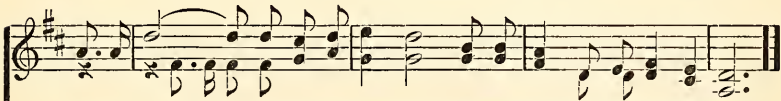
In Christ's sweet presence I am guarded, Se-cure I rest while He is nigh.
 Who knows our ev-'ry human weak-ness, Car-ries our burdens, bears our loads.
 The Christ in whom I hide is a - ble To keep in peace His trusting child.
 And when the tempter strong assails me, Se-cure I'm kept against that day.
 Not by the world, nor man, nor an-gel, But by this mighty faith Di-vine.
 O, joy of life! and light of Heav-en, My Christ! while end-less a-ges roll.



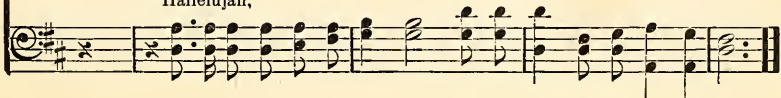
CHORUS.



I believe in the Lord, And I rest on His word;
 I believe in the Lord, And I rest on His word;



Hal - le - lu - jah, how I praise Him, Je - sus Christ is my all to-day.
 Hallelujah,



James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
 2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
 3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
 I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
 be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,
 as the days go by,

Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; He's al - ways draw-ing
 as the mo-ments fly;

near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
 2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
 3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
 heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
 an - chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

CHORUS.

Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
 Since Jesus saved my soul.

Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of

joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

C. F. W.

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USED BY PER.

C. F. Weigele.

1. I was so lone-ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Sav-ior had
2. I was so hun-gry, so ver - y hun - gry When out in the des-ert I
3. I was so wea-ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When, tired of my wand'ring, I

wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap-py, Since I to my
wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Ca-naan, liv-ing in Ca-naan, I've plenty of
lay down to die; Je - sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis-

CHORUS.

Sav-ior have come home to stay.
bread; oh, I'm glad I came home! I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home!
tress un - to him I did cry.

From Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'll nev-er more roam; No more am I starv-ing,

wea - ry or lone, Since Je-sus has found me; I'm glad I came home!

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wear-y of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
 2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God,
 3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
 4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong:
 hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a-bove:
 hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be-hold:
 hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-washed throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the chil-dren of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D. S.

souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

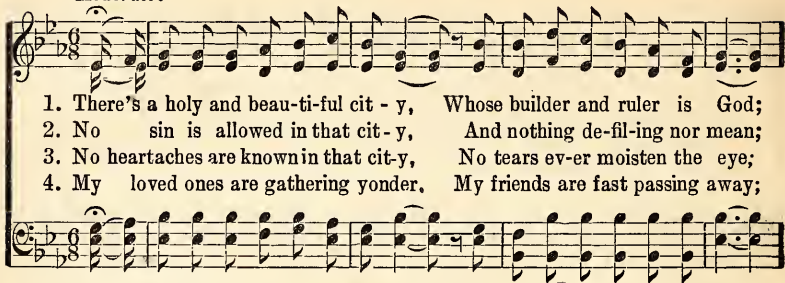
No. 16. The City That's Coming Down.

A. F. I.

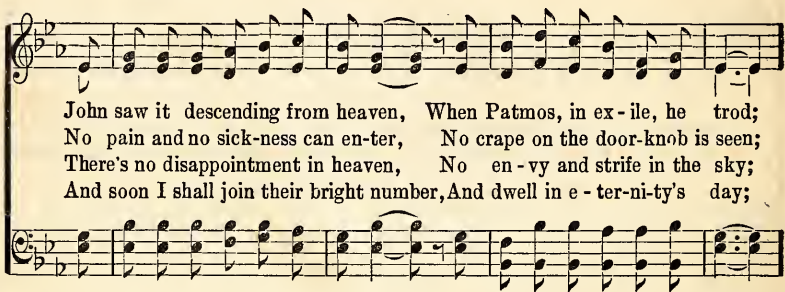
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. F. INGLER.
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Arthur F. Ingler.

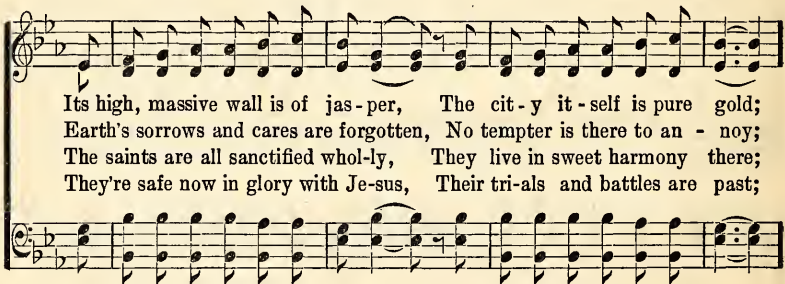
Moderato.



1. There's a holy and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and ruler is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de-fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends are fast passing away;

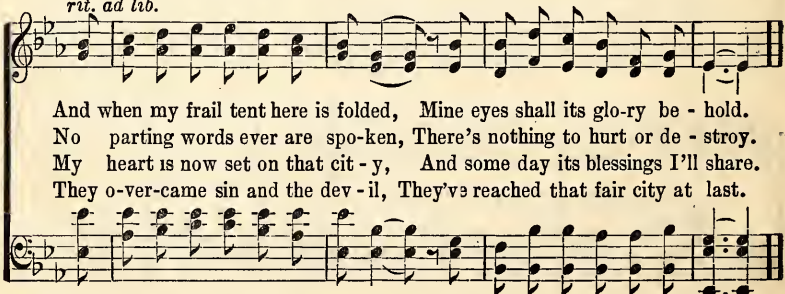


John saw it descending from heaven, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no disappointment in heaven, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni-ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanctified whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glory with Je - sus, Their tri - als and battles are past;

rit. ad lib.



And when my frail tent here is folded, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be - hold.
No parting words ever are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt or de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o-ver-came sin and the dev - il, They've reached that fair city at last.

The City That's Coming Down.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, pearl - y-white cit - y, I have a

man-sion, a harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing and

rit. ad lib.
long-ing For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down.

No. 17. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

I. Watts.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice to Je - sus' blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
 3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}

pre-cious to me, me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... ^{so} pre-cious to me, 'Tis heav-en be-

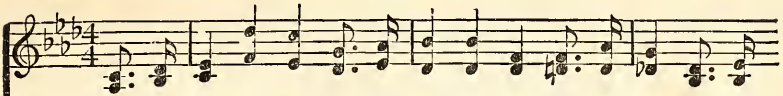
rit. low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 19. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

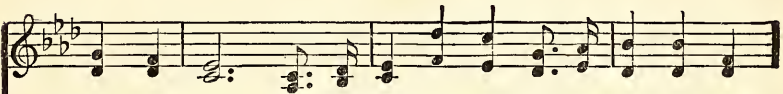
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.



1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of



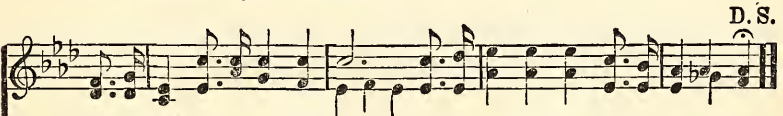
Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



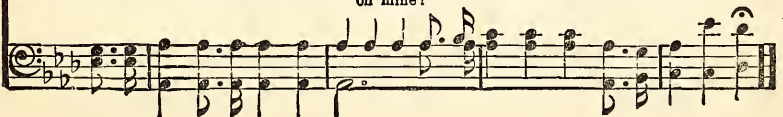
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,



D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*



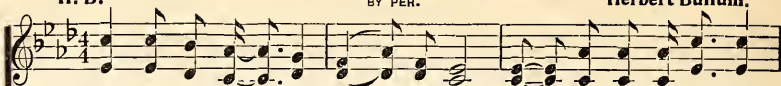
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!



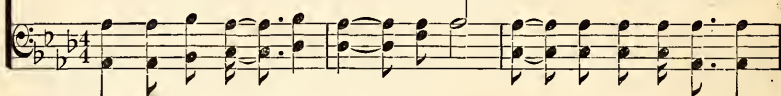
H. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HERBERT BUFFUM.
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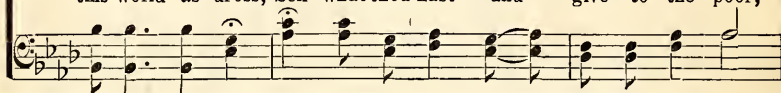
Herbert Buffum.



1. Lord I have started to walk in the light Shin - ing up - on me from
2. Ma - ny there are who start in the race, But with the light they re -
3. I'd rath - er walk with Je - sus a - lone. And have for my pil - low, like
4. O, broth - er will you now take up the cross, Count all the pleasures of

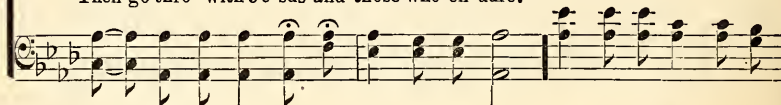


Heav - en so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a - dieu.
fuse to keep pace; Oth - ers ac - cept it be - cause it is new,
Ja - cob, a stone; Liv - ing each mo - ment with His face in view,
this world as dross; Sell whatthou hast and give to the poor,

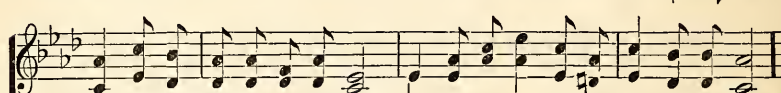
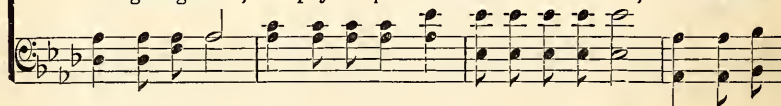


CHORUS.

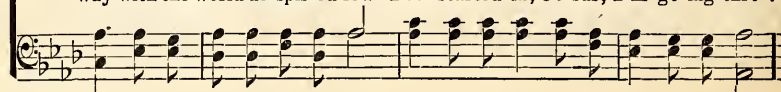
I've start - ed in Je - sus, I'm go - ing thro' .
But not ver - y ma - ny in - tend to go thro' . I'm go - ing thro' , Je - sus,
Than shrink from the pathway and fail to go thro' .
Then go thro' with Je - sus and those who en - dure .



I'm go - ing thro' , I'll pay the price what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the



way with the world de - spis - ed few I've started in, Je - sus, I'm go - ing thro' .



1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is
 2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the
 3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I
 4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the
 5. Then let us re - mem - ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not

whisp'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
 strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the
 die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so
 bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
 feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a - round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
 waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a - float.
 fierce - ly as - sailed, They left off be - liev - ing and ter - ri - bly failed.
 con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
 dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I be - lieve, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a

mountain; Lord, I be - lieve, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

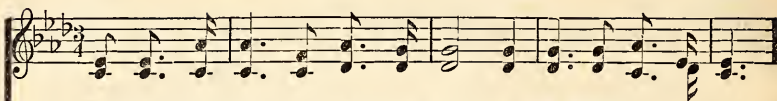
No. 22.

Grace, Enough for Me.

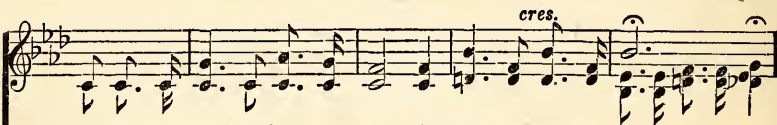
E. O. E.

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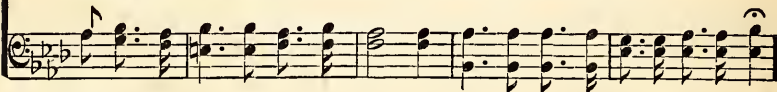
E. O. Excell.



1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While stand - ing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



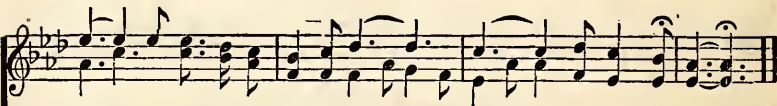
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce be - lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



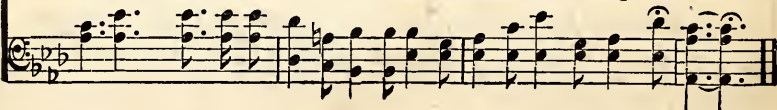
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal - va - ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
 Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry, for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll - ing sea,

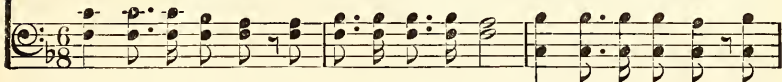


Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A - bun - dant grace I see. e - nough for me.





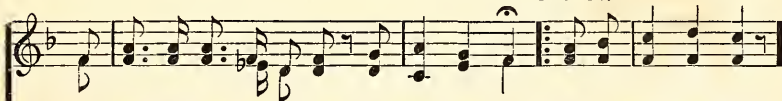
1. Once deep con-vic-tion the Lord on me did roll, My heart was heav-y, and
2. Once in a meet-ing, the pow'r of God was there, Man-y were shouting His
3. Once we were pray-ing for more of pow'r di-vine, That in His service we
4. God has a man-sion pre-pared for you and me, Where we will praise Him, thro',



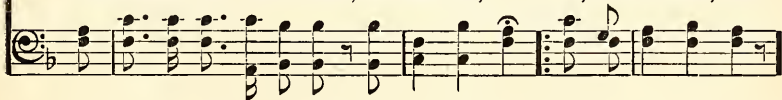
anx-ious for my soul; Friends were con-vert-ed, by faith saved thro' and thro',
name in praise and prayer; God gave a bless-ing to those in ev-'ry pew,
might a-rise and shine; God sent His Spir-it, our fire He did re-new,
all e-ter-ni-ty; "I will re-ceive you," His prom-is-es are true,



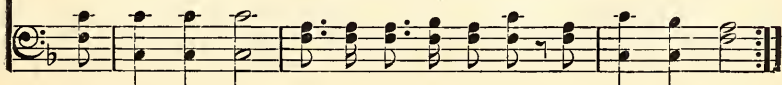
CHORUS.



But while the Lord saved oth-ers, He saved me, too! Yes, He saved me, too!
But while the Lord blest oth-ers, He blest me, too! Yes, He blest me, too!
But while the Lord filled oth-ers, He filled me, too! Yes, He filled me, too!
But when the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me, too! Yes, He'll take me, too!



He saved me, too! While the Lord saved oth-ers, He saved me, too!
He blest me, too! While the Lord blest oth-ers, He blest me, too!
He filled me, too! While the Lord filled oth-ers, He filled me, too!
He'll take me, too! When the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me, too!

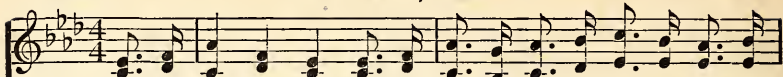


No. 24. When the Saints Are Gathered Home.

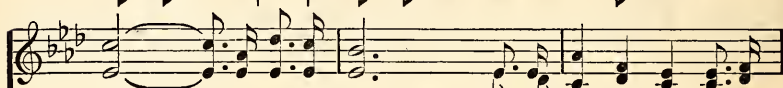
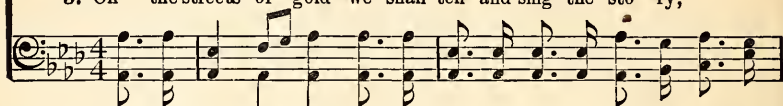
James Rowe.

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Hamp Sewell.

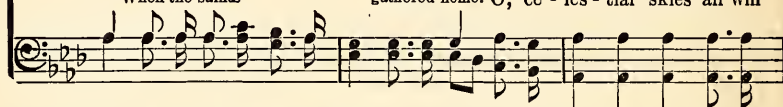


1. What a song will rise on that bright, e - ter - nal morning, When the
2. With en - rap - tured eyes we shall view the crys - tal riv - er,
3. On the streets of gold we shall tell and sing the sto - ry,



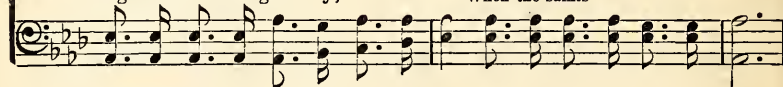
saints . . . are gathered home! Love di - vine will be ev - 'ry
Near the great white throne we shall

When the saints gathered home! O, ce - les - tial skies all will



hap - py soul a - dorn - ing, When the saints . . . are gathered home.
live and sing for - ev - er,
ring with shouts of glo - ry,

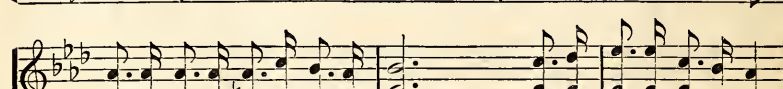
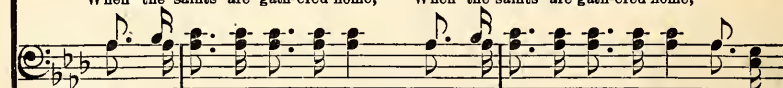
When the saints



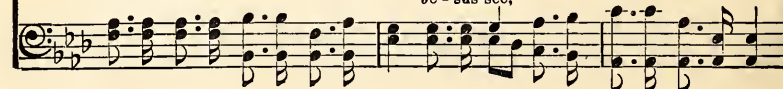
CHORUS.



When the saints . . . are gathered home, When we
When the saints are gath - ered home, When the saints are gath - ered home,



reach that sinless land and Jesus see, Oh, what happy songs will ring
Je - sus see,



When the Saints are Gathered Home.

thro' the pal-ace of the King, When the saints . . . are gathered home!
When the saints

No. 25.

I Shall Be Like Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. A. SPENCER. USED BY PER.

W. A. S.

OF WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glo-ry, And all my tri-als are past;
2. We shall not wait till the glo-ri-ous dawning Breaks on the vision so fair;
3. More and more like Him, re-peat the blest story, Over, and o-ver a - gain;

I shall be like Him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like Him at last
Now we may welcome the heavenly morn-ing, Now we His image may bear.
Chang'd by His spirit from glo-ry to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

CHORUS.

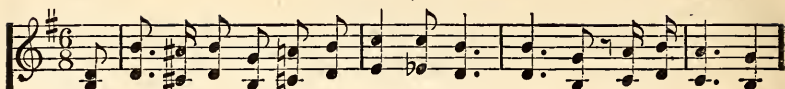
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beauty shall shine;

I shall be like Him, Wondrously like Him, Je-sus, my Sav-ior di-vine.

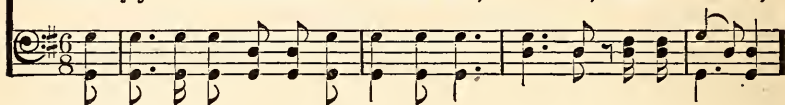
C. H. G.

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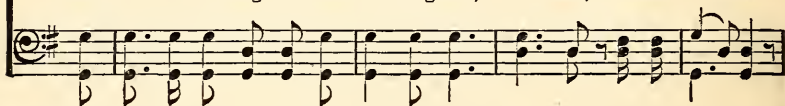
Chas. H. Gabriel.



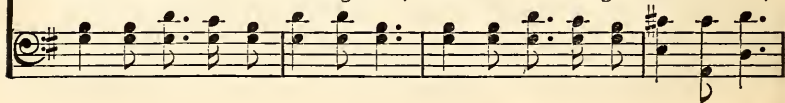
1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev- er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



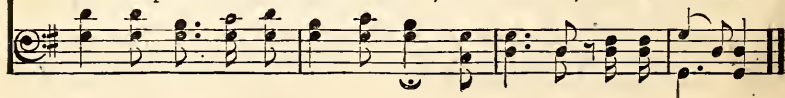
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 He heal-eth the wounded, He giv-eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:



Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
 When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an - guish start,
 When we en - ter the Shad - ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
 There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,



Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
 - None can com - fort the break - ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



W. J. K.

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USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je-sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of the Sav-ior, Whose mer-ci - ful call Free-ly of-fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'er-pow' red by your sin? While the waters are
4. Bless - ed Sav-ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy Word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suf - f'erer Who
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-pour'd; Wash a - way ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin - taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earn - est - ly plead-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per - fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole.?"

FINE.

D.S.—cleansing wave roll; Step in - to the cur-rent And thou shalt be whole

CHORUS.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry suf-f'erer,

D. S.

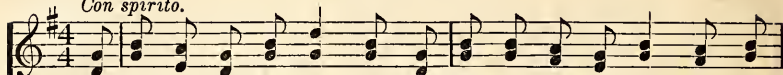
O come, sin - sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See the

"For yet a little while, and the Coming One will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

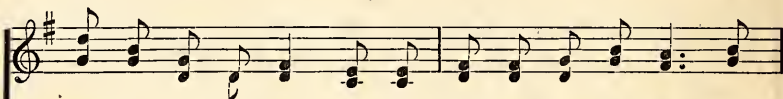
D. W. M.

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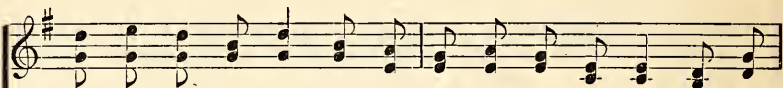
Rev. D. W. Myland.

Con spirito.

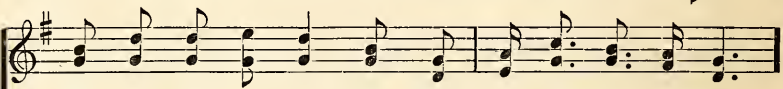
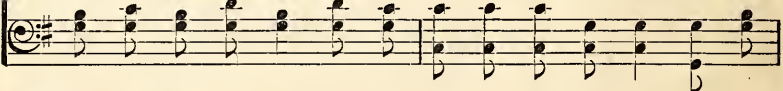
1. The world is get-ting queer - er, Life's tri - als are se - ver - er, The
2. The Church is grow - ing cold - er, And Sa - tan's arts more bold - er, 'Tis
3. Tho' Sa - tan is de - ceiv - ing, And men the Spir - it griev - ing, God's
4. But 'mid these signs por - tend - ing, And e - vils e'er ex - tend - ing, The



grace of God is dear - er To those who serve Him here; The
just as God has told her In His un - er - ring word; Weak
word we are be - liev - ing—Its truth we will o - bey; It
Gos - pel we are send - ing To those in hea - then night; Thus



rich by greed are thriv - ing, The poor of right de - priv - ing, While
men God's word as - sail - eth, And un - be - lief pre - vail - eth, While
still will save most sure - ly If it is preached more pure - ly, And
hast'ning Christ's ap - pear - ing—The thought our hearts is cheer - ing, For



all for self are striv - ing: Christ's com - ing draw - eth near.
love of man - y fail - eth—Nor hon - or Christ as Lord.
keep the soul se - cure - ly A - gainst the Lord's great Day.
the glad time is near - ing When wrongs shall be made right.



Christ's Coming Draweth Near.

CHORUS.

Christ's com-ing draw-eth near; (so near;) His char-iot wheels I hear; The
 wait-ing time will soon be o'er; Christ's com-ing draw-eth near.

mf

No. 29. Why Not Come to Him Now.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY E. O. EXCELL.
 WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Sin-ner, why have you been straying? Why from the fold are you stay-ing?
 2. Come, for the Sav-ior is call-ing, Come, e'er the night shades are fall-ing,
 3. Come, for the moments are fly-ing, Come, sin's temptations de-fy-ing,
 4. Friends whom you love are now sleeping, Oth-ers are pray-ing and weep-ing,

Loved ones for you have been praying,
 Life without Him is ap-pall-ing, Will you not come to Him now?
 While souls a-bout you are dy-ing,
 An-gels their vigils are keep-ing, Will you not come to the Sav-ior now?

CHORUS.

Why not now? Why not now? Will you not come to Him now?
 Why not now, O why not now? Why not now, O why not now?

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER

Hamp Sewell.

1. Out on the moun-tains far a-way, Out in the cold and dan-ger,
2. I lived a self-ish life for years, Sought thro' this world for pleasure,
3. I work for Je-sus now each day, Since I have been for-giv-en;

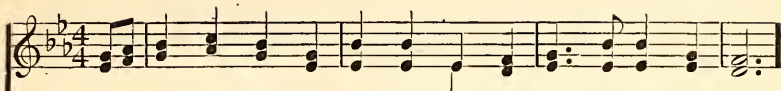
When I was wand'ring far a-stray, Still to my Sav-ior a stran-ger:
Till God, who rules the radiant spheres, Sent me a won-der-ful treas-ure.
And when this life has passed a-way, I want to praise Him in Heav-en.

CHORUS.

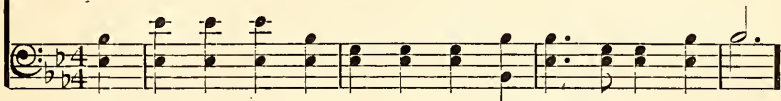
Love won my heart, . . . Christ did im-part, . . . Love, wonderful
Love won, love won my heart, Christ did, Christ did im-part,

love of God, Love won my heart; . . . God's love to me, . . .
won my heart; God's love, God's love to me,

deep as the sea, . . . Love of God so strange and free, Love won my heart.
deep as, deep as the sea,



1. When Is - rael out of bond - age came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor - rows dark, like storm - y waves, Were dash - ing o'er my way,
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;



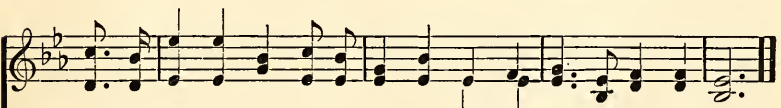
My Lord reached down His might - y hand, And rolled the sea a - way.
 My heart's de - sire the Sav - ior read, And rolled the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And rolled the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quick - ly come, And roll the sea a - way.



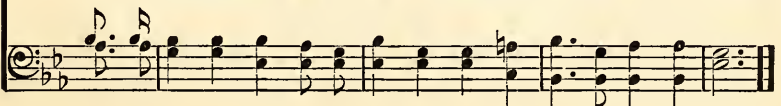
CHORUS.



Then for - ward still, 'tis Je - ho - vah's will, Tho' the bil - lows dash and spray;



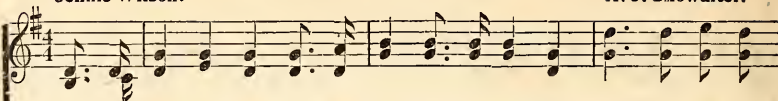
With a conqu'ring tread we will push a - head, He'll roll the sea a - way.



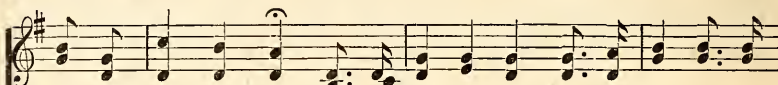
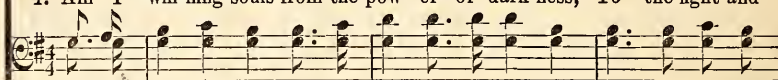
Jennie Wilson.

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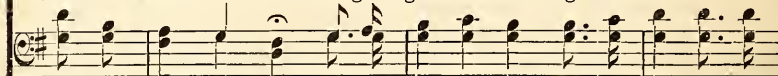
A. J. Showalter.



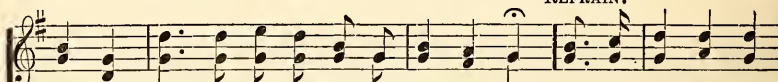
1. Will my name be found on the roll of the faith-ful, In that great as-
2. Am I us - ing tal - ents to me now en - trust - ed, Do I "Oc - cu -
3. Do my hands reach out to the weak and the need - y, Cheer - ing those who
4. Am I win - ning souls from the pow - er of dark - ness, To the light and



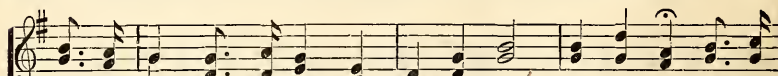
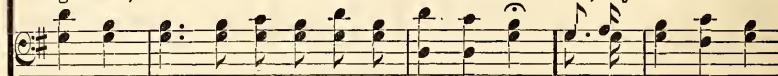
sem - bly by and by, When a true ac - count of our serv - ice is
 py un - til He come?" Or will I at last filled with shame and with
 walk in path - ways dim? Will the Mas - ter tell me with smiles of ap -
 home of saints a - bove? 'Mong the gems a - dorn - ing the crowns of the



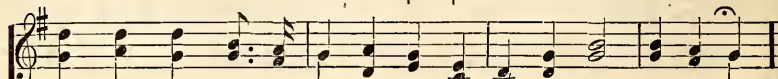
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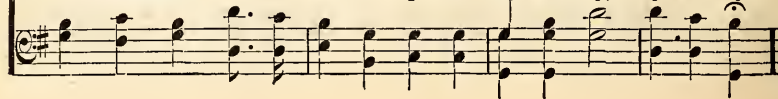
ren - dered, When we gath - er there be - yond the sky? Will my name be found
 sor - row, See but wast - ed time when life is done?
 prov - al, What I've done for those I did for Him? *For last verse*
 righteous, Will there be in mine a star of love? Yes, my name will be



on the roll of the faith - ful, By and by, by and by? Will the



words "well done" un - to me be spo - ken, By and by, by and by?



T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



1. There is one tho't more dear to me Than an - y tho't of earth could be;
2. I have no need to look on high, To realms beyond the star - ry sky,
3. O praise his name! 'tis sweet to know, On land or sea, wher-e'er I go,
4. Yes, till I join the an - gel choir, Till Je - sus bids me go up high'r,
5. And when I soar to climes of bliss And see my Sav - ior as he is,



It thrills my heart con - tin - ual - ly: God lives with - in my soul.
 For in my life I feel him nigh Who lives with - in my soul.
 That he who trod this earth be - low Now lives with - in my soul.
 This tho't my be - ing shall in - spire: God lives with - in my soul.
 My song of joy shall still be this: He lives with - in my soul.



CHORUS.



He lives with - in my soul, Christ Je - sus makes me whole;
 rap-tured soul, makes me whole;



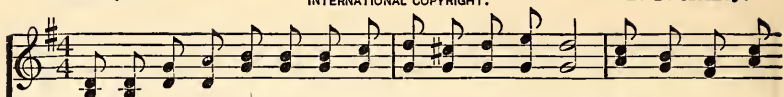
I trust his pow'r Each day and hour; He lives with - in my soul.



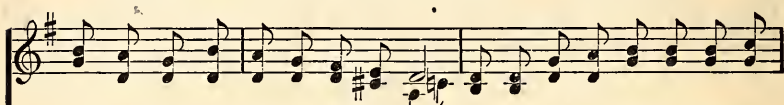
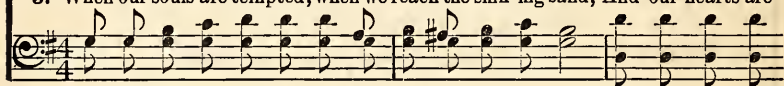
James Rowe.

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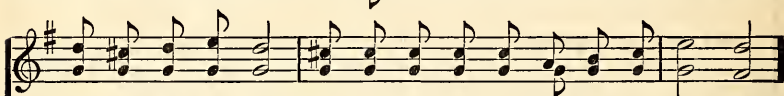
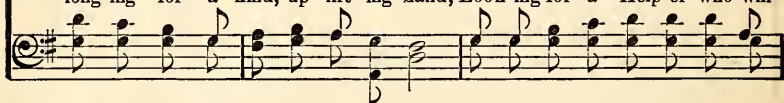
B. D. Ackley.



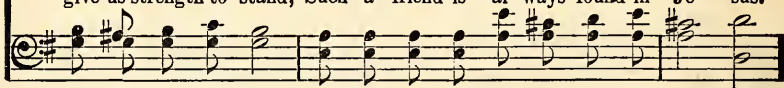
1. In the hour of trou-ble, it is sweet to have a friend, Some one who is
2. When the storm is sweeping, and the world seems most unjust, When some great mis-
3. When our souls are tempted, when we reach the sink-ing sand, And our hearts are



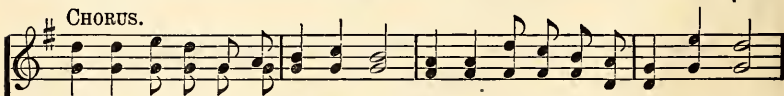
al - ways glad a help-ing hand to lend; One up-on whose faith-ful-ness we
for-tune comes and fail you think you must, There's a strong De-fend-er we may
long-ing for a kind, up-lift-ing hand, Look-ing for a Help-er who will



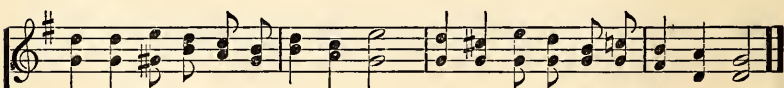
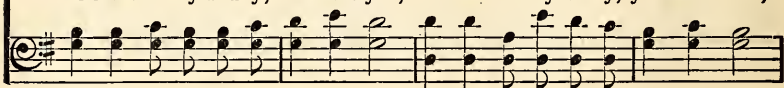
ev - er may de-pend; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
safe-ly, sure-ly trust; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.
give us strength to stand; Such a friend is al-ways found in Je - sus.



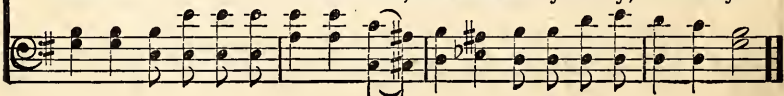
CHORUS.



He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, you should too;

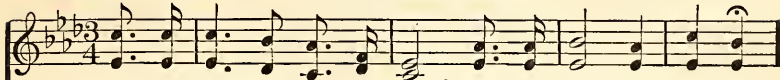


There will nev-er be a friend more true; He loves ev-'ry-bod-y, He loves you.



Katharine A. Grimes. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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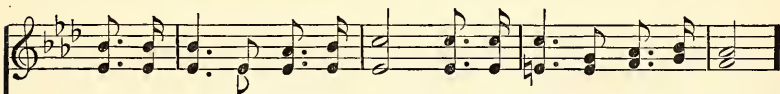
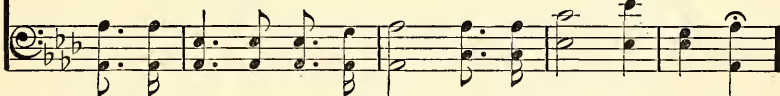
E. O. Excell.



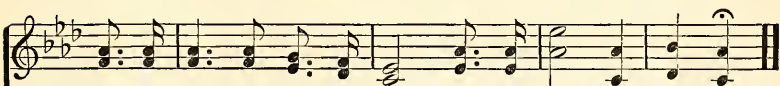
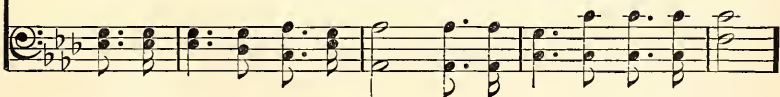
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



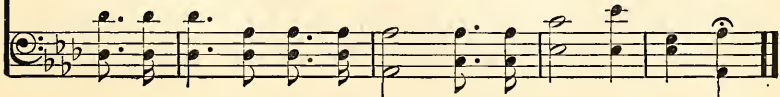
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,



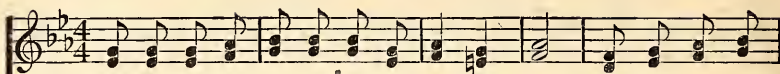
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



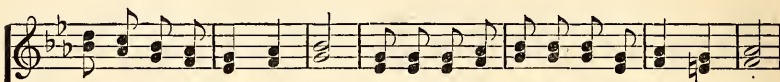
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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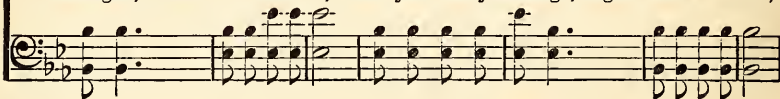
E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



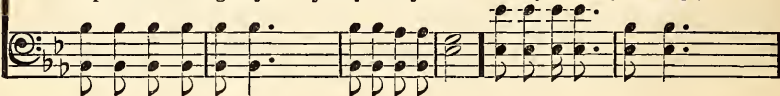
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
 promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money can - not buy
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, angels will at - tend,



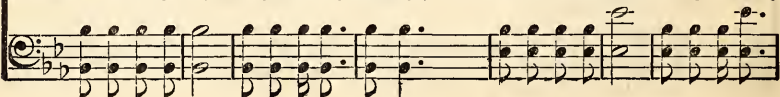
CHORUS.



And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
 And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
 Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
 Help and comfort give you to your journey's send. Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
 Namethem one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.

rit.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 37. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

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J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a Heav'n to me;
2. Once Heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain-top, or in the dell?

FINE.

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis Heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or in man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis Heav-en there.

D. S.—On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis Heav-en there.

CHORUS. D. S.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis Heav'n, 'Tis Heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

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L. L. Pickett.

1. I have learned the wondrous se - cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
 3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He beares them all a - way;
 4. For my words I take His wis - dom, For my works His Spir - it's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word;
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
 For my ways His gra - cious Pres - ence Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour.

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am feast - ing on His love,
 All my will is yield - ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with - in,
 All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live, and move;
 Of my heart He is the Por - tion, Of my joy the cease - less Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
 And His pre - cious blood each mo - ment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
 E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life and love.
 Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep - er, Glo - rious Lord and com - ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - - ing in the Lord, And con -
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

Abiding and Confiding.

fid - ing in His word, And I'm hid -
 fid-ing in His word, And con - fid-ing in His word, And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly

- ing, safe - ly hid - ing, In the bo - som of His love.
 hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,

No. 39.

I'll Live for Him.

BY PERMISSION OF R. E. HUDSON, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

C. R. Dunbar.

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

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

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now hence forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 40.

The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The

cry "To arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is
 ho-vah leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the
 bow of prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in

march-ing on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 ar-mor God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 ev-'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. Unison.

The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

gleaming, and colors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Bestrong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry.

No. 41. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.
FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
D. C. — Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

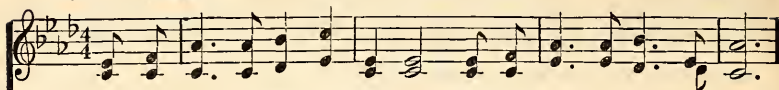
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twi'x me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

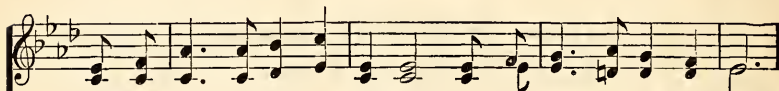
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell.



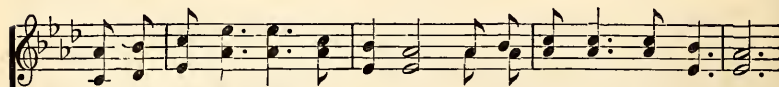
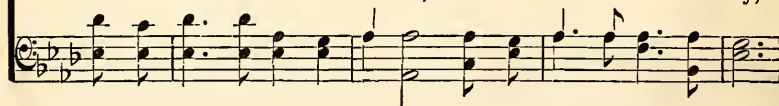
1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin - ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free;
3. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol - low, Just a few more days to roam;



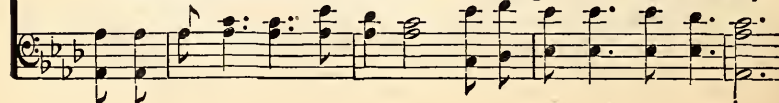
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home;



Ev - 'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da - vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic - t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a - way,



I am go-ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old - fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old - fash-ioned way.



The Good Old Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

D. C.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

CODA.

No 43. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO. - I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, - "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

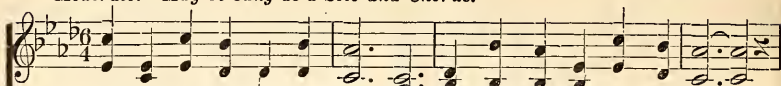
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

E. E. Hewitt.

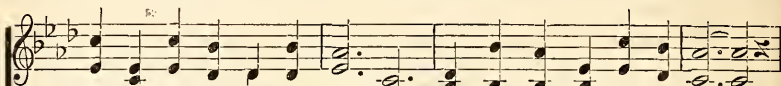
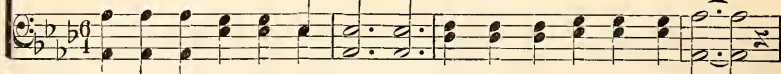
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

USED BY PER.

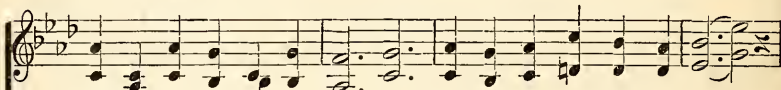
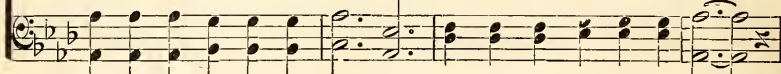
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato. May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

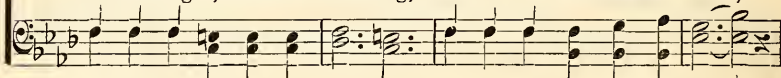
1. Veiled is the fu - ture be - fore me; Life's checkered pathway I climb,
2. Earth's dearest ties must be broken, Time's sweetest ros - es de - cay;
3. Sometime, I'll come to a val - ley Where a grim shad - ow is thrown;



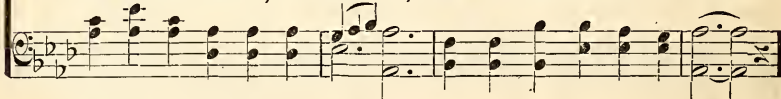
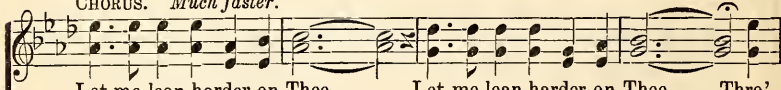
God in His good-ness re-veal - ing On - ly one step at a time.
 Words of farewell must be spok - en, Evening will fol - low the day.
 No hu-man friend can go with me, Leave me, O Lord, not a - lone!



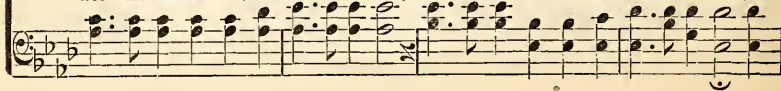
Will the to-mor-row be cloud-ed? Will it bring sun-shine to me?
 Still, waves of joy roll a - round me, Swell-ing from love's boundless sea,
 Till that bright, beau-ti-ful morn-ing, When all the dark-ness shall flee,



Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav - ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.
 While I lean hard-er, dear Sav - ior, While I lean hard-er on Thee.
 Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav - ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.

CHORUS. *Much faster.*

Let me lean harder on Thee, Let me lean harder on Thee, Thro'
 Let me lean hard-er, lean harder on Thee, Let me lean hard-er, lean hard-er on Thee,



Let Me Lean Harder on Thee.

storm and thro' sunshine, dear Sav - ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.....
 Savior, dear Savior, lean harder on Thee.

No. 45.

Birth of Christ.

John Cawood.

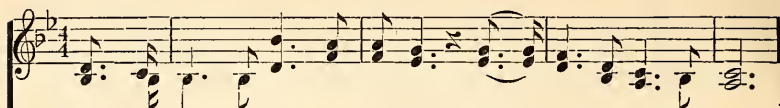
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?
2. Peace on earth, good will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;
3. Haste, ye mor - tals to a - dore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy;

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re - joic - es; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
 Souls re-deem'd, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him, "Glo - ry be to God most high!"

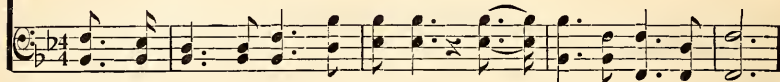
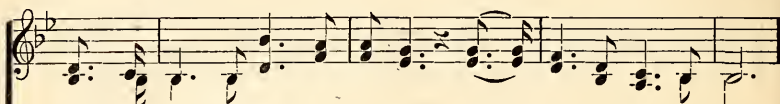
Hear them tell the won-drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy;
 Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth His prais - es sing!
 Let us learn the won-drous sto - ry, Of our great Re-deem-er's birth,

"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"
 Oh, re-ceive whom God ap - point-ed For your Prophet, Priest and King!
 Spread the brightness of His glo - ry, Till it cov - er all the earth.


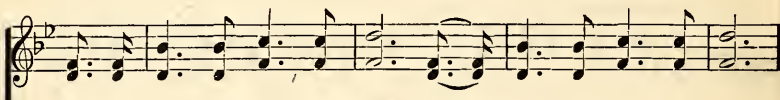
J. R. Zook.



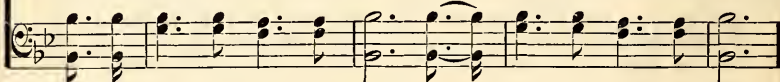
1. I am on my way to glo - ry, To dwell in that sweet home.
 2. Oh, my heart has had its strug-gles With the world, the flesh, and sin.
 3. I am go - ing to the home-land, So pure and un - de - filed,

But my life has had its con-flicts, And my soul near o - ver-come;
 With the cru - el foes a - bout me, And the dead-ly sin with - in;
 And I know my Sav - ior's wait-ing To wel-come home His child;

But the dark - ness had to flee, And my heart found vic - to - ry,
 But I saw the de - mons flee, And my soul found lib - er - ty
 And mine eyes with joy will see The place pre-pared for me,



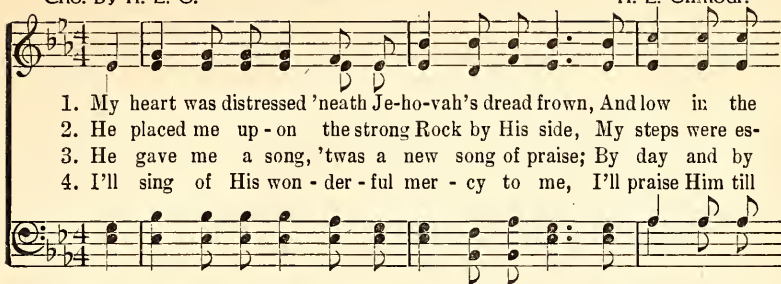

As I trust - ed in the vir - tue Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 When I trust - ed in the mer - its Of my Friend of Gal - i - lee.
 For I rest - ed on the prom - ise Of the Christ of Gal - i - lee.



Rev. H. J. Zellej.
Cho. by H. L. G.

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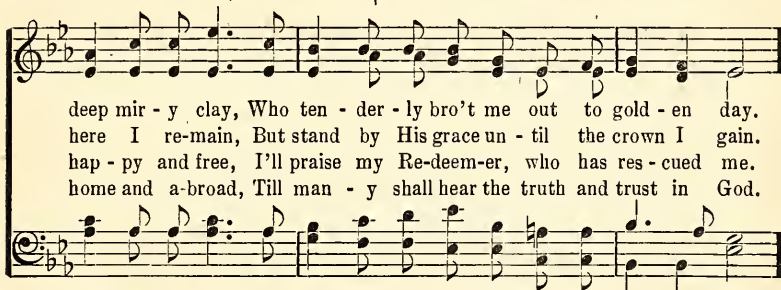
H. L. Gilmour.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were es-
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise; By day and by
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till

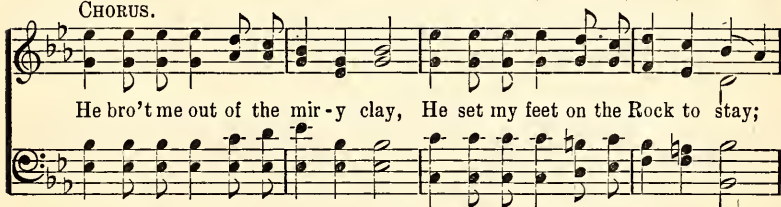


pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
all men His good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at



deep mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.
home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

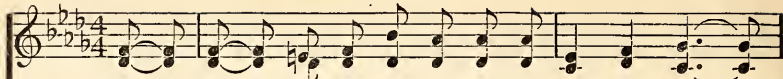
CHORUS.



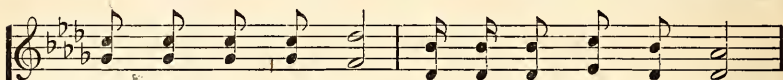
He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;



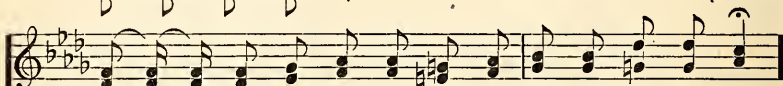
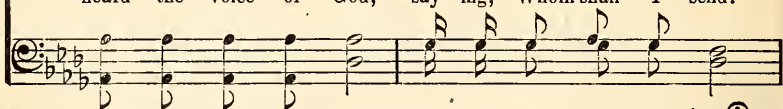
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!



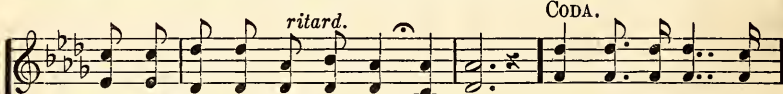
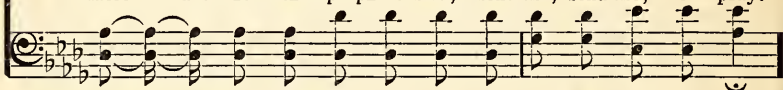
1. "Woe is me!" said the proph-et when he saw the Lord,
2. The pres-ence of Je - ho - vah to the proph-ets gaze Bro't
3. The vi - sion of the King entranced him with de - light, Who



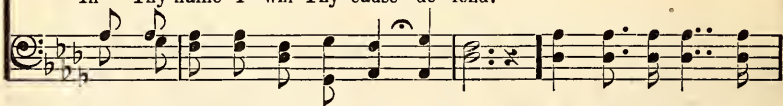
High, and lift - ed up, sit - ing up - on a throne;
 fly - ing ser - a - phim, hav - ing a coal of fire:
 heard the voice of God, say - ing, "Whom shall I send?"



Gaz - ing on such glo - ry brought con - vic - tion to his soul;
 "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine in - iq - ui - ty is gone,
 "Here am I!" the proph-et said, "send me, send me," I pray!



When he cried out, "I'm un-clean, un-done."
 And thy sin is purged, thou'rt clean en-tire." "Go!" saith the Lord! whose
 In Thy name I will Thy cause de-fend.



train filled the tem - ple; Wing - ed ser - a-phims stand - ing a - bove,



Isaiah's Vision.

Cry - ing re - spon - sive - ly in strains of love, "Ho - - ly,
"Ho - ly is the Lord of hosts,

Ho - - - ly, The whole earth is full of His glo - ry."
Ho - ly is the Lord of hosts,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly,

No. 49. My Times are in Thy Hand.

Charlotte Elliott.

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H. L. Gilmour.

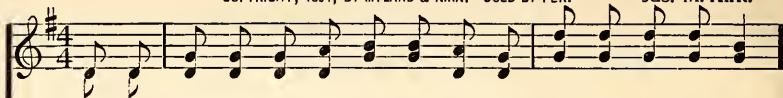
1. I take the pil - grim staff a - new, Life's path un - trod - den to pur -
2. Thro' - out the year, my heav'n - ly Friend, On Thy blest guid - ance I de -
3. Should comfort, health and peace be mine, Should hours of glad - ness on me
4. Thy smile a - lone makes moments bright, That smile turns darkness in - to
5. That hand my step will gen - tly guide E'en to the brink of Jordan's

sue; Thy guid - ing eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in Thy hand.
pend; From its com - mence - ment to its end My times are in Thy hand.
shine, Then let me trace thy love di - vine; My times are in Thy hand.
light; This tho't will soothe grief's saddest night—My times are in Thy hand.
tide; Then bear me to the heav'n - ward side; My times are in Thy hand.

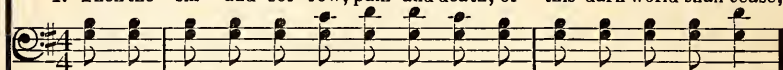
"Behold, I come quickly." REV. 22: 7.

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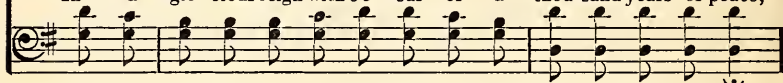
Jas. M. Kirk.



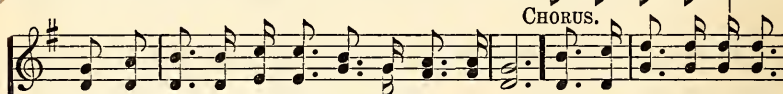
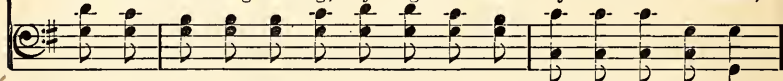
1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorr'wing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death, of this dark world shall cease,



When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way;
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
 And in all His ho-ly moun-tain noth-ing hurts or shall de-destroy;
 In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace;

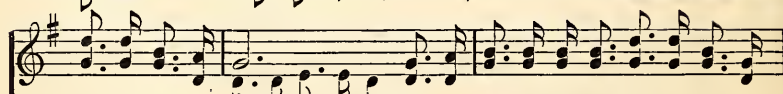
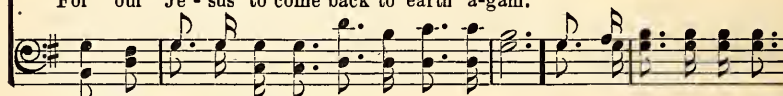


Oh, my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray,
 God shall take a-way all sick-ness, and the suf-f'rers' tears will dry,
 Per-fect peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,
 All the earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,

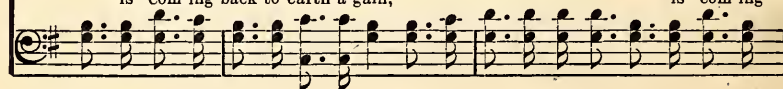


CHORUS.

For our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain.
 When our bless-ed Je-sus shall come back a-gain. Oh, our Lord is com-ing
 Aft-er Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
 For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain.



back to earth a-gain, Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-
 is com-ing back to earth a-gain, is com-ing



Our Lord's Return.

gain; Sa - tan will be bound a thou-sand years, we'll
back to earth a-gain;

have no tempt-er then, Aft - er Je-sus shall come back to earth a - gain.

No. 51.

Hallelujah! 'Tis Done.

P. P. Bliss.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold, And they sing as they
6. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

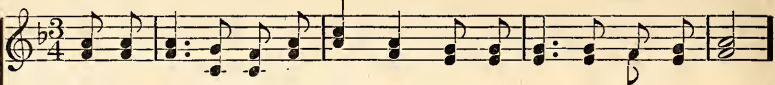
CHORUS.

Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
glo - ry, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be -
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
march thro' the streets of pure gold:
prais - es for - ev - er shall be:

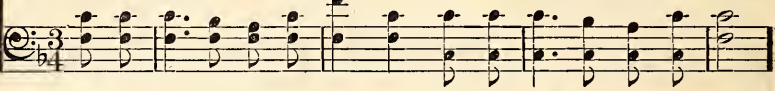
lieve on the Son; I am { saved
cleansed
healed } by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.

Ada Blenkhorn.

D. Wesley Myland.



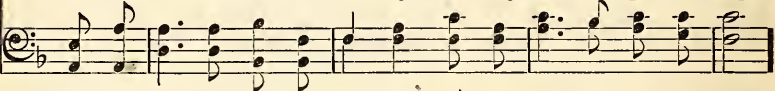
1. I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, Noth - ing now have I to fear;
 2. I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, — O, the joy these words af - ford!
 3. I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, Shel - tered in His wound - ed side —



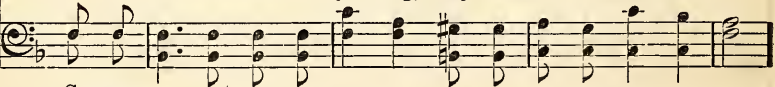
For He ev - er walks be - side me, Makes His way be - fore me clear;
 Dai - ly hold - ing sweet com - mun - ion With my own be - lov - ed Lord.
 In the se - cret of His pres - ence By His grace I will a - bide.



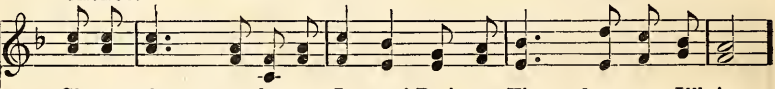
Guides me by His lov - ing coun - sel, Holds me in His might - y hand:
 How He fills the hours with bless - ing, For His glo - ry - I will tell;
 Of His won - drous love and mer - cy, How my soul de - lights to sing!



Fear - less, when the foe as - sails me, — In His strength a - lone I stand.
 For the souls that love and trust Him, How He do - eth all things well.
 In His name a - lone re - joic - ing, My Re - deem - er, Friend and King.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus! Praise to His dear name I'll sing;
 Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus! Praise to His dear name I'll sing;



In His Keeping.

I am liv - ing and re - joic - ing In the pres - ence of my King.
I am liv - ing

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 53.

Sweetly Resting.

Mrs. Mary D. James.

BY PERMISSION.

Warden W. Bentley.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing; Safe - ly shel - tered I a - bide;
2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wear - y, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un - der - stand - ing, Joy the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past,

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

There no foes or storms mo - lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav' - n - ly shel - ter, O - pened in my Sav - ior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing: In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed - ing not the fierc - est blast.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

Now I'm rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

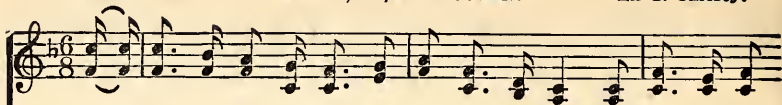
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

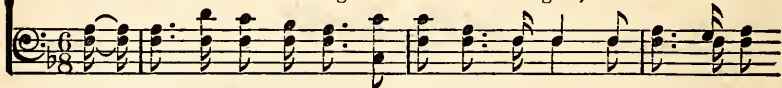
E. G. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO R. SWENEY.

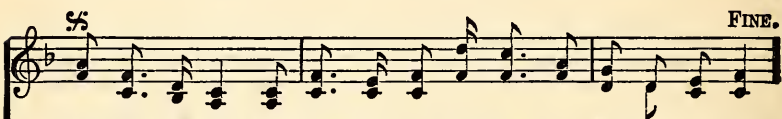
Ell G. Christy.



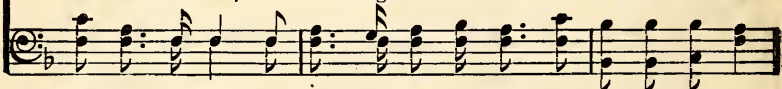
1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'T was there I found
4. How rich is the bless - ing the world can - not give; I'm sat - is - fied



with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior—my mind wan - ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par - don,—'t was heav - en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to
full - y for Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me and



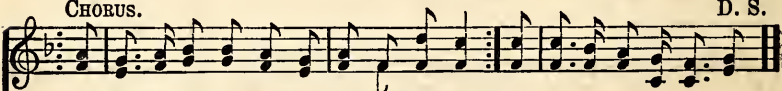
pleas - ure af - ford, There's peace and con - tent - ment in serv - ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree—I hear a voice say - ing: I suf - ered for thee!
my wear - y soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus—His love nev - er dies.



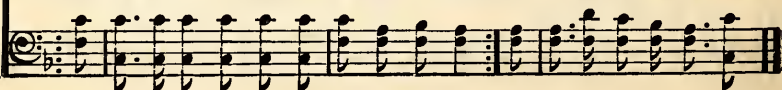
D. S.—*ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol - dier,—I'll die at my post.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



{ I love Him far bet - ter than in days of yore, }
{ I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be - fore, } I'll do as He bids me, what -



No. 55. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

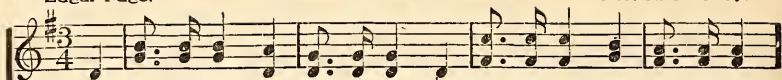
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans ing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man sions of rest,

CHORUS.

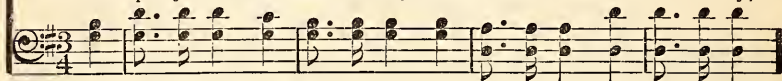
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

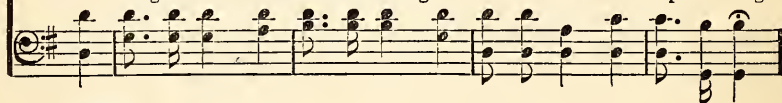
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,



Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav - en's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white - robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.



CHORUS.



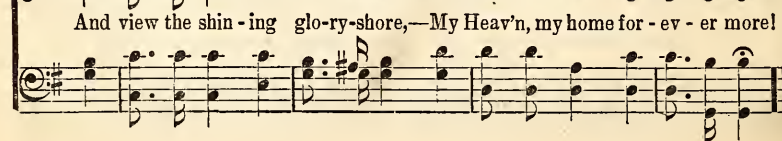
O Beau - lah Land, sweet Beau - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,

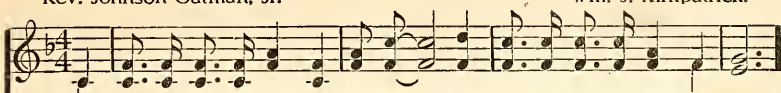


And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore, — My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!

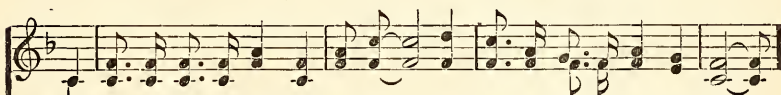
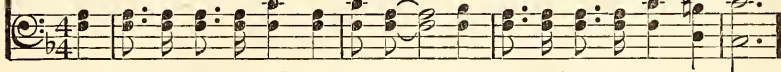


Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

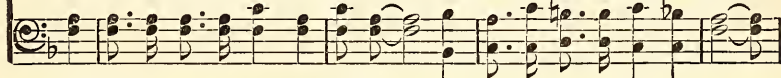
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,



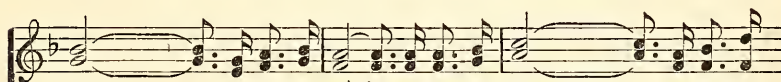
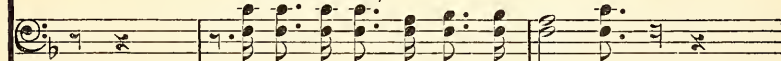
With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
 God's per-fect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
 I see the King in all His beau-ty, While rest-ing there a-lone with God.
 When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.



CHORUS.



A-lone with God, the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
 A-lone with God,



God, O blest re-treat! A-lone with God, and in Him
 Alone with God, Alone with God,



hid-den, To hold with Him com-mun-ion sweet,
 To hold with Him



A. F. Ferris.

FROM "TEARS AND TRIUMPHS," L. L. PICKETT, OWNER.

BY PER.

Ella B. Butc. Alt.

Slow, with expression.

1. O sin - ner, re - mem - ber, tho' fair be life's day, There's
 2. On the edge of per - di - tion now blind - ly you tread, Its
 3. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness! its gloom doth af - fright, No
 4. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness now falls on the shore, The
 5. The Sav - ior is plead - ing, there's mer - cy to - day, A -

on - ly one step to the tomb; Your life, like a va - por, will
 tor - ments how fear - ful they seem; Ah, soon you will dwell with the
 star ev - er shines in the sky; No morn - ing shall dawn on the
 twi - light be - gins to ap - pear; Soon there will be mer - cy, sweet
 gain He in - vites you to come; O flee to His bos - om, and

soon pass a - way, Then com - eth e - ter - ni - ty's gloom.
 num - ber - less dead, Where Je - sus can nev - er re - deem.
 gloom of its night, There com - eth no "sweet by and by."
 mer - cy no more, But dark - ness and death draw - eth near.
 walk in His way, 'Twill lead to the heav - en - ly home.

REFRAIN.

To be lost in the night, in "e - ter - ni - ty's night," To
 5th v. To be saved from the night, from "e - ter - ni - ty's night," And to

Eternity's Night.

sink in de - spair and in woe! But such is your doom, if you
walk 'mid the splen-dors a - bove! To dwell with the Lord, and a -

turn from the light, Re - fus - ing God's mer - cy to know.
bide in His light, En - joy - ing His mer - cy and love.

No. 59.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-liev'd;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-ures;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-liev'd.
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.

Eleanor W. Long.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,

Do not i - dle, do not loi - ter by the way; Lo, the Mas - ter calls for
See, the sun is in the zenith—haste a - way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav - ior's blessing

reap - ers and the Mas - ter calls for you, "Go la - bor in my har - vest
garnered, their is work for all to do, Go la - bor in the har - vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la - bor in the har - vest

CHORUS.

field to - day."
field to - day. To the har - vest field a - way! There is dan - ger in de -
field to - day. har - vest field a - way! dan - ger

lay!
in de - lay, for Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the

White Harvest Fields.

harv-est field, to the har-vest field, to the har - - vest field a - way,
to the har-vest

To the har - - vest field, to the har-vest field, a - way!
To the har-vest a - way!

No. 61.

Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled,
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

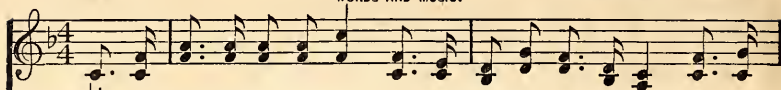
CHORUS. D. S.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on Heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 62. I Would Not Live Without Him.

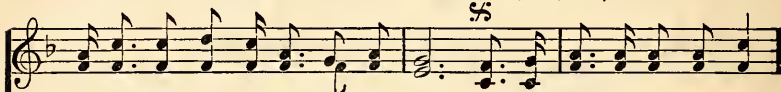
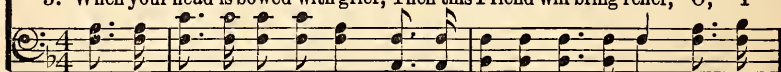
A. W. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

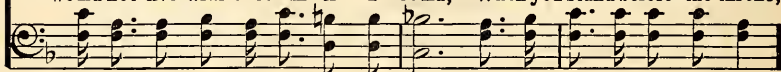
Arthur Willis Spooner.



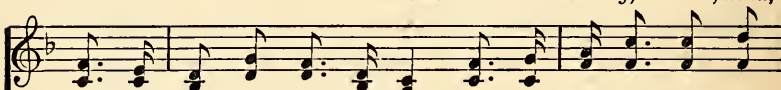
1. Je - sus is a Friend so kind, Tru - er Friend you can-not find; O, I
 2. If you turn this Friend a-way, He will fol-low you each day; O, I
 3. When your head is bowed with grief, Then this Friend will bring relief; O, I



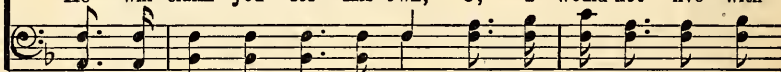
would not live with-out Him if I could;—He will help you to the end,
 would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you fall, this Friend is near,
 would not live with-out Him if I could;—When you stand before the throne,



D. S.—He is lov-ing, ten-der, kind,

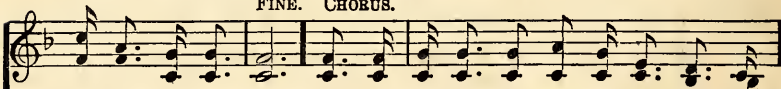


On His love you may de-pend; O, I would not live with-
 Call on Him, you need not fear; O, I would not live with-
 He will claim you for His own; O, I would not live with-

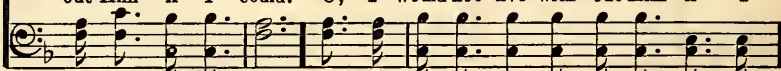


Tru - er Friend you can - not find; O, I would not live with-

FINE. CHORUS.

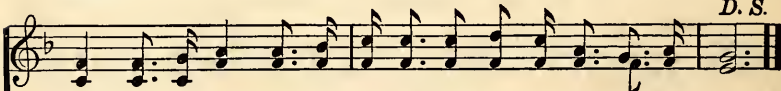


out Him if I could. O, I would not live with-out Him if I

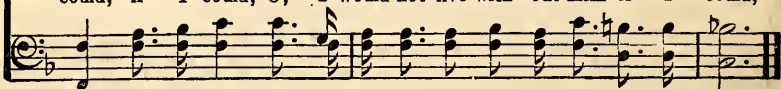


out Him if I could.

D. S.



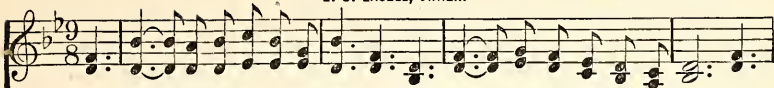
could, if I could, O, I would not live with-out Him if I could;—



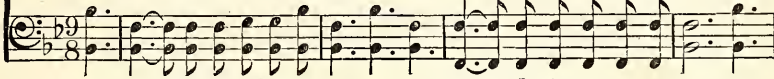
C. H. G.

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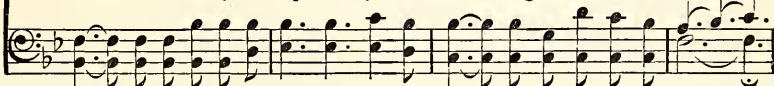
Chas. H. Gabriel.



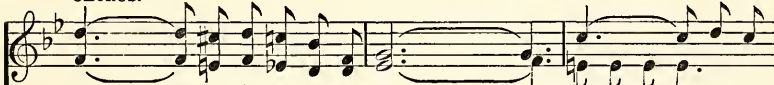
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E-ter-ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Whet-ev-er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To



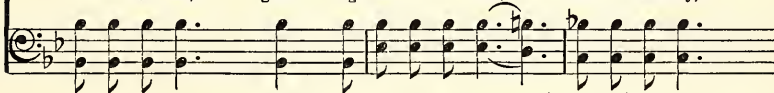
best of it all, it is dai-ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev-er grow sweeter to me!



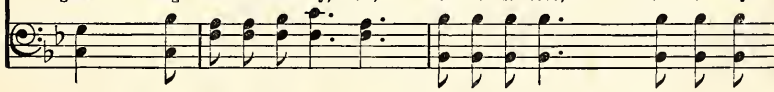
CHORUS.



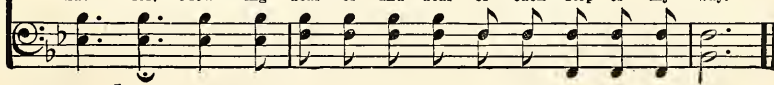
Sweet-er and sweeter to me, Dear-er and
Sweet-er to me, grow-ing sweet-er to me. Dear-er each day,

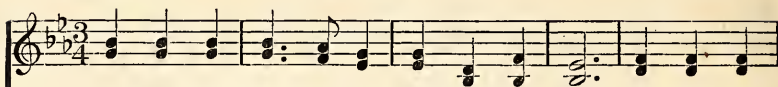


dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won-der-ful love of my
grow-ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

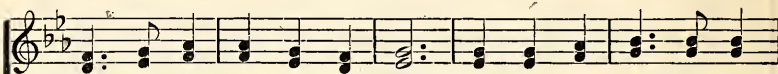
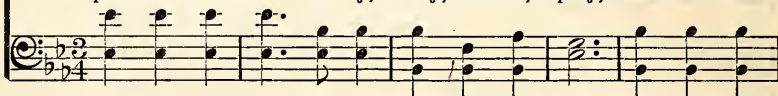


Sav-ior, Grow-ing dear-er each step of my way!
Sav-ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

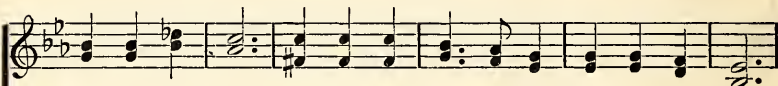
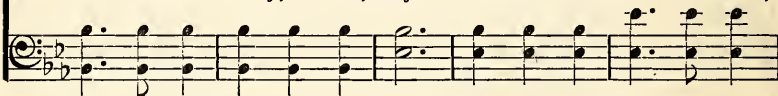




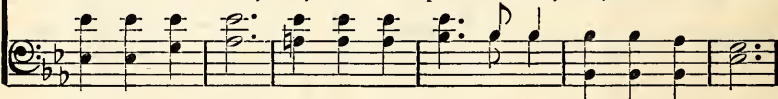
1. By the proud wor-ship-ers Scorned for her sin, Was the poor
2. Told of her wan-der-ings, Mark-ing each flaw, Spoke they of
3. Still cried the Phar-i-sees, "Pray, Mas-ter, pray, What shall we
4. Cheeks flush-ing red with shame, Turned each a-bout, And from His
5. Spoke He most ten-der-ly, "Pray, wom-an, pray, Hast thou ac-



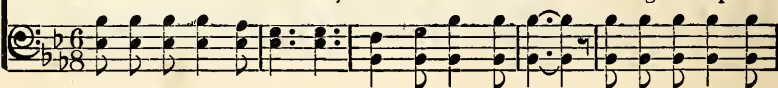
wan-der-er Rude-ly brought in. Scribes came and Phar-i-sees,
pun-ish-ment, Quot-ing the law. Sat He un-heed-ing-ly,
do with her, What dost Thou say?" Spoke He re-buk-ing-ly,
pres-ence went Si-lent-ly out. Then saw He stand-ing there,
cus-ers none?" "Nay, Mas-ter, nay." "Neith-er do I con-demn,



Ea-ger to see What the meek Naz-a-rene's Ver-dict would be.
Head bow-ing low, Writ-ing the ground up-on, Sad-ly and slow.
"Let the first stone Come from a sin-less hand, And thence a-lone."
Head bend-ing low, Her whom the world de-spised, Saw her tears flow.
Soul sick and sore; Go, for I par-don thee, Go, sin no more."

*pp* CHORUS.*p*

"Neither do I condemn thee," Precious words di-vine! Falling from lips of



"Neither Do I Gondeemn Thee."

f *cres.*

mer - cy, Like the sweetest chime; Won - der - ful words of Je - sus! Sing them

f *rit.*

o'er and o'er: "Neither do I con - demn thee, Go, and sin no more."

No. 65.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can' be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Dedicated to my Friend Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.

M. J. H.

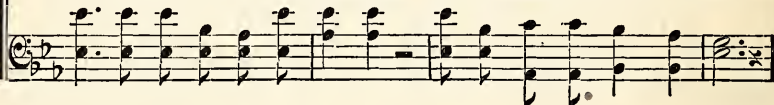
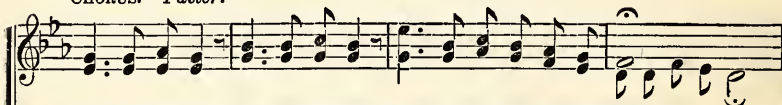
MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



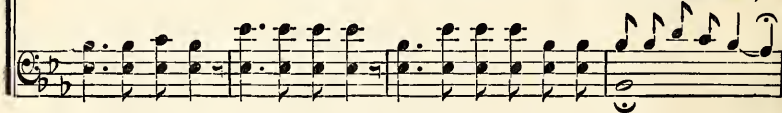
1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
 2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, All I claimed was swept a-way;
 3. Then God's fire' up-on the al-tar Of my heart was set a-flame;
 4. Bless-ed be the name of Je-sus! I'm so glad He took me in;



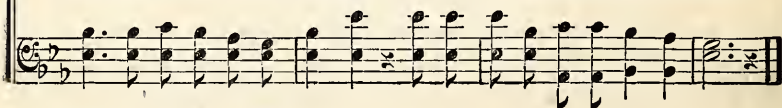
I o-beyed the Spir-it's woo-ing . When He said, Wilt thou be clean?
 My am-bi-tions, plans, and wish-es, At my feet in ash-es lay.
 I shall nev-er cease to praise Him, Glo-ry! glo-ry to His name!
 He's for-giv-en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleans'd my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners' slain;
 for sinners slain;



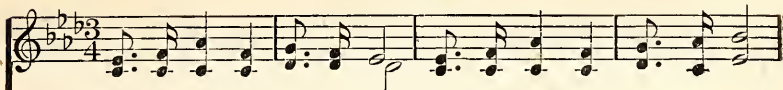
Give Him glo-ry all ye peo-ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.



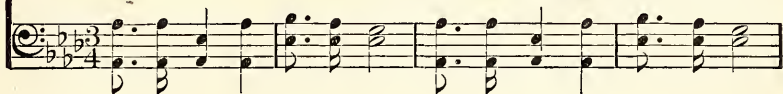
James Rowe.

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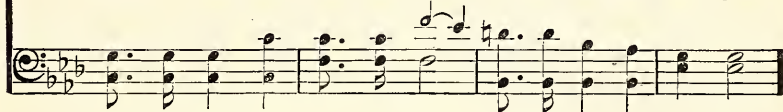
B. D. Ackley.



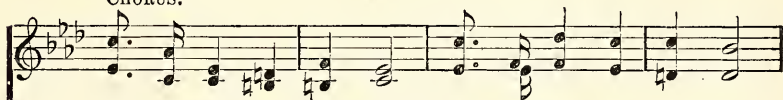
1. Does the world no rest af - ford? Would you have your strength re - stored?
2. Are you tempt - ed by the foe? Has your bur - den laid you low?
3. Are you wear - y of the fray? Have you fall - en by the way?
4. Dark with sin your past may be, Je - sus waits to hear your plea,



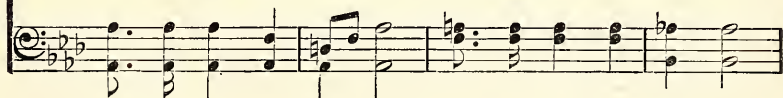
Cast your bur - den on the Lord, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 To the one true Help - er go, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Make the Sav - ior yours to - day, Je - sus will sus - tain you.
 Glad - ly He will set you free; Je - sus will sus - tain you.



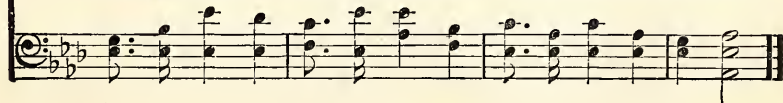
CHORUS.



Je - sus will sus - tain you, Je - sus will sus - tain you;



When you need a Friend to help you, Je - sus will sus - tain you.



W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

rit. > > > > **CHORUS.**

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 69.

We'll Never Say Good-Bye.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

J. H. Tenney.

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok - en, In yon - der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-bye."
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With Thee shall ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-bye,
good-bye,

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good-bye. *Repeat pp.*

No. 70.

Enter by The Blood.

Rev. J. B. Foote.

TUNE: Nothing But the Blood.

- 1 The holiest place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
- CHO.—Beyond the second veil,
Pure love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.
- 2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.
- 3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.
- 4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.
- 5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Savior died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

E. S. U.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY MEYER & BROTHER, CHICAGO, ILL.
USED BY PER.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

Lively

1. There is on - ly one con - di - tion ev - 'ry sol - dier keeps in view,
 2. Oh, this se - cret of pro - gress - ing, is a con - so - la - tion deep,
 3. In the gal - ler - ies of heav - en, an - gel hosts are look - ing down,

As he jour - neys with the saints to end - less day, If he'd
 For this earth - ly life will nev - er, nev - er pay, If we
 And they watch us as we strug - gle day by day; To the

keep his soul from fall - ing and the nar - row way pur - sue, Is to
 lay a - side our du - ties and re - sign our eyes to sleep, And for -
 vic - tor in the bat - tle God will give a star - ry crown, If we

CHORUS.

ev - er keep moving on the way.
 get to keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way,
 ev - er keep moving on the way. keep mov - ing on the way,

Let us ev - er keep moving on the way, Keep mov - ing.....
 on the way, Keep mov - ing

Keep Moving on the Way.

on the way; Let us ev - er keep mov - ing on the way.
on the way;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No. 72.

Glory! Glory! Glory!

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O Thou whose eye in pi - ty Be - held our ruin - ed race, Our souls are
2. Our souls are lost in won - der At Thy un - bounded love, That sought, re -
3. The sun - shine of Thy pres - ence Dis - pels our ev - 'ry fear; We sit with
4. Our souls are lost in won - der, Our hearts break forth in song; Our faith has

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

lost in won - der At Thy a - maz - ing grace.
deem'd and led' us, Thy healing pow'r to prove. Thy arm has bro't salvation, Thy
Thee to - geth - er In heav'nly plac - es here.
heard the mu - sic Of heav'n's triumphant song.

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.


blood has made us free; O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry Our blessed Lord to Thee.

Musical notation for the final line, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

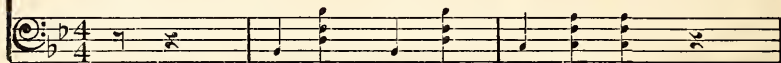
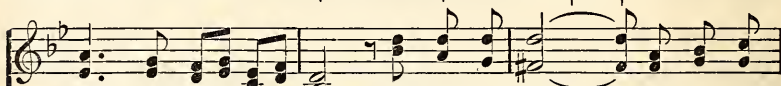
Mrs. C. H. M.
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

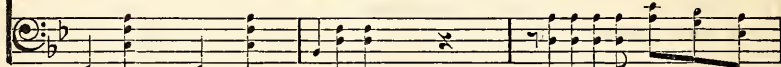
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



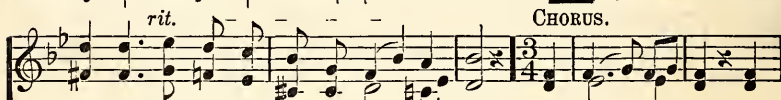
1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wear - y, The dark-some
 3. Thy pre - cious will, O conqu'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em -
 4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward

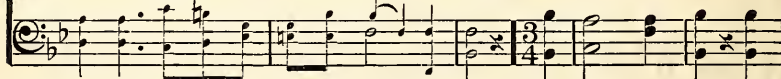
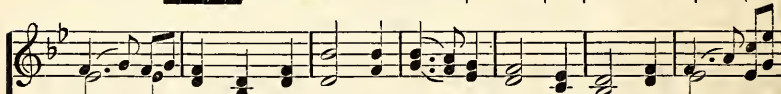
Thine, and Thine a - lone; And this the prayer . . my lips are
 path hath drear-y grown, But now a light . . . has ris'n to
 brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hushed, my peace a
 feet no more to roam, What pow'r from Thee . . . my soul can



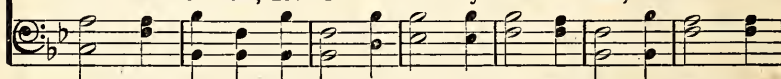
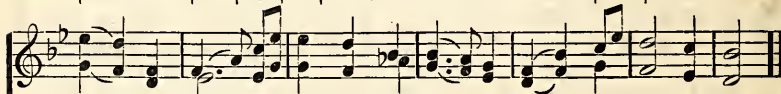
rit. CHORUS.



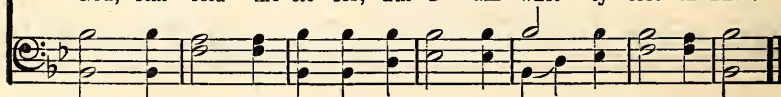
bringing: "Lord let in me Thy will be done."
 cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
 riv - er, My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
 sev - er? The cen-ter of God's will my home.

fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clo - ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

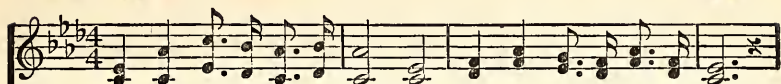


No. 74. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

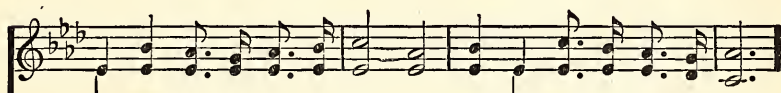
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

W. H. Doane.



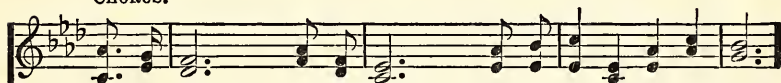
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



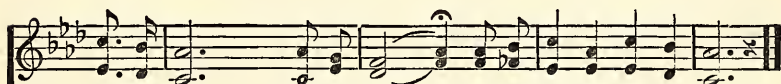
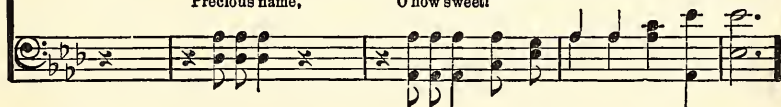
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



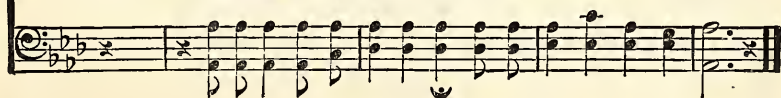
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!



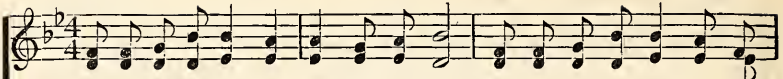
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



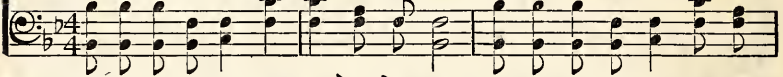
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J. R. Zook.

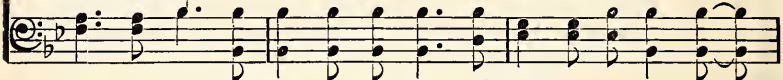
J. R. Zook.



1. My dear, lov-ing Sav-ior sure wept for me; None else me did pit - y like
2. No lon-ger my heart can such love re - sist; Come as I am, He sure-ly
3. These tear-blinded eyes are now looking to Thee; Thy tender voice call-ing: "Come
4. My heart is now broken with grief and despair, I'm look-ing to Je - sus thro'
5. The glo-ry is on, I'm hap-py and blest; My heart is so glad, for, I



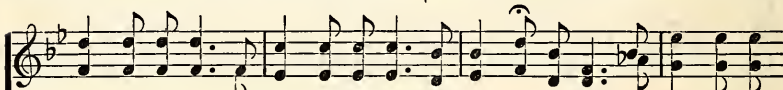
He, like He; His love-throb-bing heart our des - ti - ny knew; In the
will as - sist; His tears will I claim, His blood on the cross, That
un - to Me!" Tho' wretch-ed and vile, He's will - ing to take All my
tears and prayer; My sins I dis - card, my rec - ord I'll face, By
found sweet rest; I'll tell it to all, the mes - sage is true: Je - sus



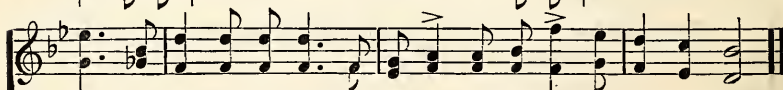
CHORUS.



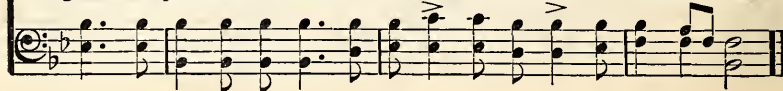
gar - den He cried for me, for you.
saves me from death and cleanses from dross.
guilt a - way, and His child to make. His eyes swam in tears to
faith I re - ceive His wonderful grace.
wept for me, And He wept for you.



see us in sin; He poured out His soul our lost hearts to win; No price was too



great the pur - chase to make! O let us re - turn now for Je - sus' sake!

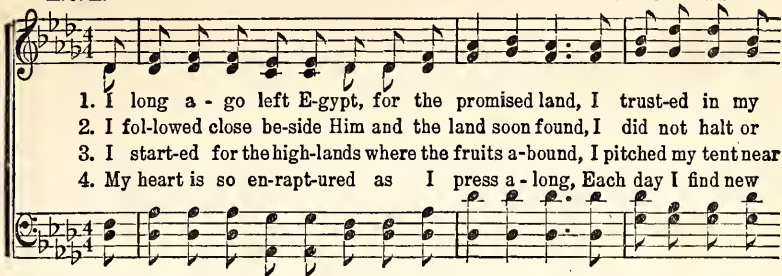


No. 76. I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah.

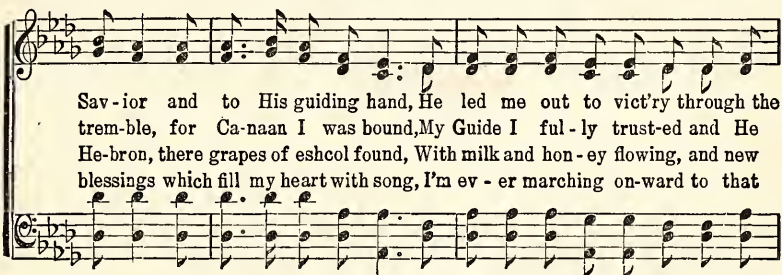
M. J. H.

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hollow Rock.)

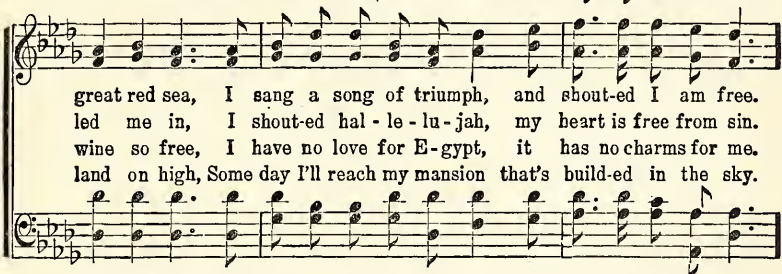
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my
2. I fol-lowed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or
3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits a-bound, I pitched my tent near
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a - long, Each day I find new




Sav-ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vic'try through the
trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful-ly trust-ed and He
He-bron, there grapes of eschol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev - er marching on-ward to that



great red sea, I sang a song of triumph, and shout-ed I am free.
led me in, I shout-ed hal - le - lu - jah, my heart is free from sin.
wine so free, I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

CHORUS.



You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my



tent far up in Beu - lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

No. 77. Go Tell the World of His Love.

Abbie Mills.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Heirs to the king-dom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His
 2. Think how He la - bor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His
 3. Plead with the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His

love; Pub - lish the bless-ings that flow from His word, Go tell the
 love; Think how He suf - fer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the
 love; Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save them to - day, Go tell the

world of His love; Love that has pur-chased re - demp-tion from sin,
 world of His love; Saved by His mer - cy, up - held by His care,
 world of His love; Love that is near - est when earth joys are past,

Love that makes hap - py the Spir - it with - in, Love that will
 Tell of the good - ness we con - stant - ly share; Fill'd with His
 Light - ing our path - way by clouds o - ver - cast; Love that will

D. S.—Heirs to the
FINE

help us our con - quest to win, Go tell the world of His love.
 full - ness, no long - er for - bear, Go tell the world of His love.
 bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.

king - dom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.

Go Tell the World of His Love.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love.....
of His love.

No. 78.

No Time for Jesus?

Bertha M. Schwetzer.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Have you no time for Je - sus, The Christ who free - ly gave
2. Have you no time for ask - ing The par - don He will give,
3. Have you no time to heed Him, Who oft thy life hath blēst?

His life, a will - 'ing ran - som, A sin - ful world to save?
No time to hear Him say - ing, "Look un - to Me and live"?'
Oh, come a - part a lit - tle, And on His prom - ise rest.

REFRAIN.

No time for Je - sus, No time to pray,

No time for the bless - ed Lord, Who speaks to you to - day?

J. M. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY MYLAND & KIRK.

Jas. M. Kirk.

Moderato.

1. Have you found the Great Phy-si-cian, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i - lee?
 2. Con - se - crate your life to Je - sus, Spir - it, soul, and bod - y too;
 3. Do you doubt God's will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
 4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf-f'r'er, Christ has more than heal-ing too;

He who bore our pain and sor - row, On the shame - ful, cru - el tree?
 For "the Lord is for the bod - y," Ev - 'ry pow'r He gave to you.
 If you seek in deep con - tri - tion, He will guide your heart a - right.
 Life a - bun - dant, o - ver - flow - ing, He will glad - ly give to you.

Still He heals the sick and suf-f'ring, As be - fore He went a - way;
 Let there be no res - er - va - tion, Give the Lord full right of way;
 Do not fear to claim His prom - ise, He will not your trust be - tray;
 Step out bold - ly, claim His full - ness, Let your sad - ness flee a - way;

For His word most plain - ly tells us, "He is just the same to - day."
 He will come and heal His tem - ple, For He is the same to - day.
 When on earth He glad - ly healed them, And He is the same to - day.
 When on earth He made them hap - py, And He is the same to - day.

Jesus Heals To-day.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

He is just the same to-day, As be-
He is just the same to-day, As be-fore He went a-way, As be-

fore He went a-way; Look to Him, believe and pray;
fore He went a-way, As be-fore He went a-way;

rit.
Trust His word and then o-bey: "Praise God, He is just the same to-day."

No. 80. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove. Come to the feast of love;

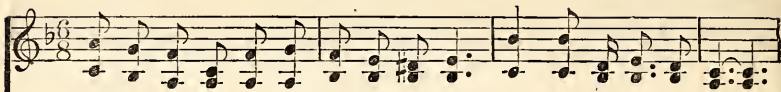
here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move.

No. 81. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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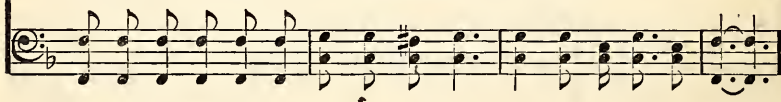
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



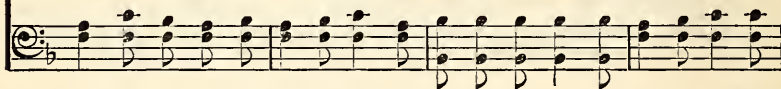
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



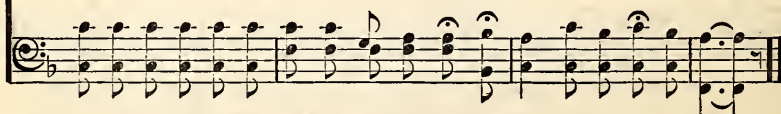
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!



E. E. Hewitt,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Sometimes, to my heart comes a vi - sion of joy, When Je - sus my
2. How blest are the moments when faith can be - hold The foot-steps of
3. How sweet the com - mun-ion we have with Him here; Un - seen, yet so

Sav - ior draws near;..... He gives me the peace that no ill can, de-stry;
Christ in the way!..... But O, we look for - ward to rap - ture un - told,
pre - cious is He;..... Some day, face to face, where there cometh no tear,
(1) draws near;

CHORUS.

His voice I seem almost to hear. I know I shall see Him on
Where shin-eth the shad-ow-less day!
Our King in His beau-ty we'll see. shall

high;..... I know I shall see Him on high;..... When faith yields to
see Him on high, shall see Him on high;

sight in the land of de - light, I know I shall see Him on high.

Julia A. Williams.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I can-not help but love Him, His pre-cious name a-dore; With ev - 'ry
2. I can-not help but love Him, He does so much for me; He saves me
3. I can-not help but love Him, For sav - ing oth - ers, too! For heal - ing

pass - ing mo - ment I love Him more and more; He is so kind and
from temp - ta - tion, From bond - age sets me free; Each mo - ment is so
and cre - at - ing Their sin - ful hearts a - new; He makes the des - ert

D. S.—He is so kind and

pa - tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And
pre - cious, So full of joy and love; In - cess - ant - ly 'tis stream - ing From
plac - es To blos - som like the rose; His pres - ence like a riv - er Of

pa - tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And

FINE CHORUS.

will you love Him, too?
heav'nly courts a - bove! I love Him, O I love Him! I'll tell it
joy a - round me flows.

will you love Him, too?

D. S.

o'er and o'er; I love Him, O I love Him Each mo - ment more and more!

No. 84. I Know God's Promise is True.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son He free - ly gave,
2. I was a wayward, wand'r-ing child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;



That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took Him at His gra - cious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Who has re - deem - ed my soul.



CHORUS.



'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
the prom - ise is true,



prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,



tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true,.....
'tis true,



LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. A glad mes-sage rings thro' the world to - day, It ech - oes thro' the
 2. There are ma - ny souls that were dark as night, All shadowed by the
 3. There are hungry hearts that were starved for bread, But Je - sus has sup -
 4. And the deaf shall hear, and the blind eyes see; The word of God shall

coun - tries a - far, That the ris - ing Sun, with ce - les - tial ray, Scatters
 black-ness of sin, That are glow - ing now with im - mor - tal light, Since the
 plied ev - 'ry need, For on Him the bread of life they have fed Till their
 quick - en and glow; Christ the King of earth and heav'n still shall be Till His

*CHORUS. Sop. and Tenor.
Bass and Alto.

healing, wher - e're men are.
 glo - ry of God shone in. The good work must go on and on,
 spir - its are glad in - deed.
 glo - ry each heart shall know.

Till the world for our Lord is won; Great - er triumphs must be gained,

rit.

Greater heights in love attained, Till the glorious day of God shall dawn.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

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Wm. Edie Marks.

1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my rapt-ured
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it
 4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For His love is

now, yes, I feel it now; He has ta - ken all my doubts and fears a-
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing mo-moment keeps me saved and
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransomed pow'rs em-
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it

CHORUS.

way, Tho' I can - not tell you how.
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine,
 ploy, And re - new my grateful vow. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er
 roll, Thrill-ing me with life di-vine.

bless-ed be His name! He has giv - en peace, per-fect peace to me; It is

mine, mine, bless-ed be His name! Mine for all e-ter - ni - ty.
 mine, this priceless treasure, ever

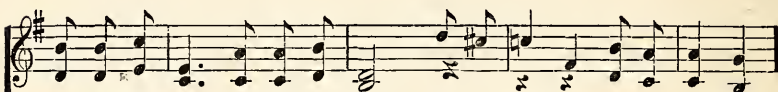
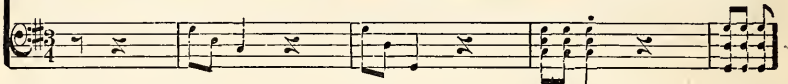
Flora Best Harris.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

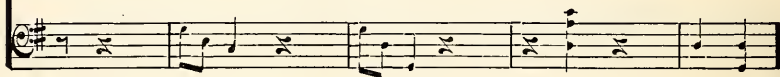
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. Haste from His grave, ye may not stay, "He is not here," His an-gels say;
2. "Be-hold the man!" He standeth now No more with thorns up-on His brow;
3. Our midnight graves are crown'd with light, Our lov'd and lost in rai-ment white;
4. Look up! look up! the dawn is clear; The ransomed hosts are bend-ing near,



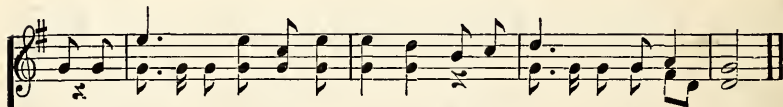
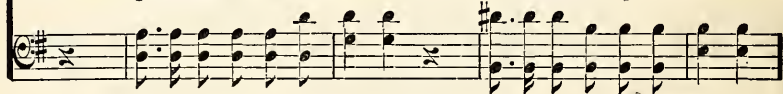
The Christ is risen for you to - day! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
 The sons of God be - fore Him bow: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
 A - bide vic - to - rious in His sight; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
 And deathless love has conquer'd fear— Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!



CHORUS.



Light and life shall be un - end-ed; He is ris - en and as - cend-ed
 Light and life He is ris-en



By ten thous - and joys at-tend - ed, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.
 By ten thousand Hal - le - lu-jah!



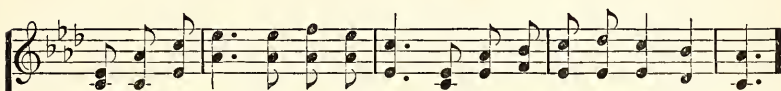
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. It was His love that reached my soul, It was His grace that made me whole,
2. It was His love, so boundless, free, That moved the Lord to par-don me
3. It was His love impelled my heart To turn from self and sin a part,
4. It was His great a - maz-ing love So well displayed from Heav'n a -bove,



And now He keeps me day by day, And safe - ly leads me all the way.
 And own me for His ransomed child, Redeemed, renewed and rec-on - ciled.
 And find in Him the wondrous power A Christian life to live each hour.
 That bro't to me such peace and rest, And made me so su-preme-ly blest.



CHORUS.



O wondrous and a - maz-ing love! O grace that saved and ransomed me!



My heart and life shall sing of Thee In time and in e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 89. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "I've anchored my soul in the Ha-ven of Rest;" I've pil-owed my head on the
 2. Wher - ev - er my lot up-on earth may be cast, Mid storm and mid tempest He
 3. The bil-lows in fu - ry a-round me may beat; The "Cleft in the Rock" is my
 4. And when I have finished life's voyage at last, When safe in the har-bor my

dear Savior's breast; I'm trusting His prom-ise of mer-cy so free; Fear
 hold-eth me fast; No harm can be-tide while His dear face I see, And
 bless-ed re-treat; My Shield and De-fend-er for-ev-er is He, The
 an-chor is cast, The theme of my prais-es for-ev-er shall be, God's

CHORUS.

not, "For my grace is suf - fi-cient for thee."
 cling to the hand that was wounded for me. At home or abroad, on the
 Sav - ior whose grace is suf - fi-cient for me.
 grace,—which was always suf-fi-cient for me.

land or the sea, God's wonderful grace is suf-fi-cient for me; I'm find-ing it

true that wher-e'er I may be, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, (for me,)

His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

For me,..... for me,..... His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.
Suf - fi - cient for me, suf - fi - cient for me,

No. 90.

Jesus is My Savior.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth - ly joys may fail and per - ish, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
2. He will al - ways walk be - side me, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
3. Tho' the way a - bout me dark - en, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;

His e - ter - nal love I'll cher - ish, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
Lov - ing - ly His hand will guide me, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
To His lov - ing voice I'll hark - en, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my Sav - ior, Saves from foes with - out, with - in;

O'er the tempt - er helps me win, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.

No. 91. The Comfort of the Holy Spirit.

ACTS 9: 31.

Rev. D. W. Myland.

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Mrs. D. W. Myland.
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.

1. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Walk-ing with the
 2. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Oh! what peace my
 3. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, How sweet is my
 4. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Free from all

Lord day by day; Go-ing step by step, in the light of His word,
 heart now doth know; Liv-ing in His light, sing - ing in His joy!
 life in the Lord! Lis-t'ning to His voice, do-ing His good - will,
 sin, care and pain; Pray-ing, work-ing, trust-ing sweet-ly all the way,

CHORUS.

Com - pa - ny and strength all the way.
 Mu - sic in my soul all a - glow. Walk-ing, yes, I'm walking in the
 Con-quer-ing thro' faith in His word.
 Wait-ing till my Lord comes a - gain.

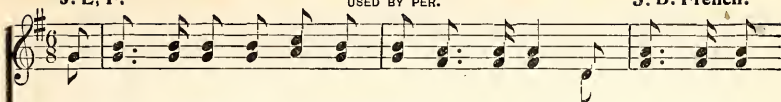
rit.
 Spir-it of my Lord! Liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing now by faith in His word;

p *f*
 So He keeps me still, strong to do His will, Walking in His comfort day by day.

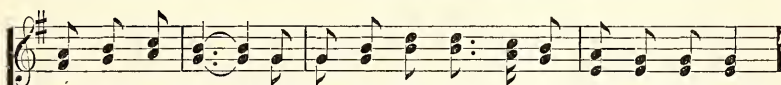
J. E. F.

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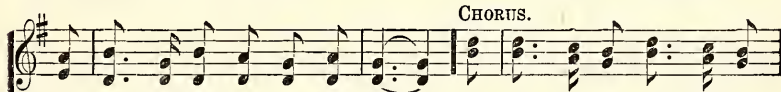
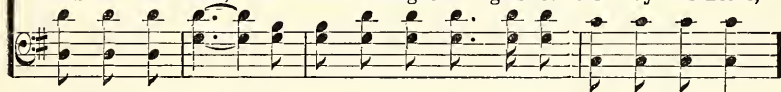
J. B. French.



1. We find ma - ny peo - ple who can't un - der - stand Why we are so
 2. So when we are hap - py we sing and we shout, Some don't un - der -
 3. We've heard the sweet music, the heav - en - ly chord, From Glo - ry land
 4. We're look - ing for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis Je - sus who

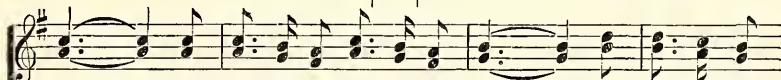


hap - py and free; We've crossed o - ver Jor - dan to Ca - naan's fair land,
 stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir - it, there is - n't a doubt,
 o - ver the sea; A soul - thrill - ing mes - sage from Je - sus, our Lord,
 'died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry us home,



CHORUS.

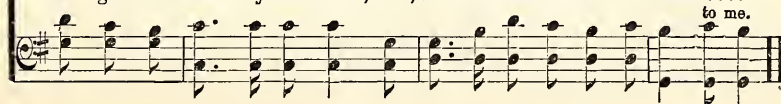
1-3. And this is like heav - en to me. Oh, this is like heav - en to
 4. Oh, that will be heav - en to me. Oh, that will be heav - en to



me, Yes, this is like heav - en to me; I've crossed o - ver
 me, Yes, that will be heav - en to me; A cloud of bright



Jor - dan to Ca - naan's fair land, And this is like heav - en to me. . . .
 an - gels to car - ry me home, Yes, that will be heav - en to me. . . .



No. 93. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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J. T. Black,

1. { When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the

2. { On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the

3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till setting sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

1
morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; roll is called up
glo - ry of His re - sur - rec - tion share; roll is called up
talk of all His won-drous love and care; roll is called up

2

D. S.—roll is called up

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up

yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - der, When the roll..... is called up yon -
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

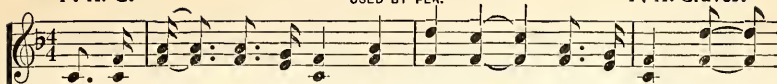
der, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
there When the roll

D. S.

F. A. G.

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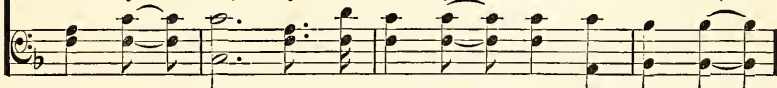
F. A. Graves.



1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior Who is won - drous
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the



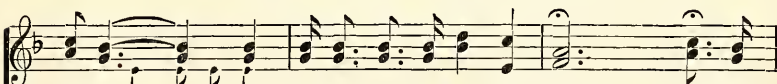
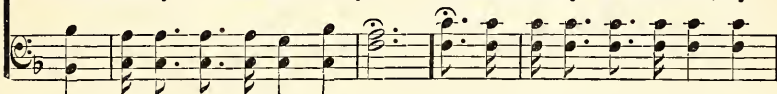
kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
 way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing fount - ain?
 me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,
 ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,



CHORUS.



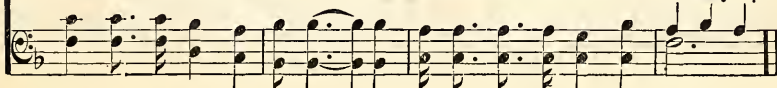
There's Honey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

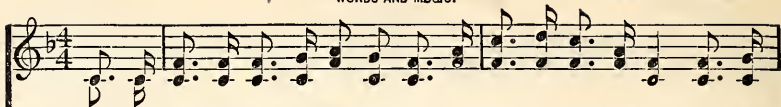


brother, There's Hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your
 my brother, for you;

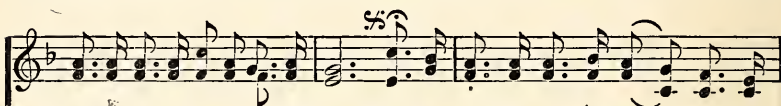
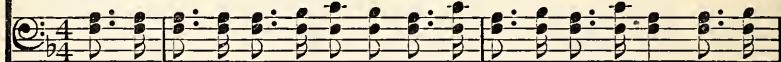


sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
 for you,

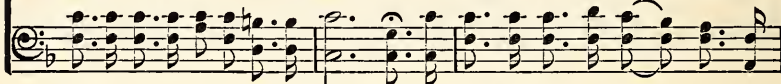




1. When we cross the vale of shad-ow and are safe on Canaan's shore, We will
2. We will meet with those who've left us, and have joined that glorious band When we
3. We will meet our dear Re-deem-er, and shall see His lov-ing face, When we
4. Ye vic-to-rious hosts of Je-sus, shout a-loud the joy-ful strain, We will



gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; When we meet to sing the praise of Him who
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; We will know no more of part-ing when we
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; O the bless-ed-ness that there a-waits a
gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there; Let your prais-es vie with an-gels while we



D. S.—There in robes of spot-less white, in the

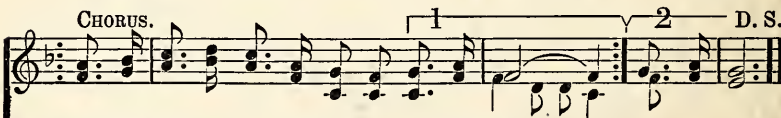


FINE.

lives for-ev-er-more, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
reach that hap-py land, When we gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
sin-ner saved by grace, When we gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.
sing the glad re-frain, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.



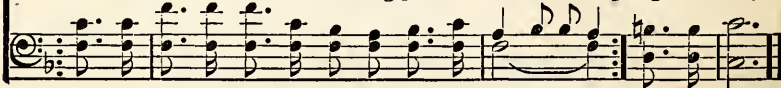
cit-y of de-light, We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there.



CHORUS.

D. S.

{ We will gath-er by the riv-er o-ver there, (over there.)
{ Where the tree of life is bloom-ing [*Omit*.....] bright and fair;



E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

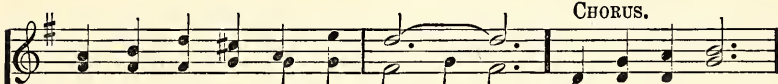
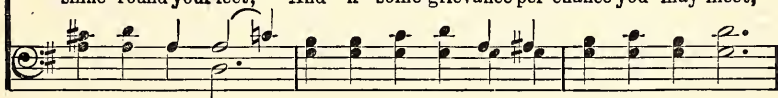
B. D. Ackley.



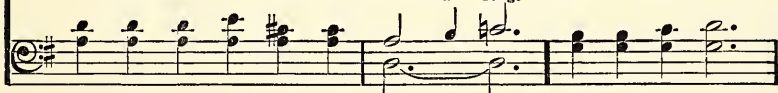
1. What tho' a cloud should sweep o-ver your sky, Veil - ing the sun-beams that
2. Has some resentment wrought strife and ill-will? Love and for-give-ness work
3. Sing of the bless-ings, so man - y and sweet, Like heav'nly blos-soms that



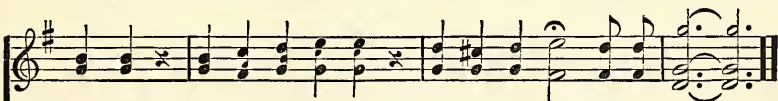
spark-le on high?— Fear not, the shad-ow will pass by and by;
mir - a - cles still; Let no wrong-feel-ing your cup of life fill,
smile 'round your feet; And if some grievance per-chance you may meet,



Drive it a - way with a song..... Drive it a - way,
a song.



drive it a - way, Love will the ech - oes pro - long; Sing on with



glad-ness, ban-ish your sad-ness, Drive it a - way with a song.



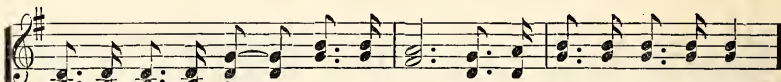
Emma M. Johnson.
Effective as a Solo.

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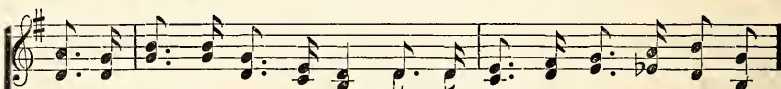
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. By Sa - ma - ria's way-side well, Once a bless - ed mes - sage fell On a
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dis - may'd, Told to
3. And a wo - man in a crowd, With - out word or cry a - loud, Just stoop'd



wo - man's thirst - y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
him a sim - ple sto - ry, Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave
down and touch'd His garment, Long a - go; As her ur - gent need ap - pealed,



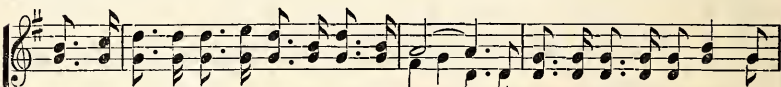
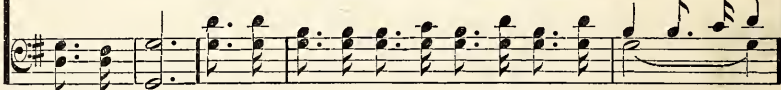
Was the glo - rious light re - vealed, Thro' a fount - ain that was o - pened
Had a - lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fount - ain,
So her sin - ful soul was healed, In that fount - ain that was o - pened



CHORUS.



Long a - go. There's a fount - ain that was o - pened Long a - go, Long a - go;



For the heal - ing of the na - tions Is its flow; A - long the line of a - ges The



The Old Fountain.

prophets and the sages Caught the singing of its waters, Long a - go.....
Long a - go.

4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine, [tain,
That was wrought thro' that old foun-
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side,
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

No. 98.

Lenox.

Charles Wesley.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the nations

know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

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

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim;
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

F. T. Eastwood.

Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus— Of His
 2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren; "Come, all
 3. You have heard how He spoke as they sought Him, Found their
 4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest— How the

grace flow-ing boundless and free, But there's no one can tell you the
 ye that are wea-ry," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
 sight, when He bade them to see; So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been
 words "Peace, be still!" calm'd the sea; So my soul found the peace that it

ful - ness Of His won-der - ful love for me.
 bless - ing Of His won-der - ful love for me.
 o - pened By His won-der - ful love for me.
 longed for In His won-der - ful love for me.

CHORUS.

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;

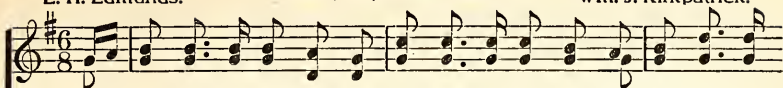
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 100. There's Power in the Gospel.

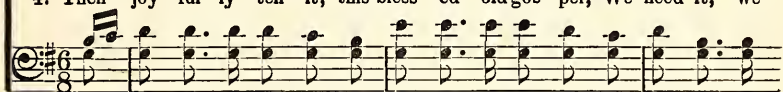
L. H. Edmunds.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

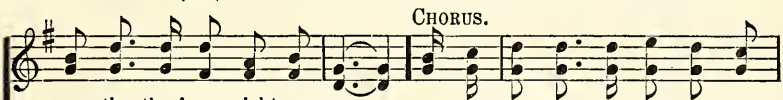
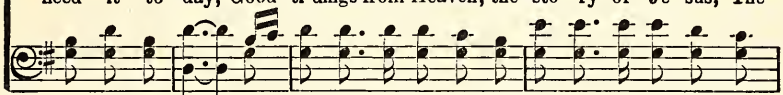
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



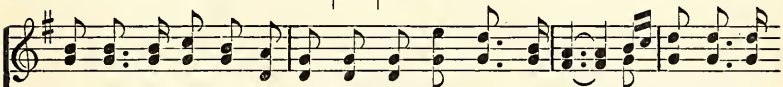
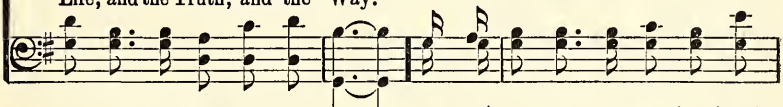
1. There's pow'r in the gos-pel, the same bless-ed gos-pel, That proph-et and
2. Then give us the gos-pel we find in our Bi-ble, To an-swer the
3. We'll thank-ful-ly take it, this same bless-ed gos-pel, No oth-er will
4. Then joy-ful-ly tell it, this bless-ed old gos-pel, We need it, we



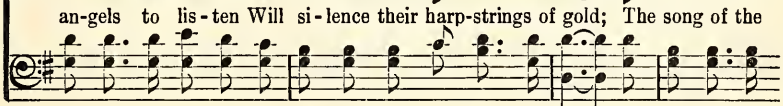
psalm-ist pro-claim; It ech-oes from E-den, it rings down the a-ges, Sal-soul's long-ing cry; A Father's forgiveness, a Savior's redemp-tion, And com-fort im-part; 'Tis hope for the con-trite, 'tis bread for the hun-gry, 'Tis need it to-day; Good ti-dings from Heaven, the sto-ry of Je-sus, The



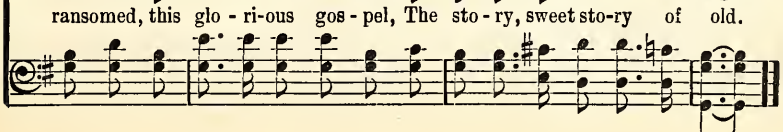
va-tion thro' one might-y name.
grace in a-bound-ing sup-ply. We will sing it for-ev-er, while
rest for the wear-y of heart.
Life, and the Truth, and the Way.



an-gels to lis-ten Will si-lence their harp-strings of gold; The song of the

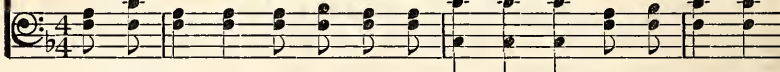


ransomed, this glo-ri-ous gos-pel, The sto-ry, sweet sto-ry of old.

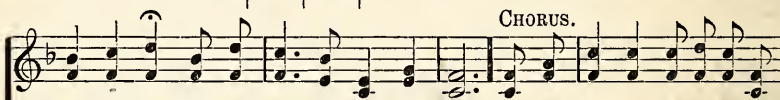
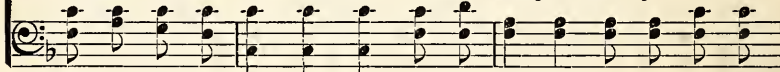




1. There's a morn - ing break - ing o'er this night of sin, And the day of
2. What a day of ter - ror to the un - saved soul, When the heav'n's shall
3. What an hour of tri - umph and of glo - ry grand For the "true and
4. So the saints are toil - ing on in faith and prayer, Cleansed and wait - ing



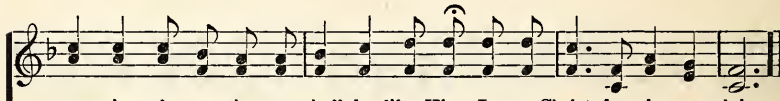
right - eous - ness will soon be - gin; 'Tis the prom - ised dawn - ing of the
roll to - geth er like a scroll, And the light of Je - sus, shin - ing
faith - ful" who with Christ shall stand; Bless - ed time of free - dom from all
to meet Je - sus in the air; Broth - er, are you read - y?—for the



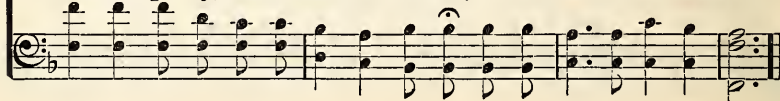
glad time when Je - sus Christ will come a - gain.
all a - broad, Shall consume the foes of God, When He comes in glo - ry ev - ry
care and pain, When with Christ they come to reign.
time is near When our Je - sus shall ap - pear.



eye shall see Him, And the hearts will wail who have not received Him; When He



comes in glo - ry, then we shall be like Him, Je - sus Christ for sin - ners slain.



Mrs. M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin
 2. I be - lieve in a heart-felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul
 3. I be - lieve in a ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a -
 4. I be - lieve in the old-time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right

here be - low, Gives me peace pass - ing all un - der - stand - ing, While the
 ev - 'ry day; The as - sur - ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
 ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond - age, When they
 with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk - ing, In the

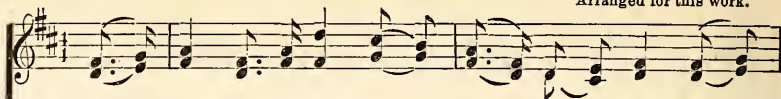
CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleasure doth flow.
 blood they are all washed away. Oh give me the old-time re - lig - ion,
 heard the sweet story of old. the old-time religion,
 paths which our fathers have trod.

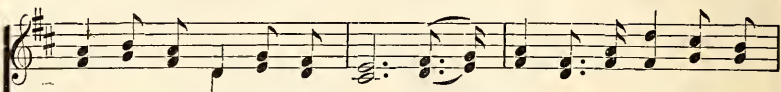
Oh give me the joy I can know; I be - lieve in the old-time re -
 I can know; the

lig - ion, As our fa - thers re - ceived long a - go.
 old - time re - lig - ion,

Arranged for this work.



1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As He
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grims slept, Will be
3. Then we'll meet all the loved ones in that E - den home, Sweet
4. Our bless - ed Re - deem - er is com - ing a - gain, And we'll

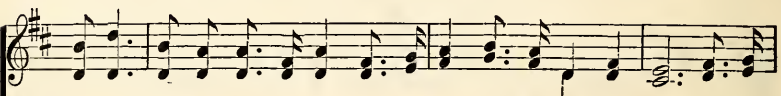
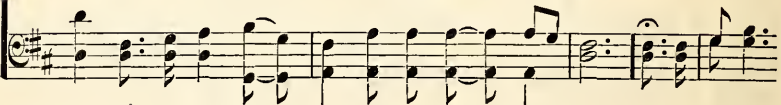


wan - ders an ex - ile from home; Soon, soon shall the King in His
o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mill - ions that sleep in the
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south, all the
meet Him ere long in the air; O, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

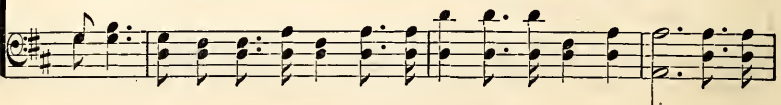


CHORUS.

glo - ry ap - pear, and soon will the king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He is coming,
ransomed shall come To wor - ship their heaven - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.



coming, coming soon, I know, Coming back to this earth a - gain, And the



Coming Back Again.

wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go When the Sav - ior comes to reign.

The musical score for 'Coming Back Again.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords.

No. 104.

He Loved Me So!

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me;
2. For me the Fa - ther sent His Son; For me the vic - to - ry He won;
3. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to Thee;
4. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones round the throne.

The first system of the musical score for 'He Loved Me So!' features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef staff below it provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

He paid the might-y debt I owe: He died be-cause He loved me so.
To save my soul from end-less woe, He died be-cause He loved me so.
My all,—for this I sure-ly know, He died be-cause He loved me so.
I'll sing, as thro' the gates I go, He died be-cause He loved me so.

The second system continues the musical score for 'He Loved Me So!' with the same notation as the first system, including the treble and bass clef staves.

REFRAIN

He loved me so, He loved me so, He died be-cause He loved me so.
He loved

The refrain section of the musical score for 'He Loved Me So!' is presented with the same notation as the previous systems, featuring a treble and bass clef staff.

Rev. H. J. Zellej.

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G. H. Cook.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
 2. Shadows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
 3. In the bright sun - light ev - er re - joic - ing, Press - ing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
 Sav - ior and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
 man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side. Heav - en - ly sun - light,
 Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love.

heav - en - ly sun - light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -

lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing - ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

No. 106. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. H. J. Zellej,

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H. L. Gilmour.



1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for Thy ful - ness pray,
5. If Thou hast an - y er-rand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;



Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to - day.
Help me to lead them back to Thee, And make me a blessing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to - day.
Use me in an - y way Thou wilt, And make me a blessing to - day.



CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly Thy mes-sage con-vey:



Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.



Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc-ti-fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc-ti-fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc-ti-fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc-ti-fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the

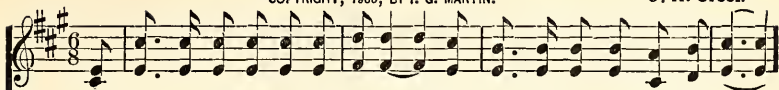
fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

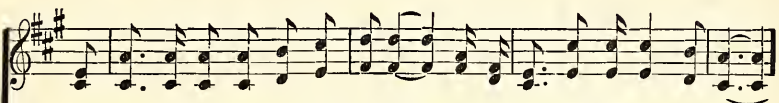
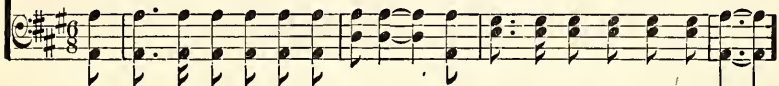
No. 108. When I Stand on the Streets of Gold.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY I. G. MARTIN.

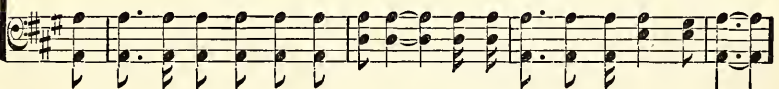
O. H. Creel.



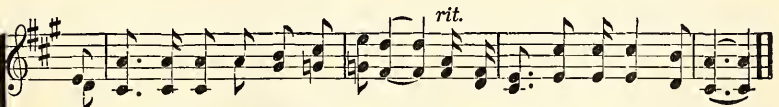
1. The bur-dens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold,
2. What wonderful vis-ions of beau-ty, What glo - ri-ous scenes shall unfold,
3. Earth's sorrows will all be forgotten, And I shall be safe in the fold,



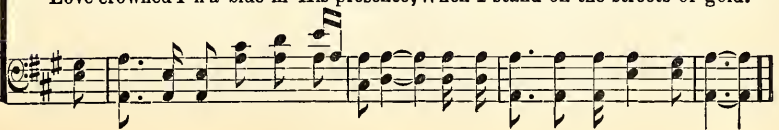
To me it will mat-ter but lit - tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
What daz - zling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and His an-gels, When I stand on the streets of gold.



With joy I shall en-ter the cit - y, The face of my Sav-ior be - hold.
I'll see the white throne of His glo-ry, The names of the saints there enrolled.
For a - ges on a - ges I'll praise Him, And never grow weary or old.



And I shall be chang'd and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
The mansions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Love crowned I'll a-bide in His presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.



Lida M. Keck.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful name, it is dear-er to me And grand-er than
 2. There's a mag-ic-al balm in that won-der-ful name, That baf-fles men's
 3. There's a mess-age for you in that won-der-ful name, A par-don, if

ti-tles of men; 'Tis Je-sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti-ful name, That
 cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the tem-pest-toss'd soul, And
 par-don you crave; There's no oth-er way, and there's no oth-er name, But

CHORUS.

ev-er was writ-ten by pen.
 fills with con-tent-ment the heart. Je-sus, won-der-ful name, Je-sus, the
 Je-sus, the might-y to save.

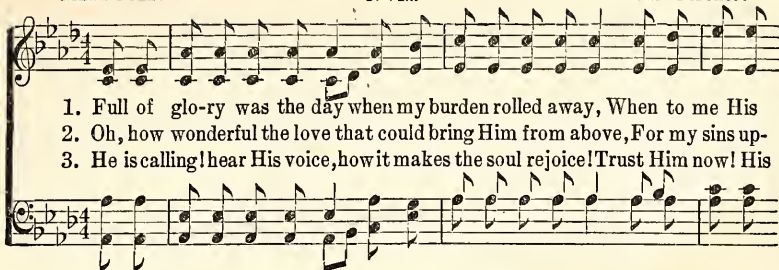
Sav-ior of men; The ti-dings pro-claim, A ran-som He
 the ti-dings pro-claim, A

came, Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful name.
 ran-som He came,

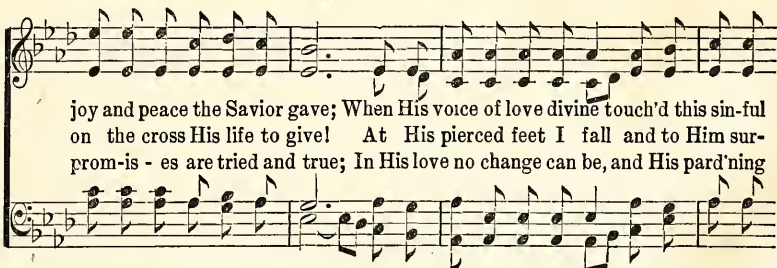
Maud Frazer.

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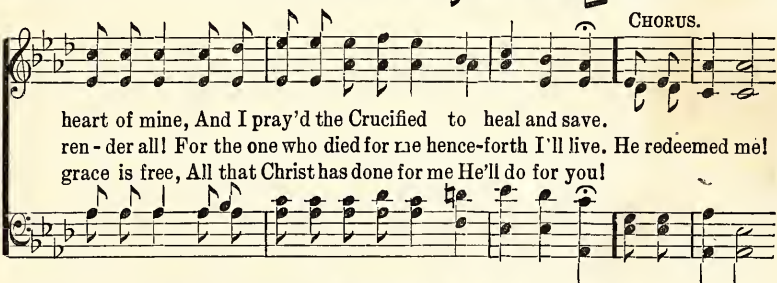
Carl Fischer.



1. Full of glo-ry was the day when my burden rolled away, When to me His
2. Oh, how wonderful the love that could bring Him from above, For my sins up-
3. He is calling! hear His voice, how it makes the soul rejoice! Trust Him now! His

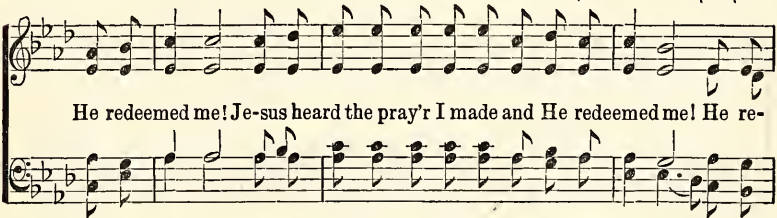


joy and peace the Savior gave; When His voice of love divine touch'd this sin-ful
on the cross His life to give! At His pierced feet I fall and to Him sur-
prom-is - es are tried and true; In His love no change can be, and His pard'ning



CHORUS.

heart of mine, And I pray'd the Crucified to heal and save.
ren - der all! For the one who died for me hence-forth I'll live. He redeemed me!
grace is free, All that Christ has done for me He'll do for you!



He redeemed me! Je-sus heard the pray'r I made and He redeemed me! He re-



deemed me! He redeemed me! In His mercy, love and pit-y He redeemed me!

Ida M. Budd.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Leaving all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a-way;
 2. Naught reserving, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
 3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for Him to suf-fer shame,
 4. Praise His precious name for-ev-er That His blood hath made me free;

Stepping out up-on the prom-ise, All I have is His to-day.
 When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at-test His glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo-ry of His name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,

from the world a-way,... Step-ping out up-
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-

on His prom-ise, All I have is His to-day.
 on His bless-ed prom-ise,

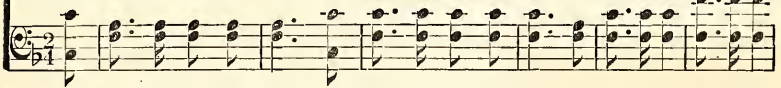
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.



1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



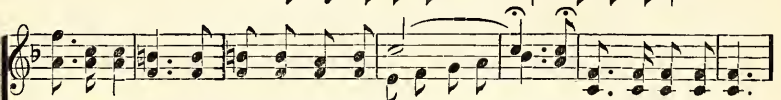
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,



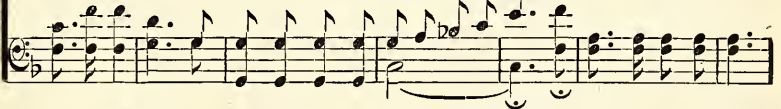
CHORUS.



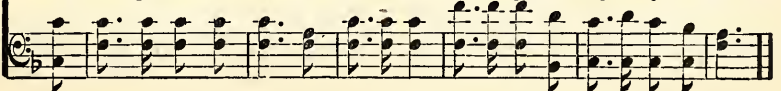
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



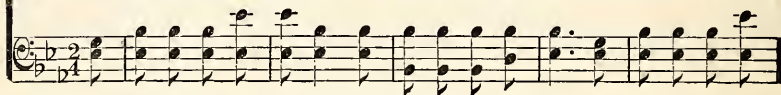
Julia H Johnston.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

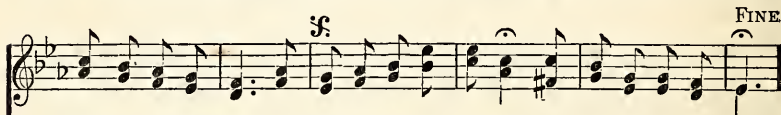
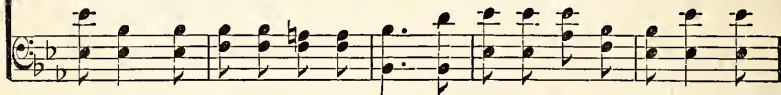
J. E. Delmarter.



1. O mes-sen-gers of Je-sus, Who know His pow'r and love, To you rings out His
2. In doubt and fear and darkness, Perhaps in careless ease, Are souls im-mor-tal
3. In ten-der-est compassion, In love and longing true, Come close to souls in
4. Go, set be-fore the halt-ing The on-ly Way of Life, And take the word un-

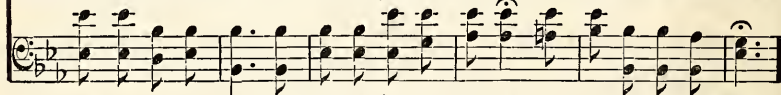


message, From heav'nly heights a - bove. Go, speak the word to oth - ers, Your
near you? Go, quick, and speak to these. The Gos-pel light is shin-ing, But
dark-ness Who wait the word from you. Stay not the hu-man bid-ding When
fail - ing To con-quer sin and strife. In Je-sus' name O has-ten, For



FINE

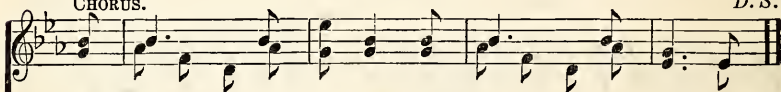
list'ning hearts have heard; Be swift to share the blessing By love divine conferr'd.
they have lost the way: Go, lead them to the brightness Of love's e-ter-nal day.
Christ, the Master calls. On those who hear but go not, A dark'ning shadow falls.
some have wait-ed long: Go, bear the sacred message, In Jesus' might be strong.



D. S.—He is with you al-way To tell you what to say.

CHORUS.

D. S.



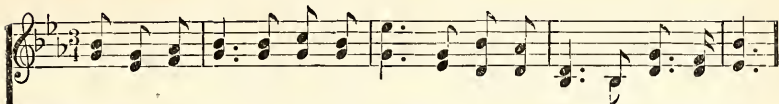
Go speak for Je - sus Be-lieve, o - bey; Lo,
Go speak be - lieve,



Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. When trouble seems to hedge my way, When sorrow would my soul dismay,
2. How oft, while kneeling at His throne, God's Spirit seals me for His own;
3. And when I go to God in need, And there some precious promise plead,
4. So when the an - gel Death shall come, To call me to my heav'nly home,



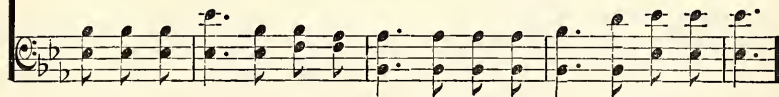
For com-fort I at once re - pair, And find it at the place of pray'r.
His love dis-pels all fear and care, While waiting at that place of pray'r.
He sends a thousand blessings there, And sanc-ti-fies that place of pray'r.
I'll sure-ly reach my man-sion fair, If at the last I'm found at pray'r.



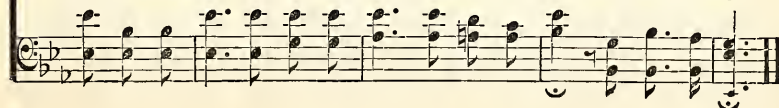
CHORUS.



Sweet place of pray'r, su-preme-ly blest, Where Je-sus folds me to His breast;



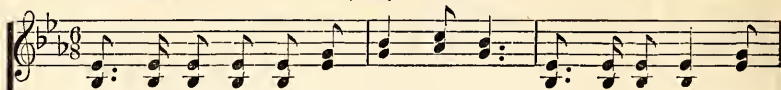
God's an-gels seem to hov - er there, And glo - ri - fy that place of pray'r.



E. A. Hoffman.

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W. S. Nickle.



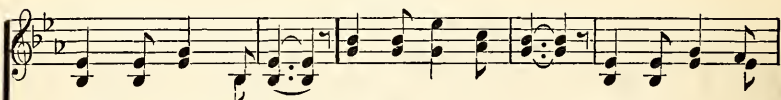
1. Aft - er the pleas - ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft - er the puls - es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
3. Aft - er your heart is hush - ed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
4. Aft - er the trump - et's aw - ful blast; Aft - er the judg - ment



to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er - more,
 Lord you meet, Wait - ing your doom at the judg - ment seat,
 damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill,
 shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last,



CHORUS.



Care - less soul, what then?
 Care - less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what
 Care - less soul, what then?
 Poor, lost soul, what then?



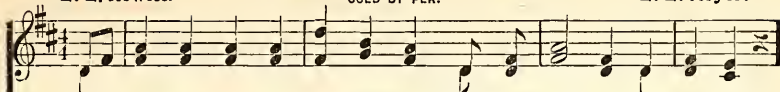
then? Aft - er a life of sin and shame, Poor, lost soul, what then?



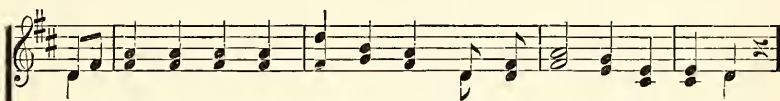
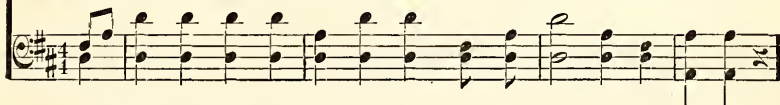
E. E. Hewitt.

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E. E. Meyer.



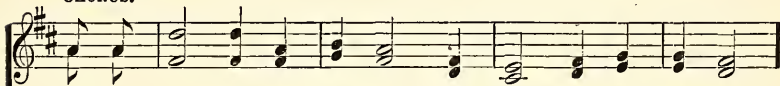
1. In Christ is full re - demp - tion found, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
2. E - ter - nal life thro' Je - sus' blood, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
3. He takes my crim - son stains a - way, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
4. Sweet peace a - mid the world's rude strife, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
4. His ev - er - last - ing grace pro - claim, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!



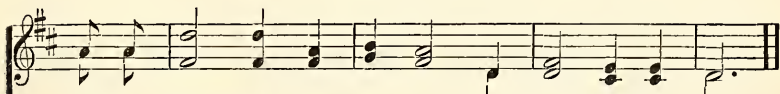
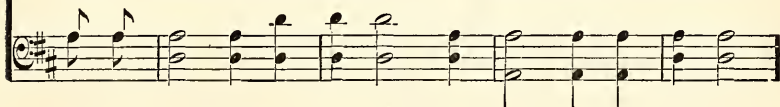
His prais - es thro' my soul re - sound, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
 Come, sink be - neath the crim - son flood, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
 He helps and keeps me ev - 'ry day, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
 Tri - umph - ant joy be - yond this life, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!
 Thro' end - less days we'll sing His name, What a bless - ed sal - va - tion!



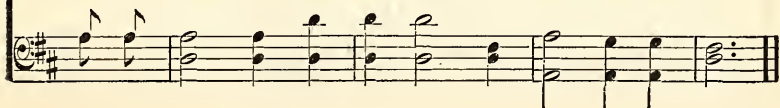
CHORUS.



What a bless - ed sal - va - tion in Christ, my Re - deem - er!



What a bless - ed sal - va - tion for sin - ners like me.



C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

meek-ness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in

to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

heart and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
 Lord, I now implore, Wash and keep me Thine forevermore,

No. 118. Cross Jordan To-day.

Mrs. M. J. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. M. HARRIS.

Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. Come en - ter in - to Ca - naan land, Cross Jor - dan to - day;
2. Oh, see the wine up - on the leas, Cross Jor - dan to - day;
3. Then fol - low Christ, your liv - ing Head, Cross Jor - dan to - day;
4. Then fear no lon - ger an - y foe, Cross Jor - dan to - day;

The Lord will lead you by the hand, Cross Jor - dan to - day.
 And pom - e - gran - ates on the trees, Cross Jor - dan to - day.
 And gi - ants there will be as bread, Cross Jor - dan to - day.
 God's sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r you'll know, Cross Jor - dan to - day.

CHORUS.

Cross Jor - dan to - day, (to - day,) Cross Jor - dan to - day; (to - day;)

Its waves will di - vide, They'll stand at your side, Cross Jor - dan to - day.

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C. S. N.

USED BY PER.

Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.
 fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;



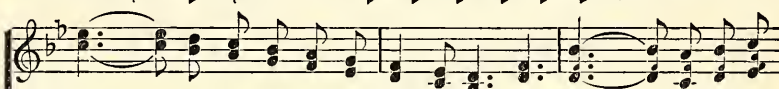
The Sav - ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mercy ac - cept - ing, You tru - ly repent and be - lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear - y, Thro' Je - sus, the low - ly and meek.
O haste to the blessed Re - deem - er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure



CHORUS.



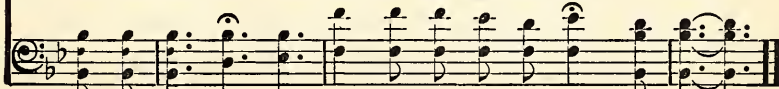
Lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold..... on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay



hold.... on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold..... on His in -
hold, lay hold..... on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold....



fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold..... on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!



No. 121. The Old Account Settled Long Ago.

F. M. G.

USED BY PERMISSION.

F. M. Graham.

1. { There was a time on earth, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing
 My name was at the top, And many things be-low, I went un-to the keeper,
 2. { The old account was large, And growing ev'ry day, For I was always sinning,
 But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe; I said that I would settle,
 3. { When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
 Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow Because I had it settled,
 4. { When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
 I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
 5. { O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has commanded,
 And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it,

1 2 CHORUS.

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; And set-tled long a-go. Long a-go,
 And nev-er tried to pay; I set-tled long a-go.
 He can not find a thing; And set-tled long a-go.
 And praise Him for His love; And set-tled long a-go.
 If you would en-ter in; You set-tled long a-go. Down on my knees,

Long a-go, (I set-tled it all,) Yes, the old account was set-tled long a-

go; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He

washed my sins a-way, When the old ac-count was settled long a-go.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

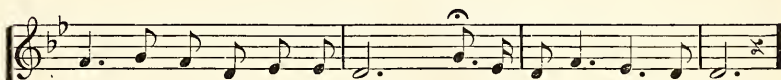
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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.



1. Who will o - pen mer - cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 4. Who will be my dear - est Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!



As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Make me pure, with - out, with - in? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!



CHORUS.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
 sure - ly will;



He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!



Lou. S. Bedford.

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H. N. Lincoln.

1. The sum - mer is end - ed, oh, God! And the har - vest for -
 2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the Spring and the
 3. Full oft - en His still gen - tle voice, Has en - cour - aged my
 4. I tho't "there is time e - nough yet," And the way was so

ev - er past, While heed-less life's earn - est path I have trod, And
 sum - mer eves, The beau - ti - ful rays of au-tumn's bright sun Have
 way - ward heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet-ing joys Like
 strange - ly bright, I dream'd not the sun was quite so near set, I

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of in - ten - tions my
 ri - pened full ma - ny sheaves; All the while with vain dreamings my
 Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But, a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
 woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -

path I have paved, But the har - vest is end - ed, my soul is not saved.
 way I have paved, Till the sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
 proud heart has braved, Till sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
 las! I had waded Till the sheaves are all garnered and I am not saved.

The Lost Soul's Lament.

CHORUS.

I . . . am not saved, . . . I . . . am not saved, . . . The
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, The

har - - vest is end - - - ed, And I am not saved.
har-vest is end-ed, the har-vest is end-ed,

No. 124

Fairest Lord Jesus.

Crusaders' Hymn.

Arr. by Richard S. Willis.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the wood - land,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light,

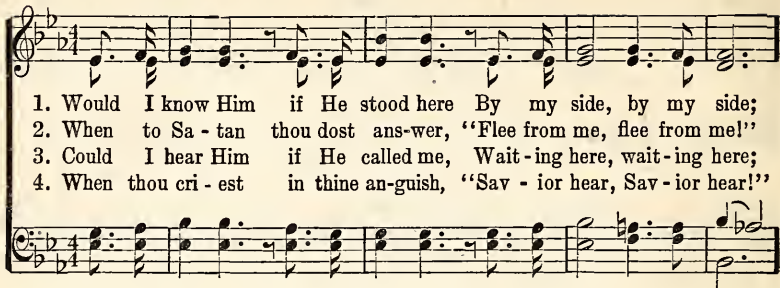
O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twin - kling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown!
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels Heav'n can boast!

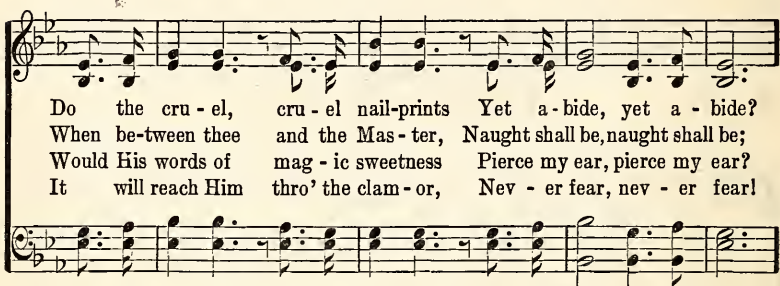
Nellie Montgomery.

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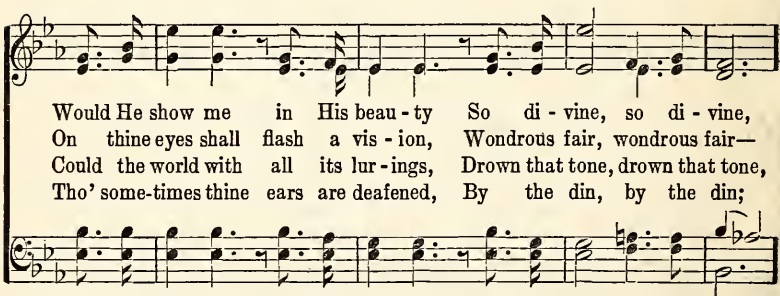
E. O. Excell.



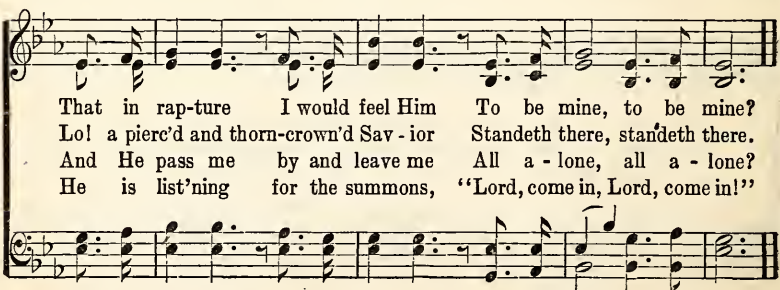
1. Would I know Him if He stood here By my side, by my side;
2. When to Sa - tan thou dost ans - wer, "Flee from me, flee from me!"
3. Could I hear Him if He called me, Wait - ing here, wait - ing here;
4. When thou cri - est in thine an - guish, "Sav - ior hear, Sav - ior hear!"



Do the cru - el, cru - el nail - prints Yet a - bide, yet a - bide?
When be - tween thee and the Mas - ter, Naught shall be, naught shall be;
Would His words of mag - ic sweetness Pierce my ear, pierce my ear?
It will reach Him thro' the clam - or, Nev - er fear, nev - er fear!



Would He show me in His beau - ty So di - vine, so di - vine,
On thine eyes shall flash a vis - ion, Wondrous fair, wondrous fair—
Could the world with all its lur - ings, Drown that tone, drown that tone,
Tho' some - times thine ears are deafened, By the din, by the din;



That in rap - ture I would feel Him To be mine, to be mine?
Lo! a pierc'd and thorn - crown'd Sav - ior Standeth there, standeth there.
And He pass me by and leave me All a - lone, all a - lone?
He is list'ning for the summons, "Lord, come in, Lord, come in!"

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Arr. by John S. Brown.

USED BY PER.

Arr. by Miss Avanelie Dyer.



1. Christ went a build - ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands;
2. Put on the arm - or of our God, Not made with hands;
3. Keep fight - ing sin, that aw - ful foe, Not made with hands;
4. Then come up, chil - dren, get your crown, Not made with hands;
5. That cit - y's built of pre - cious stones, Not made with hands;



And 'twill be deck'd with jew - els rare, Not made with hands.
 And take the path our Cap - tain trod, Not made with hands.
 Un - til you hear the trum - pet blow, Not made with hands.
 When you have laid your arm - or down, Not made with hands.
 With - in we'll gath - er 'round the throne Not made with hands.



CHORUS.



I know, I know, I know, I have an - oth - er build - ing;



I know, I know, 'Tis not made with hands.
 I know, I know,



ROM. 6: 13.

J. M. K.

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Jas. M. Kirk.

1. I've yield-ed to God and I'm saved ev - ry hour; I've yield - ed to
 2. I've en - tered the rest - of the peo - ple of God, The ho - ly of
 3. I've reckoned my - self to be dead un - to sin, And ris - en with

God and I feel His sweet pow'r; I've trust-ed His prom - is - es,
 ho - lies made pure by His blood; His law is with - in, I de-
 Christ, and now He lives with - in; 'The life more a - bun-dant' He

not one has failed Of all His good word, tho' the tempt-er as-sailed.
 light in His will, I've learned how to wait up - on God and be still.
 gives un - to me, This o - ver-flow life gives me full vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Sweet, qui - et, yield - ed life, Bless-ed rest from all storm and strife;

God's own peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

Rev. W. C. Pool.

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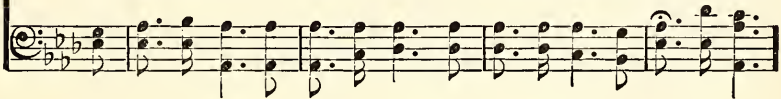
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lead, lest I stray, O lead Thou me;
2. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Lived at Thy side O may it be;
3. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee; Take full con-trol, dear Lord, of me;
4. Lord, make to-day one day for Thee, Till all to-days life's day shall be;



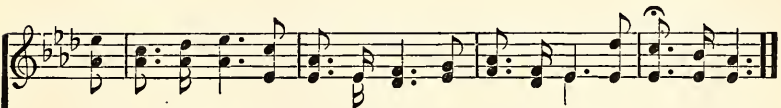
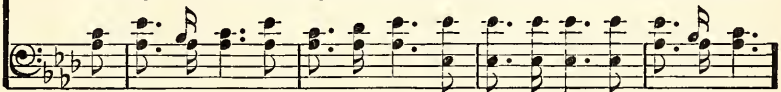
Give faith to trust when naught I see,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Lest I should fall, O hold Thou me,—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
Guide Thou my tho'ts—first, let this be:—Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.
And then from Heav'n, O let me see All of life's day one day for Thee.



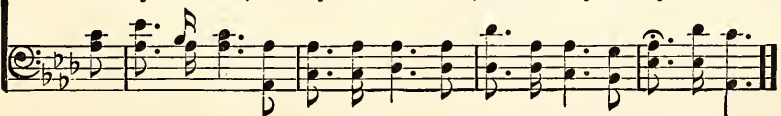
CHORUS.



One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee!



One day for Thee, one day for Thee! Lord, make to-day one day for Thee.




No. 129. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

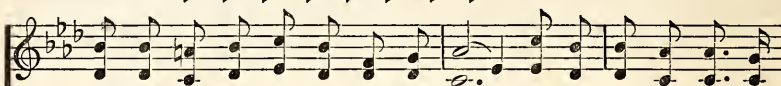
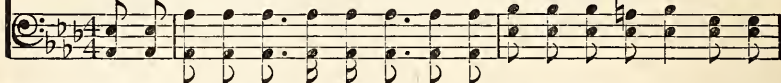
Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.


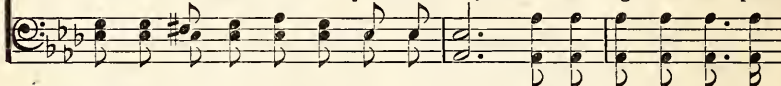
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



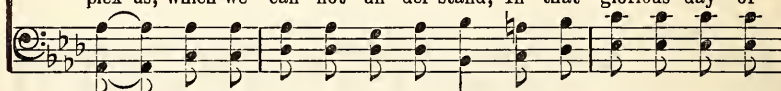
1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing



saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re-deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-

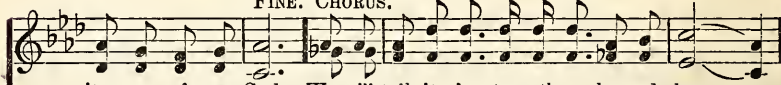


glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav-ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der - stand, In that glorious day of




D. S.—come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-

FINE. CHORUS.

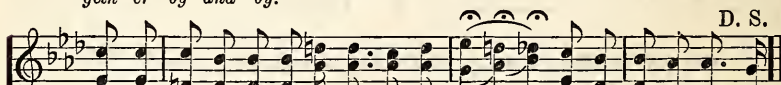


cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-gether by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.

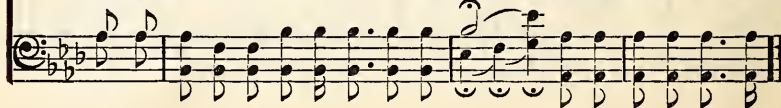
by and by,



geth - er by and by.



When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-



No. 130. My Soul is Filled with Glory.

J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wan - dered, Bro't me par - don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal - va - tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path - way, And temp - ta - tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Joy un -
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plun - ged in - to the foun - tain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom - ised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak - a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my troph - ies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout - ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shout - ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shout - ing glo - ry! till I get home.

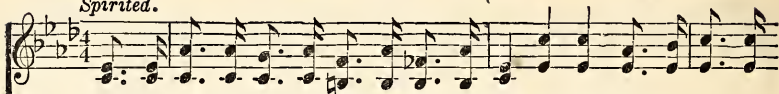
No. 131. Angels are Rejoicing Over Me.

James Rowe.

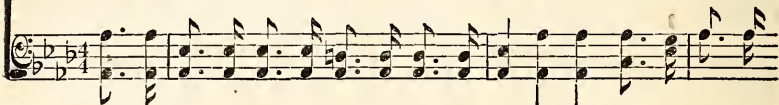
COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY MEYER & BROTHER.

Howard E. Smith.

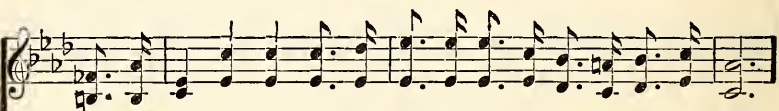
Spirited.



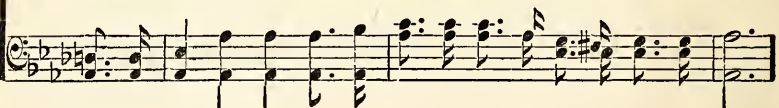
1. There is peace and there is gladness in my heart to-day, From the galling
2. I had wandered far in darkness, seeking pleasures vain, But one day I
3. I have fixed my heart on Je - sus, rest - ing in his love, Well assured that



bonds of sin my soul is free; For the Son of God has tak - en
heard a ten - der, lov - ing plea; Now my soul is home - ward go - ing
he will keep me pure and free; And I know that I shall see him



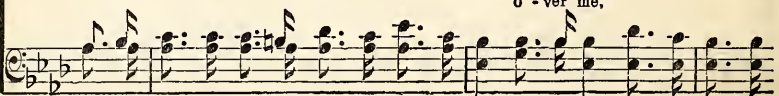
all my sins a - way, And the an - gels are re - joic - ing o - ver me.
free from scar and stain, And the an - gels are re - joic - ing o - ver me.
on his throne a - bove, For the an - gels are re - joic - ing o - ver me.



CHORUS.



Oh, the an - gels are re - joic - ing o - ver me, For the pre - cious
o - ver me.



Angels are Rejoicing Over Me.

blood of Christ has made me free; All my sins have been for-giv-en
made me free;

there is joy in heav'n, For the an - gels are re-joic - ing o - ver me.
o - ver me.

No. 132. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr. J. S. NORRIS.

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

CHO. *Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,*

D. C.

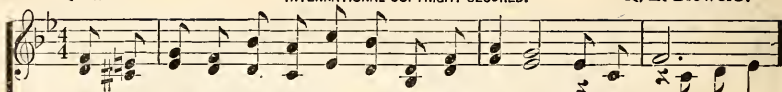
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
 I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all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

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

R. L. B.

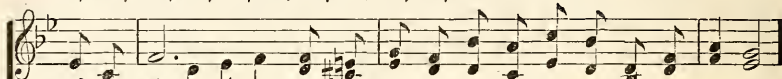
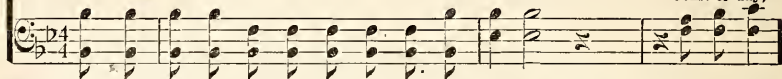
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R. L. Blowers.



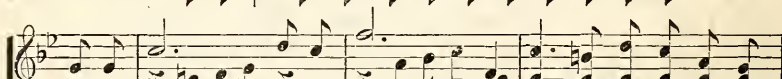
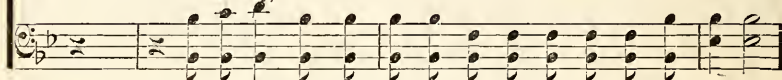
1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call-ing, C^ome to day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sorrow, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va-tion, Full and free,

Come to-day,



come to - day; He will wipe the tear-drops now so swift-ly fall-ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright-to-morrow,
full and free; "Who-so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta-tion,

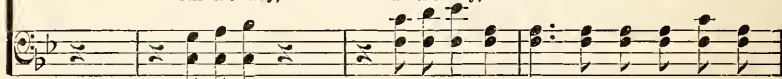
come to - day,



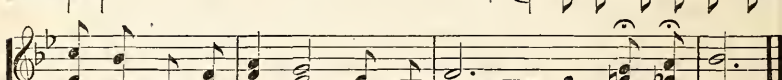
All a - way, all a - way. Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way. His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me." Then wait no long-er, night is

All the way,

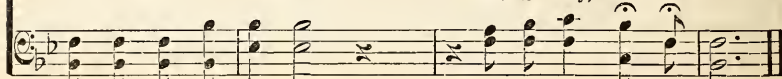
all the way,



sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way; List-en to His lov-ing
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List-en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say; List-en to His lov-ing



voice so sweet-ly call - ing, "Come to - day, come to - day."
come to - day,



C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres - ence now re - fresh us Like the morn - ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,

To sat - is - fy with ev - 'ry bless - ing, His love and peace my soul pos - sess - ing;

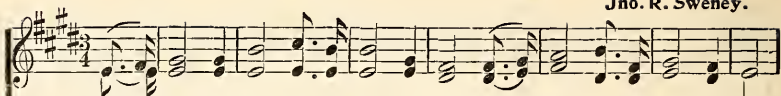
To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je - sus sat - is - fies!

No. 135.

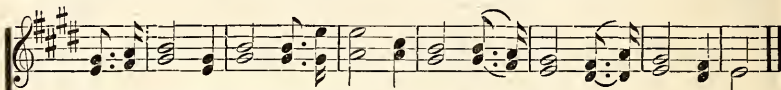
The Golden Key.

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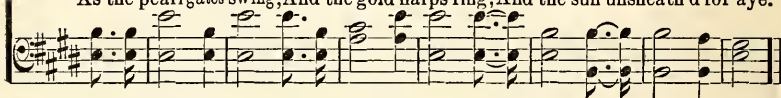
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Pray'r is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,
4. When the shadows fall, And the vesper call Is sob-bing its low re-frain,
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more; Life's tears shall be wiped a-way,



See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like the perfume from the flow'rs.
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the wea-ry hours of day.
 'Tis a gar-land sweet To the toil dent feet, And an an - ti - dote for pain.
 As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheath'd for aye.



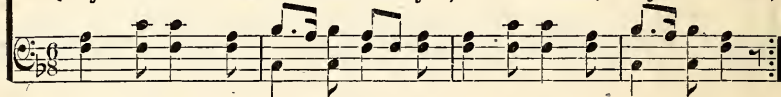
No. 136.

Alvan. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

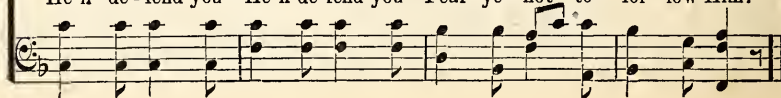
Lowell Mason.



1. { To the flow - ing stream of Jor - dan Lo! the King of Zi - on came; }
 { There the an - cient Bap - tist wait - ed, To im - mense the spot - less Lamb: }
2. { Thus baptized, the great Re - deem - er Showed the way His saints should tread, }
 { And, when ris - ing from the wa - ter, God approved and blest the deed. }
3. { Come, then, ye who love the Sav - ior, Fear not now to own your Lord, }
 { Joy - ful tho' the world should scorn you, Fol - low Christ, o - bey His Word: }



They de - scend - ed, They de - scend - ed To the Sav - ior's wa - t'ry tomb.
 And the Spir - it And the Spir - it Rest - ed on His sa - cred head!
 He'll de - fend you—He'll de - fend you—Fear ye not to fol - low Him!



No. 137. We Will Sing and Preach Holiness.

F. M. G.

USED BY PERMISSION.

F. M. Graham.

1. { When first I heard of ho-li-ness I tho't it must be right; It seemed to
 I heard the peo-ple sing-ing, And test-i-fy-ing, too; They seemed to
 2. { I went to a camp-meet-ing And heard them preach and sing; They sure-ly
 It made me think of heav-en, The Christian's home on high, Where they will

CHORUS.

fit the Bi-ble, And be the Christian's light; }
 love their Sav-ior, As Christians ought to do. } We'll sing and we'll
 preached the Bi-ble, And made the welkin ring; } Sing un-til we die,
 live for-ev-er, And nev-er, nev-er die. }

preach, We'll preach the way of ho-li-ness so true; We'll sing
 preach and tes-ti-fy, Sing un-til we die,

and we'll preach Till our pre-cious, lov-ing Sav-ior's face we view.
 preach and tes-ti-fy,

3 I little thought of joining,
 I said I could not stand
 To be among that people,
 That's called the "holy band."
 The world looked down upon them,
 And said they were so rash,
 They often spoke against them,
 And said they were but trash.

4 But as I went to hear them,
 And saw the way they did,
 I saw they had a treasure,
 From worldly people hid.
 They seemed to be so happy,
 And filled with Christian love;
 When people talked about them,
 They only looked above.

5 My heart began to hunger,
 And thirst and burn within;
 I wanted full salvation,
 A freedom from all sin.
 I went to God for holiness,
 And called upon His name;
 He cleansed my heart completely,
 And filled it with the same.

6 And now I'm one who bears that name,
 That happy, holy band;
 I've crossed the river Jordan,
 And in the Canaan land,
 The atmosphere is pleasant,
 And fruit of every kind;
 When you reach heaven's portals,
 I'll not be far behind.

Deeper Deeper.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

C. P. Jones.

G. P. J.

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
 3. Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it bring me tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
 4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
 Finds me vic - tor in His ho - ly im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - er yet, I pray, er yet, I pray,..... And
 O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

high - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - er,
 high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

bless - ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.
 wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. If you need up - lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
 2. In some hour un-guard-ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
 3. On the Lord de-pend-ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you

tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong;
 let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
 if He is your stay; Lean up - on His promise till the bet - ter day;

CHORUS.

Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . . Faith will bring the blessing
 yes, ev'ry time.

ev'ry time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,

Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time. . .
 ev-'ry time.

C. F. W.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY C. F. WEIGELE.
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C. F. Weigele.

1. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the pub - li - cans of old,
2. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the man of long a - go,
3. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, All the way to Calvary's brow,
4. Oh, some-time I'll walk with Je - sus, In the land of end - less day,

When He gath - ered them a - bout Him, And the bless - ed ti - dings told,
Who had tar - ried by the way - side, Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suf - fring, While my tears of sor - row flow;
When our jour - ney here is o - ver, And we've reached our home to stay;

How He came to bring de - liv - rance To the cap - tives in dis - tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way;
Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er;

Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per - fect peace and rest.
And im - me - diate - ly he fol - lowed Je - sus all a - long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y - where He may.
Laugh and shout and ev - er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

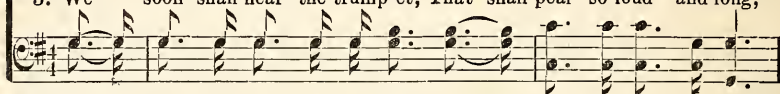
A. M. B.

USED BY PERMISSION OF A. M. BEAN, OWNER.

A. M. Bean.



1. There's an aw - ful time of troub - le Such as men have nev - er known,
2. Je - sus said "You'd know 'twas summer When you'd see the fig - tree bloom,"
3. How oft we ask each oth - er, I won - der when He'll come;
4. The last they ev - er saw Him, 'Twas up at Beth - a - ny,
5. We soon shall hear the trump - et, That shall peal so loud and long;



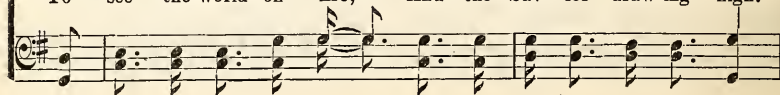
When God shall call the na - tions, To gath - er at His throne;
 So like - wise you'd know the end was near, When He should come a - gain,
 I get so tired of wait - ing, It sure - ly won't be long;
 His dis - ci - ples gath - ered 'round Him, To hear what He might say;
 'Twill wake the bur - ied na - tions, In the sea and un - der ground;



And when that time shall come the saints Shall lift their heads and cry;
 When at midnight's lone - ly hour, We should hear the wel - come cry,
 For the an - gel said He'd come a - gain, The day He went on high;
 He raised His hands to bless them, As a char - i - ot swept by,
 When, at mid - night, startled millions, Will to their win - dows fly;



For Him we've long been wait - ing, But His com - ing draw - eth nigh.
 "Go out, ye saints, to meet Him, For His com - ing draw - eth nigh."
 And Je - sus said, "Keep watching, For my com - ing draw - eth nigh."
 And took Him up to Heav - en, But His com - ing draw - eth nigh.
 To see the world on fire, And the Sav - ior draw - ing nigh.



The Coming of the Lord.

CHORUS.

For the com-ing of the Lord, For the com-ing of the Lord, For the
com-ing of the Lord draw-eth nigh, When this world shall be on fire,
And the dead shall rise a-gain, For the com-ing of the Lord draweth nigh.

No. 143.

Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly sleep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We be-lieve, O God, our Fa-ther, Thou in con - descend-ing grace,
2. First we came to Thee, O Fa-ther, Dead in tres - pass-es and sin,
3. Come we then with hearts surrendered And a - bandoned to Thy will,

Hast the hu - man heart cre - at - ed For the Spir - it's dwelling place;
Thou in love and great com - pas - sion Ope'd Thine arms, and took us in;
Plead - ing that the Ho - ly Spir - it May our ev - 'ry bo - som fill;

Noth - ing else can fill the long-ing, Noth - ing else can sat - is - fy,
Now we would pre - sent our bod - ies As a liv - ing sac - ri - fice;
Cleanse us now and whol - ly save us From the pow'r of guilt and sin,

Till He comes in all His ful - ness, And the tem - ple oc - cu - py.
This our rea - son - a - ble serv - ice, And the al - tar sanc - ti - fy.
Then in all Thy glo - rious ful - ness, Take up Thine a - bode with - in

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir - it, come, oh, come, May the fire our dross con - sume,
Ho - ly spir - it, come, oh, come, May the fire our dross consume,.

Holy Spirit, Come,

Make our hearts Thy chos - en home, Come, oh, come, and fill us now.
 Make our hearts Thy chos-en home,

No. 145.

Get Right With God.

J. T. Latta.

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Ira B. Wilson,

1. Get right with God, O broth-er, For life will soon be o'er,
 2. Get right with God, O broth-er, The night is com - ing on;
 3. Get right with God, O broth-er, How do you dare ae - lay?

That you may dwell with Je - sus In heav'n for - ev - er - more.
 And then the day of mer - cy Will be for - ev - er gone.
 The Spir - it now is plead-ing, "Get right with Him to - day."

CHORUS.

Get right.... with God,... O broth-er, while you may;
 Get right with God, get right with God,

Get right.... with God,... Get right with Him to - day.
 Get right with God, get right with God,

No. 146. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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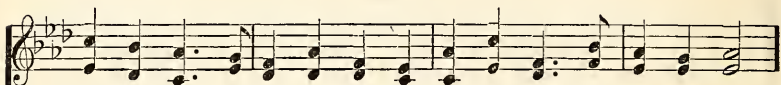
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;



Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



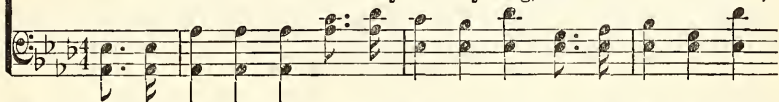
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



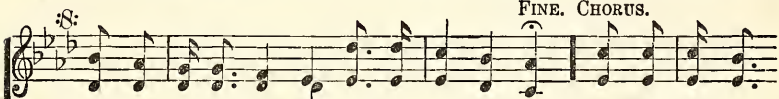
1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ters not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,



and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial
sus, He sends re - lief, When temptations sore would my soul be-guile
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while



FINE. CHORUS.



There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing



D. S.—*There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.*



so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we



D. S.



kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,



No. 148. When the Saints Enter Zion.

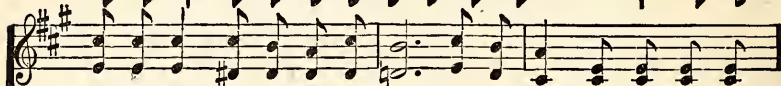
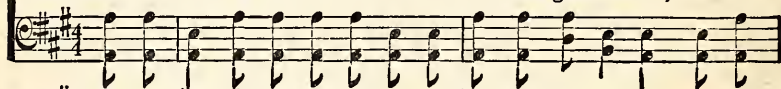
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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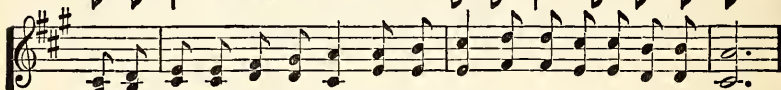
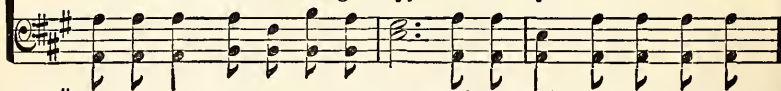
Haldor Lillemas.



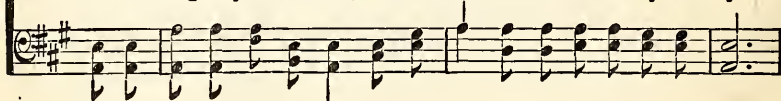
1. When the saints en-ter Zi-on on the res-ur-rec-tion day, In that
2. There all pain will be end-ed and all sick-ness will be o'er, There the
3. There we'll nev-er grow wea-ry toil-ing on life's rug-ged road, Nev-er
4. There we'll be re-u-nit-ed with our loved ones gone be-fore, Dwell with



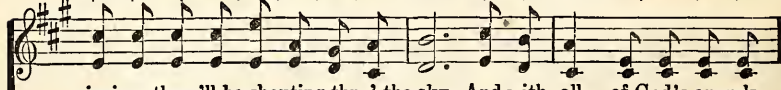
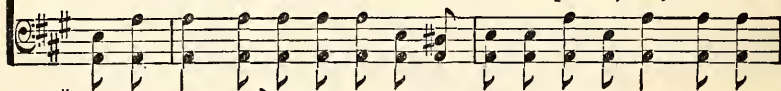
won-der-ful cit-y in the sky, All our sor-row and sigh-ing
tears will be wip-ed from ev-'ry eye, And the snares of the wick-ed
long for those man-sions in the sky, For out-side those fair port-als
them while the end-less a-ges fly; And we'll join with the blood-washed



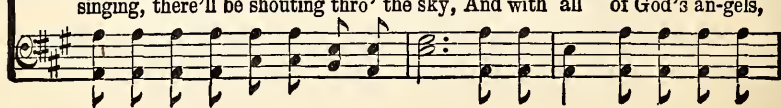
shall for-ev-er flee a-way, When the saints en-ter Zi-on by and by.
then shall troub-le us no more, When the saints en-ter Zi-on by and by.
we must leave each heavy load, When the saints en-ter Zi-on by and by.
in that song on yon-der shore, When the saints en-ter Zi-on by and by.



CHORUS.
When the saints en-ter Zi-on dressed in rai-ment spot-less, fair, There'll be



singing, there'll be shout-ing thro' the sky, And with all of God's an-gels,



When the Saints Enter Zion.

Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll be there, When the saints en - ter Zi - on by and by.

No. 149. I Want to Know Him Better.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenns.

1. For what the Lord has done for me His help-er I de - sire to be;
2. That I may tru - ly serve him here And feel his bless-ed presence near
3. That I may use my tal-ents well, And more and more, his sto-ry tell
4. That I his steps may tru - ly trace To you-der bright a - bid - ing place,

Still more of him I wish to see— I want to know him bet - ter.
From day to day and year to year, I want to know him bet - ter.
To those who still in dark-ness dwell, I want to know him bet - ter.
That I may look up - on his face, I want to know him bet - ter.

CHORUS.

I want to know him bet - ter, I want to know him bet - ter;

He free - ly died, my sin to hide, I want to know him, bet - ter.

G. M. Bills,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. L. McPhail,

1. I will ev - er - more re - peat the won - drous sto - ry
 2. Once my sin - ful soul was pin - ing in her pris - on,
 3. Lo! the sprink - led blood of Je - sus now is speak - ing,
 4. At the cross I find a liv - ing spring of glad - ness,

Of my Sav - ior's dy - ing love so free; How He laid a - side His
 As in dark - ness and re - morse I lay; But the light of life up -
 And its wit - ness is my hope and plea; I have found the bless - ed
 And a store of grace in time of need; There my Sav - ior takes a -

D. S.—At the cross the Sav - ior

beau - ty and His glo - ry, How He gave His life to ran - som me.
 on me now has ris - en, And the Sav - ior bears my guilt a - way.
 free - dom I was seek - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ran - somed me.
 way' my sin and sad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free in - deed.

roll'd a - way my bur - den, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ransomed me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ransom'd me, Light is shining, and my soul is free:

E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER.

Wm. J Kirkpatrick.



1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with thy - self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a - bides with-in the heart, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hóur by hóur, Un - der the blood, un-der the blood;



Take doubt and fear and sin a - way, Un - der the pre-cious blood.
Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre-cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre-cious blood.
And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre-cious blood.
Ex - erts His sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r Un - der the pre-cious blood.



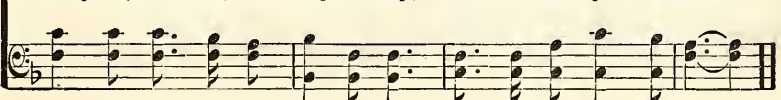
CHORUS.



Un - der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un - der the cleans-ing, heal-ing flood:



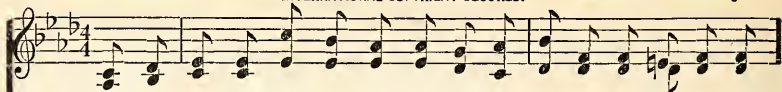
Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre-cious blood.



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John R. Clements.

Samuel W. Beazley.



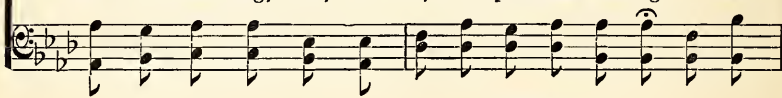
1. When I cross the mys-tic riv-er To the bless-ed "bright for-ev-er,"
2. Love was His be-yond my know-ing, Ten-der-ness to o-ver-flow-ing,
3. Yon-der at the throne of glo-ry, Yonder-'tis a matchless sto-ry—



I shall meet the dear-est Friend that I have known; He will speak a
For He saw me lone and help-less in the wild, Bared His arm to
He is wait-ing to bid wel-come to His own; Roy-al robes may



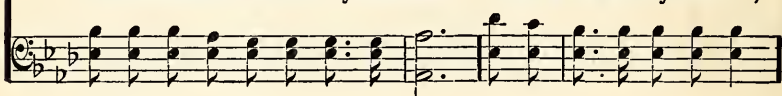
wel-come greet-ing,—Ours shall be a hap-py meet-ing; I am
seek and save me, His own life so free-ly gave me; I am
be His dress-ing, Still, with-al,—O price-less bless-ing!—I am



CHORUS.



sure that I shall know Him by His scars. I shall know Him by Hisscars,



Sure-ly know Him, Tho' His robes are bright and shin-ing
know Him by His scars;



By His Scars.

like the stars; Nail-pierced hands and riv-en side Greet the
bright and shin-ing like the stars;

vi-sion glo-ri-fied; I am sure that I will know Him by His scars.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'By His Scars.' It features two systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

No. 153.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, All the Saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn-ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
gold-en crowns A-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly,

Mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, Bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
Fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev-er-more shalt be.
There is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu-ri-ty.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' It features three systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes three numbered verses. The second system continues the lyrics, and the third system concludes the hymn.

No. 154. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
 3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To

no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
 walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
 Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
 leads home, leads home,

know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has tak-en my
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev'ry tho't of my
 3. He has come to a-bide, And ho-ly must be The place where my

heart as His own chosen home; At last I have given the welcome He sought;
 be-ing is sway'd by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
 Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all gladness has bro't.
 And His sceptre is love; O bless-ed con-trol! Joy; joy is mine! my
 Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav-ior di-vine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,
 with me,

rit.
 Ev - er to a-bide, My own lov-ing Sav-ior a - bid - eth with me.

E. E. Hewitt,

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a - gain, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
3. Send the hap - py watchword all a - long the line, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,

vic - to - ry! Marching to the mu - sic of the glad re - frain, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure - ly win, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! Let all er - ror per - ish, lives the truth di - vine, Vic - to - ry in
vic - to - ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic - to - ry in

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er - more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

Sing His o - ver - com - ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

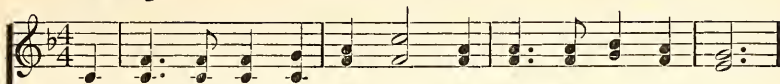
bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

No. 157. Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

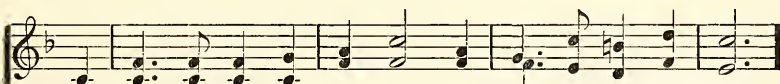
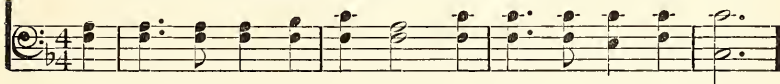
F. R. Havergal.

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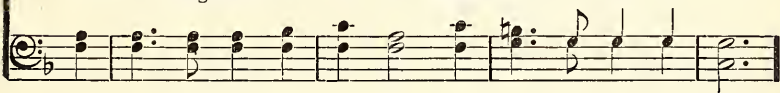
Jas. M. Kirk.



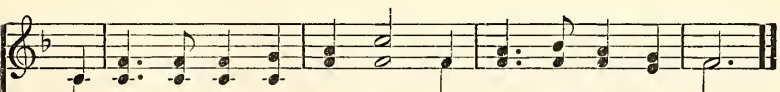
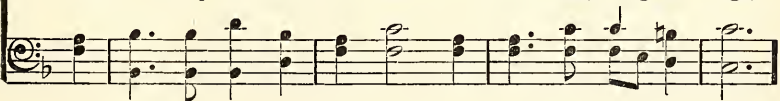
1. Live out Thy life with - in me, Oh, Je - sus, King of kings;
2. The tem - ple has been yield - ed, And pu - ri - fied of sin;
3. Its mem - bers ev' - ry mo - ment Held sub - ject to Thy call;
4. But rest - ful, calm and pli - ant, From bend and bi - as free;



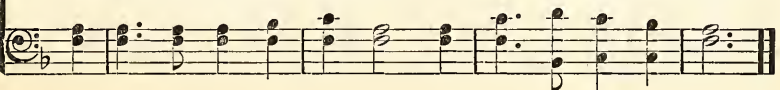
Be Thou Thy - self the an - swer To all my ques - tion - ings.
 Let Thy She - ki - nah glo - ry Now flash forth from with - in.
 Read - y to have Thee use them, Or not be used at all:
 Per - mit - ting Thee to set - tle When Thou hast need of me.



Live out Thy life with - in me, In all things have Thy way;
 And all the earth keep si - lence, The bod - y henceforth be
 Held with - out rest - less long - ing, Or strain, or stress, or fret,
 Live out Thy life with - in me, O Je - sus, King of kings;



I, the trans - par - ent me - dium, Thy glo - ry to dis - play.
 Thy si - lent, do - cile serv - ant, Moved on - ly as by Thee.
 Or cha - fings at Thy deal - ings, Or thoughts of vain re - gret.
 Be Thou the glo - rious an - swer To all my ques - tion - ings.

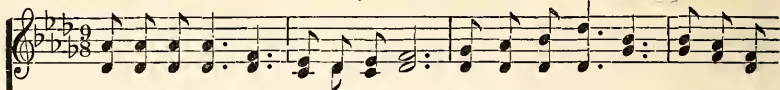


No. 158. Just When I Need Him Most?

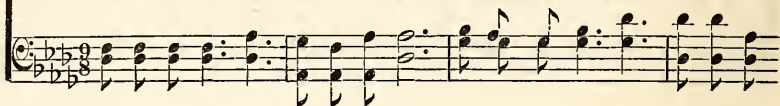
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing all the way
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens all the day
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up - on Him I



fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je - sus is near to com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



Fanny J. Crosby.

BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Redeem'd, how I love to pro-claim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd, and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapt-ure can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King, in whose law I de-light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright mansion for me;



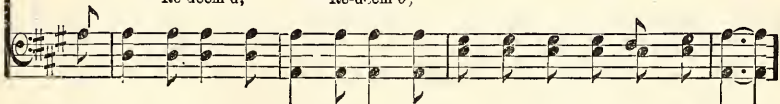
Redeem'd thro' His in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of His presence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can-not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spir-its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



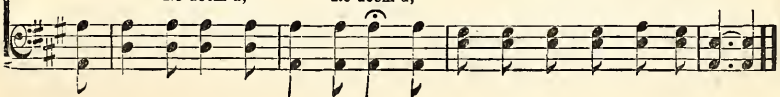
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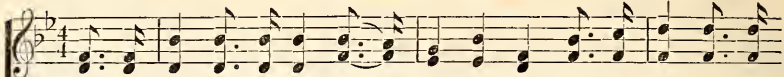


Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd,



Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd,





1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
2. There is pow'r in the blood, to make you white, There is pow'r in the
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton - ing grace, There is pow'r in the
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the

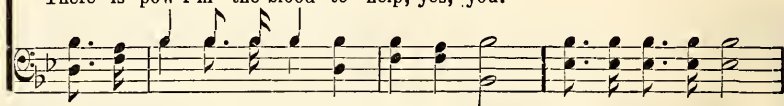


blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
 blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
 blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
 blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,



CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
 There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son. Glo - ry to the Lamb!
 There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw-ing nigh.
 There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.



Glo - ry to the Lamb! For He shed His blood for thee; He will keep you



in the way, And will nev - er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.



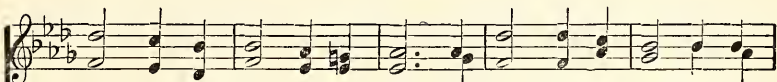
H. G. Spafford.

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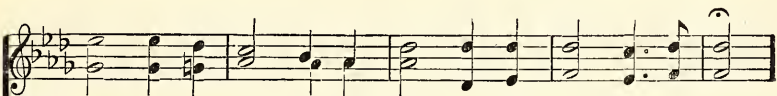
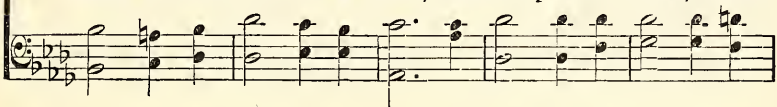
P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin - not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



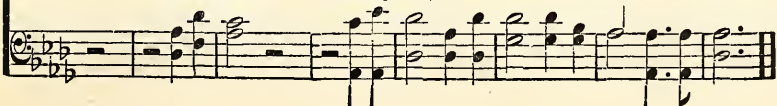
taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well, with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 It is well, with my soul,



E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.

'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

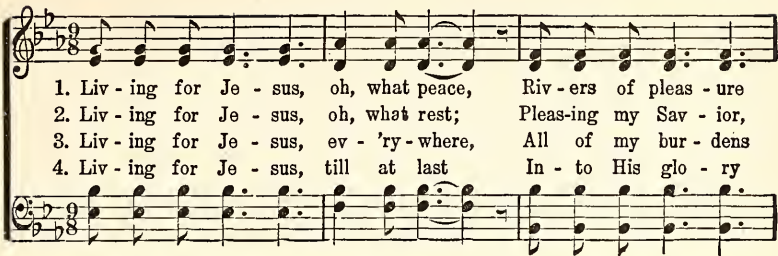
FINE.

D.S.—My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

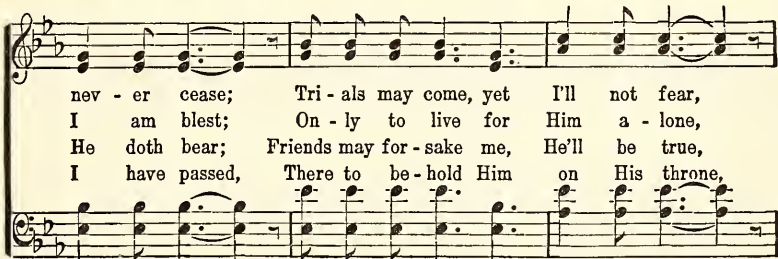
CHORUS.

D. S.

His love..... can nev-er fail, His love..... can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

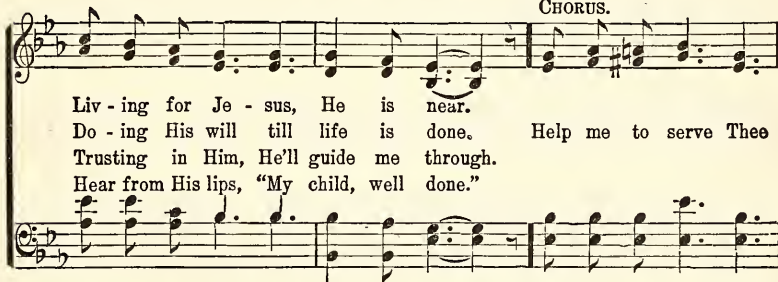


1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what peace, Riv - ers of pleas - ure
 2. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what rest; Pleas - ing my Sav - ior,
 3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry - where, All of my bur - dens
 4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, till at last In - to His glo - ry

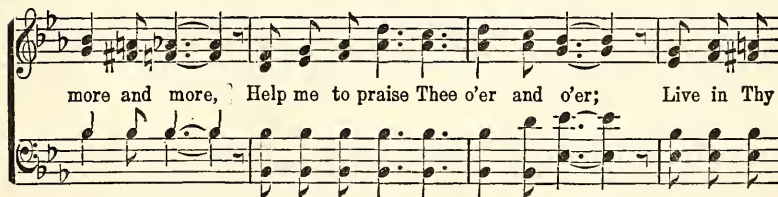


nev - er cease; Tri - als may come, yet I'll not fear,
 I am blest; On - ly to live for Him a - lone,
 He doth bear; Friends may for - sake me, He'll be true,
 I have passed, There to be - hold Him on His throne,

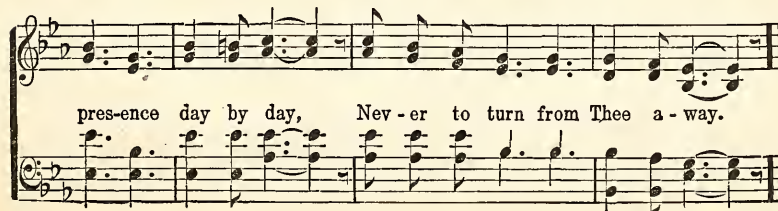
CHORUS.



Liv - ing for Je - sus, He is near.
 Do - ing His will till life is done. Help me to serve Thee
 Trusting in Him, He'll guide me through.
 Hear from His lips, "My child, well done."



more and more, Help me to praise Thee o'er and o'er; Live in Thy

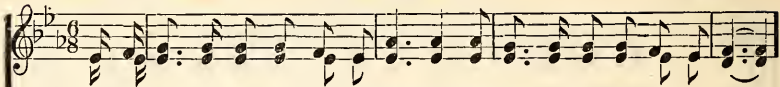


pres - ence day by day, Nev - er to turn from Thee a - way.

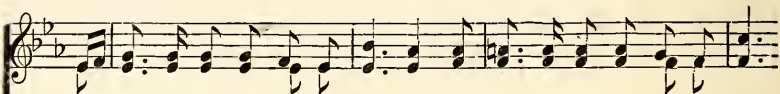
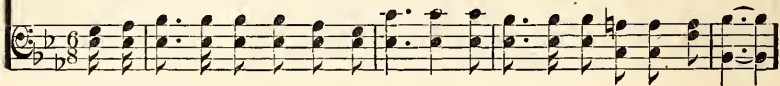
Nellie A. Montgomery.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

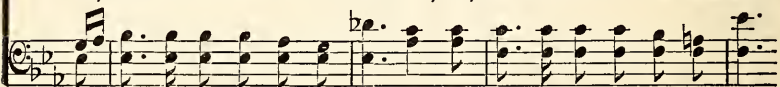
J. S. Fearis.



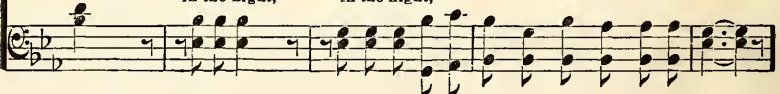
1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,



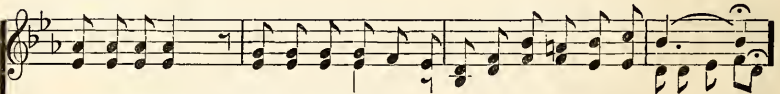
I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list - en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev - er re - mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev - er re-mem-



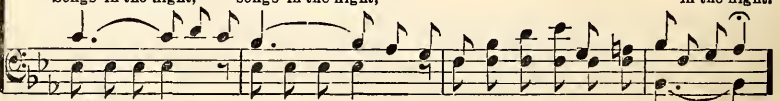
ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs he will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs he doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,



REFRAIN.



Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.



Songs in the Night.

My heart..... run-neth o-ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
My heart run-neth o - ver, runs o - ver,

No. 165.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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J. M. Stillman.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and king;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart-ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.

More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be; . . . My Savior who died for me.
I . . . ev - er would be;

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J. W. Watson. Arr. by M. W. Knapp.

F. L. Potter. Arr. by R. E. McNeil.



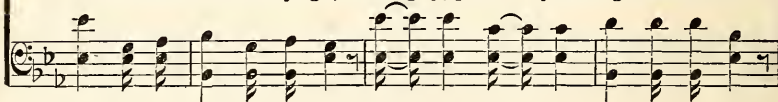
1. Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell, Fell like the snowflakes from
2. Once she was fair as the beau-ti - ful snow; Eyes like the cry-stals—a
3. Strange it should be that this beau-ti-ful snow Falls on a sin - ner with
4. Oh, there is One who is pur - er than snow, Stand-ing to-night by the



heav'n to hell; Fell to be tramped like the filth of the street; Fell to be heart like its glow; Once she was loved for her in-no-cent grace, Flattered and no-where to go! Strange 'twould not be when the night comes again, Snow and the lost and the low, Know-ing the anguish, the heart's deep-est cry, Seeing their



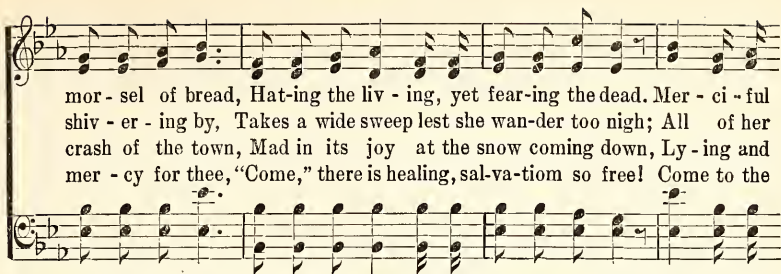
scoffed, to be spit on and beat. Plead-ing, curs - ing, dread-ing to die, sought for the charm of her face. Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ters and all, ice strike her des-per - ate brain, Faint-ing, freez - ing, dy - ing a-lone, foot - falls wher-ev-er they go, Lov-ing-ly, pa-tient-ly call-ing "come home!"



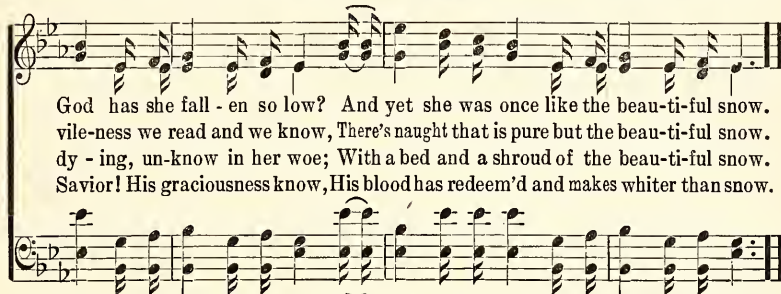
Sell - ing her soul to who - ev - er may buy. Deal-ing in shame for a God and her-self she has lost by her fall. Wick-ed-est wretch that goes Hopeless she feels and so wea - ry her moan. Ne'er could be heard in the List to His pleadings and nev-er-more roam; "Come," there's forgiveness, there's



Like the Snow.



mor - sel of bread, Hat-ing the liv - ing, yet fear-ing the dead. Mer - ci - ful
shiv - er - ing by, Takes a wide sweep lest she wan-der too nigh; All of her
crash of the town, Mad in its joy at the snow coming down, Ly - ing and
mer - cy for thee, "Come," there is healing, sal - va - tion so free! Come to the



God has she fall - en so low? And yet she was once like the beau - ti - ful snow.
vile - ness we read and we know, There's naught that is pure but the beau - ti - ful snow.
dy - ing, un - know in her woe; With a bed and a shroud of the beau - ti - ful snow.
Savior! His gra - ciousness know, His blood has redeem'd and makes whiter than snow.

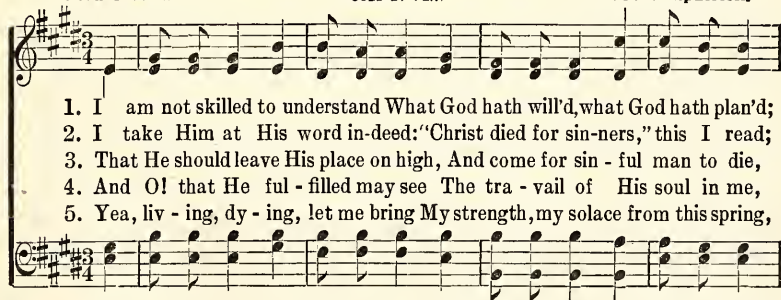
No. 167.

My Savior.

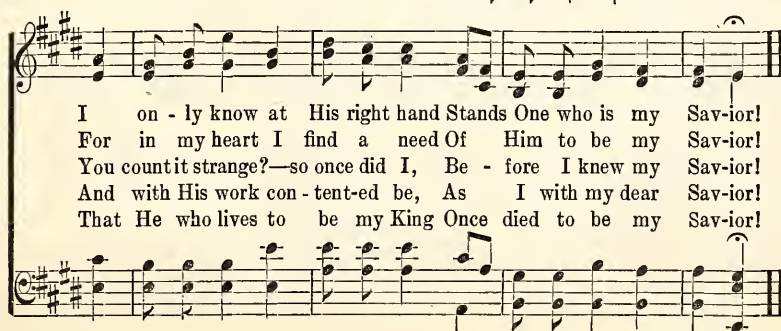
Dora Greenwell.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I am not skilled to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plan'd;
2. I take Him at His word in-deed: "Christ died for sin-ners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that He ful - filled may see The tra - vail of His soul in me,
5. Yea, liv - ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

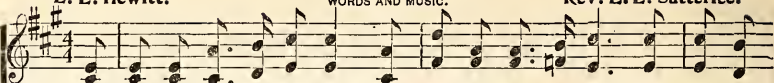


I on - ly know at His right hand Stands One who is my Sav - ior!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - ior!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - ior!
And with His work con - tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - ior!
That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav - ior!

E. E. Hewitt.

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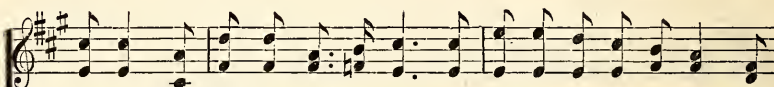
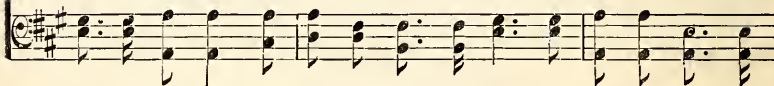
Rev. E. E. Satterlee.



1. There's no one like my Sav-ior; No friend can be like Him; My nev-er-
2. There's no one like my Sav-ior; In sea-sons of dis-tress, He draws me
3. There's no one like my Sav-ior, He par-dons all my sin; And gives His
4. There's no one like my Sav-ior; Come now, and find it true; He gave His



fail-ing sun-shine When earth-ly lights grow dim; When summer flow'rs are
 clos-er to Him, To com-fort and to bless; He gives me, in temp-
 Ho-ly Spir-it, A spring-ing well with-in; He leads me out to
 life a ran-som; His blood was shed for you; Then when we reach the



blooming, The brightness of my joy, O, may His hap-py serv-ice My
 ta-tion, The strength of His right arm; His an-gels camp around me, To
 serv-ice, With gen-tle touch and mild; O, won-der of all won-ders, That
 Cit-y Of ev-er-last-ing light, We'll sing with saints and angels, All



REFRAIN.



heart and life em-ploy!
 keep me from all harm. No one, no one like my precious Sav-ior,
 I should be His child.
 hon-or, pow'r and might.



No One Like My Savior.

1 2 *rit.*

No one, no one such a friend can be; Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus cares for me.

No. 169. Safe Within the Vail.

Rev. E. Adams.

J. M. Evans.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are way-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
 2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless-ed wave their hands,
 3. There, let go the an-chor rid-ing On this calm and silvery bay;
 4. Now we're safe from all temp-tation, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav-ly forms are seen
 Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright, im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores to sun-ight stretch a-way
 Praise the Rock of our Sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that eter-nal shore
 Drop the an-chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

No. 170.

Beyond the Tide.

Lizzie De Armond.

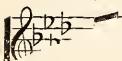
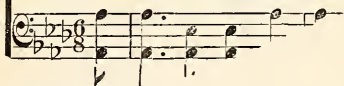
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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. If I could fly be - yond the tide, where shines
2. Tho' an - gel choirs should welcome sing, on
3. If I could fly be - yond the



Beyond the Tide.

long-ing soul would be, And see the face... of Christ, my
And see the bless-ed face, sweet face of Christ, of Christ, my

Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n,.. whose smile makes heav'n for me.
Lord, Whose smile makes heav'n for me, for me

No. 171.

The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

FINE

He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.

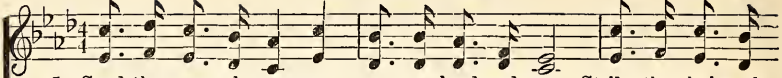
D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung,.... Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

D. S.

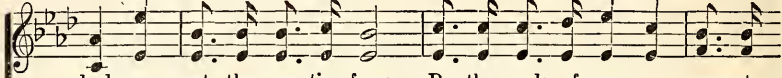
"Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

C. H. G.

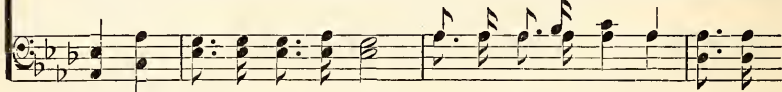
Chas. H. Gabriel.



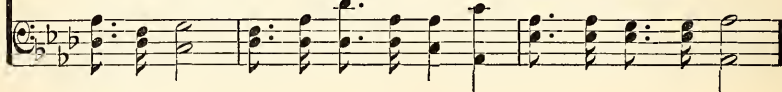
1. Send the gos-pel mes-sage o - ver land and sea, Strike the chains of
2. Need we cross the sea the la - bor to be - gin, While a-round us
3. In - to all the world, go, preach the word of peace; Work, and watch, and



dark-ness, set the cap-tive free; Be the work of mer-cy earn-est-
souls 'are dy - ing in their sin? 'Neath the ver - y shad-ows of our
pray, His king-dom to in - crease. Give of time and tal - ent, give of



ly be - gun, Tell to ev - 'ry crea-ture what the Lord has done.
sa - cred spires See the smoke of in - cense rise from Pa - gan fires.
earth-ly store, Send the bless-ed news: "God reigns from shore to shore."



CHORUS.



Send..... the bless-ed news, On the wings of
Send the bless-ed news, Send the bless-ed news On the wings of faith and



faith and ear- nest prayer;..... Send the news,..... the bless-ed
love and ear - nest prayer, Send the news; Send the bless-ed news,



Send the News.

news! In - to all the world the ti - dings bear.
Send the bless-ed news! In - to all the world the gos - pel ti - dings bear.

No. 173.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev - er, lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

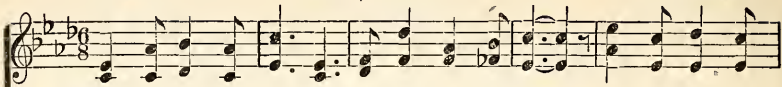
CHORUS.

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;
{ His faithful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

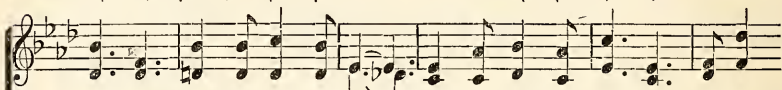
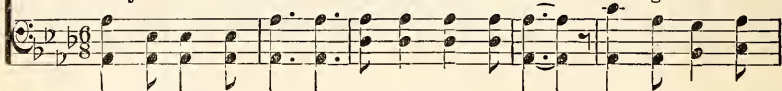
G. M. Bills,

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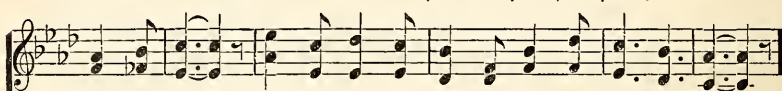
H. L. McPhail.



1. Would you shine for Je - sus? Let His love im - part Ar - dor to your
2. Would you shine for Je - sus 'Mid the care - less throng? Im - i - tate His
3. Would you shine for Je - sus As a mir - ror true? Im - age forth His



ac - tions, Com - fort to your heart; With your soul il - lum - ined By the
 grac - es As you pass a - long; Make no weak sur - ren - der To the
 good - ness As re - veal'd in you. If you thus re - flect Him Till this



Spir - it's glow, You will be a bea - con In this world of woe.
 coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from e - vil, And your lips from guile.
 life is o'er; You will in His king - dom Shine for - ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light di - vine To the sad and
 Shin - ing for Jesus, yes, shining for Je - sus,



err - ing, Thus for Je - sus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus,
 Shin - ing for Je - sus, yes, shining for Je - sus,



Would You Shine for Jesus?

Bringing light di - vine To the sad and err-ing, Thus for Je-sus shine.

No. 175. Jesus Will Wash it Away.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Bring all your sin to the Cru - ci - fied One, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth - er fountain for sin can a - vail, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
3. O, what an off - ring for sin He hath made, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex - ult - ant o'er sin, Je - sus will wash it a - way;

Haste for your life un - to Cal - va - ry run, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
No oth - er comfort when fears shall assail, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
Come where the price of redemption was paid, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Je - sus will wash it a - way.

CHORUS.

Come, come, and His bidding o - bey, Come, come, and be - liev - ing you'll say,

Je - sus hath saved me, praise Him to - day, Je - sus hath washed my sin a - way.

No. 176. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,
By and by,



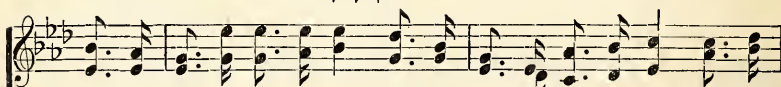
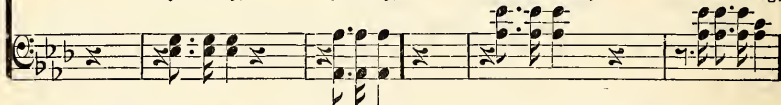
by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,
by and by



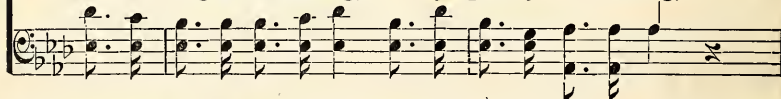
CHORUS



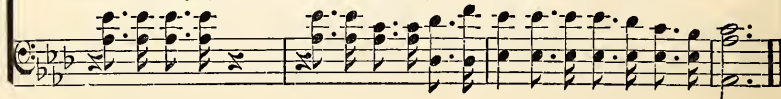
By and by, by and by. We shall stand, . . . before the King, . . .
By and by, by and by, We shall stand, before the King,



With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-



lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand before the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah; hal - le - lu - jah; we shall stand



No. 177. What Shall it Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Hous-es and a - cres so broad?
 2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
 3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am - bi - tion and fame?

No ti - tle to man-sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, And none to the
 And know not the friend-ship of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of Je - sus who
 If Christ in the life - book of glo - ry e - ter - nal, Had nev - er re -

CHORUS.

cit - y of God?
 died for thy sake? What shall it prof - it thee then?.....
 cord - ed thy name? prof - it thee then?

Tho' the whole world be thine own..... When the death - an - gel has
 The whole world be thine own,

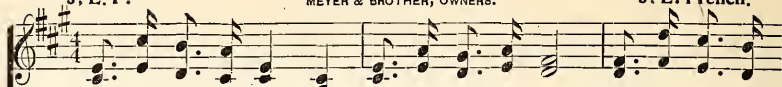
called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has flown.

No. 178. Marching in the King's Highway.

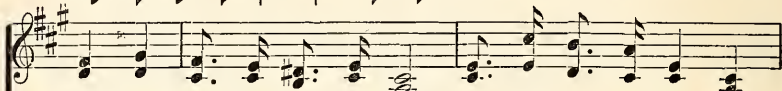
J. E. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. E. FRENCH.
MEYER & BROTHER, OWNERS.

J. E. French.



1. 'Tis a might-y ar-my, see the ban-ners wave, Marching on to
2. On-ward to the con-flict, fight-ing for the right, Hearts are true and
3. See the foe ad-vanc-ing on the bat-tle-field, Has-ten to the
4. O the day of tri-umph, when the bat-tle's o'er, Tent-ing in the



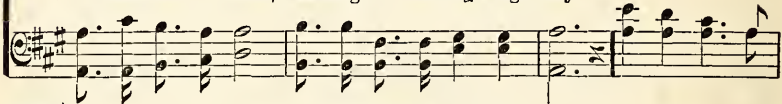
bat-tle, march-ing on to save. Trust-ing in the Cap-tain,
fear-less, ar-mor strong and bright; Up the rug-ged mount-ain,
res-cue with your sword and shield. With His name to con-quer,
twi- light on the Gold-en Shore! Fie-ry darts of Sa-tan



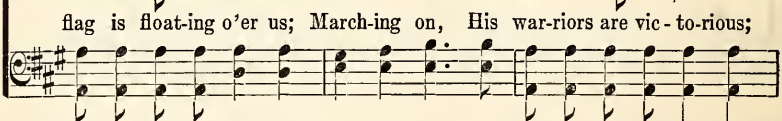
CHORUS.



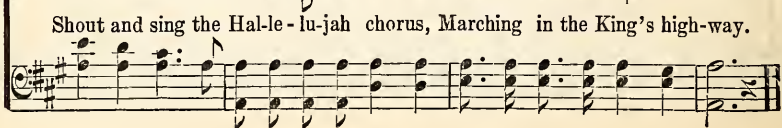
fearless, strong and brave, Marching in the King's high-way.
scal-ing ev-ry height, Marching in the King's high-way. Marching on, His
we shall nev-er yield, Marching in the King's high-way.
we shall fear no more, Marching in the King's high-way.



flag is float-ing o'er us; March-ing on, His war-riors are vic-to-ri-ous;



Shout and sing the Hal-le-lu-jah chorus, Marching in the King's high-way.



To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

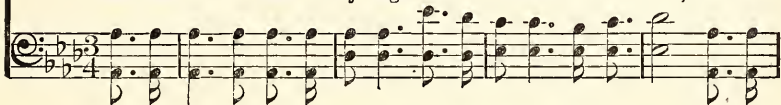
E. O. E.

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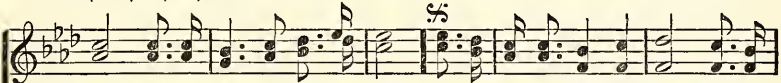
E. O. Excell.



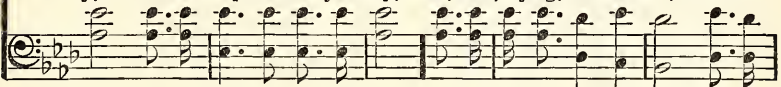
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dy

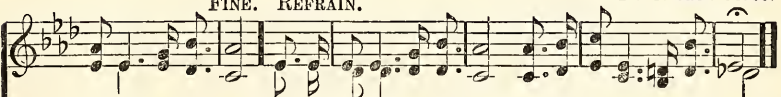


wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

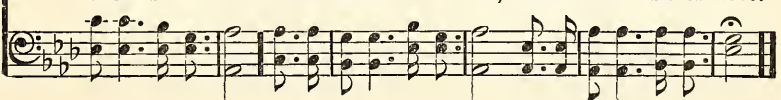


FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S. each verse.



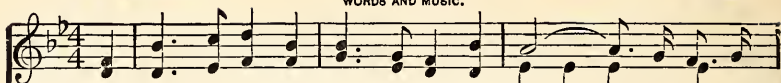
lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.



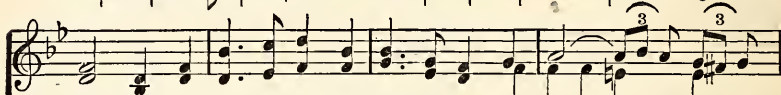
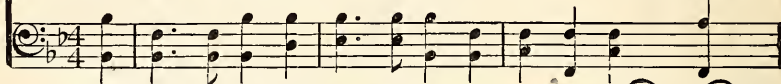
D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

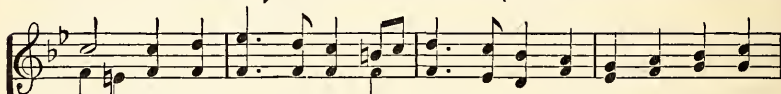
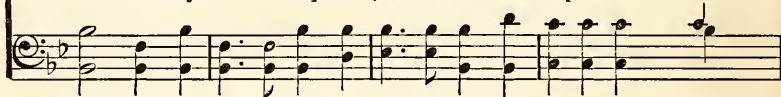
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and



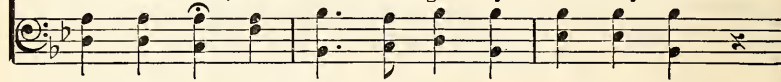
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-



dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

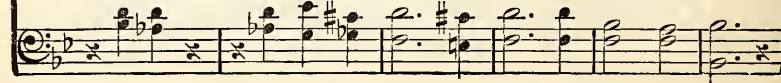


heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All



hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well.

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis - dom and pow - er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Rev. D. W. Myland.

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Rev. D. W. Myland.

Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.



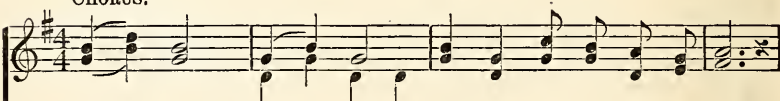
1. Cleanse me, oh, my Sav-i-or, cleanse me From the stain of in-bred sin;
2. This the end of all my prone-ness, Now my wand'rings all shall cease;
3. Oh! the love and joy of serv-ice In this life of rest to know;



Make my heart all pure and ho - ly, Throne of Thine a - bid - ing reign.
Heart re-newed and mind o - be - dient, Gar - ri - soned by His sweet Peace.
Glad - ly do - ing all He bid - deth, Days of Heav'n while here be - low. .



CHORUS.



Cleanse me, hide me, From all sin and self set free:
Cleanse, oh, cleanse me; hide, oh, hide me;



Life of Je-sus, guide and keep me, Giv - ing constant vic - to - ry.



Children's Songs

No. 182.

I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.


Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



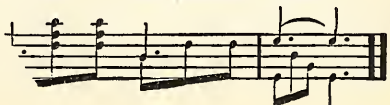
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show - ing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
v - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



No. 183. Open the Door for the Children.

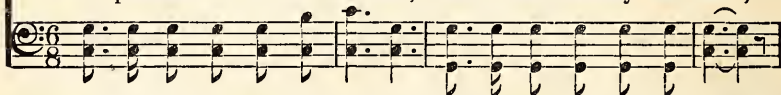
Mary E. Kidder.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL.

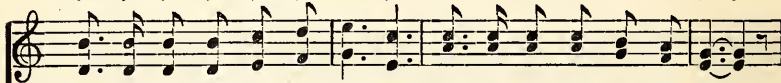
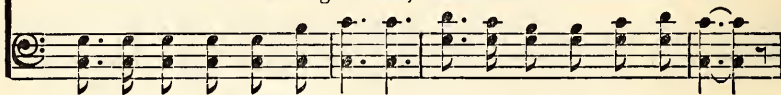
E. O. Excell.



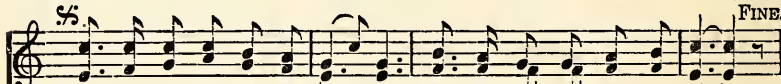
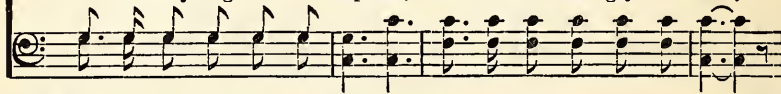
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



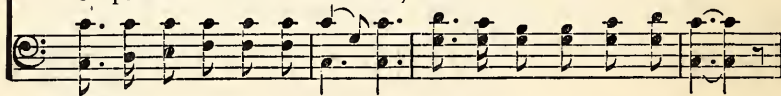
In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.



Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

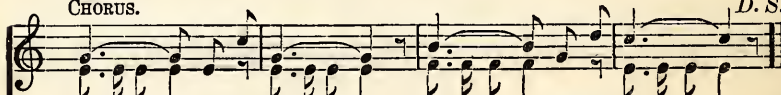


D. S. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

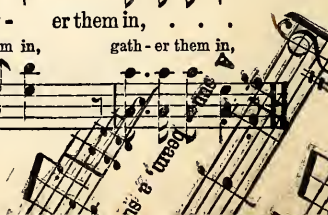
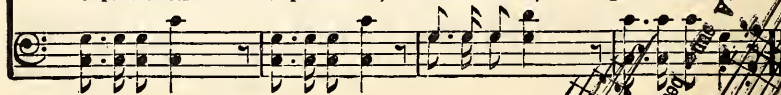


CHORUS.

D. S.



O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,



Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of Heav - en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sunbeams day by day, And

most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat-ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's

sun-beams Of love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers, Of

CHORUS.

oft - en gath - er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 185.

Jewels.

W. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. { When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, His [Omit . . .] own,—
2. { He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [Omit . . .] own.
3. { Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er, Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His [Omit . . .] own.

CHORUS.

- { Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 186.

Around the Throne of God.

Annie Shepherd.

Henry E. Mathews.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil - dren stand;
2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin,
4. On earth they sought the Sav - ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Chil - dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band:
Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade:
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean:
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb:

Around the Throne of God.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

No. 187. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, beau - ti - ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 188. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM.)

James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Ye ran - somed
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter -
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown

pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
 from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown

. Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
 Him, Crown Him, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all

crown Him Crown Him; . And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 189. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

Devotional Hymns.

No. 190. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid-ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 191. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;

My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gather'd home; }
 { No pain nor death can en-ter there; (*Omit.*) } We'll be gather'd home,

{ We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, }
 { We'll wait till Jesus comes, And (*Omit.*) } we'll be gather'd home.
 we'll wait we'll wait.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

4 Let others seek a home below
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
 Be mine the heavenly lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 And nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 193. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

1. { Sitting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say!
 Happy place, so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each (*Omit*) day.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past:
 For His love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at (*Omit*) last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 Where can mortal be more blest?
 There I lay my sins and sorrows,
 And, when weary, find sweet rest;
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 There I love to weep and pray,
 While I from His fullness gather
 Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O, my Savior, bless me,
 As I sit low at Thy feet,
 Oh, look down in love upon me,
 Let me see Thy face so sweet;
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
 Make me holy as He is:
 May I prove I've been with Jesus,
 Who is all my righteousness.

M. M. W.

HOLY SPIRIT.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.
 Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear;
 Gropping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 195. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

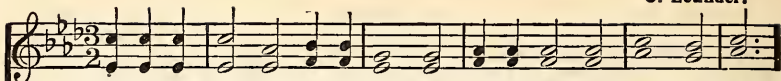
Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He derote that
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

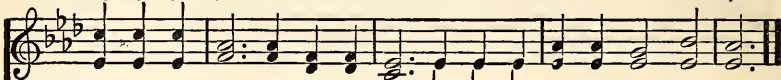
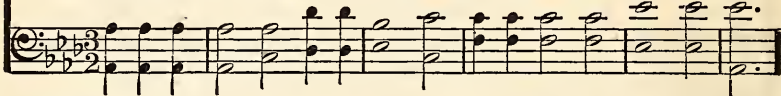
sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

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.

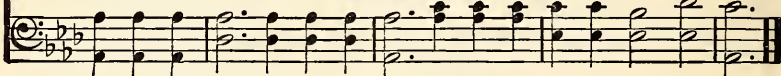
4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away, —
 'Tis all that I can do,



1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more -



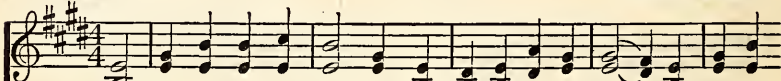
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
 Bid rag-ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem-pest in - to peace.
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus - Lord of all.



No. 197. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

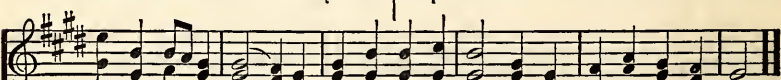
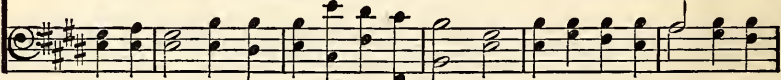
Lowell Mason.



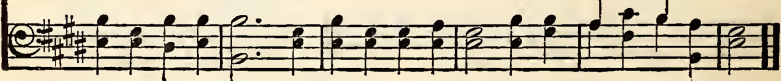
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a



sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From
 men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The
 sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The



many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
 joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
 Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.



No. 198.

Consecration.

J. R. Zook.



1. Our lives we give to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Thy songs we
2. My con-se-cra-tion, Lord, For-ev-er now is made Be-yond re-call; I'll be Thy
3. When from Thy throne you come To make this earth Thy home, And on it reign; Then we thy



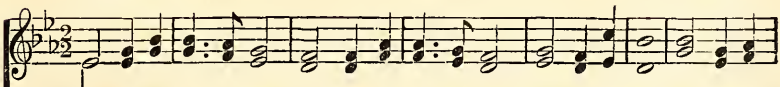
love to sing, And make the heavens ring With prais-es to my King For-ev-er more.
 faithful child, From all sin un-de-fil-ed, Till Thou dost come to guide My spir-it home.
 na-tions be In that land of purity, From grief and death be free With Thee our Lord.



No. 199. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

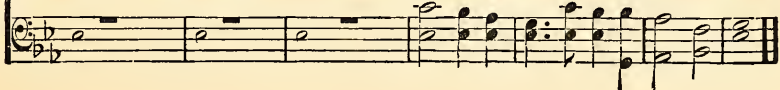
L. Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side!
 then in love Fear and dis-tress re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soull



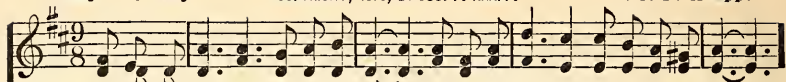
No. 200.

Blessed Assurance.

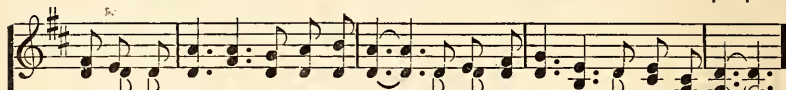
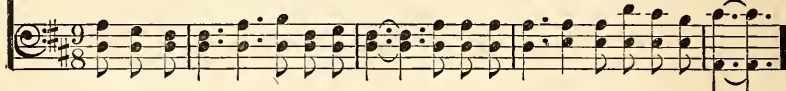
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

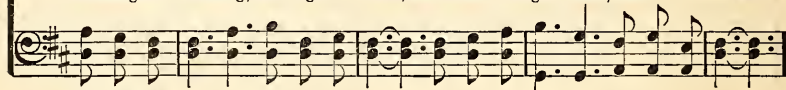
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



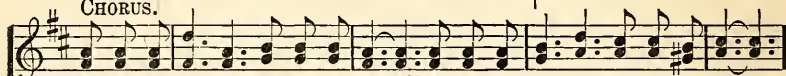
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de-light, Vi-sions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am happy and blest;



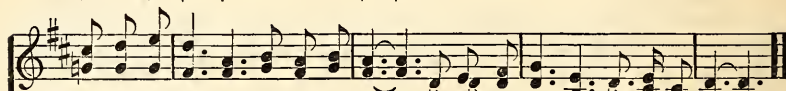
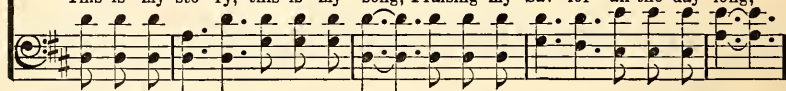
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
 Watching and wait-ing, looking a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



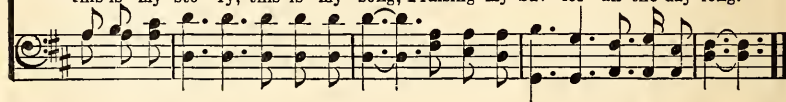
CHORUS.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long;



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

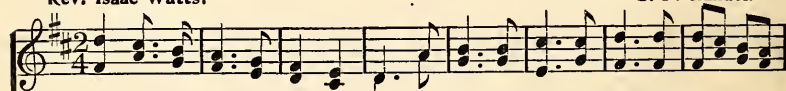


No. 201.

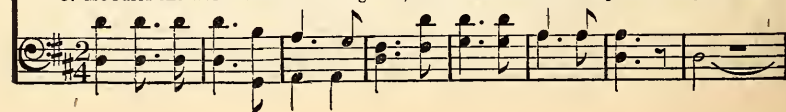
Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo-ries



Joy to the World.

heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
 make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture,

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing And heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 202.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

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

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand 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,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 203.

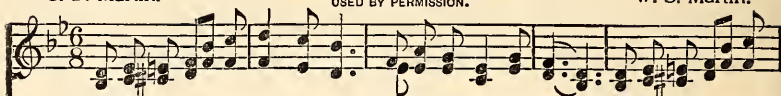
God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

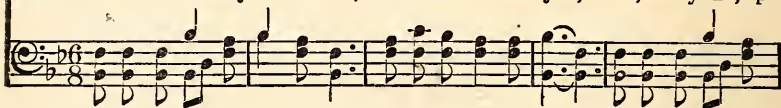
C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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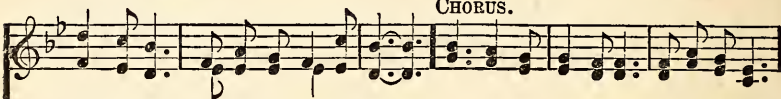
W. S. Martin.



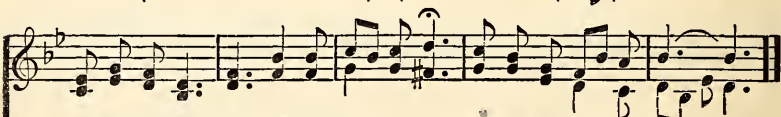
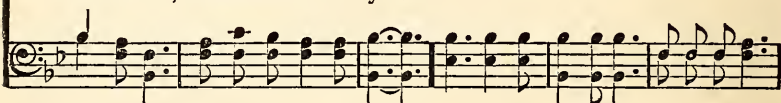
1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when hearts doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-



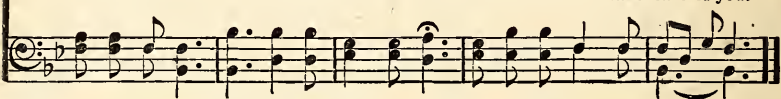
CHORUS.



love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
 be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 on His breast, God will take care of you.



O'er all the way; He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
 take care of you.



No. 204.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



Lord, I'm Coming Home.

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bitter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

No. 205.

There is a Fountain.

Cowper.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
 D. C.—And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit]

2 FINE.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 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 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Is ransomed from the grave.

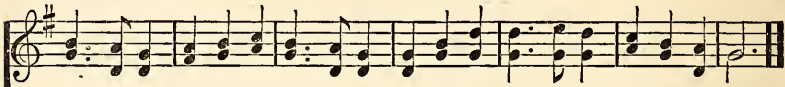
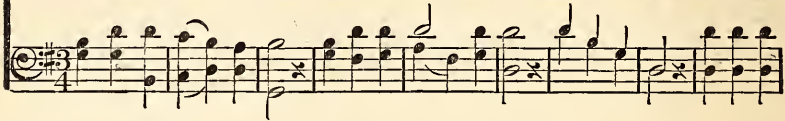
No. 206. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



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



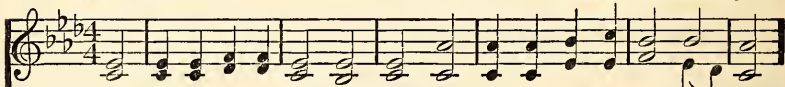
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'rl
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love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



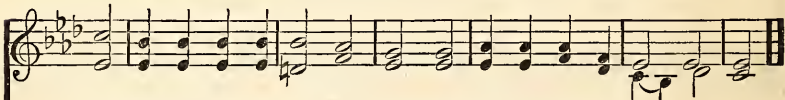
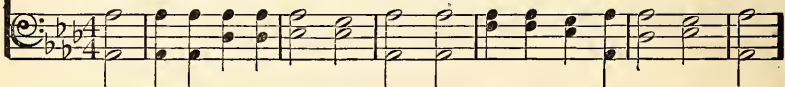
No. 207. 'T is Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

William B. Tappan.

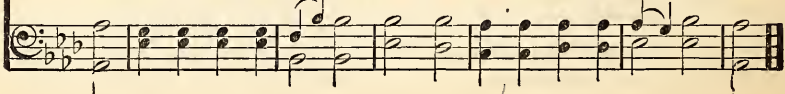
William B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;



'T is mid-night; in the gar-den, now, The suf-fring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-pole whom He loved Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.



No. 208. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogdén.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

D. S.—"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.
He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble

D. S.

Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest,

2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 209. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { Why do you lin - ger in dark-ness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now.)
{ Have you not friends in the heav-en - ly throng? Je - sus is wait - ing [Omit . . .] to save. (you now.)
2. { Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now.)
{ An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait - ing [Omit . . .] to save. (you now.)

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now.) to save. (you now.)

3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!
Jesus is waiting to save;
Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?
Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
Jesus is waiting to save;
Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 210.

To Galv'ry I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. C. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak - ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep - er, deep - er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow - ing from the cross, Let the might - y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Th. the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di - vine, Mak - ing "earth - en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash - ing there the gar - ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal - v'ry I will go, The bless - ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who - so - ev - er will;" Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go.

No. 211.

No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

D. C. — There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 212. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Whers I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

1
2
Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 213. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to this Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

1
2
glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul
glo-ry in my soul

1. There is a gate that etands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Crose a - far
 2. That gate a - jar etands free for all Who seek thro' it eal - va - tion; Therich and poor,the great and emall,

REFRAIN.

The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
 Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

For me..... for me?... Was left a - jar for me?
 For me For me

3 Pree onward, then, tho' foee may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open,
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is-given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.

No. 215. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y bank's I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } my pos - ees - sions lie.
 { To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where }

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green ehore,.....
 by and by, ev - er - green ashore.

Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

- 2'er all those wide-extended plains, Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd lanch away.

No. 216.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE

D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>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!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 217.

Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.

1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the high-est bil-lows
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with-in the valley,
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you can-not toward the needy
4. Do not, then, stand i - die wait-ing For some great-er work to do; While the fields are white to harvest

Laugh-ing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sail-ors, Anchored yet with-in the bay,
While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap-py meas-ure As they slow - ly pass a - long;
Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the af - flict-ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep,
And the Mas - ter calls for you, Go and toil in an - y vine-yard Do not fear to do or dare;

You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
Tho' they may for-get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for-get the song.
You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet, Sit-ting at the Sav-ior's feet.
If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y - where.

No. 218.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di- vide you.

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je- sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

feet; God be with you till we meet a- gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round 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 threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 219.

Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter.

J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo- ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit- ting up my man- sion, Which e- ter- nal- ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en- ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it- self shall then be van- quished, And his sting shall be with- drawn; Shout for glad- ness,

CHORUS.

gone be- fore me, To ful- fill my soul's re- quest.
not be tran- sient, In that ho- ly, hap- py land. } There is rest for the wear- y,
les- tial cen- ter, I a crown of life shall wear. } On the oth- er side of Jor- dan,
oh, ye ran- somed! Hail with joy the ris- ing morn.

There is rest for the wear- y, There is rest for the wear- y, There is rest for you; }
In the sweet fields of E- den, Where the tree of life is bloom- ing, There is rest for you. }

No. 220.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that heau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
 3. To our houn - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling placé there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the hless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

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

No. 221.

The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
 2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
 3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, Theré my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
 4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
 breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, My Sav-ior is
 heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
 home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

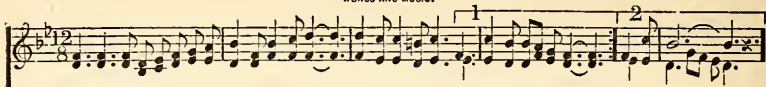
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Galling the Prodigal.

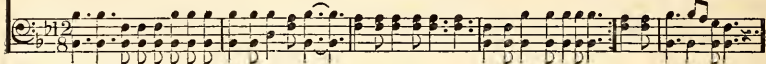
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



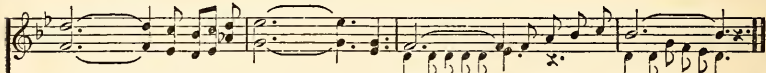
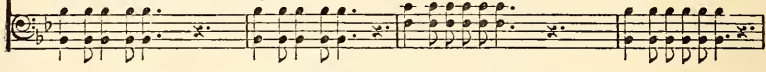
1. { God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
{ Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee:] calling still. (calling still.)



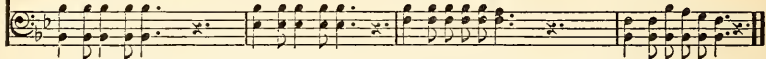
CHORUS.



Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;



Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come,.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

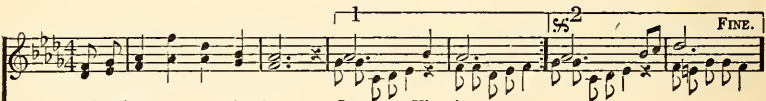
No. 223.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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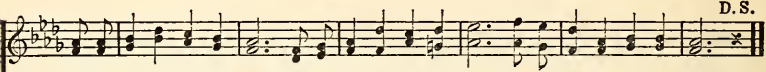
E. O. Excell.



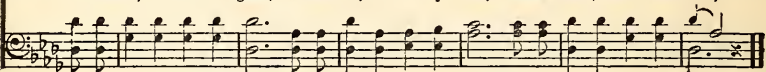
1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
{ He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,



2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 224. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phæbe Carey.

Phillip Phillips.

1. One sweetly sol-ern tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea. | 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown. | 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think. |
|--|--|---|

No. 225. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]

2.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ter there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' yoursins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." | 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there? |
|---|--|

No. 226. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

D. C.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more. | 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. |
|--|--|

No. 227. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.

Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-may'd! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
 4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,

What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-p-o-tent hand.
 For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 228. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- The Lord is my Shepherd, no want sha'll I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe fold'd I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
 I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 229. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 230. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He

say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 231. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
 2. { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; }
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }
 { Let the fiery, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Be Thon still my

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thon still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

No. 232. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lol the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance.
 Zion's King will surely send.

No. 233. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O Thon God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin;
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise Thee;
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests His pardoning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall His glorions image bear.
- 3 While the angel cho'rs are crying,
 "Glory to the great I AM,"
 I with them will still be vying—
 "Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
 O how precions
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 234. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

FINE.

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne.
 D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.
 Jesus rules the world alone;
 Je-sus rules the world a-lone;

- 2 Jesus, hail whose glory brightens,
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on
 earth;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine:
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thon hast made
 Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
 2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bont With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

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! 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! I come!

No. 236. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

I. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 } And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit] O Lamb of God, I come!
 1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
 2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 237. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton.

Lewis Edson.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 D. S.—But when I am hap-py in Him

FINE D. S.

Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume | 3 Content with beholding His face, | 4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 And sweeter than music His voice; | My all to His pleasure resigned, | If Thou art my sun and my song,
 His presence disperses my gloom, | No changes of season or place [mind: | Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And makes all within me rejoice; | Would make any change in my | And why are my winters so long?
 I should, were He always thus nigh, | While blest with a sense of His love, | O drive these dark clouds from the sky.
 Have nothing to wish or to fear; | A palace a toy would appear; | Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
 No mortal so happy as I; | And prisons would palaces prove, | Or take me to Thee up on high,
 My summer would last all the year. | If Jesus would dwell with me there. | Where winter and clouds are so more.

No. 238. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al han - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

FINE D. S.

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
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,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 239. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 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 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of heaven,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

No. 240. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We hear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle;
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to har the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 241. O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 242. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 243. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

No. 244. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the a -
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 245. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

No. 246. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
 sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.

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

No. 247. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; }
 Let us now a blessing seek, } Wait-ing in His courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.</p> | <p>3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy pesence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.</p> | <p>4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 248. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
 3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 249. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.</p> | <p>4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God:
 He'll take thee, at thy parting
 To His divine abode. [breath.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 250.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

2 D. C.

1. } Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 } Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongua } a-bove;
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

<p>1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry 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.</p>	<p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home: Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.</p>	<p>3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to bel Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prono to leave the God I love; [it, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal Seal it for Thy courts above.</p>
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No. 251.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune.

J. J. Rousseau.

2 D. C.

1. } Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
 } Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } I love Je-sus, yes I } do!
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 252.

The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

O, the fountain stands o-pen, The fountain stands o-pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea-ry soul.

No. 253.

The Gleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. } Ob, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; } Points to His wounded side.
 } Je- sus, my Lord, might-y to save. }

{ The gleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; }
 { Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

<p>2 I see the new creation rise, I bear the speaking blood: It speak! poluted nature dies— Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.</p>	<p>3 I rise to walk in beav'n's own light, Above the world and sin, [white With heart made pure and garments And Christ enthroned within.</p>	<p>4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus know, My Jesus crucified.</p>
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No. 254.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

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

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 255.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

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

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 256.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 { There to my heart was the blood applied; }
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 { There at the cross where He took me in; }
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry 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.

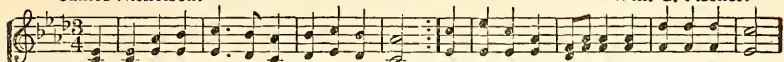
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 257.

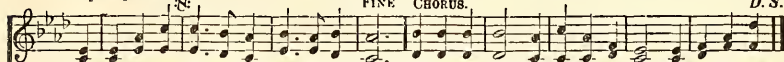
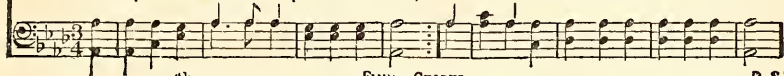
Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

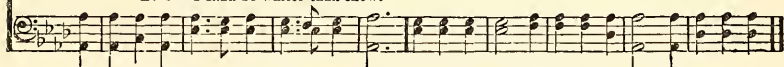
Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; } I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }



Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.



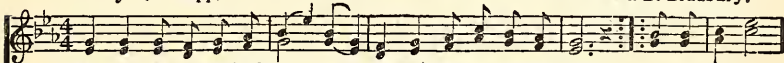
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 258.

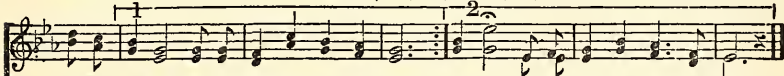
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

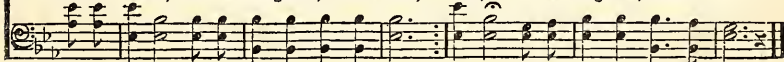
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care: } Bless - ed Je - sus,
 { In Thy pleas - ant past - ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: }



Bless - ed Je - sus, Thon hast bought us, Thine we are; Je - sus, Thon hast bought us, Thine we are.



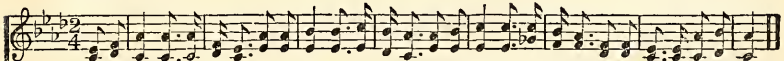
- 2 We are Thine; do Thon befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us.
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thon hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thon hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 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.

No. 259.

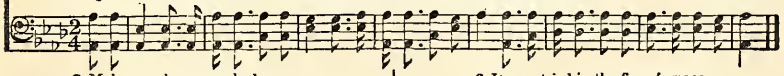
The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.



CHO—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.



- 2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE *D. S.*
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trem-ling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 261. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottom.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }
2. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. *rit.*
Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-howed head hut may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 262.

A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev - er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

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

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

No. 263.

J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
 wash-es white as snow.
 you are ful - ly blest.
 joys im - mor - tal flow.

{ 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.

No. 264.

Philip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. } Hap - py day, hap - py day,
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap - py day, hap - py day,

FINE **D. S.**

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this 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.

No. 265.

Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a - bove.

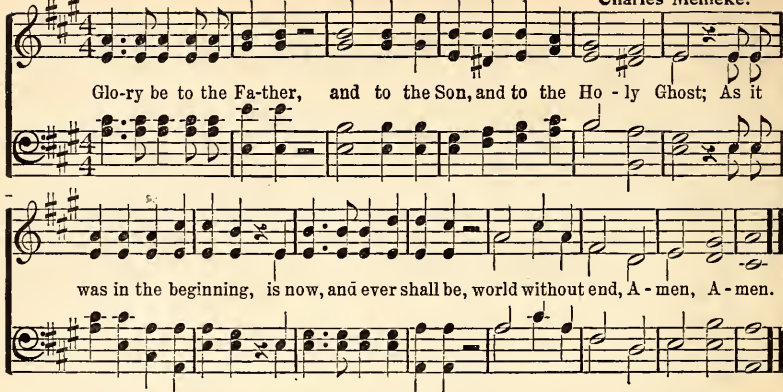
REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 266.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

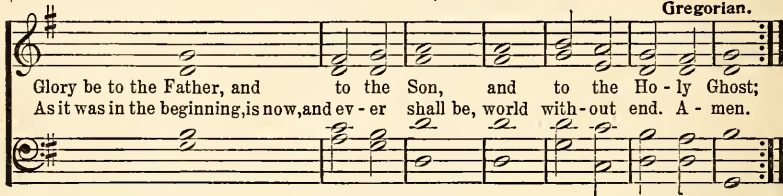


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

No. 267.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

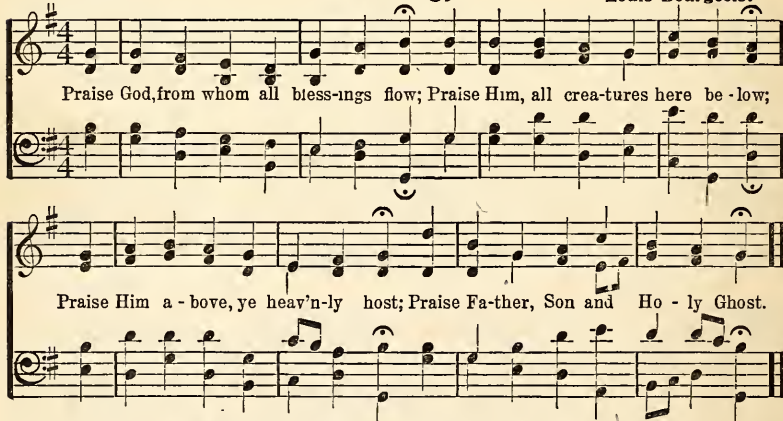


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 268.

Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 269. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord 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 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

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Once for all.

1. Free from the law, O happy condition,
Jesus hath bled and there is remission
earned by the law and bruised by the fall.
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

6 hours:

Once for all, O, sinner receive it,
Once for all, O, brother believe it,
Belong to the cross, the burden will fall
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2. Now we are free there is no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,
Come unto me O, hear His sweet call,
Come and he saves us once for all.

3. O hiding of God, O, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep you from
falling;
Passing from death to life at His
call.

Blessed salvation once for all.

