ONE HUNDRED

Favorite Songs

of The

Salvation Army.

Compiled by

COMMANDER
BOOTH TUCKER.

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ONE HUNDRED

Favorite Songs and Music

OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

TOGETHER WITH A COLLECTION OF FIFTY SONGS AND SOLOS

SECOND EDITION

COMPILED BY

COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER

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COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

CONSUL BOOTH TUCKER.

PREFACE.

MUSIC voices the heart-throbs of humanity. It crystalizes the tear in the eye of sorrow, and lends wings to earth's joys, and yet too often, alas, its charms are sacrificed before the Moloch of self-interest. But never is music more beautiful, more powerful, more inspiring than when it fulfils the purpose for which it was intended—the lifting and linking of the human to the Divine. Enshrined in this casket, the Gospel message, so glorious in itself, glitters with resplendent lustre.

Many a hardened heart, which has become deaf to the appeals of conscience, and insensible even to its own everlasting interests, has awakened to new life under the magic spell of song.

Nor has The Salvation Army from its very earliest inception been oblivious to the immense value of music in connection with its far-reaching mission.

A shrewd observer prophesied many years ago that it was destined to "sing its way around the world." But even he could hardly have foreseen that its own composers and poets would soon be creating a new chapter in the history of religious music and song, and that hundreds of new melodies, together with an average of over 5,000 new hymns, would be annually poured forth in an ever-increasing Niagara of harmony.

It will thus be understood that to make a selection from the most popular of these has been no easy task, although we have confined ourselves almost entirely to the composition of our Army musicians, many of

whose names and songs have already become famous, being translated into nearly all the leading languages of the world. Field Commissioner Miss Eva Booth, who commands in Canada, and Major Slater, of the International Headquarters, are among our principal musical contributors, while a goodly quota of American composers have added to the list.

One special feature of this present volume has been the inclusion of a number of the most popular secular airs by famous American composers. Among others we are greatly indebted to Professor Chas. K. Harris and Professor Paul Dresser for the permission they have kindly granted us to use some of their favorite melodies, for which words have been specially written by our Army song-writers. The collection will thus emphasize one of the most striking features of Salvation Army warfare, the adaptation of religious words to purely secular airs. "The Banks of the Wabash," "Just Break the News to Mother," and "Tell Her That You Saw Me," are amongst the tunes that have thus been dealt with.

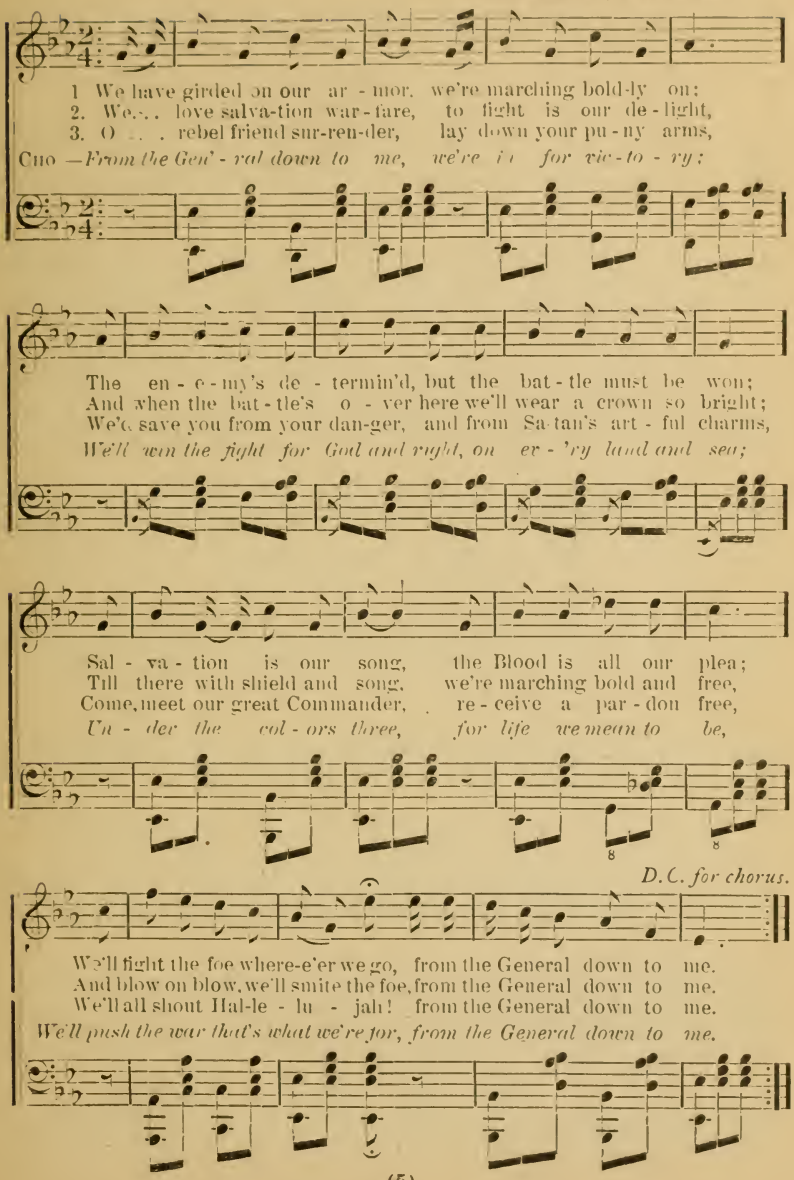
In regard to songs borrowed from other sources, we have sought to obtain previous permission, when this has been necessary, and to acknowledge the sources to which we were indebted. Should we have failed in any instances we shall be glad to acknowledge our oversight in future issues. We are indebted to the following publishers and composers to use some of their songs: The John Church Company; Messrs. Howley, Haviland & Company; Messrs. Eaton & Mains; Professor Chas. K. Harris; Mr. Paul Dresser; Dr. J. E. Rankin.

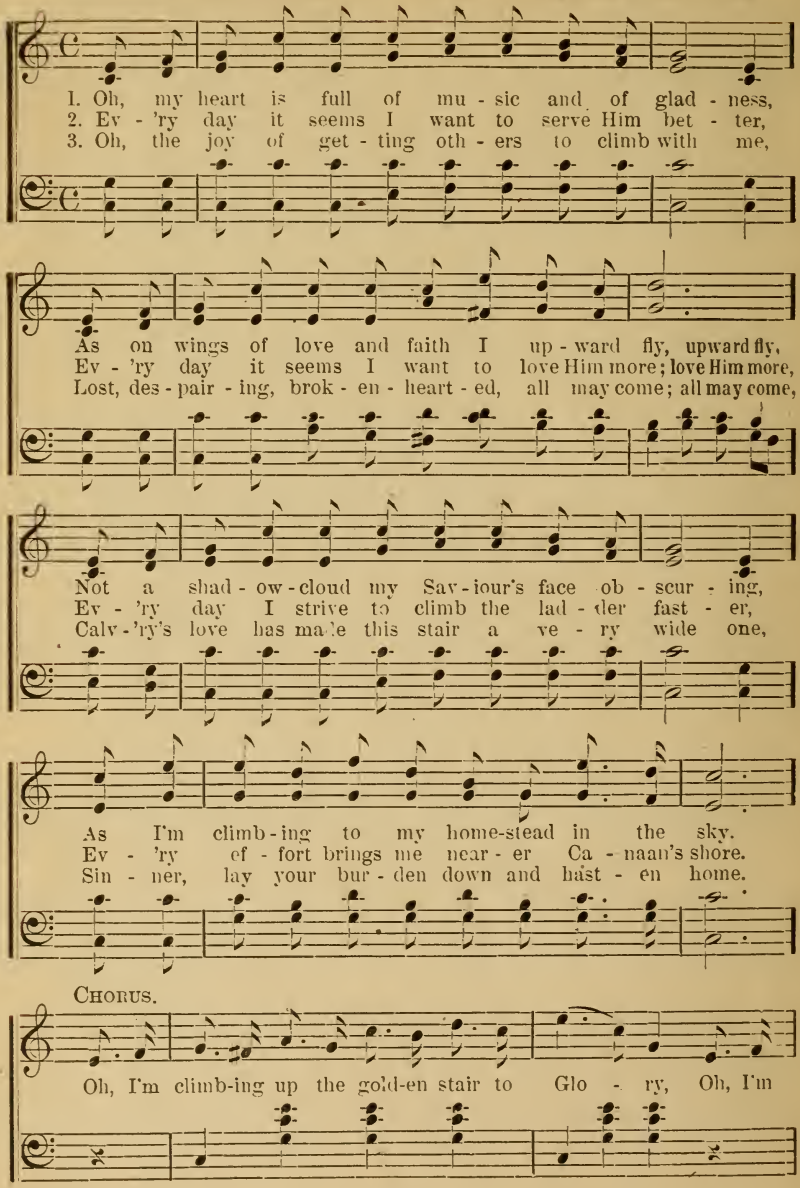
A considerable number of songs without music have also been added in order to aid its use for congregational purposes.

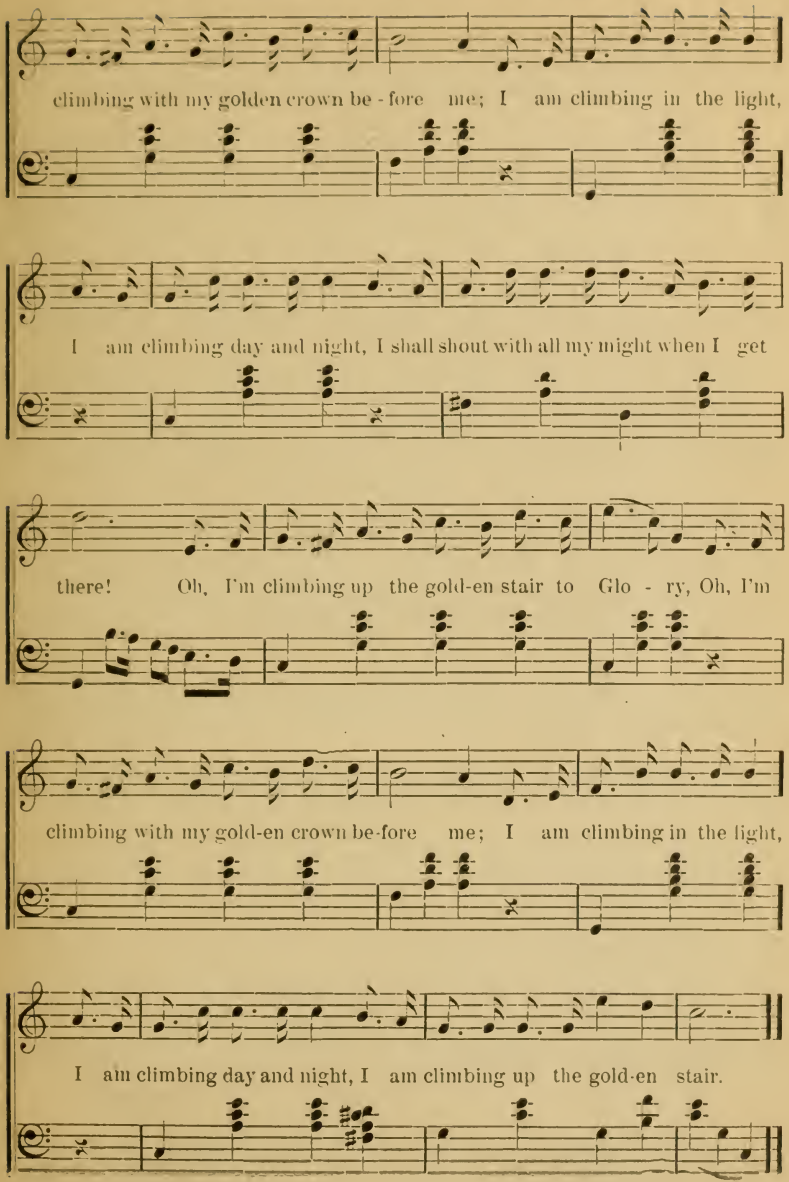
In conclusion, we would say that the object of this book is the conversion of sinners, the sanctification of saints and the infusion of the war spirit among Salvationists and professing Christians. Nearly every song included in the list has actually accomplished definite results of the above character, and with the earnest prayer that as feathering to the arrow God may make this music to His truth, we launch our effort upon the field of humanity's need.

F. de Lautour Booth-Tucker

1. # From the General Down to Me.

Words and Music by W. A. HAWLEY.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

2. Climbing up the Golden Stair.

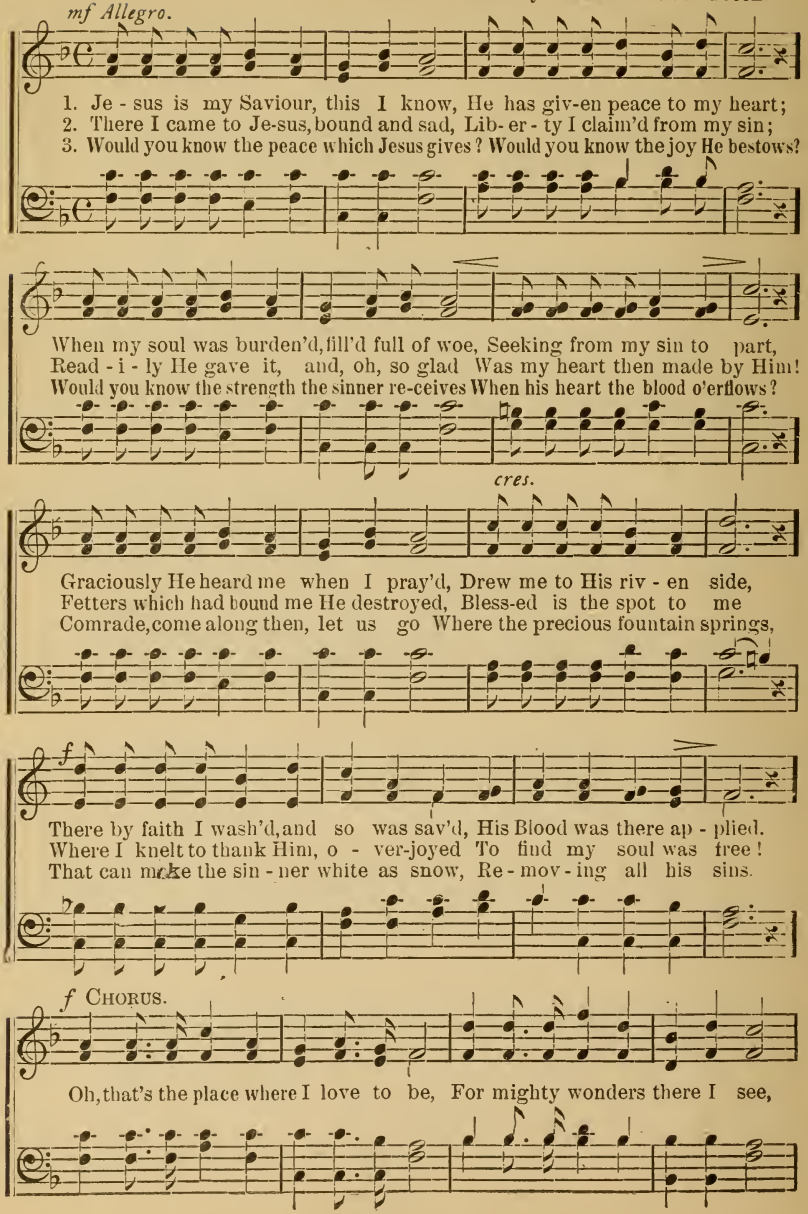
Words by CONSUL BOOTH TUCKER. Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

Climbing up the Golden Stair.



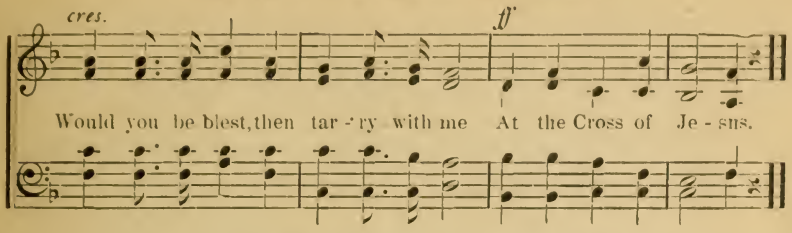
3.

Tarry at the Cross of Jesus.

Words and Music by COMMANDER H. H. BOOTH.

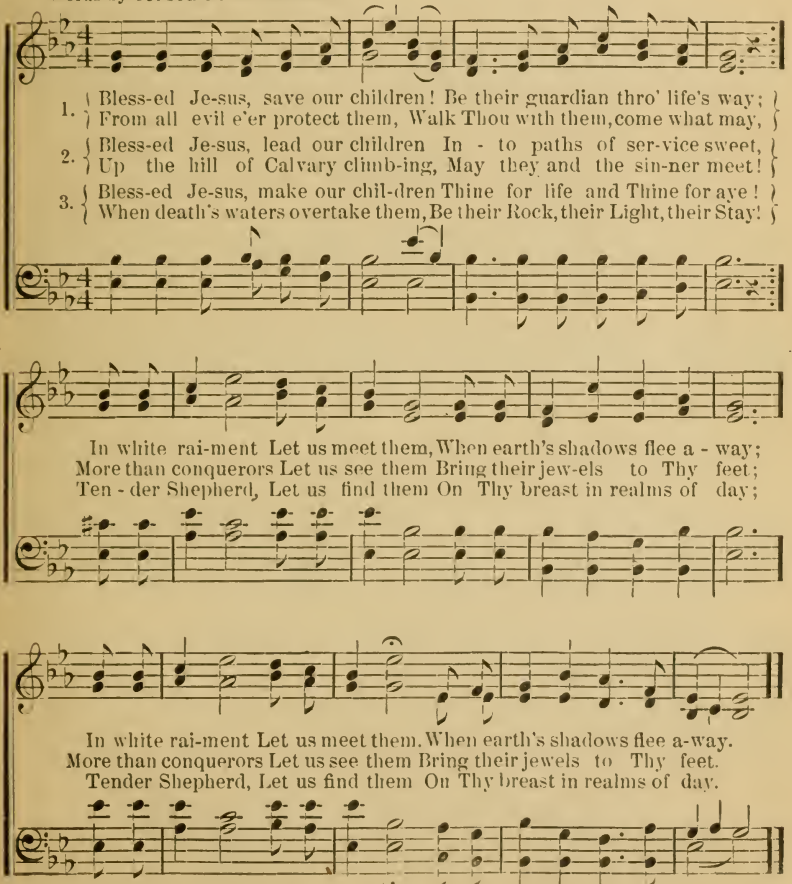


Tarry at the Cross of Jesus.



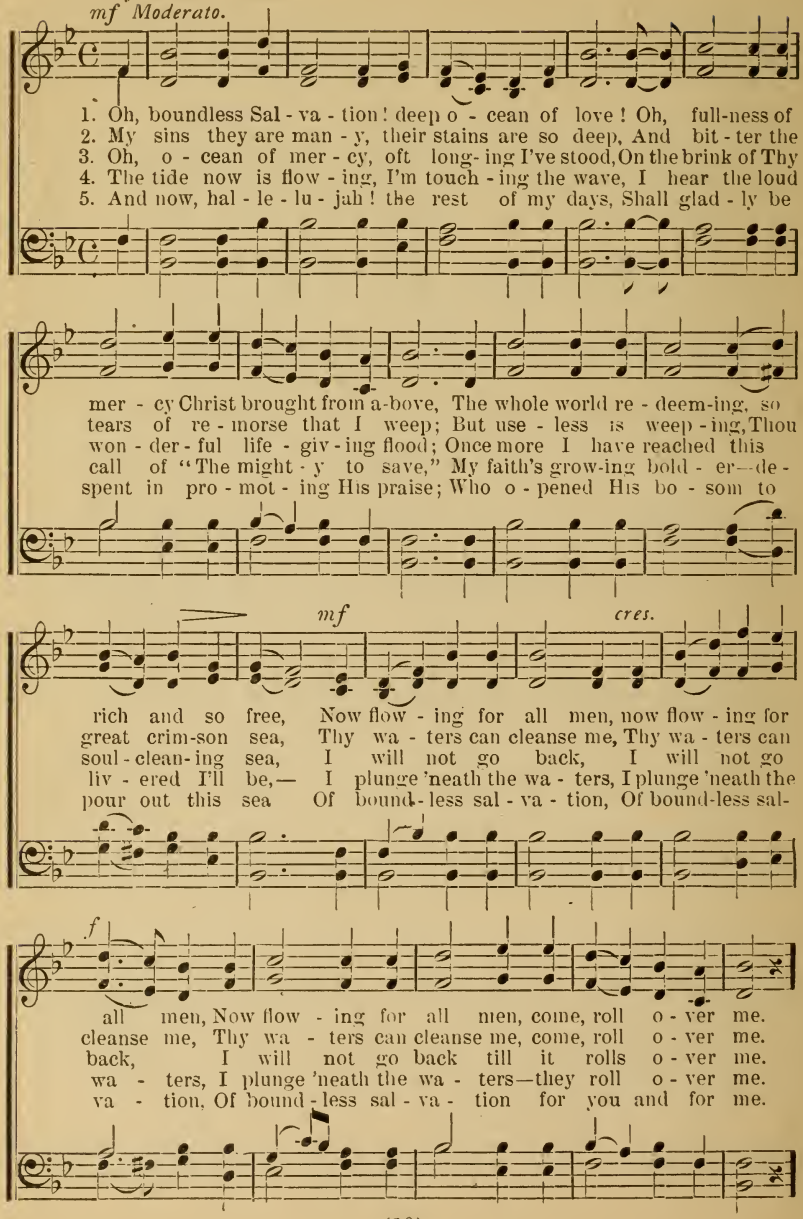
4. Blessed Jesus, Save our Children.

Words by CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

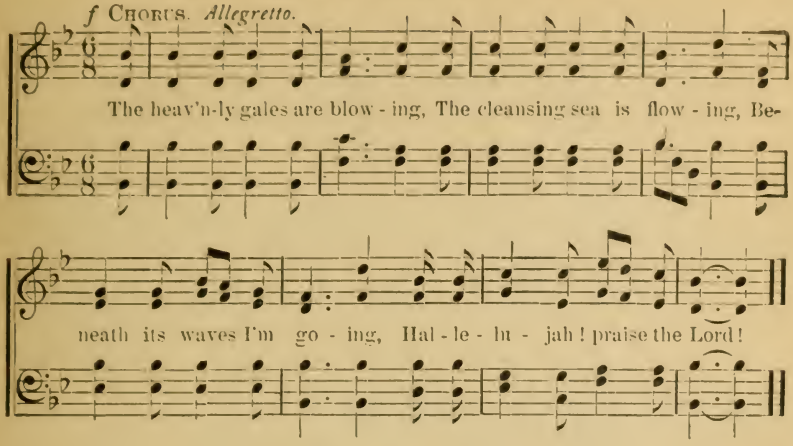


5. The Heavenly Gales are Blowing.

Words by GENERAL BOOTH.

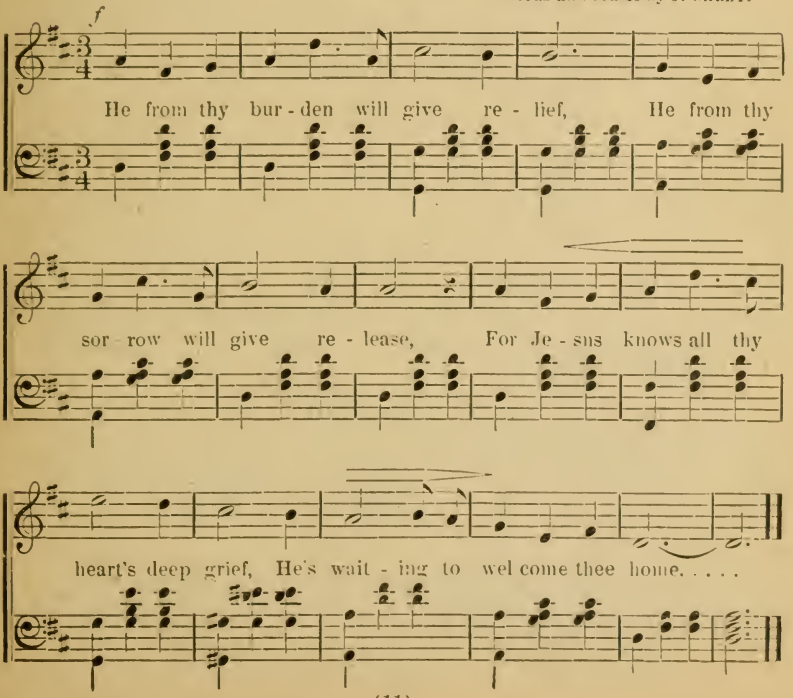


The Heavenly Gales are Blowing.



Chorus.

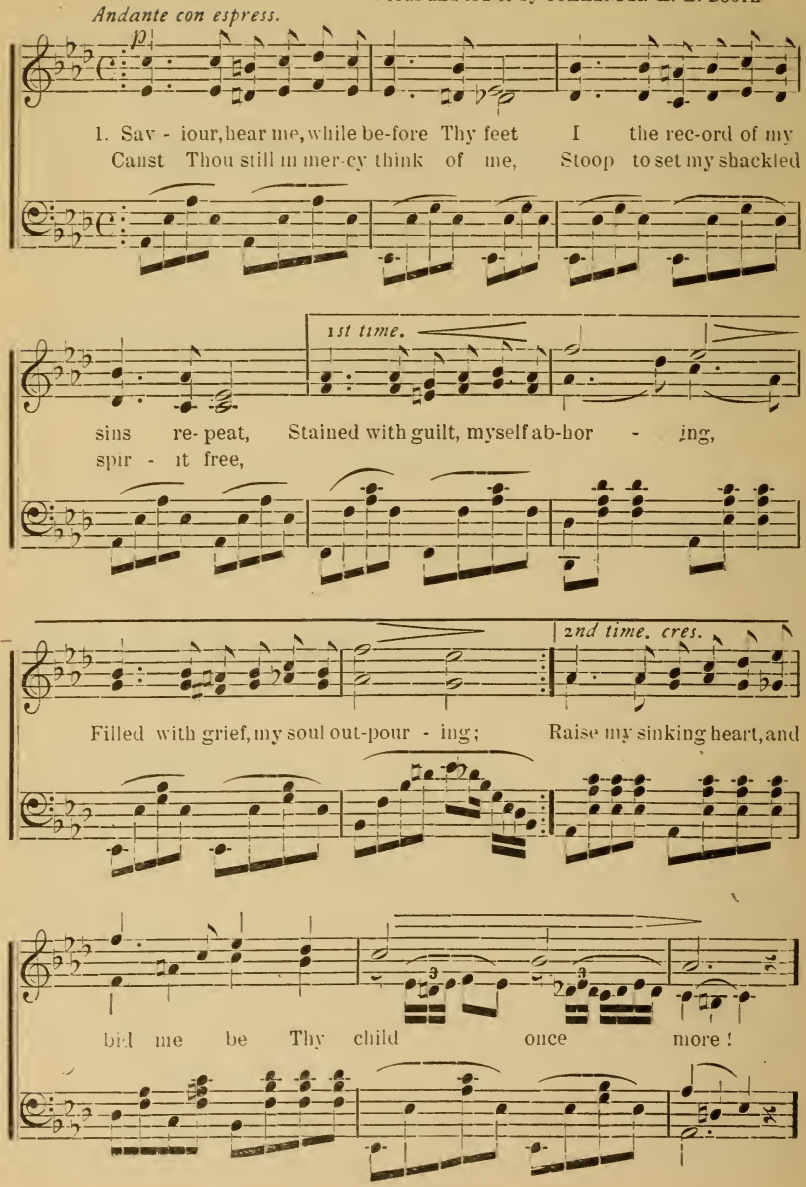
Words and Music by J. Oxley.



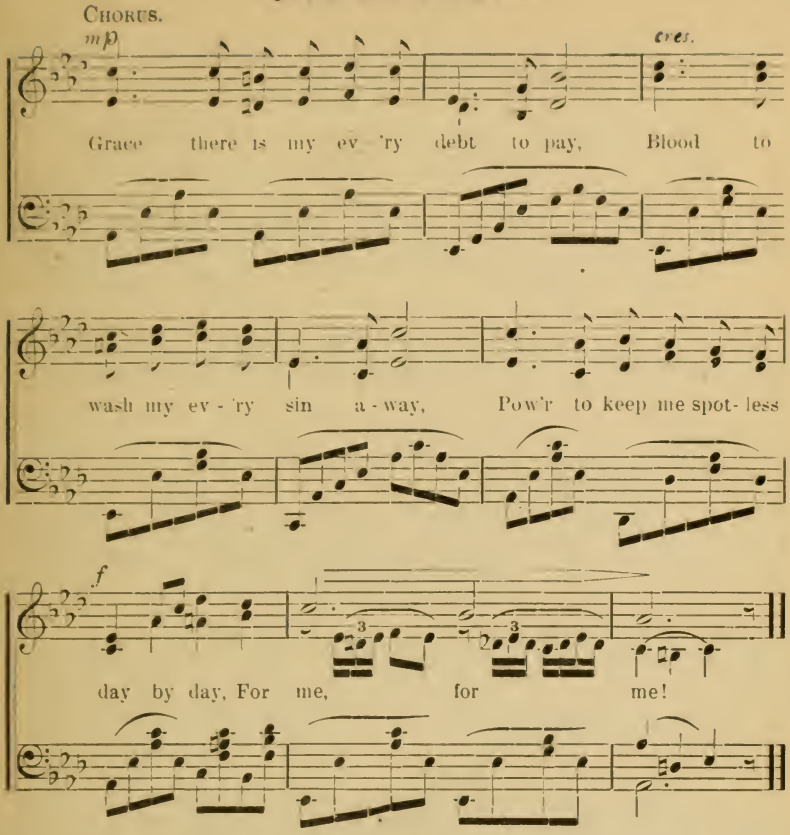
6.

The Penitent's Plea.

Words and Music by COMMANDER H. H. BOOTH.



The Penitent's Plea.



2 All the memories of deeds gone by
Rise within me and Thy pow'r defy;
With a deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul desparing.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me swell,
How to ease my conscience, or to quell
My flaming heart.

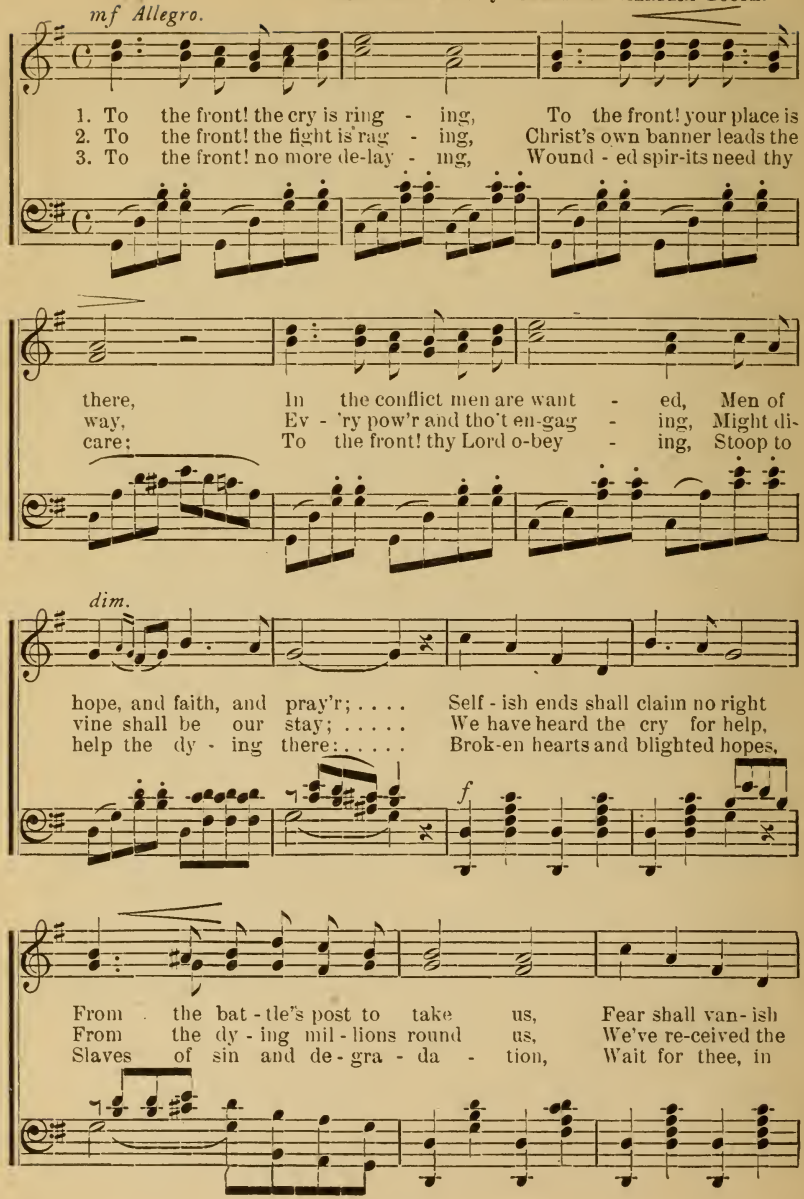
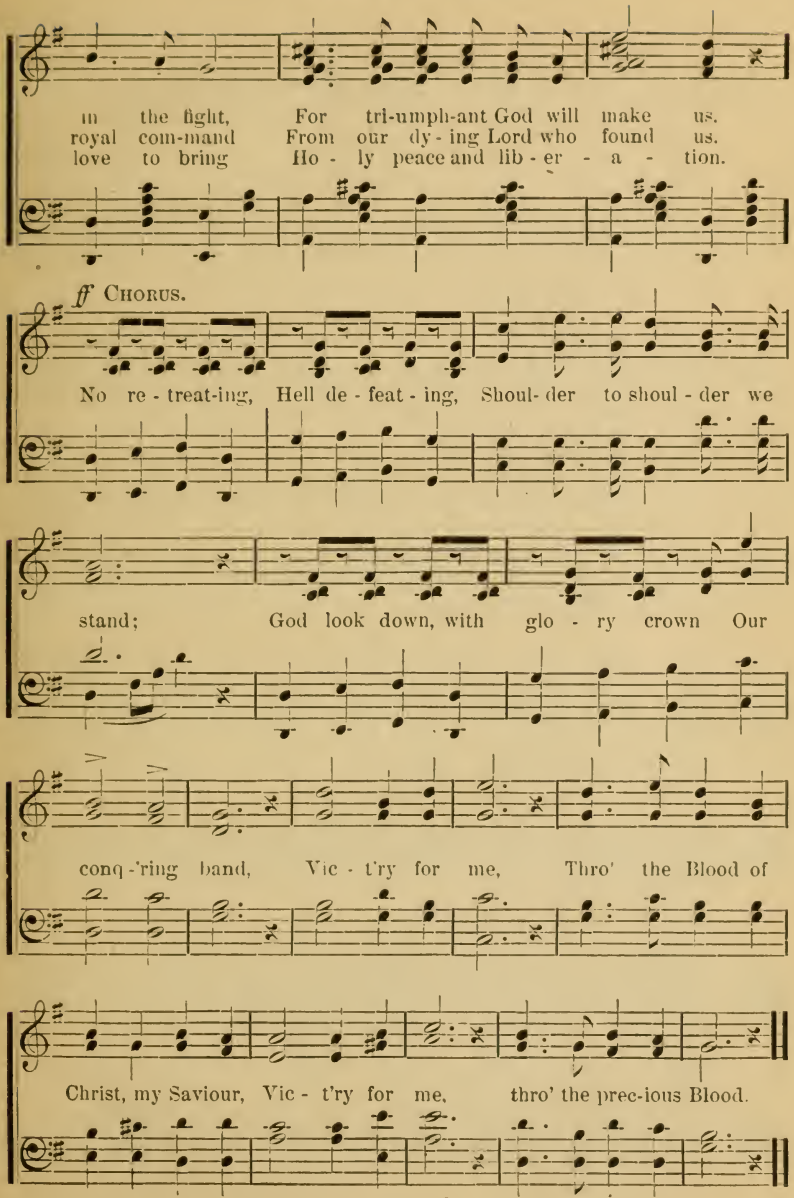
3 Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
Past the haunting memories of years,
Self and shame and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising;
Saviour, to Thy Cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before it lay;
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say,
"I will be Thine."

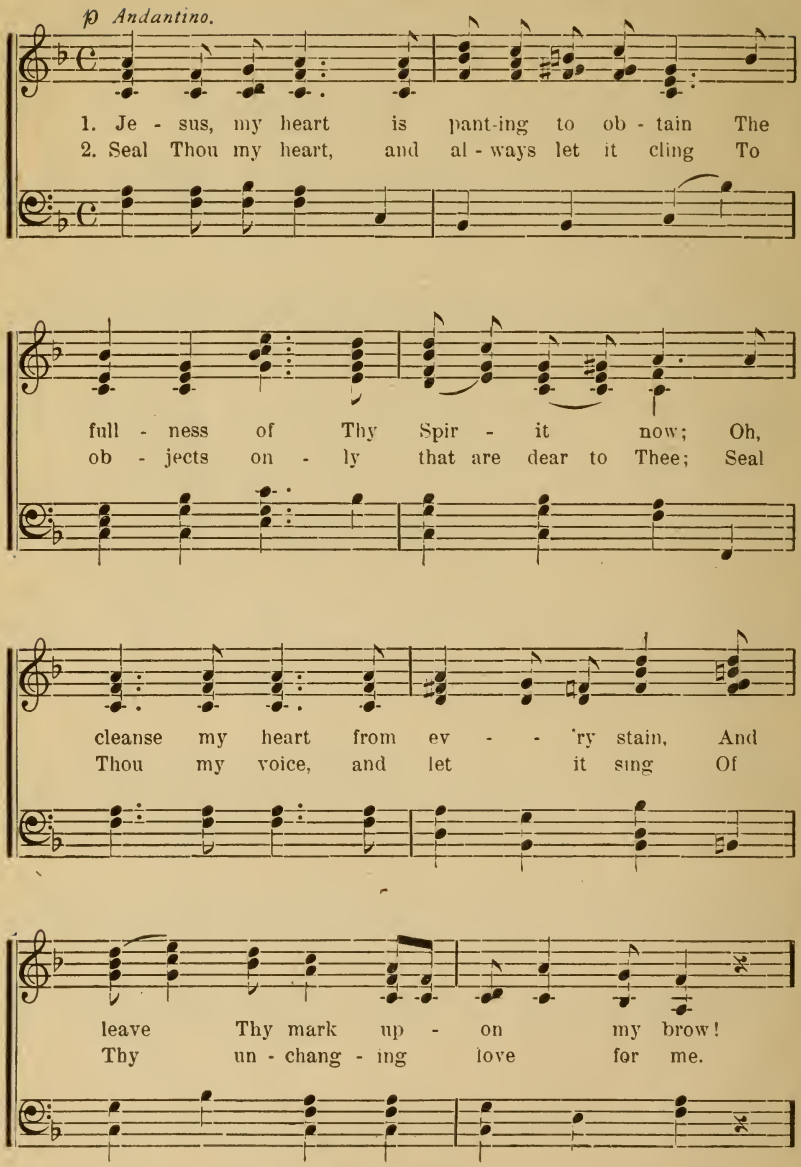
4 Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.

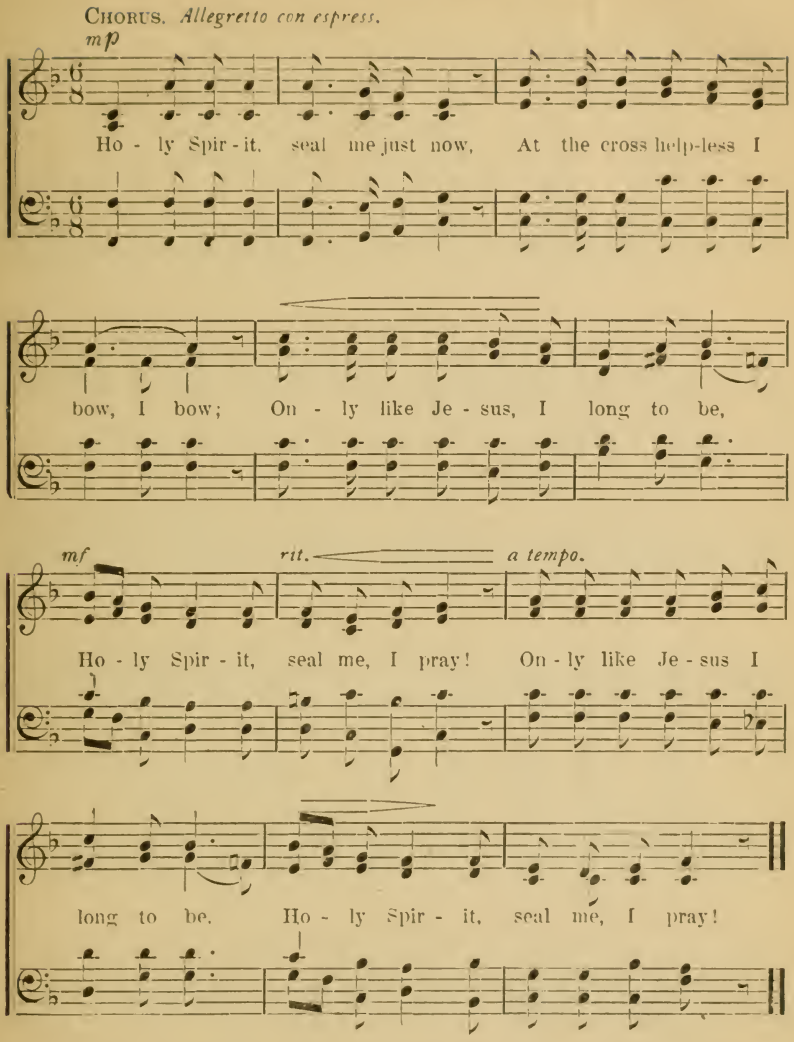
5 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave;
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave.
Charging me to preach Thy power to save,
To sin-bound souls.

7.

Victory for Me.

Words and Music by COMMANDER HERBERT BOOTH.

Victory for Me.

8. # Holy Spirit, Seal Me, I Pray.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

Holy Spirit, Seal Me, I Pray.

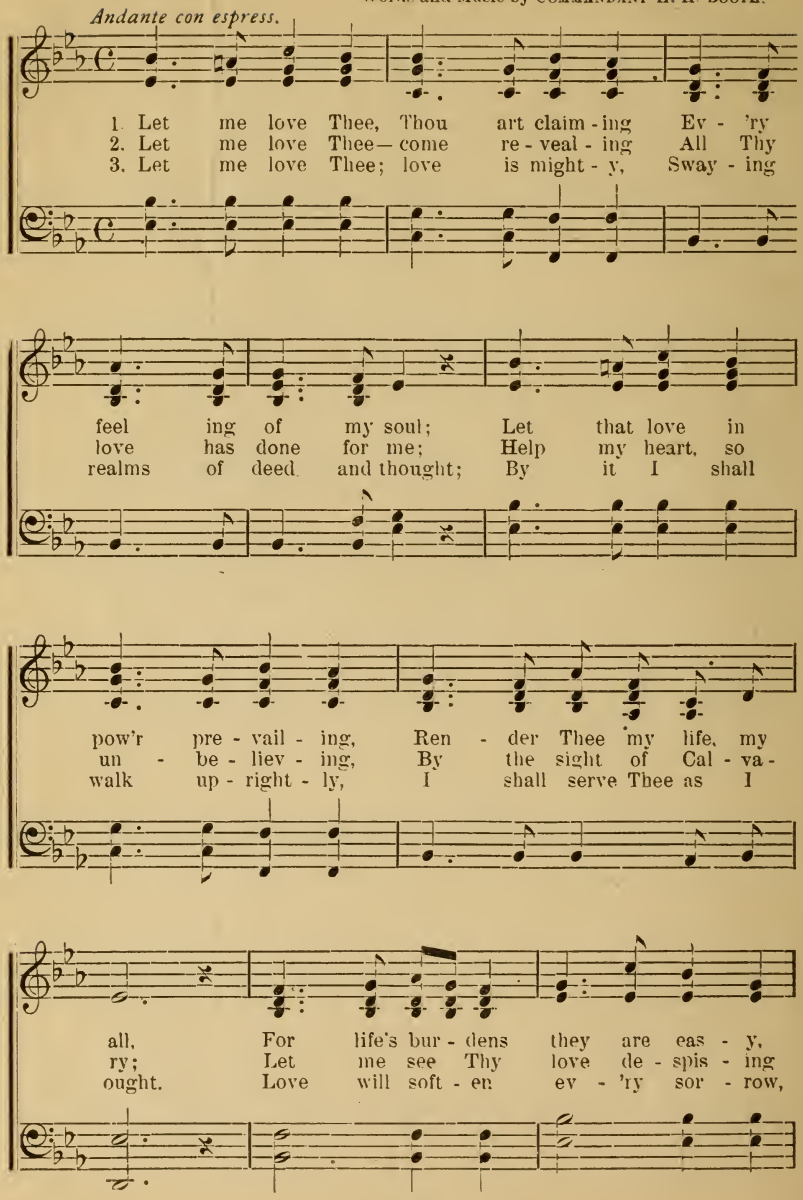
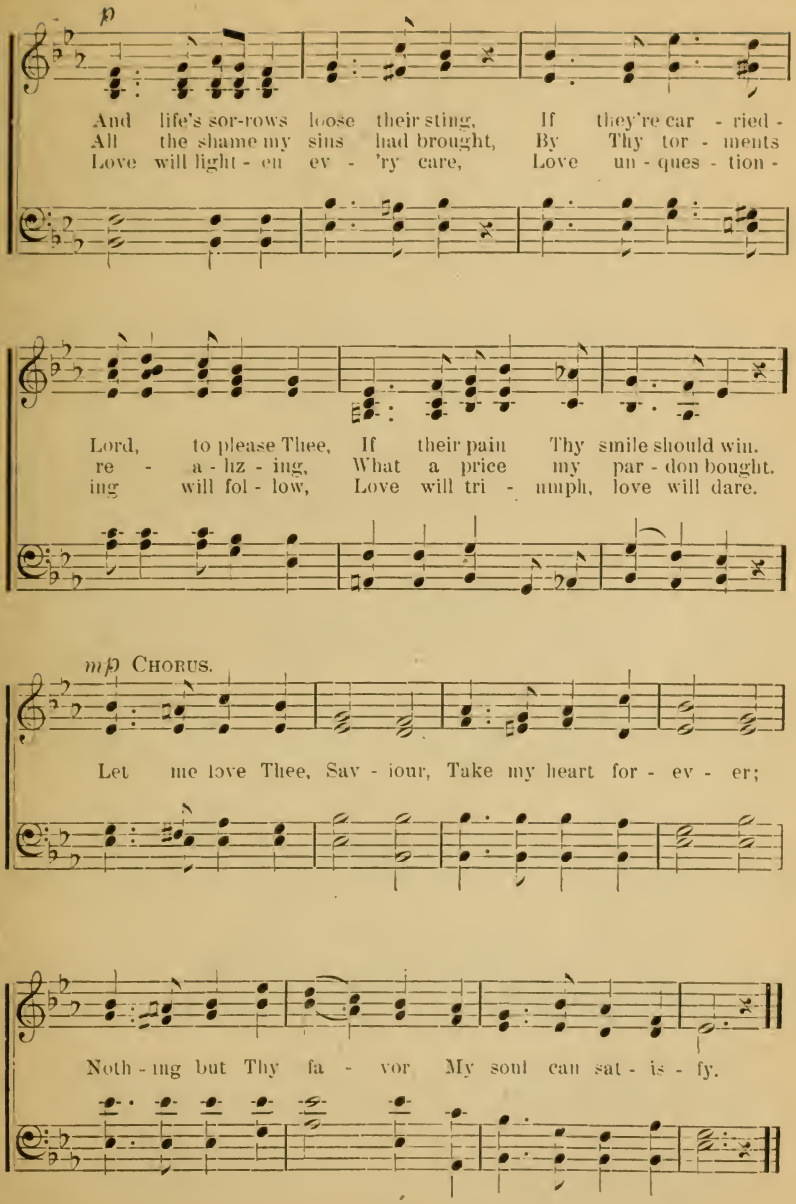


3 Seal Thou my talents for Thy use alone,
And let me spend my little all to bring
The utmost credit to Thy throne,
The utmost glory to my King.

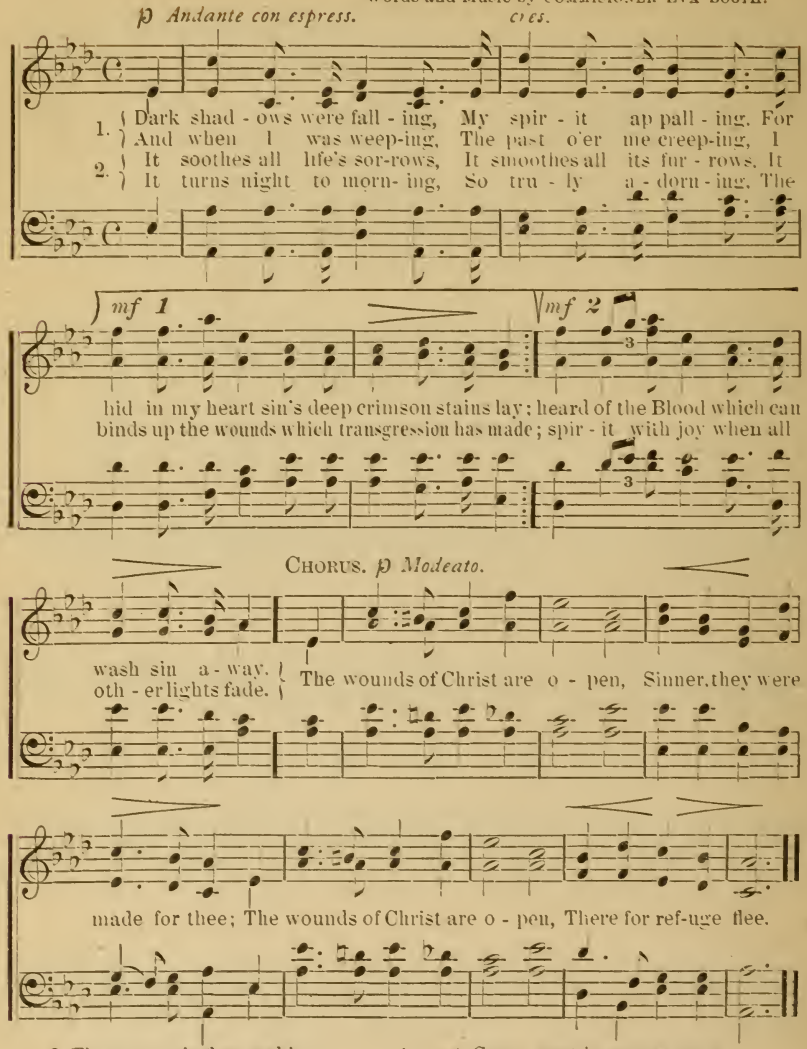
4 Oh, seal me, Saviour, all I have and am,
All offering freely laid before Thy feet;
A follower of the bleeding Lamb,
In thought and word for heaven made meet!

9.

Let Me Love Thee.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

Let Me Love Thee.

10.

The Wounds of Christ.

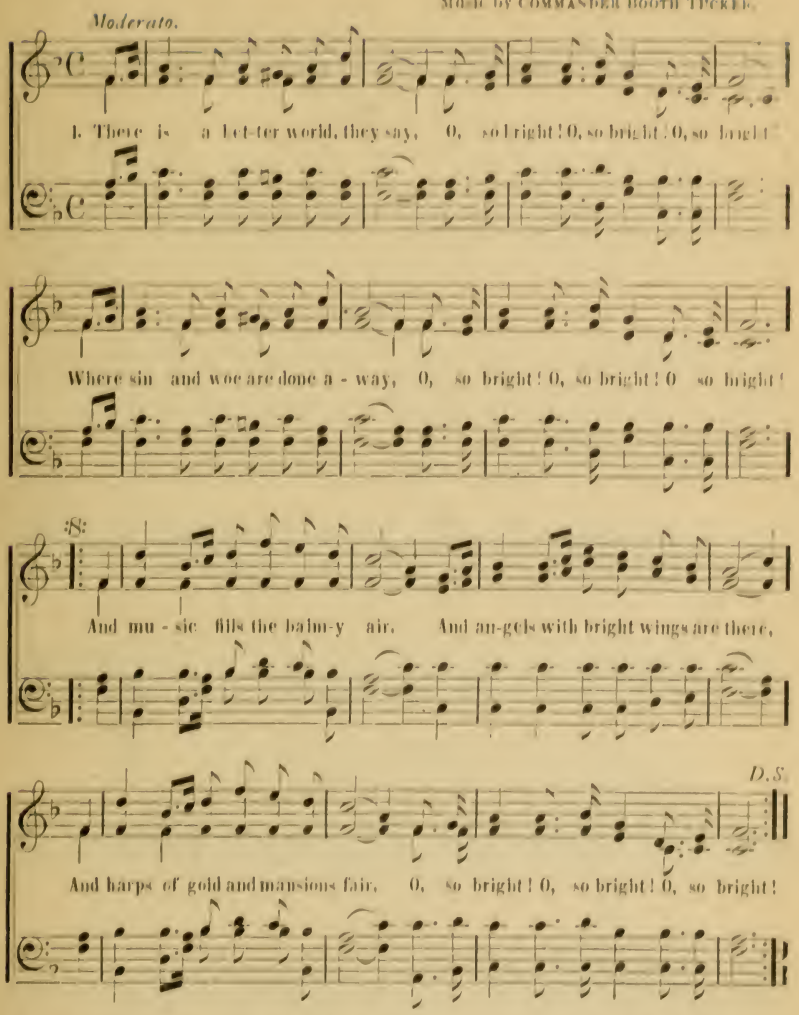
Words and Music by COMMISIONER EVA BOOTH.

3 The current's first waking
Was when Christ was taking
A world's shame and sorrow through
death and the grave;
And angels were scheming
To make out the meaning [save.
To the hearts of all nations His power to

4 Come, cast in your sorrow,
Wait not till to-morrow,
Life's evening is closing, the death-bell
will toll;
His Blood for thee streaming,
His Grace so redeeming,
His love intervening will pardon thy soul.

11.

There Is A Better World.

Music by Commander Booth Tucker.



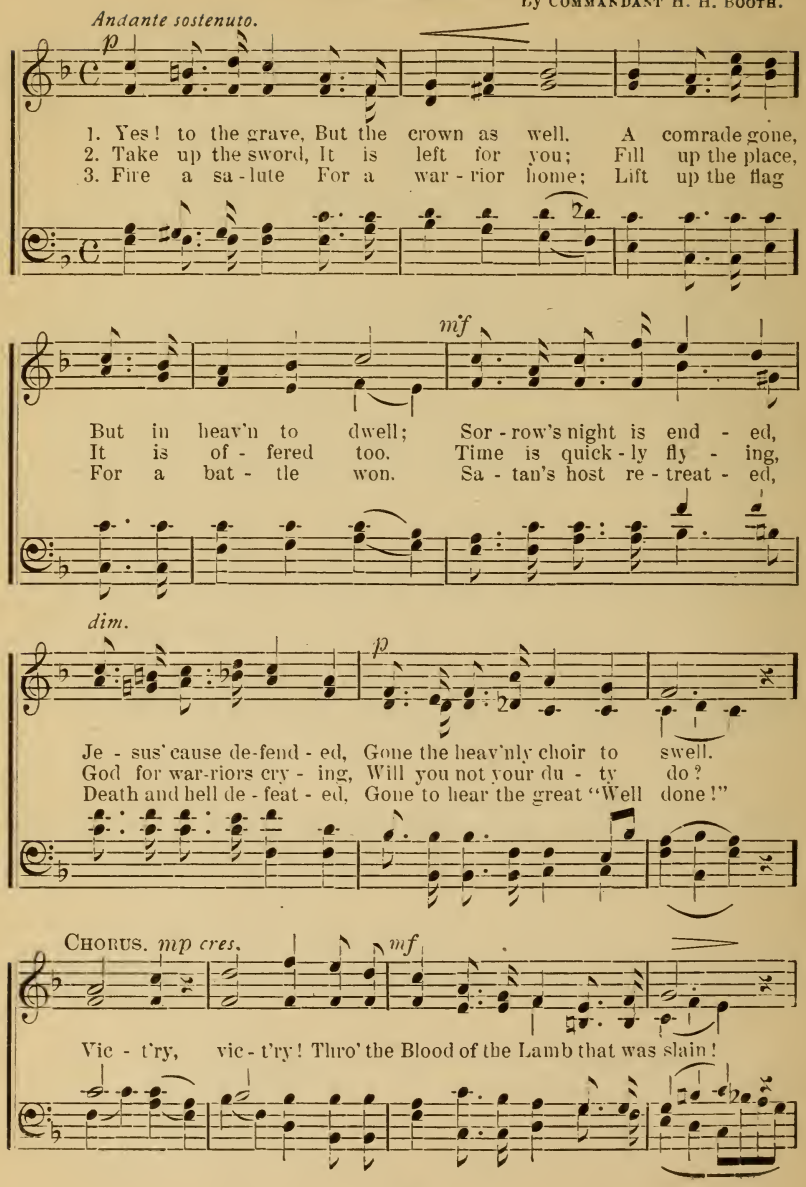
2 And wicked things and beasts of prey,
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good.
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!

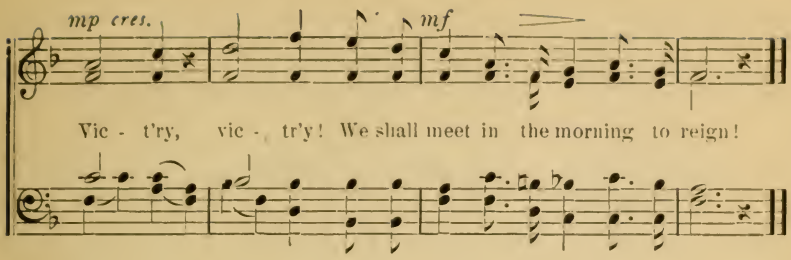
3 And though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

12.

Promoted to Glory.

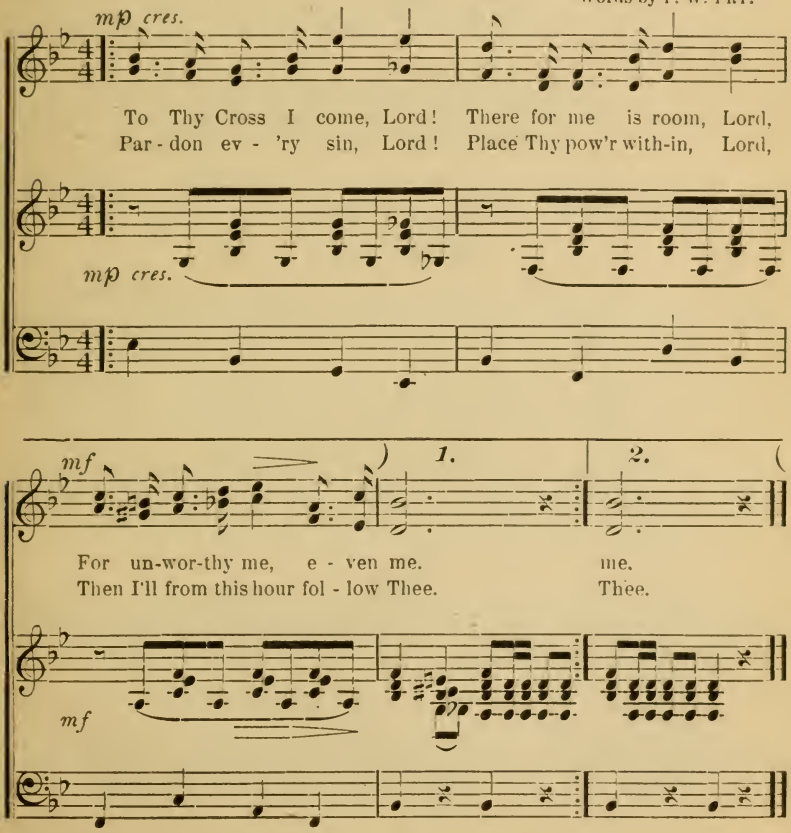
A Funeral Song.

By Commandant H. H. Booth.

Promoted to Glory.



Chorus.

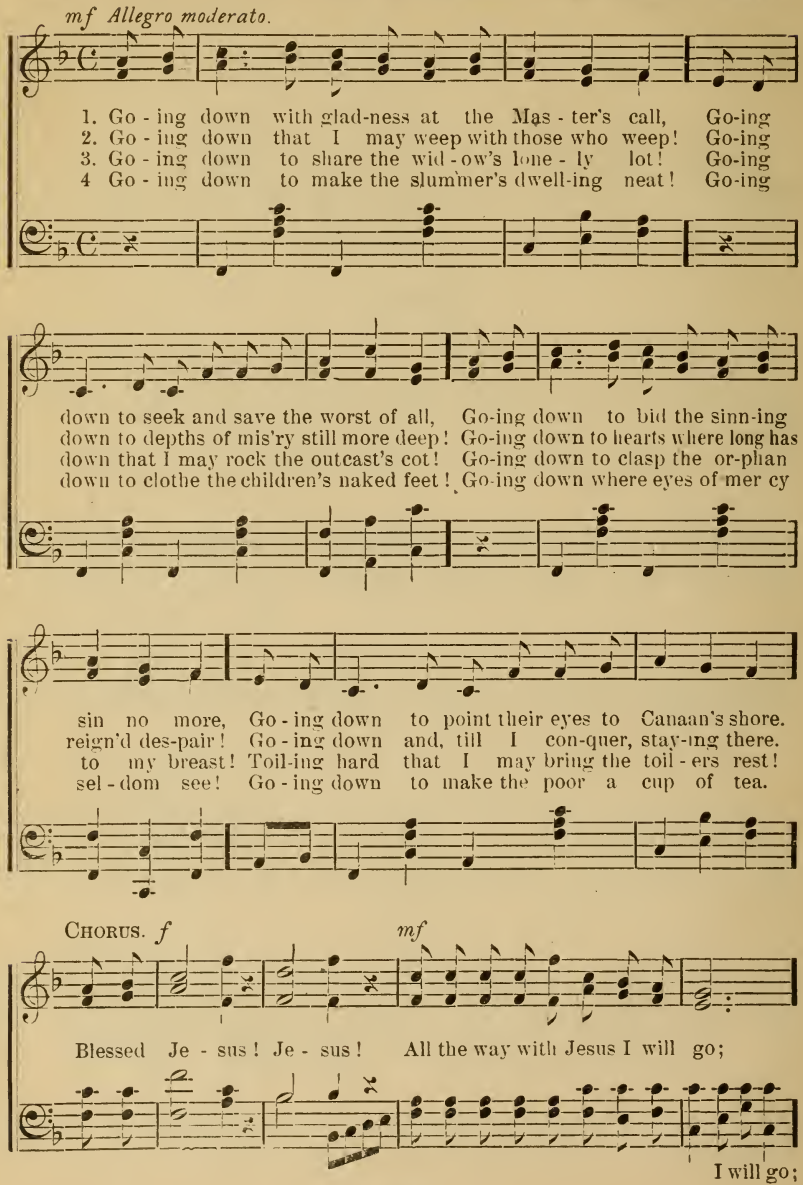
Words by F. W. FRY.



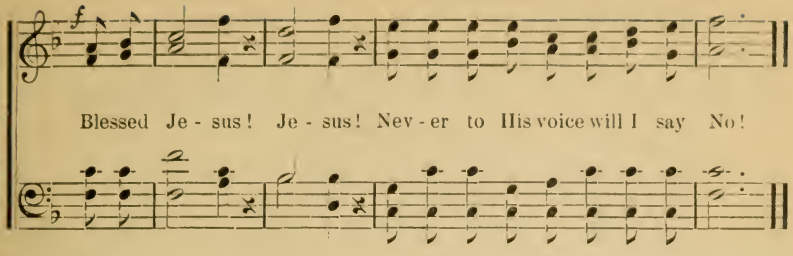
13.

Going Down!

Words by Consul Mrs. Booth Tucker. Words & Music by Commander Booth Tucker.



Going Down!

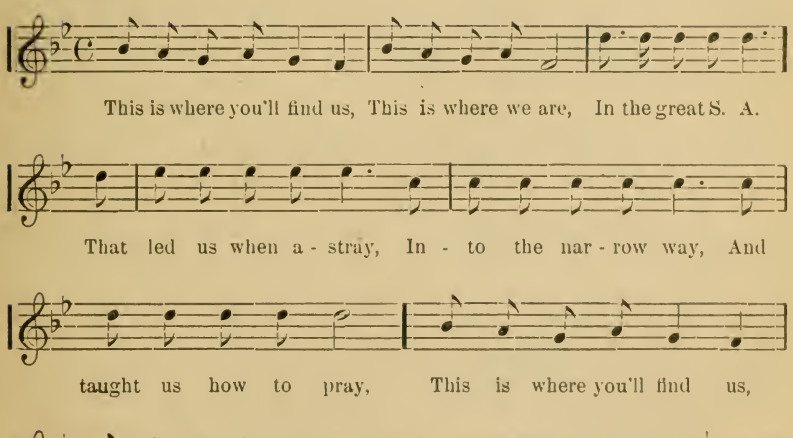


5 Going down, though sorrow's tears our own eyes stain!
Going down to watch by beds of deeper pain!
Going down, though suff'ring may our own hearts weight!
Going down when early! Going down when late!

6 Going down that I may send the lost ones up!
Going down that bye and bye with Christ they'll sup!
Going down while life shall last, still deeper down!
Finding jewels precious for my Master's crown.

Let it Swing.

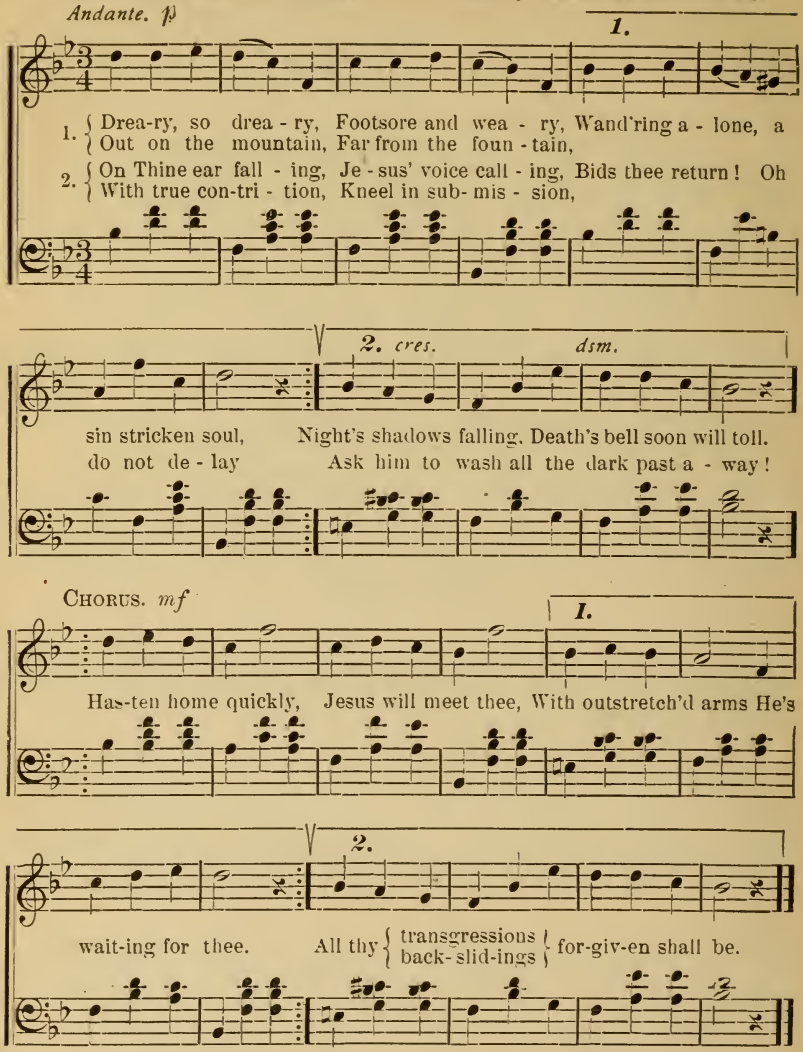
CHORUS.



14.

Hasten Home Quickly.

Words by CONSUL MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER. Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

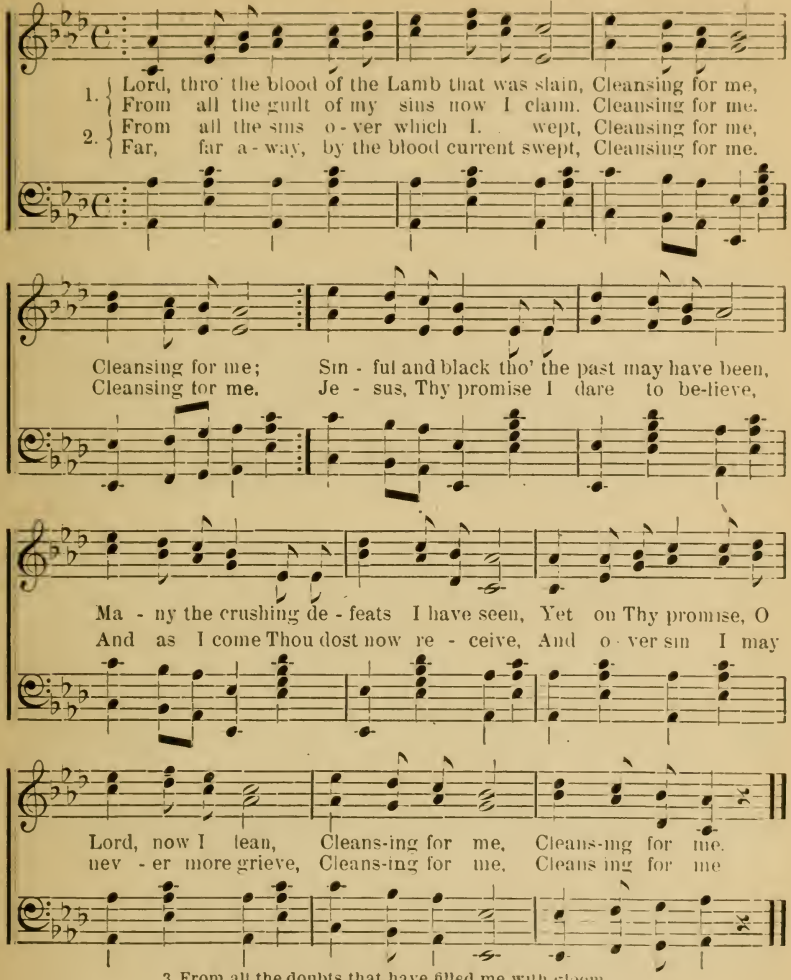


3 Chances are flying!
Life's days are dying!
Soon you will stand alone at God's Throne!
All your professions,
All your posessions
Will not avail you unless Blood atone.

4 If still rejected.
Pardon neglected,
From you the Spirit will take His last flight!
Hope then comes never!
Shut out forever!
Lost in the gloom of eternity's night!

15. Cleansing for Me.

Words by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.



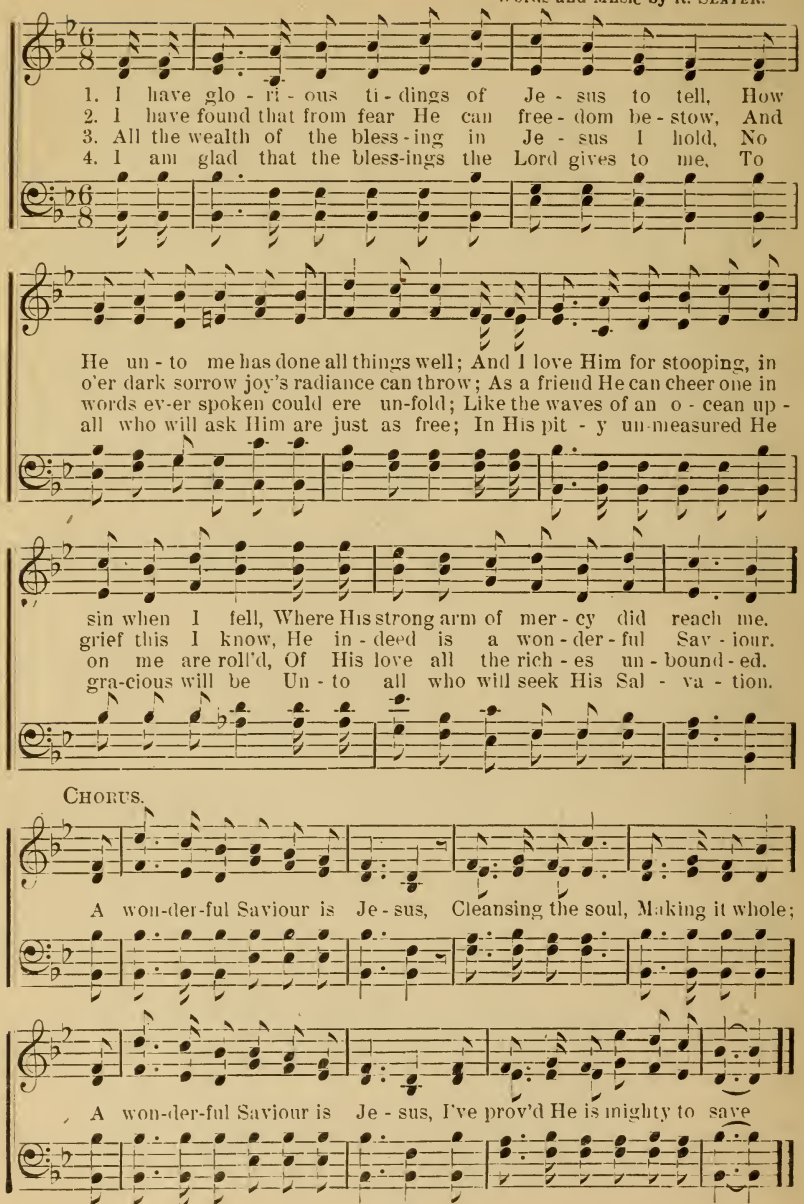
3 From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
From all the fears that would point to my doom,
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee.

4 From all the care of what men think or say,
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to Thee I belong;
When I am tempted let this be my song—
Cleansing for me.

16.

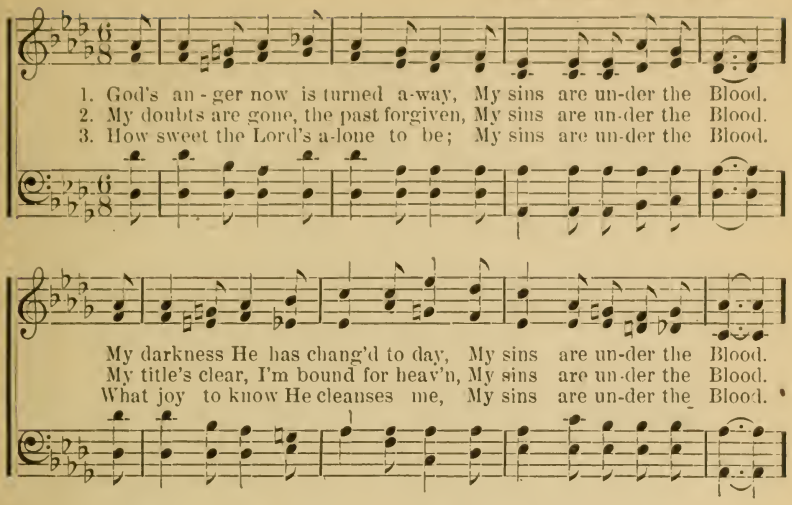
A Wonderful Saviour is Jesus.

Words and Music by R. SLATER.



17. # My Sins are Under the Blood.

Words and Music by F. W. FRY.



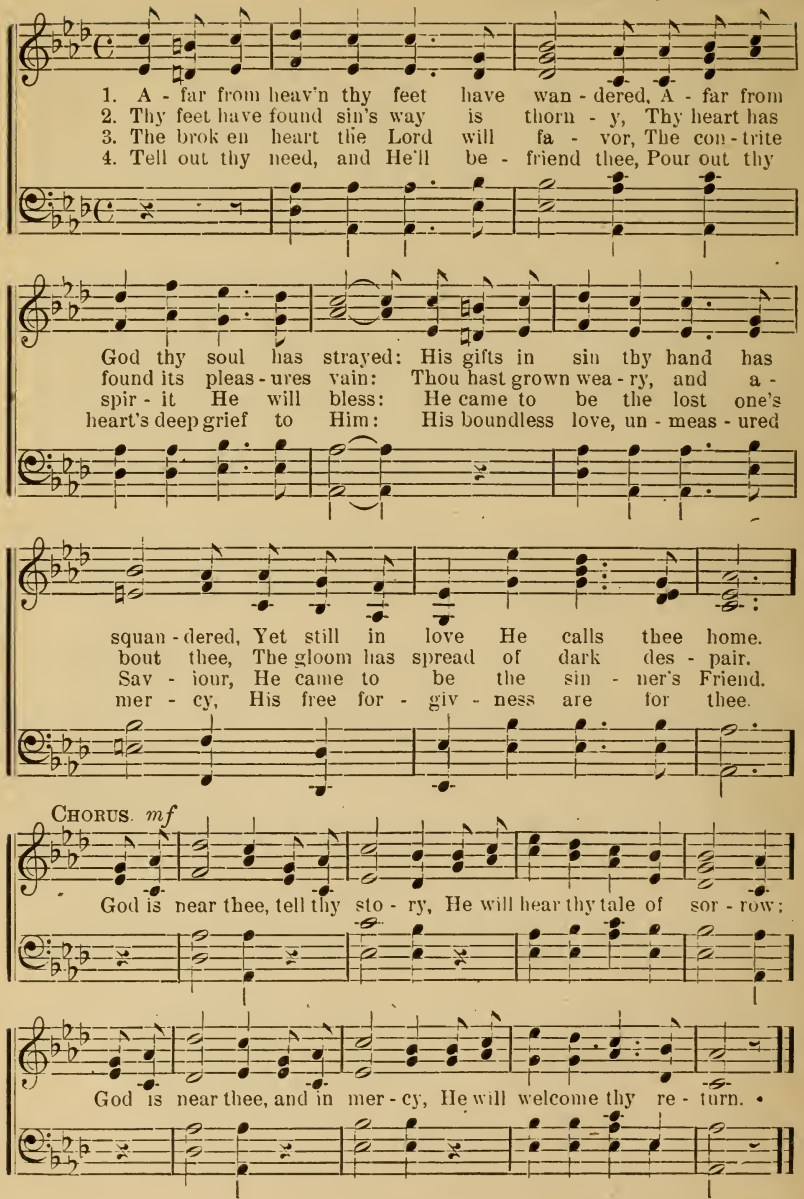
4 When sorrow's waves around me roll, My sins, etc.
In perfect peace He keeps my soul. My sins, etc.

5 In every step His hand doth lead, My sins, etc.
And He supplies my every need. My sins, etc.

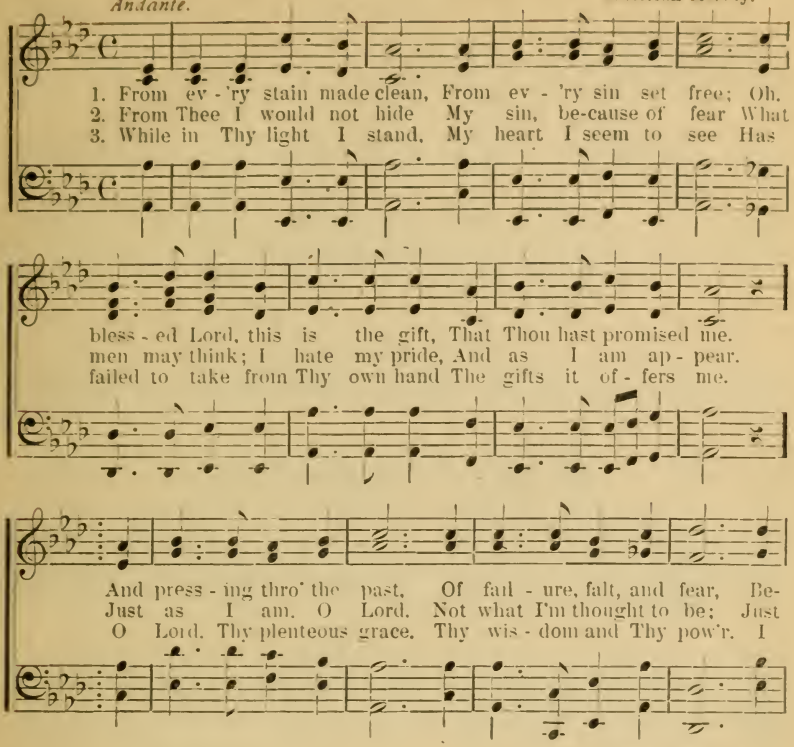
6 What though the way I cannot see. My sins, etc.
Still this I know, He leadeth me. My sins, etc.

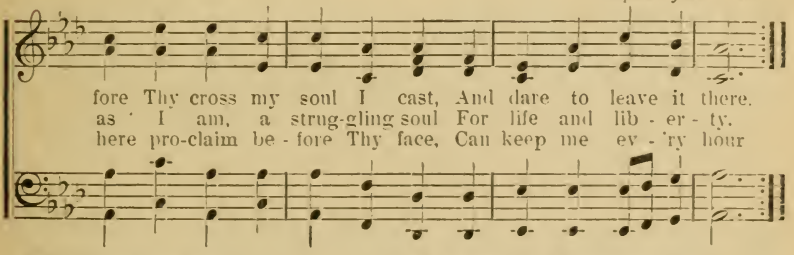
7 He'll keep me faithful to the end. My sins, etc.
And when in death He'll be my friend. My sins, etc.

18. # God is Near Thee.

Words and Music by R. SLATER.

10. **From Every Stain Made Clean.**

American Melody.

Andante.

Repeat for Chorus



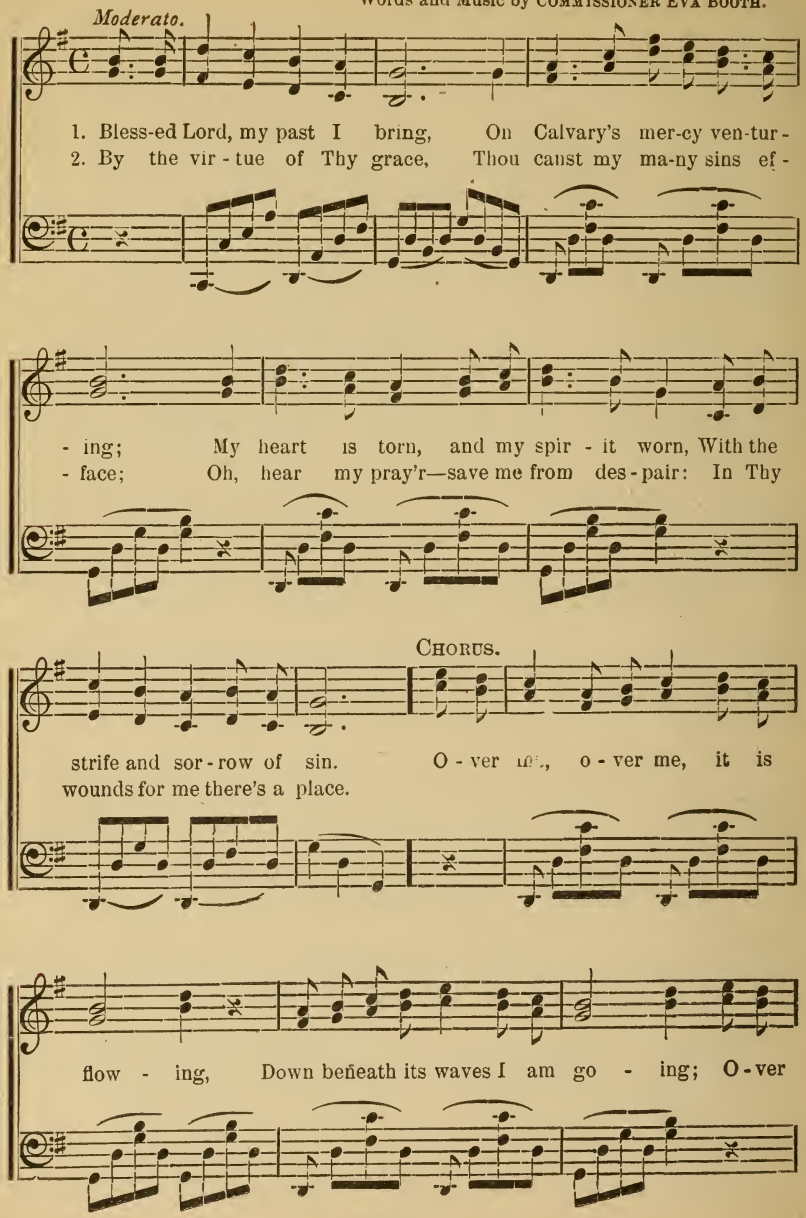
4 Upon the altar here
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name.

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

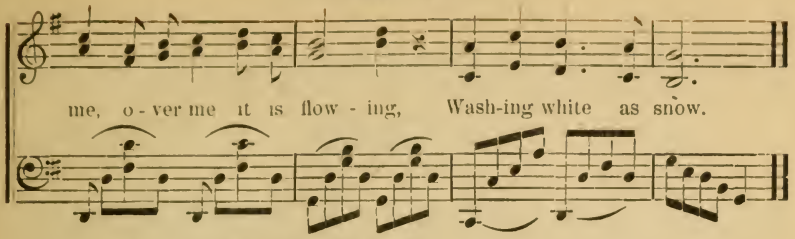
20.

Over Me.

Words and Music by COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.



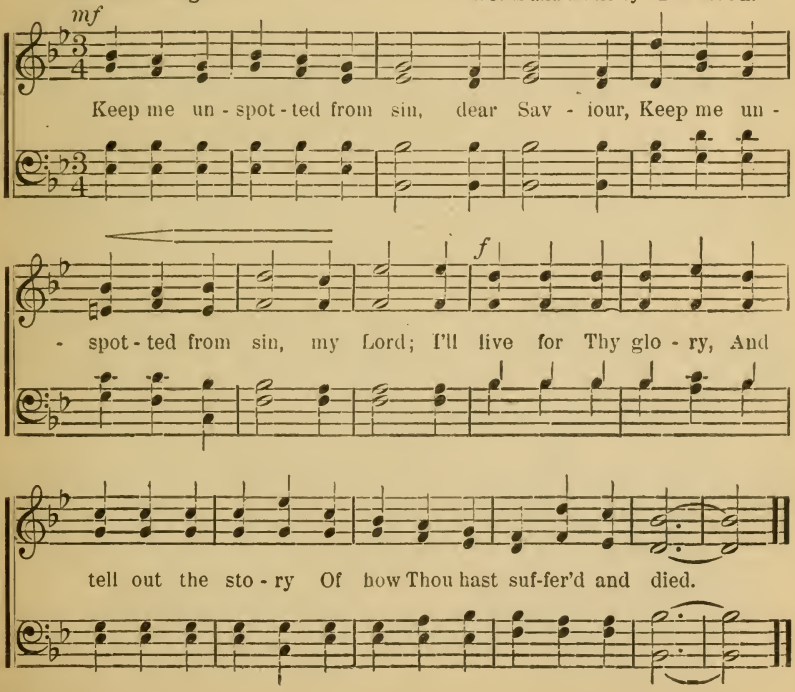
Over Me.



3 All my idols now I cast
Before Thy cross, and know Thou hast
My past forgiven; By the claims of Heaven
I, through Christ, have victory at last.

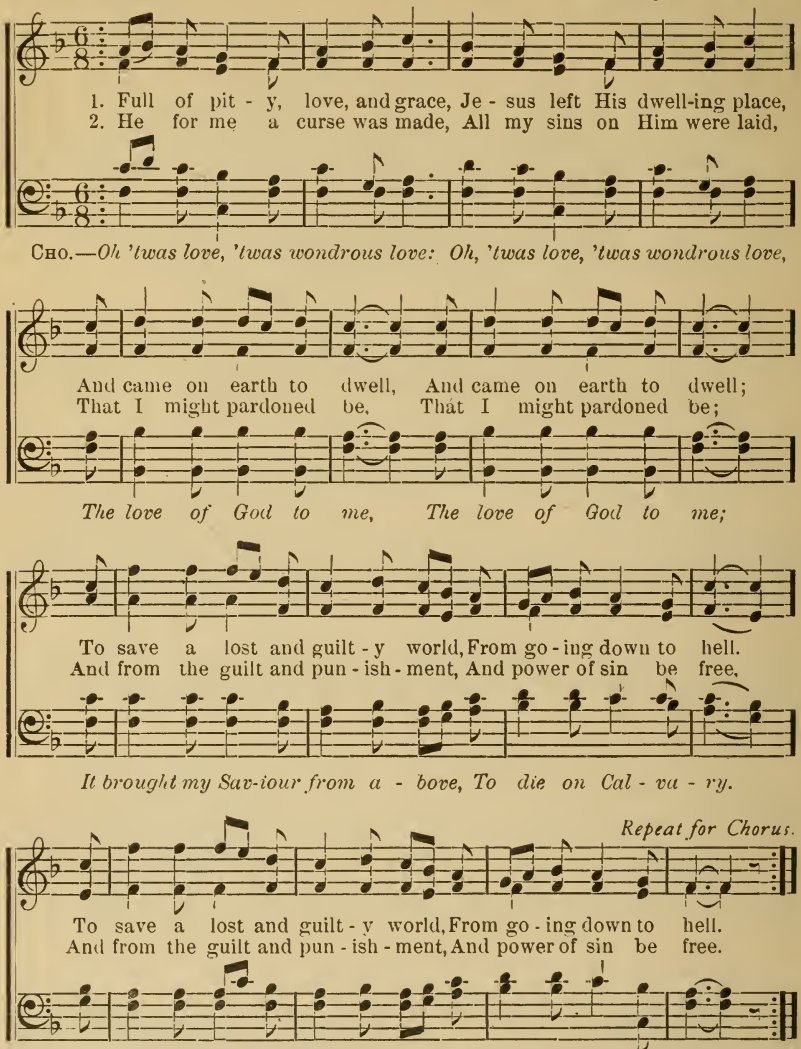
4 Now the Blood has set me free;
Thy grace, dear Lord's enough for me,
In all the strife of the battle life,
Conqueror over sin I shall be.

Keep Me Unspotted from Sin.

CHORUS. *Allegro.* Words and Music by BLIND MARK.

21.

Oh, 'Twas Love.

Persian Melody. Words by F. W. FRY.



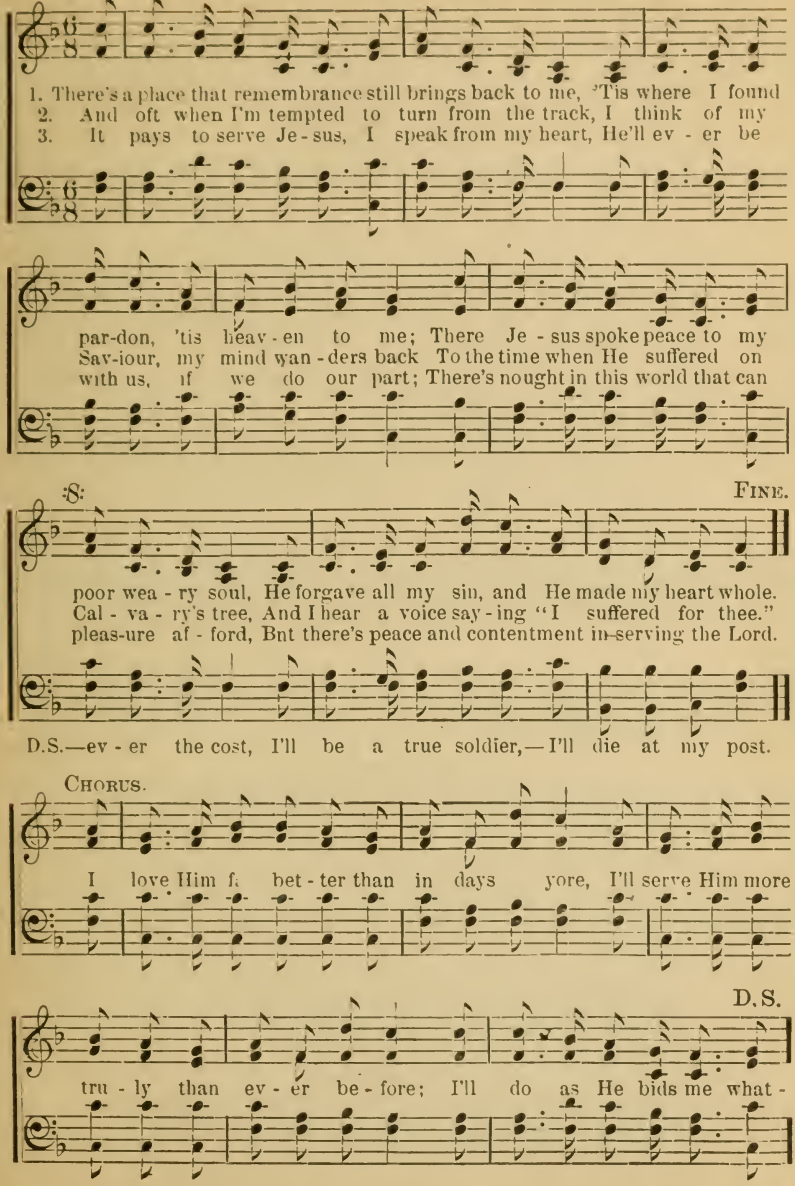
3 He can Satan's works destroy,
Fill my soul with peace and joy,
Baptize me with His love,
And make me pure and holy here,
As angels are above.

4 Lord, I yield myself to Thee,
Let Thy will be done in me,
Oh, make me all Thine own,
And let my life henceforth proclaim
That I am Thine alone.

22.

I Love Him far Better.

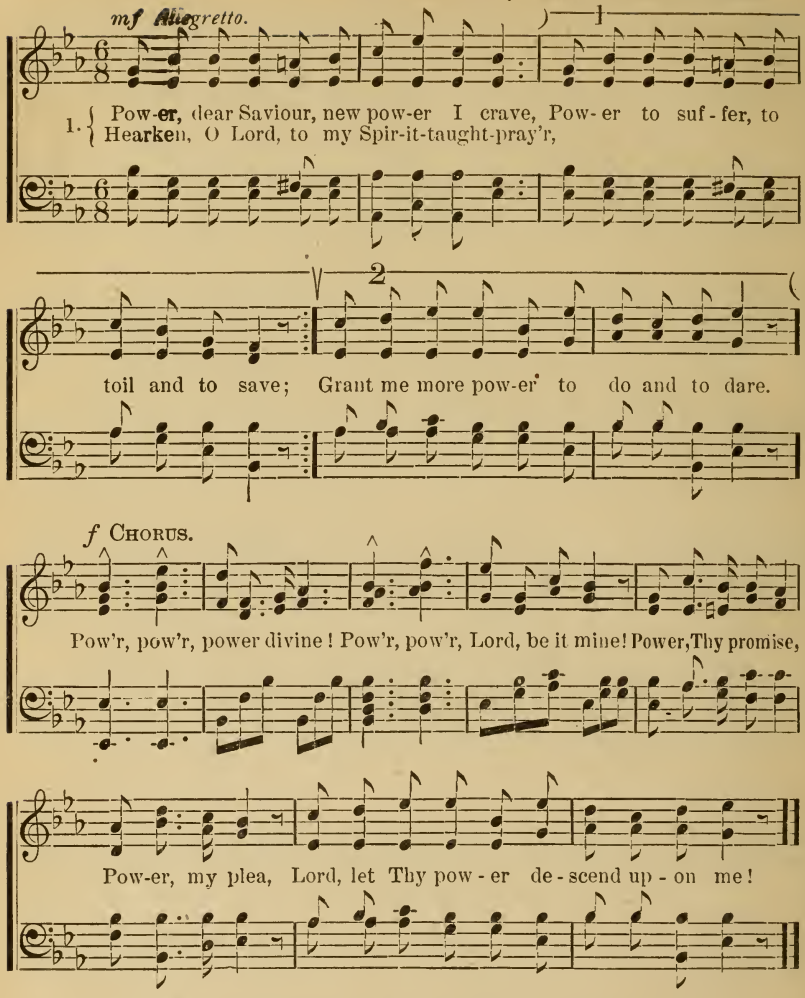
Irish Melody. Words by STAFF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT.



23.

Power Divine!

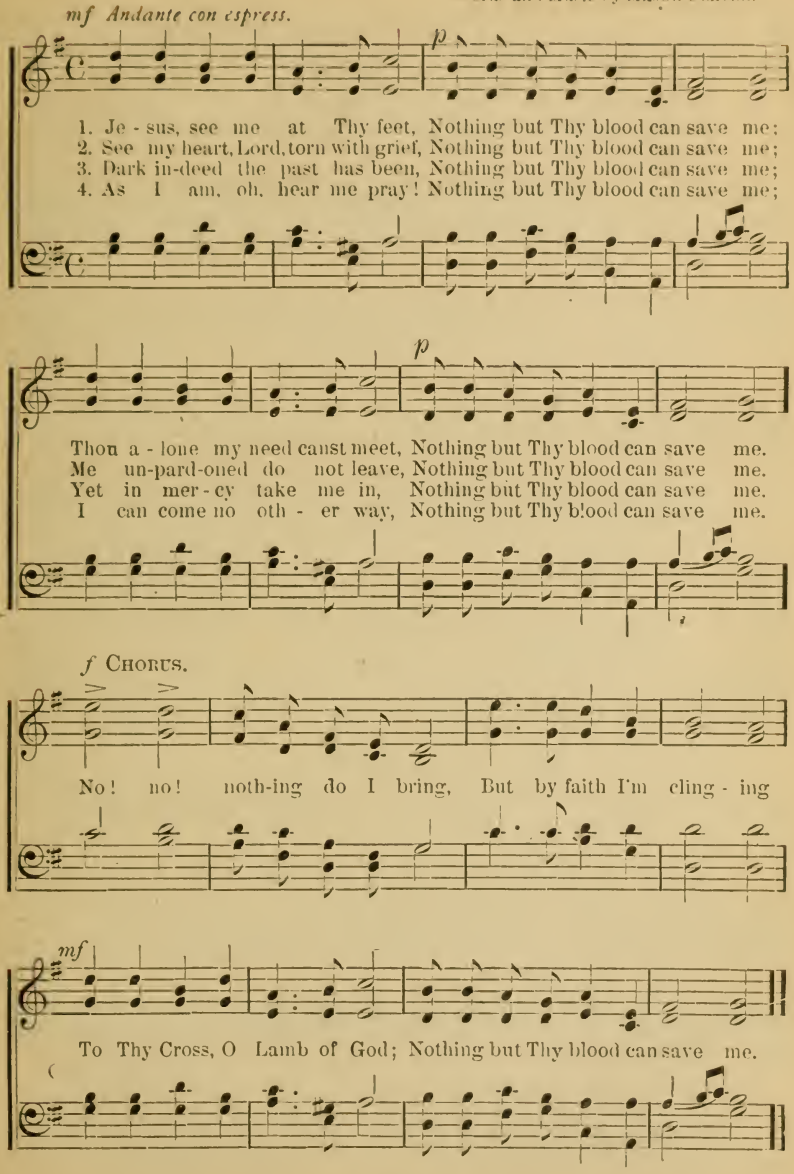
Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



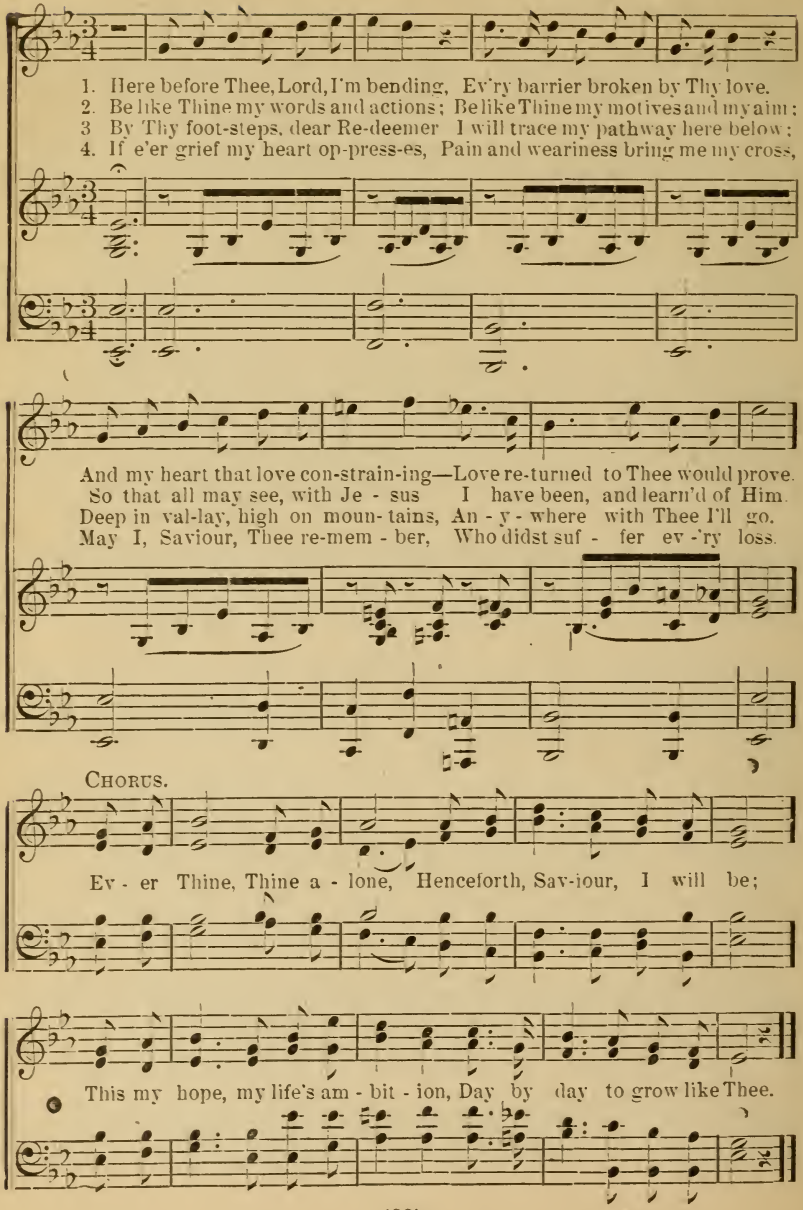
2 What though my trespasses pardoned have been,
What though my heart by Thy Blood is made clean!
Ne'er can my spirit's thirst satisfied be
Till Thy blest power descends upon me.

3 Then, though earth's storm-waves may rage all around,
Power shall keep me in heart-peace profound;
Floods of temptation may over me roll,
Thou shalt preserve me triumphant in soul.

24. Nothing but Thy Blood can Save Me.

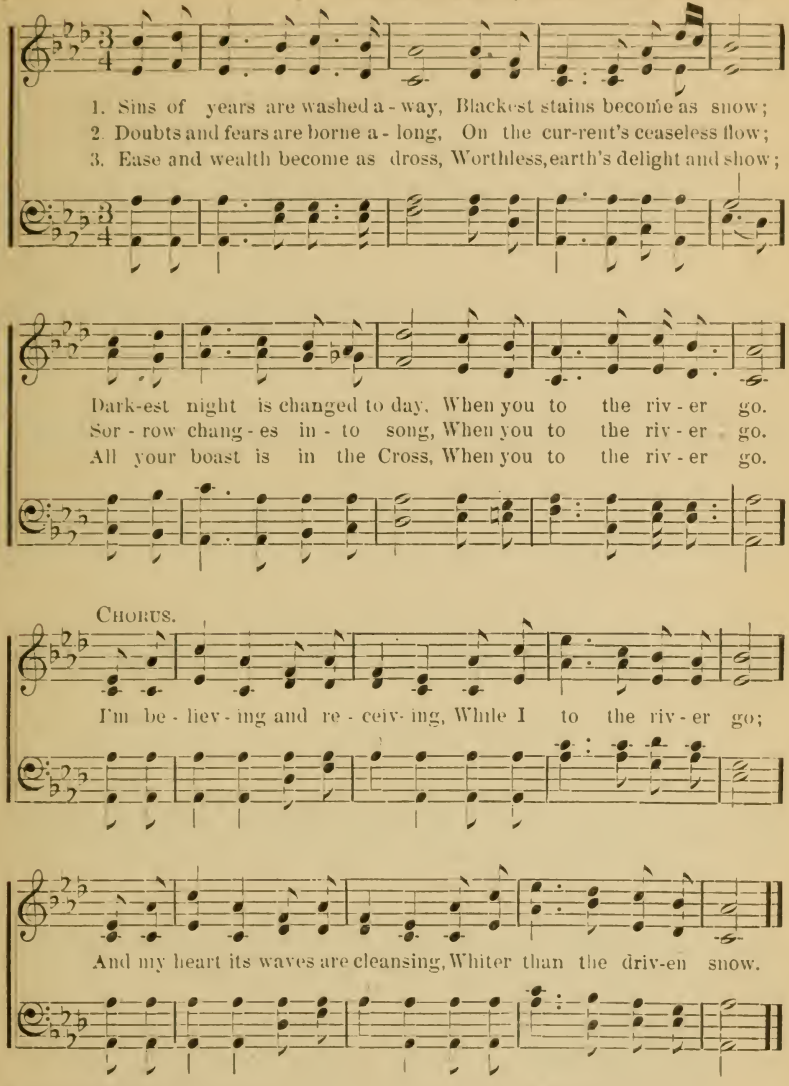
Words and Music by Major Slater.

25. # Ever Thine.

Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.



26. I'm Believing and Receiving.

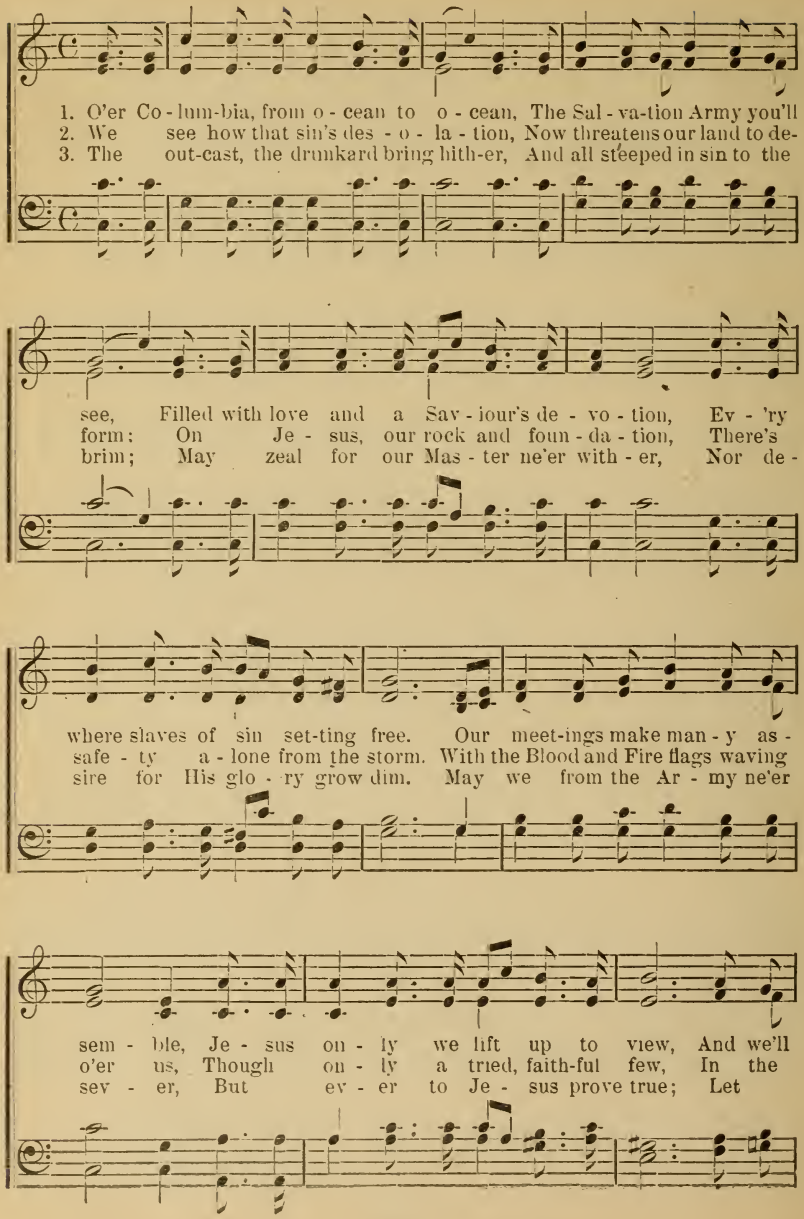
Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH



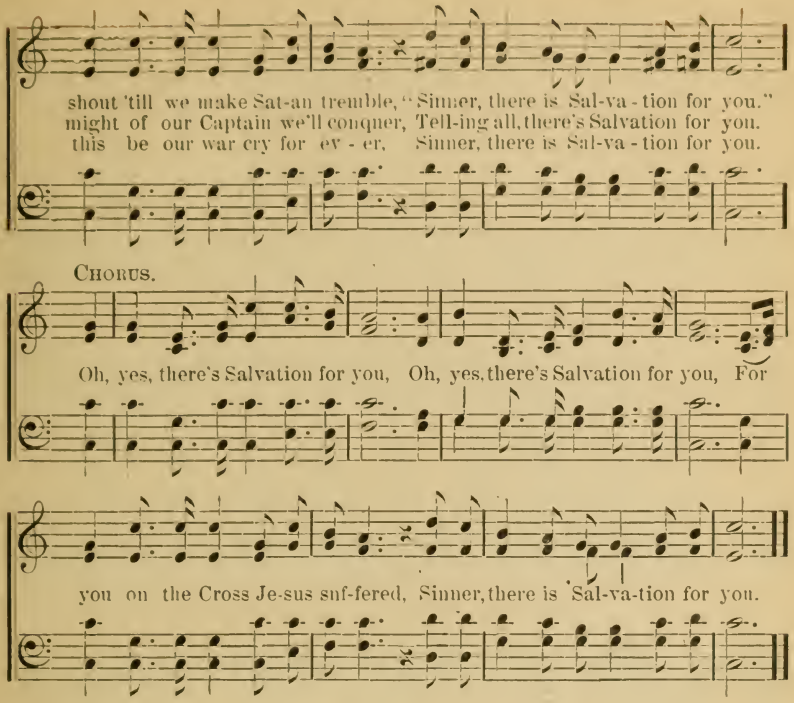
4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know:
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe:
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

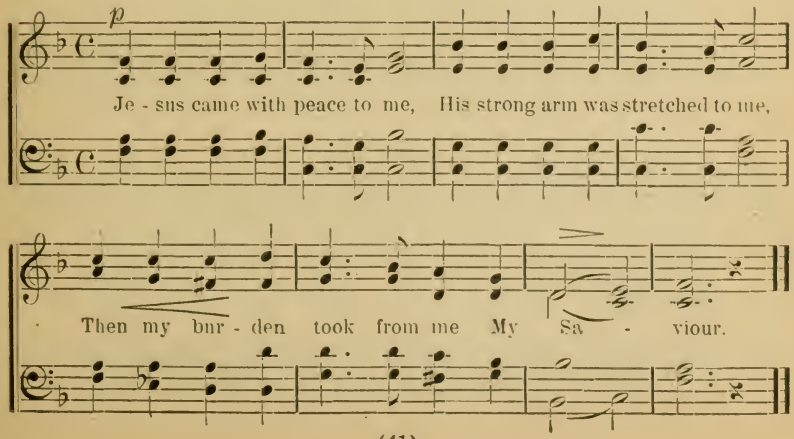
27. Oh, Yes, There's Salvation for You.



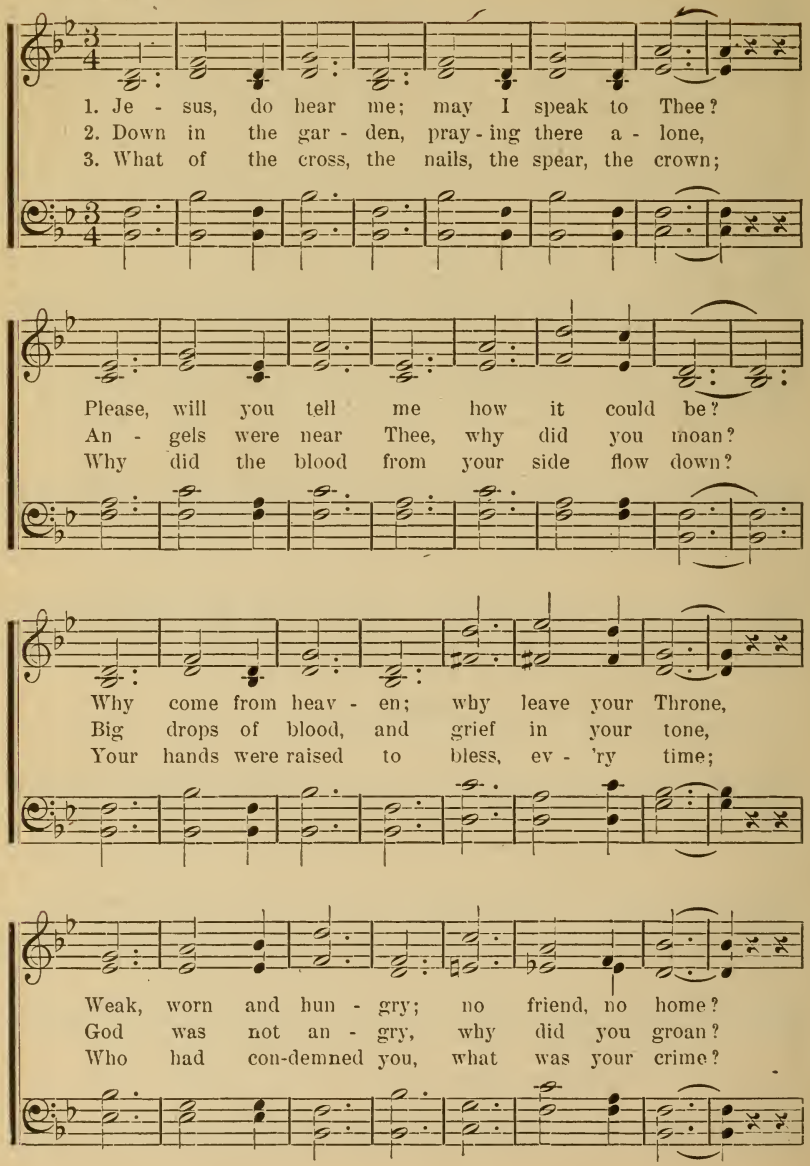
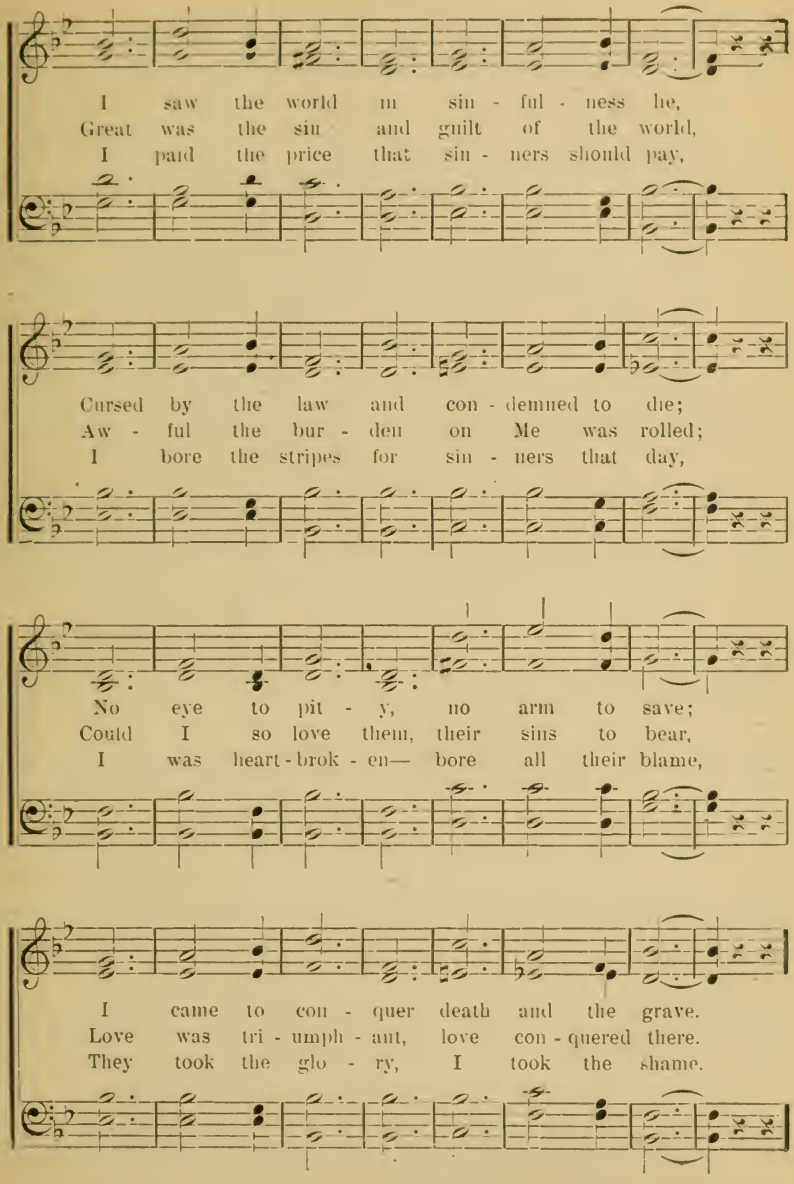
Oh, Yes, There's Salvation for You.

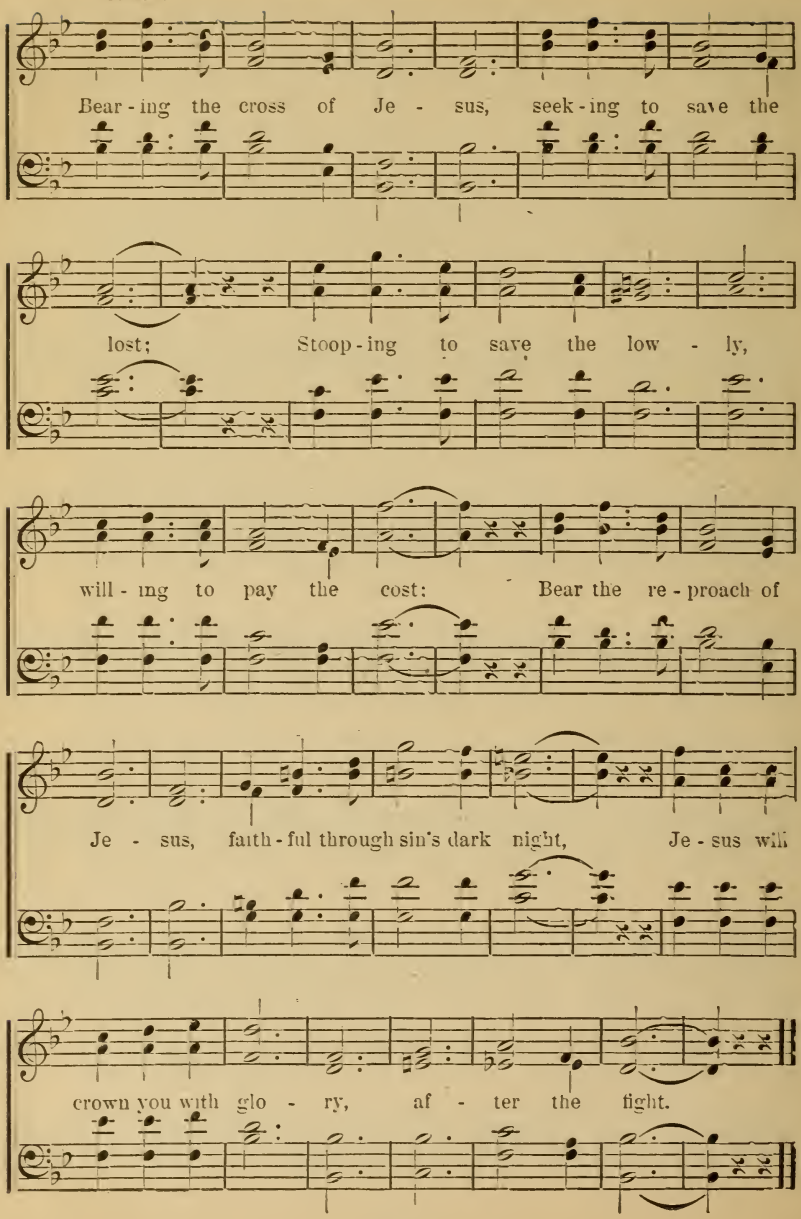


Chorus.

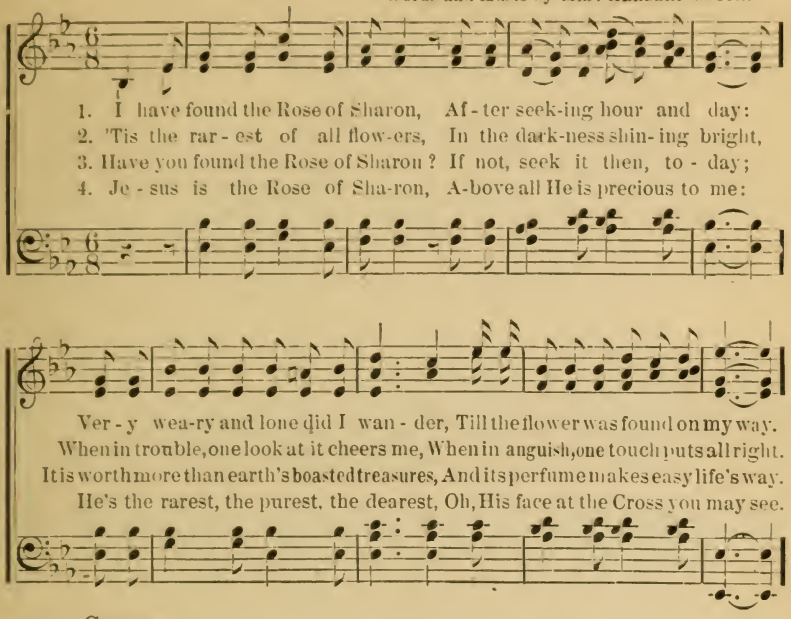


28. Bearing the Cross.

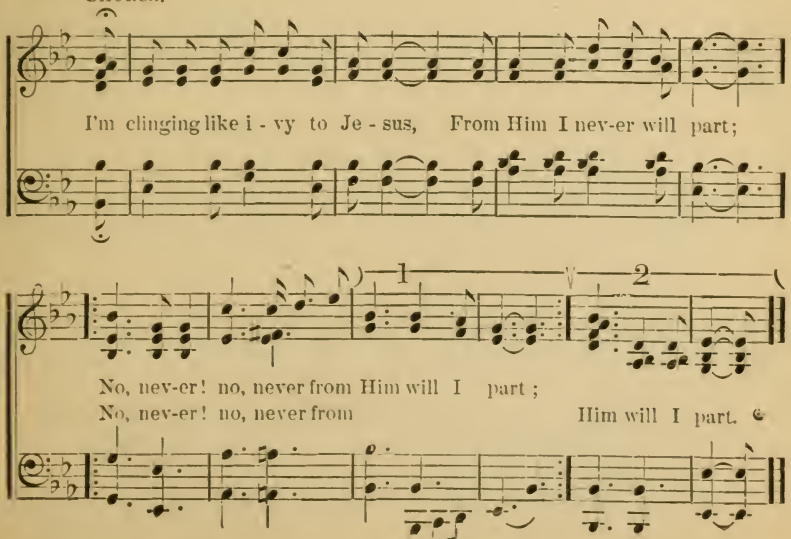
Words by MAJOR PEBBLES.

Bearing the Cross.

Bearing the Cross.

CHORUS.

29. **The Rose of Sharon.**

Words and Music by MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

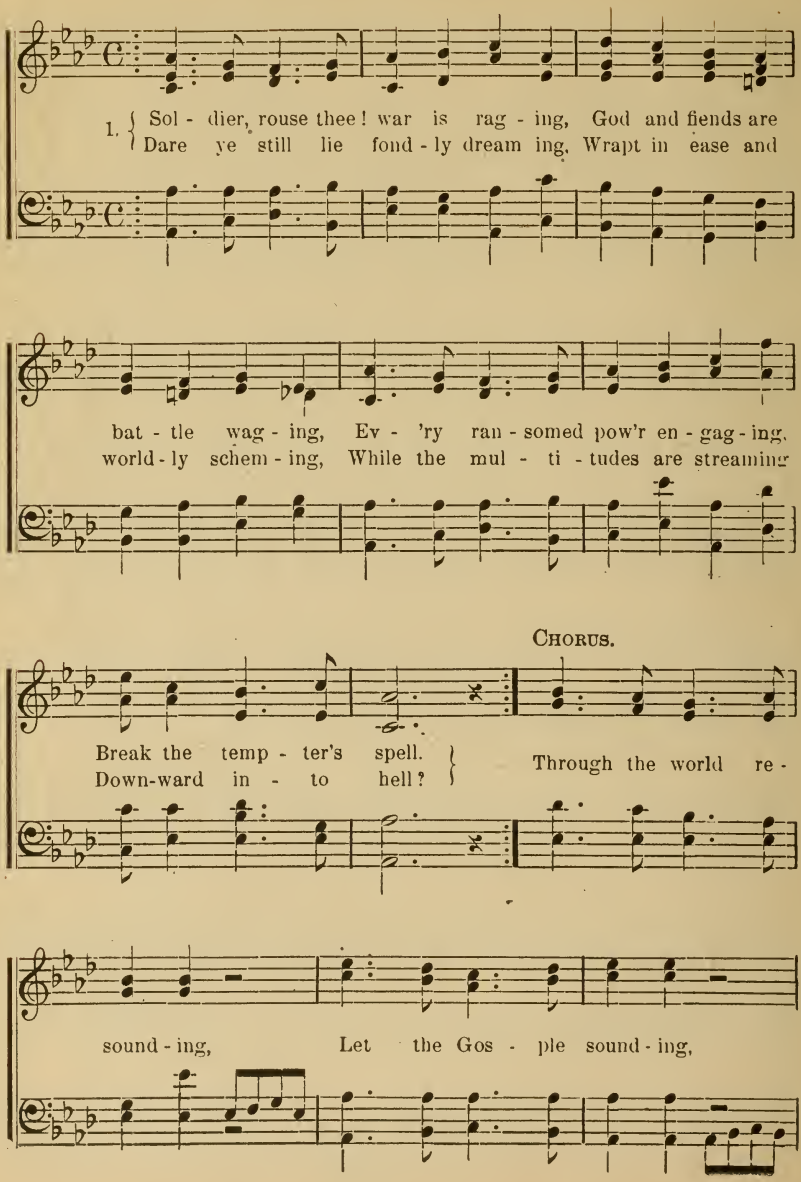


CHORUS.

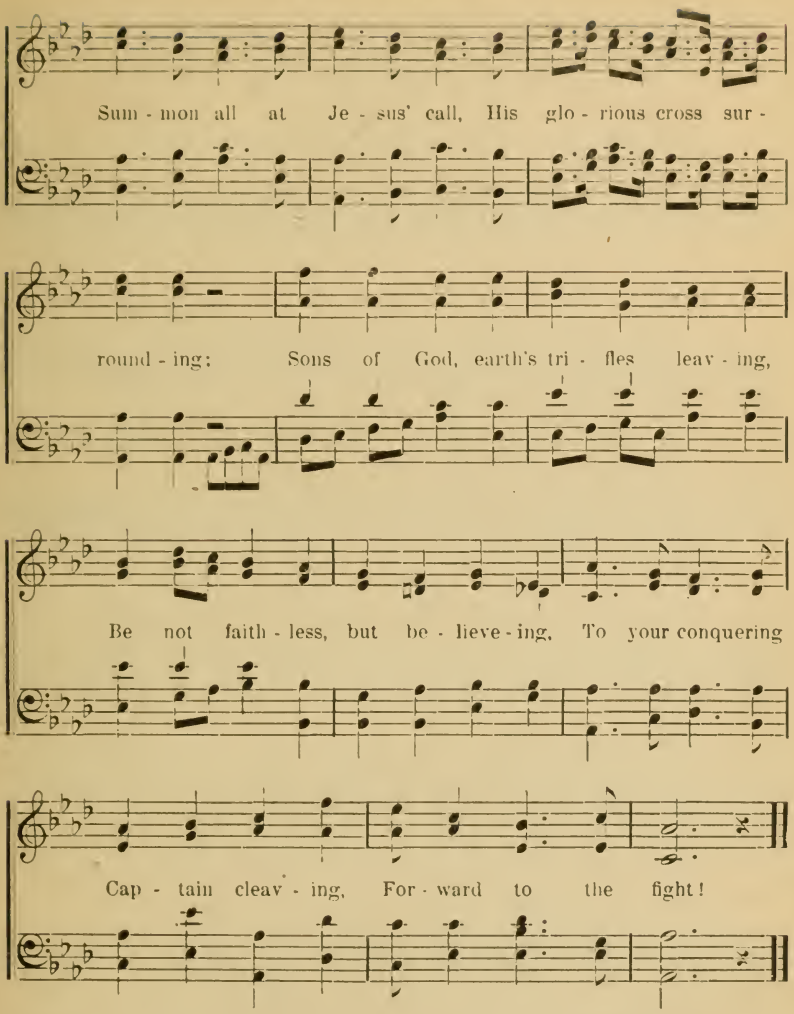


30.

Soldier, Rouse Thee.

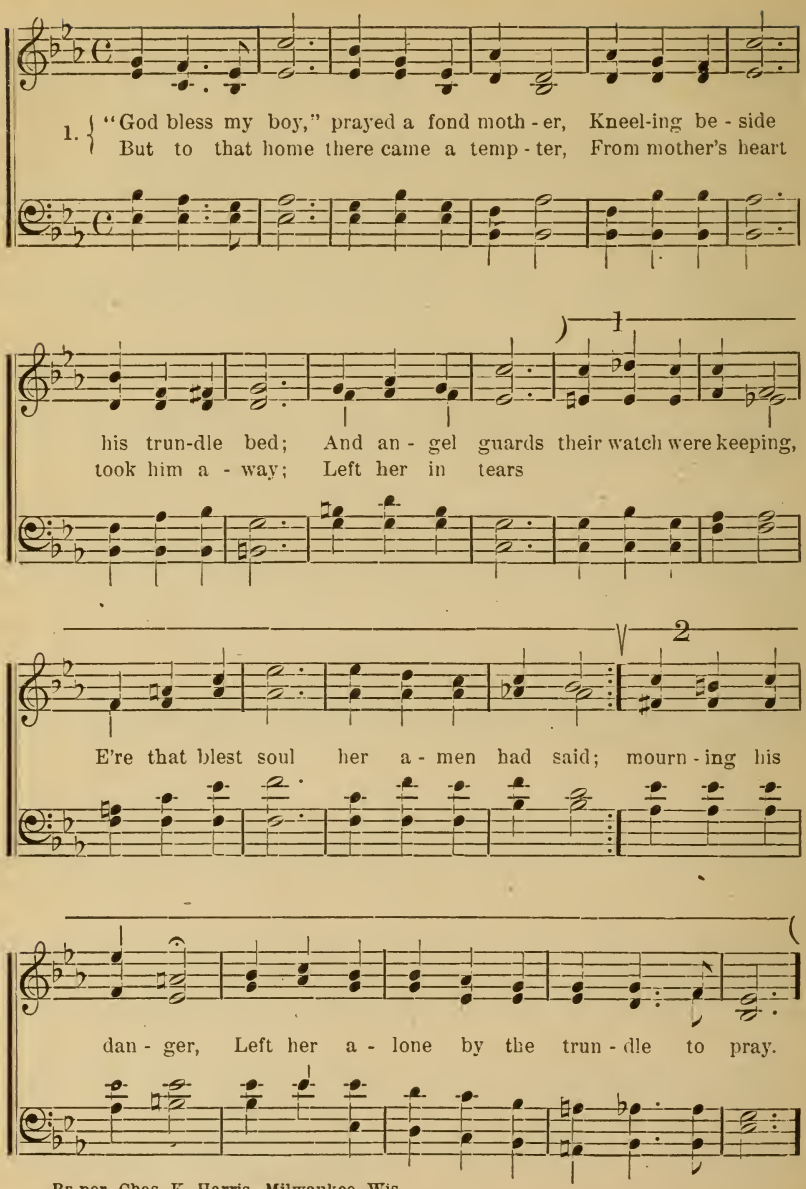


Soldier, Rouse Thee.

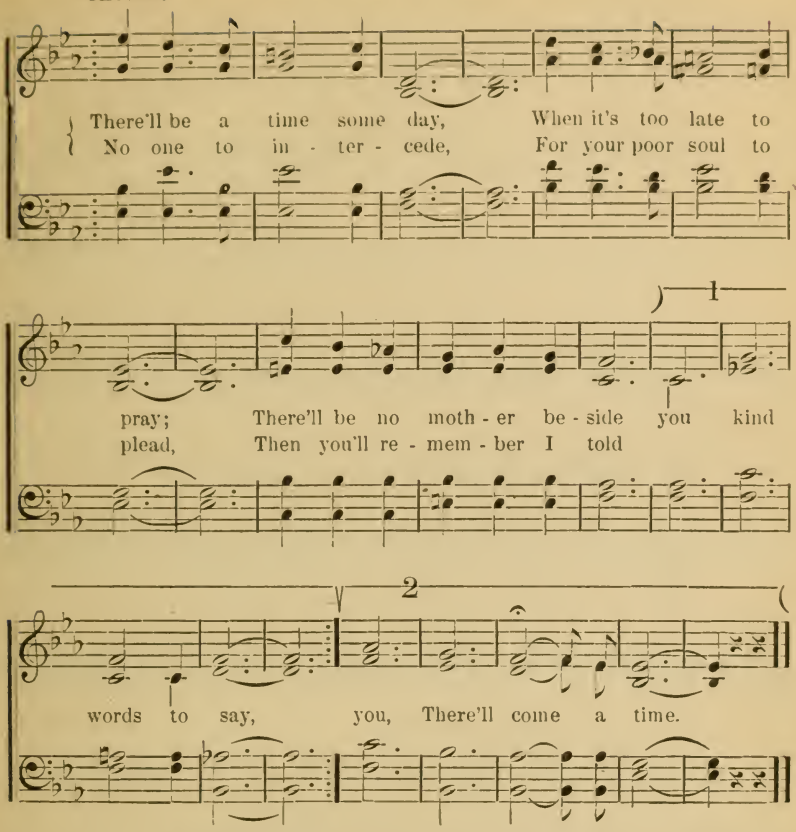


2 Lord, we come, and from Thee never
Self, nor earth our hearts shall sever;
Thine entirely, Thine forever,
We will fight and die.
To a world of sinners dying,
Heaven, and hell, and God defying,
Every-where we'll still be crying—
"Will ye perish—why?"

3 Hark! I hear the warriors shouting,
Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
Courage, onward, never doubting,
We shall win the day.
See the foe before us falling,
Sinners on the Saviour calling,
Throwing off the bondage galling—
Join our glad array.

31. # A Mother's Prayer.

By per. Chas. K. Harris, Milwaukee, Wis.

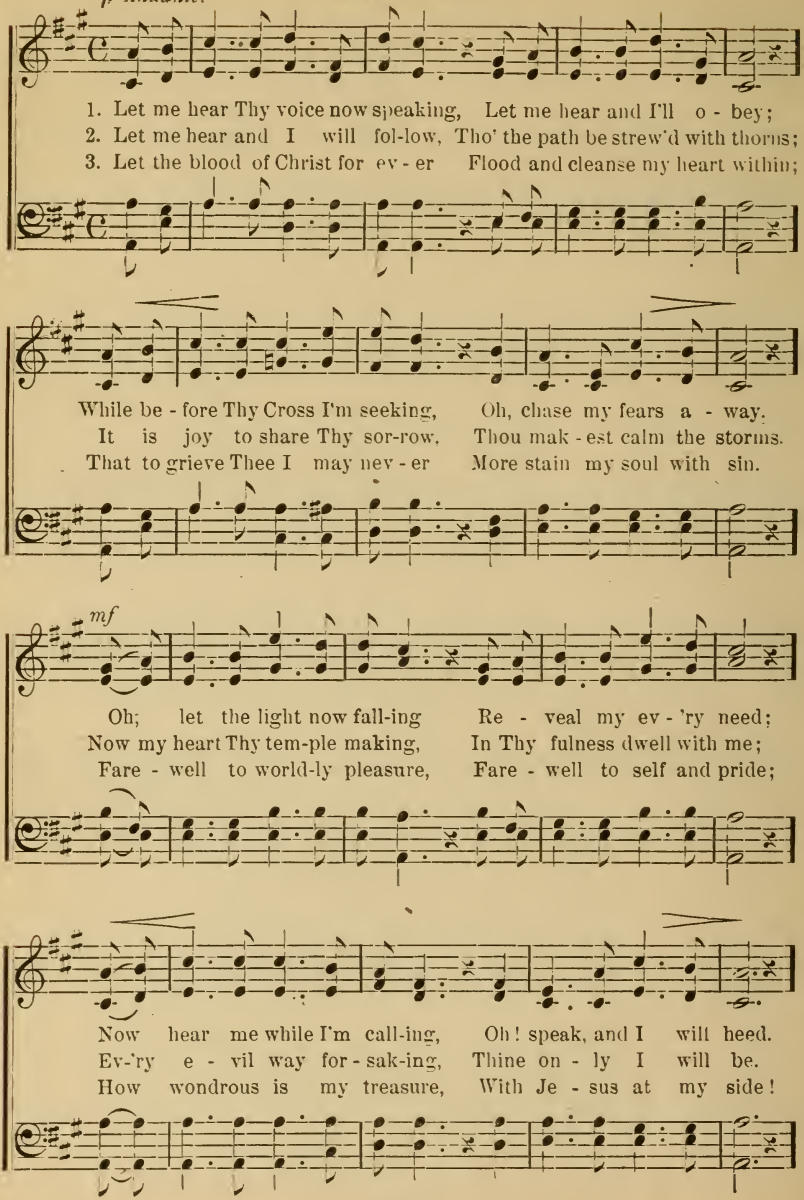
A Mother's Prayer.

CHORUS.

2 "Bless you my boy," prayed a fond mother,
Weeping he knelt by her death bed:
"Meet me in heaven, promise me faithful."
"I'll meet you there, mother," he said:
But ere the flowers on her grave withered
He had forgot his pledge that day;
"Some time," said he, "I'll turn to Jesus,"
So he went on in the old, old way.

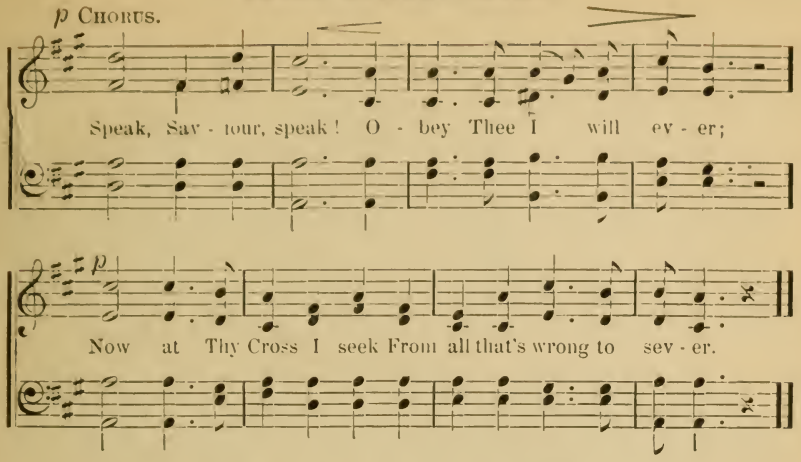
3 "Lord save this soul," thus prayed a Captain;
Kneeling beside a dying man;
"Pardon the past, Lord in Thy mercy,
Save him just now, save if You can."
"It is too late now, I am dying,
I am so cold, God is not near,
Oh, mother dear, if I had heeded,
Why did I leave you when you were here."

32. **Speak, Saviour, Speak!**

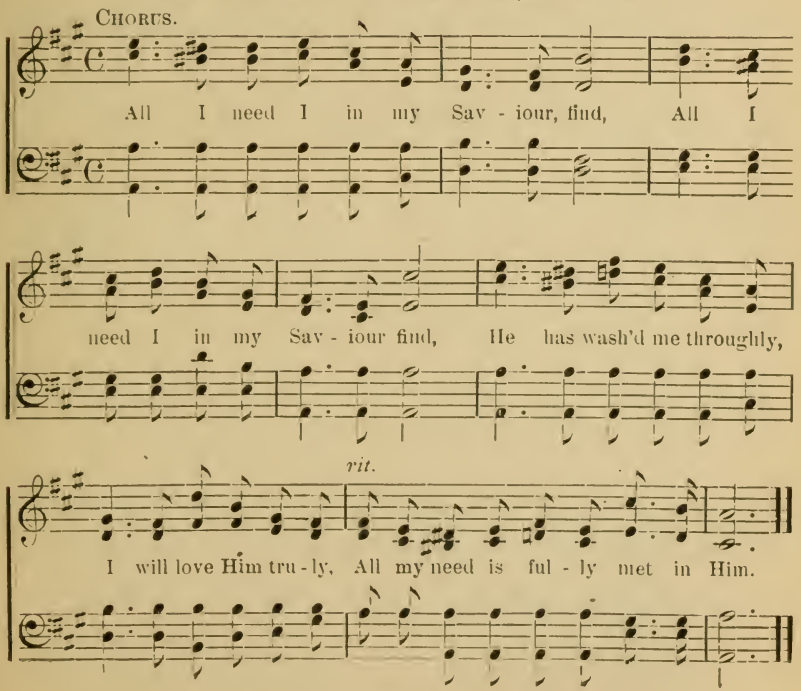
p Andante. *(Secular Melody.)*



Speak, Saviour, Speak!

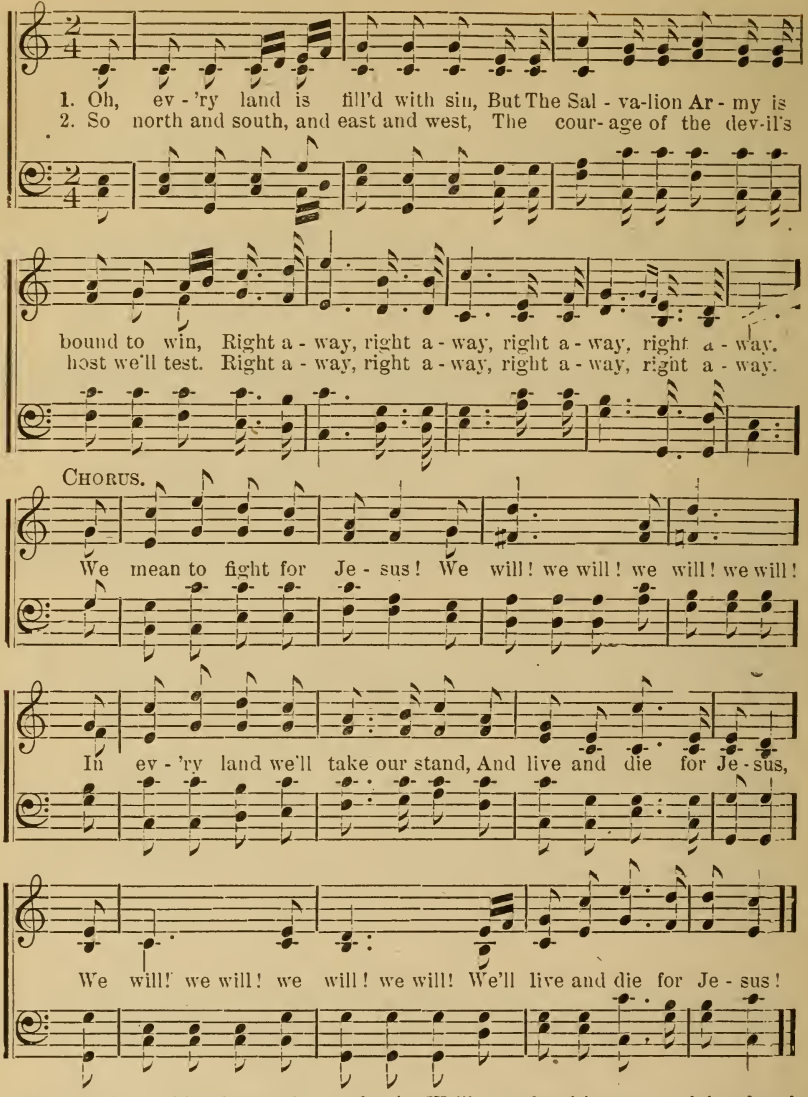


All I Need I in My Saviour Find.



33. Right Away.

Words by Commissioner Railton. Tune.—"Dixie."



3 We care for nothing but saving souls,
And by Gods help we'll have them by shoals.

4 We'll bring the women right out to the front,
And make the cowards and the doubters shunt.

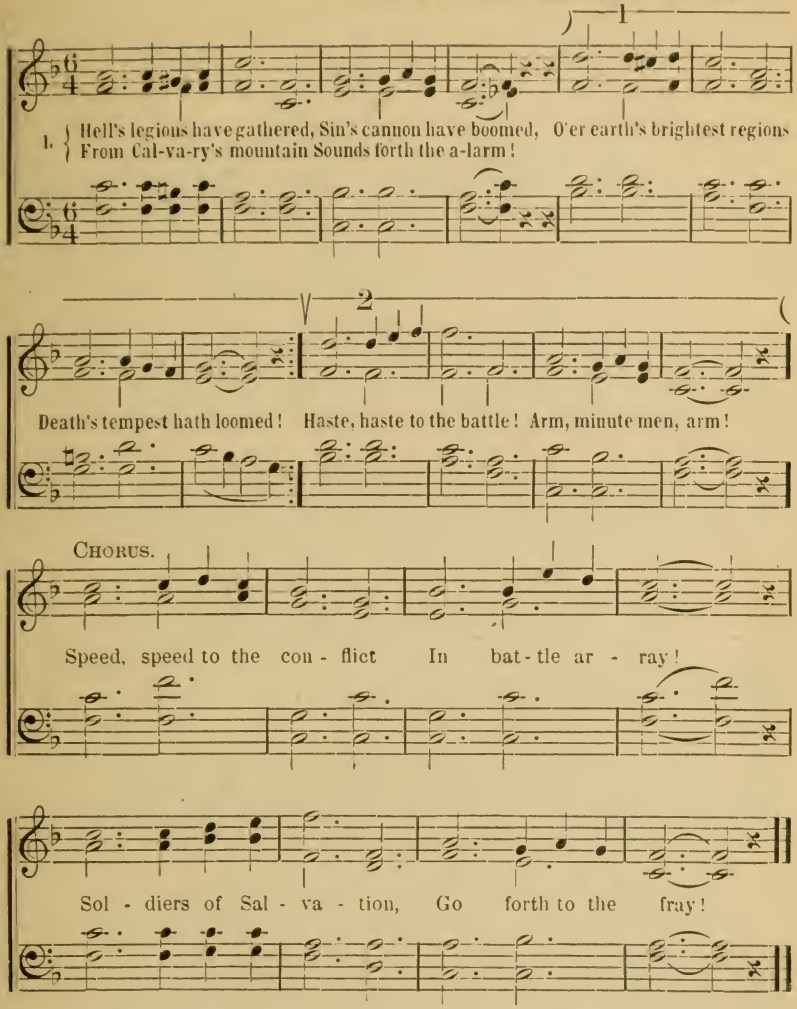
5 We'll march with song and band and flag,
And godless crowds to the Cross we'll drag.

6 Our Jesus saves from sin and fear,
And He can sanctify men down here.

34.

The Soul's Independence Day.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

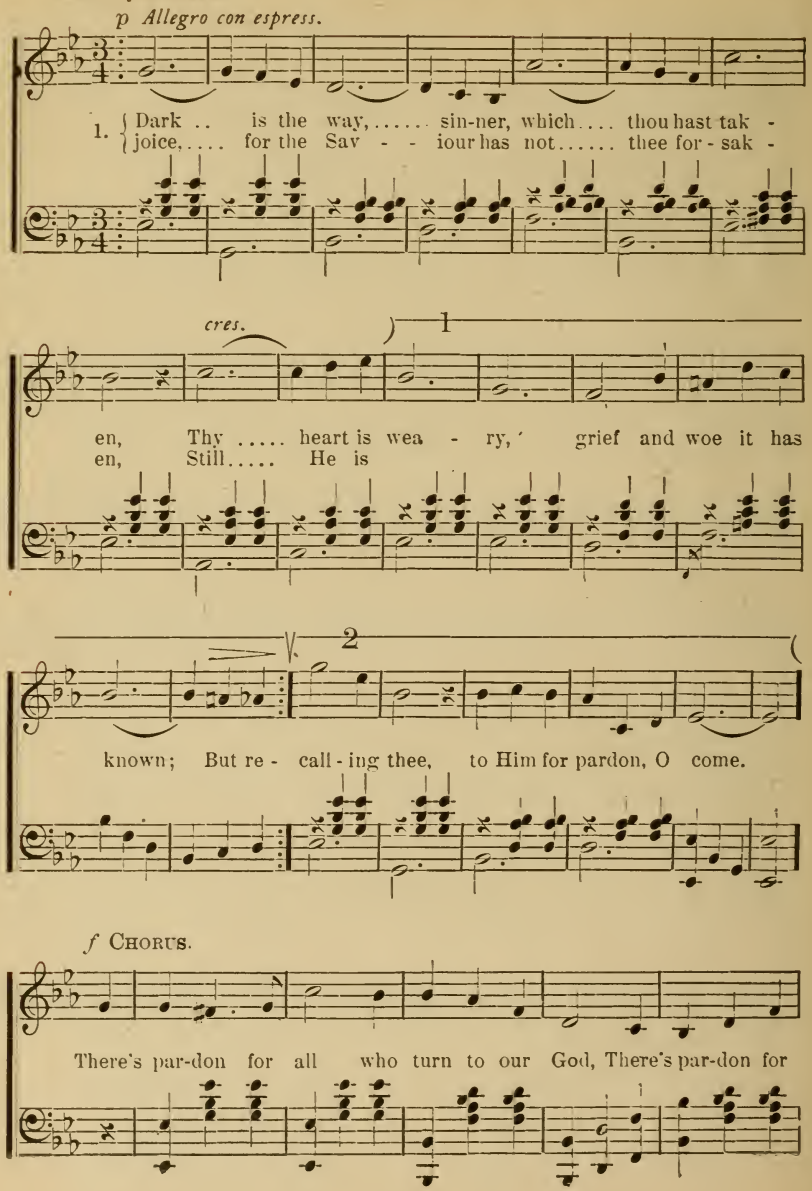


2 Scorn earth's false ambitions,
Tread down its delights!
Go rescue world-millions!
Restore them their rights!
Burn bridges behind you.
Snap self's strongest chain!
Charge, charge on the foemen
Till vict'ry you gain!

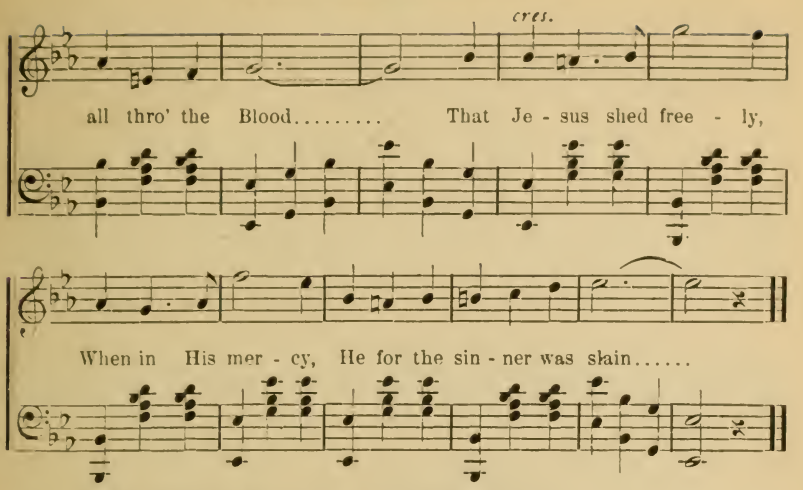
3 Hark! loudly is ringing
Heaven's Liberty Bell!
Glad millions rejoicing,
Joy's anthem-song swell!
Sin's fetters are shattered!
Hell's captives are free!
Blood-bought independence!
Christ-giv'n liberty!

35. Pardon Through the Blood.

Words by R. SLATER.



Pardon Through the Blood.

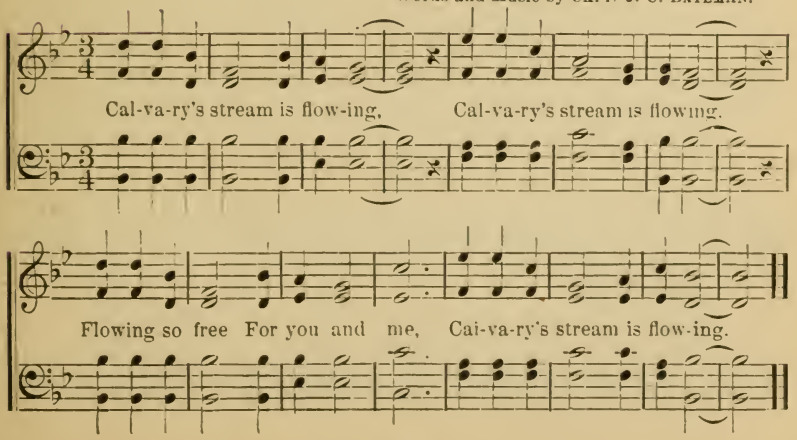


2 Turn from thy sin and from God ask for favor,
Tread not the way that leadeth on to despair;
Oh, be glad that in Jesus for thee there's a Saviour,
Come to Him, guilty one, to Him for pardon draw near.

3 Days brighter far, by God's grace are before thee,
Strength He will give, and keep thy soul from each stain;
Then for pardon of sin venture now on His mercy,
To Him thy burden bring, from Him thy pardon, oh, claim.

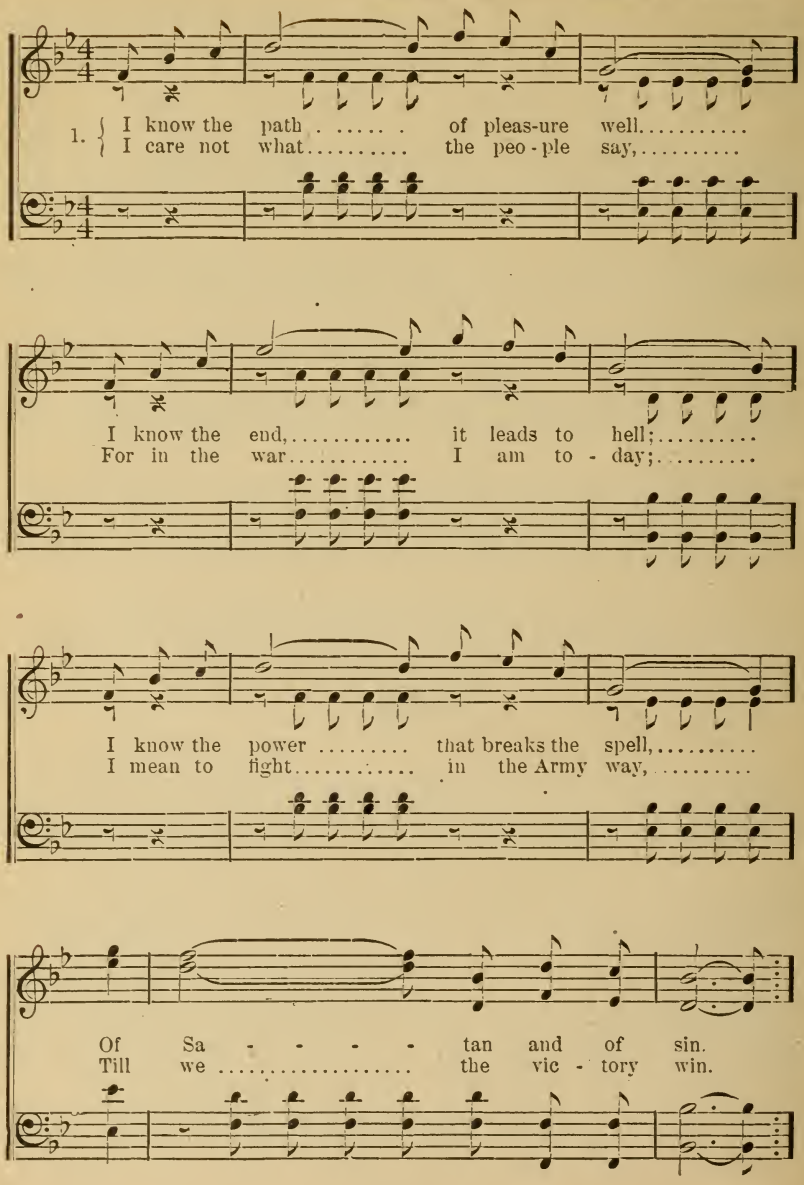
Chorus.

Words and Music by CAPT. J. C. BATEMAN.

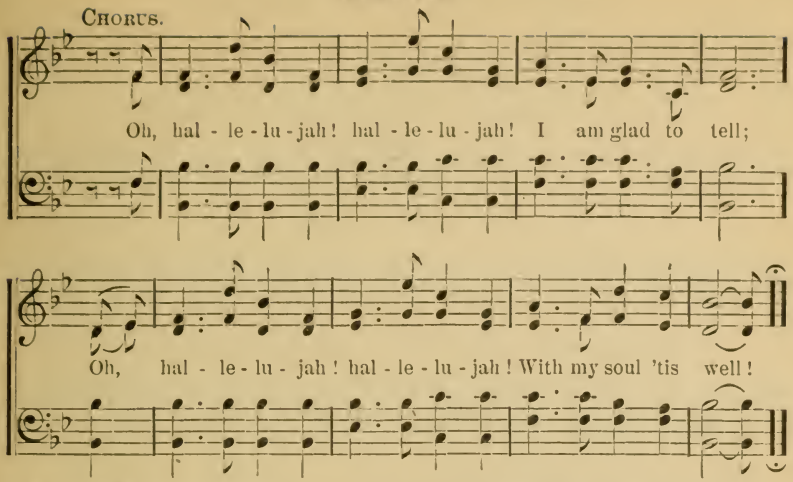


36. **Satisfied.**

Words and Music by CAPT. THERON M. PERSONS.



Satisfied.

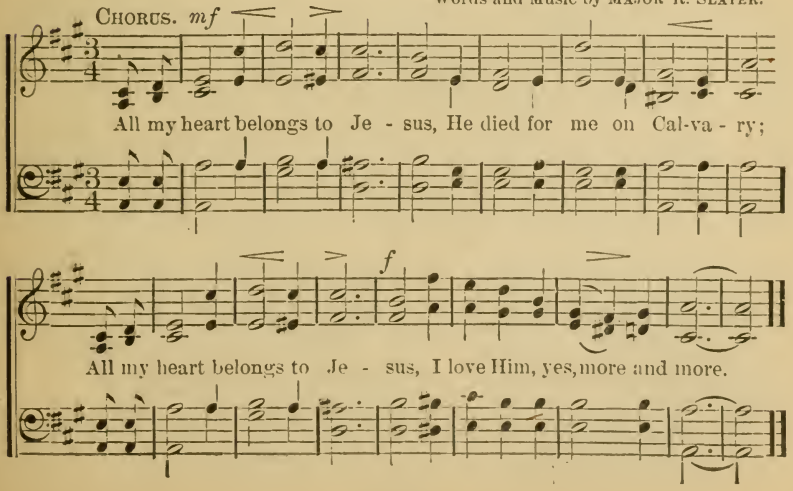


2 A Christless life is all in vain,
Just so a life of worldly gain;
Then seek the Saviour, and obtain
That power to make you whole.
Christ gives it to the rich and poor,
He spreads His love from door to door,
And when the toils of life are o'er,
You'll find He saves the soul.

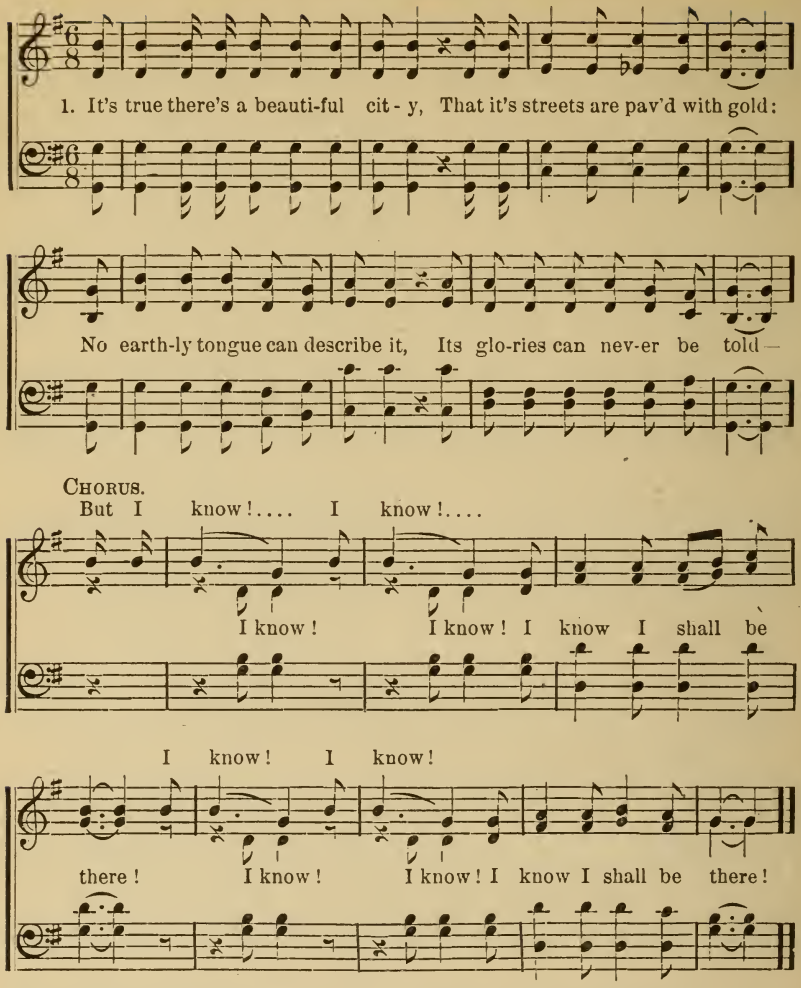
3 I'm happy as I journey on,
Through life I'll sing the victor's song,
And then I know it won't be long,
Before I'll see my Lord.
And then I feel I shall rejoice,
That e'er I listened to His voice,
And did not make a worldly choice,
But rather served my God.

All My Heart Belongs to Jesus.

Words and Music by Major R. Slater.



37. It's True There's a Beautiful City.



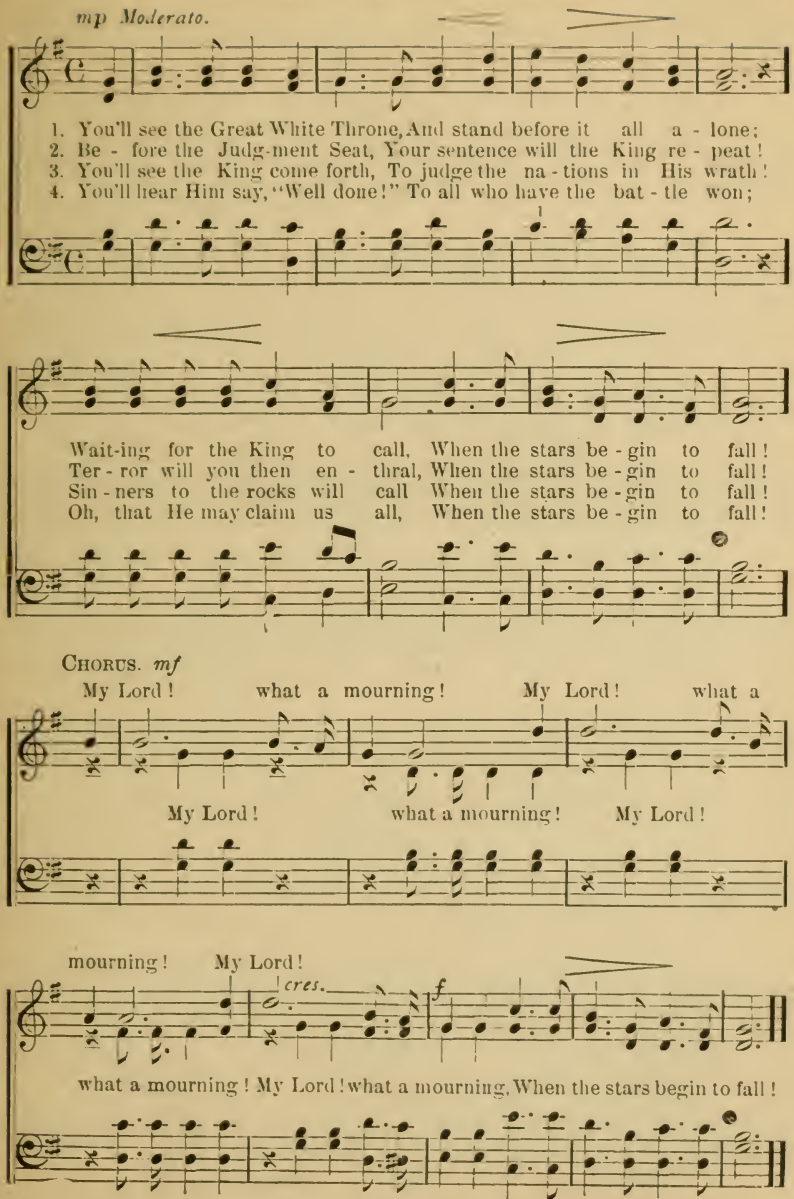
2 Those loved ones dwell in that city,
Whom you placed beneath the sod.
When your heart felt nigh to breaking,
And you promised you'd serve your God—
Will you? will you?
Say, will you meet them there?

3 There none but the pure and holy
Can ever enter in;
You have no hope of it's Glory,
If still you're the servant of sin—
Bless God! Bless God!
Bless God, you may be there!

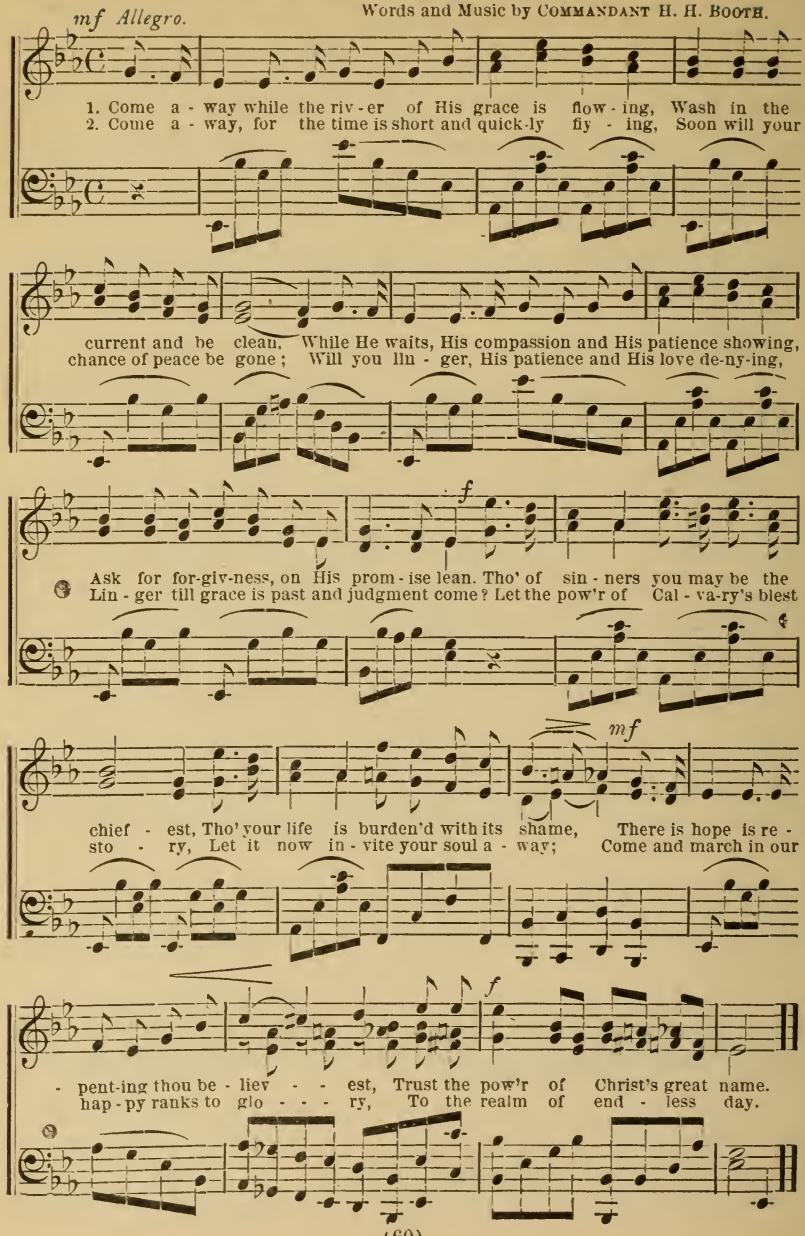
4 Yes, you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree;
And that same precious Blood is now flowing.
That washed a poor sinner like me—
Will you? will you?
Will you now wash and be clean?

5 All who enter that glorious city,
Have made their garments white;
Have trod in the Saviour's footsteps,
They've battled for God and the right—
I long! I long!
I long to meet you there!

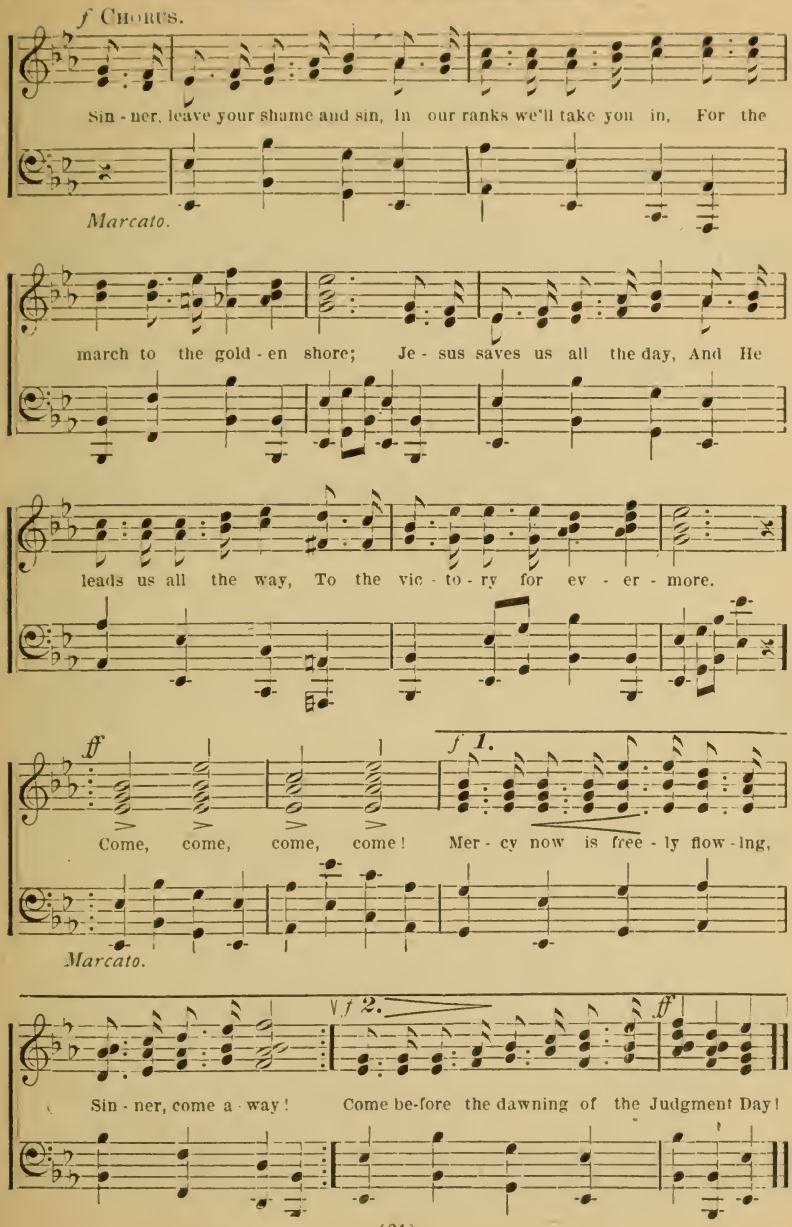
38.

My Lord, what a Mourning.

39. # The March to the Golden Shore.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

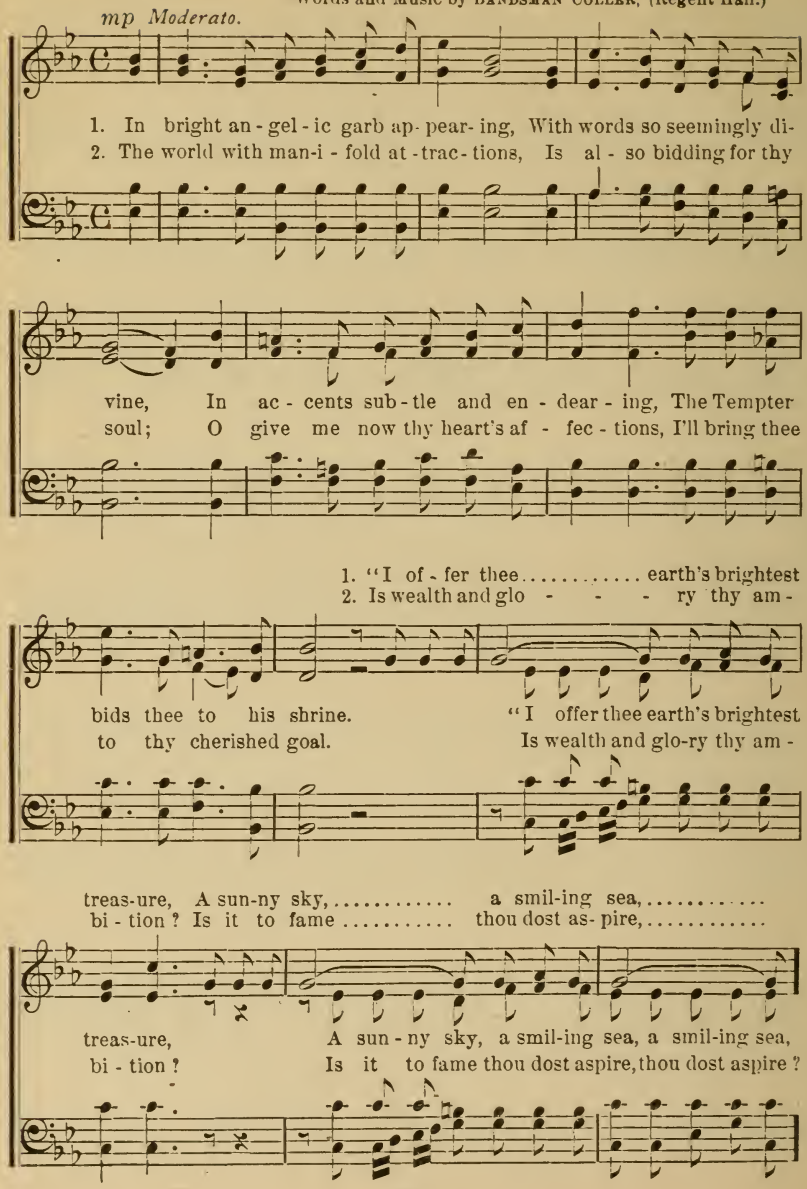


The March to the Golden Shore.

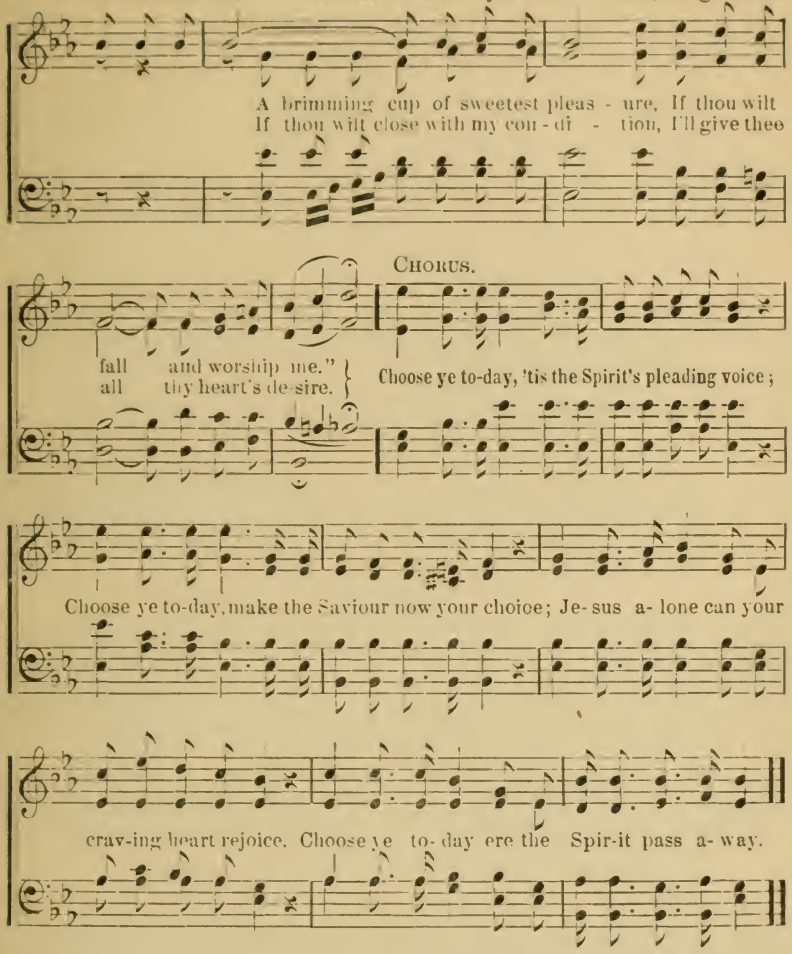


40. The Three Bidders for the Soul.

Words and Music by BANDSMAN COLLER, (Regent Hall.)



The Three Bidders for the Soul.



3.

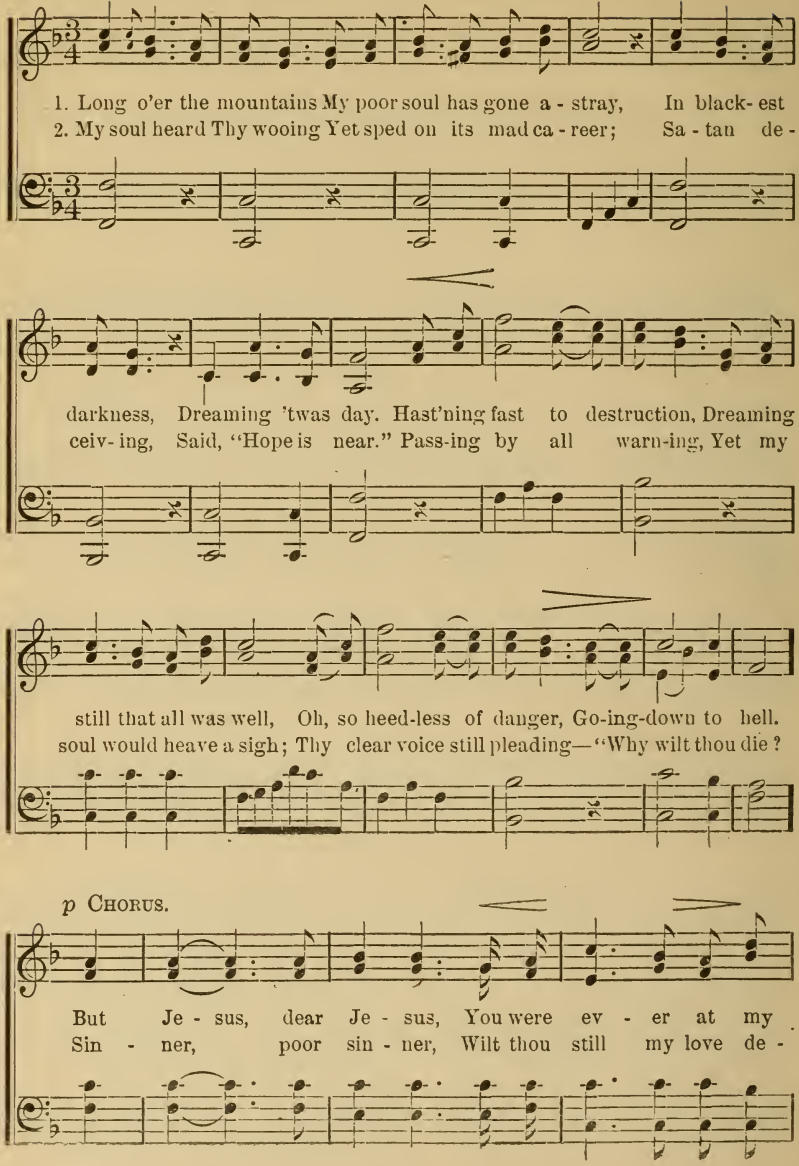
One Bidder more thy choice is waiting,
He yearns, He claims thee as His own!
"Child of My heart, why hesitating?
For thee I left the Father's throne.
For thee I trod the path of anguish.
For thee endured the crown of thorn,
Through death and darkness I did languish
To bring to thee a brighter dawn."

4.

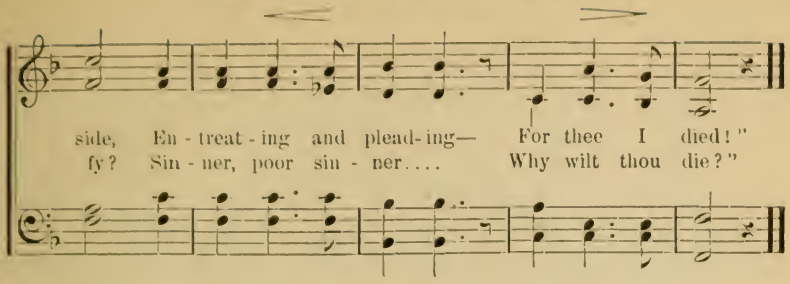
Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy love has broken
This stony heart, my choice is made;
The deed is done, Thy Blood the token,
My all is on Thine altar laid;
The Tempter's share, the World's alluring,
Shall never draw me from Thy side,
Henceforth for Thee the worst enduring,
I'll dwell beneath Thy riven side.

41. **Long o'er the Mountains.**

p Andante con espress. (*Verse as a* SOLO *or* DUET.)



Long o'er the Mountains.



3 Roused from my dreaming,
My souls eyes were open wide—
Hell frowned before me,
Remorse my guide;
My sad heart relenting,
While my sins rose mountains high,
Satan still hissing—
"Your time's gone by!"

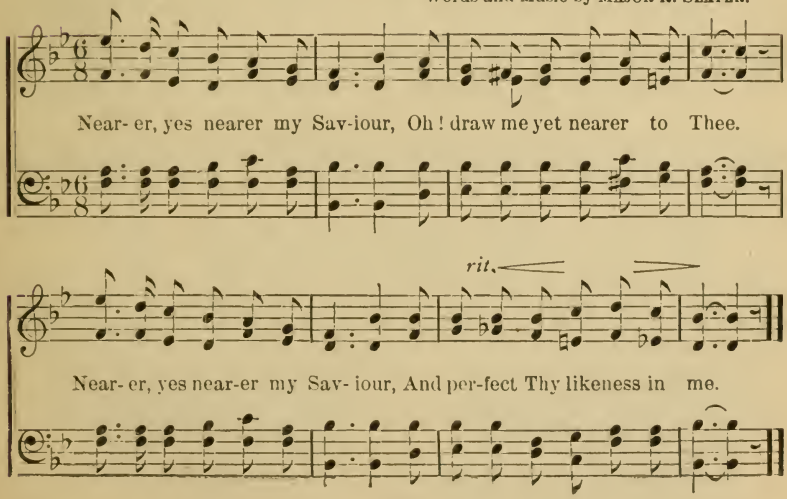
Then Jesus, dear Jesus'
On the tree uplifted high,
Whispered so sweetly—
"You need not die!"

4 Then joy, like sunbeams
Breaking through the clouded sky
Sweet light in the darkness,
Bright hope drew nigh;
Sweet the voice now pleading,
Coming from the rugged tree,
And with blood still streaming,
Cried, "I die for thee!"

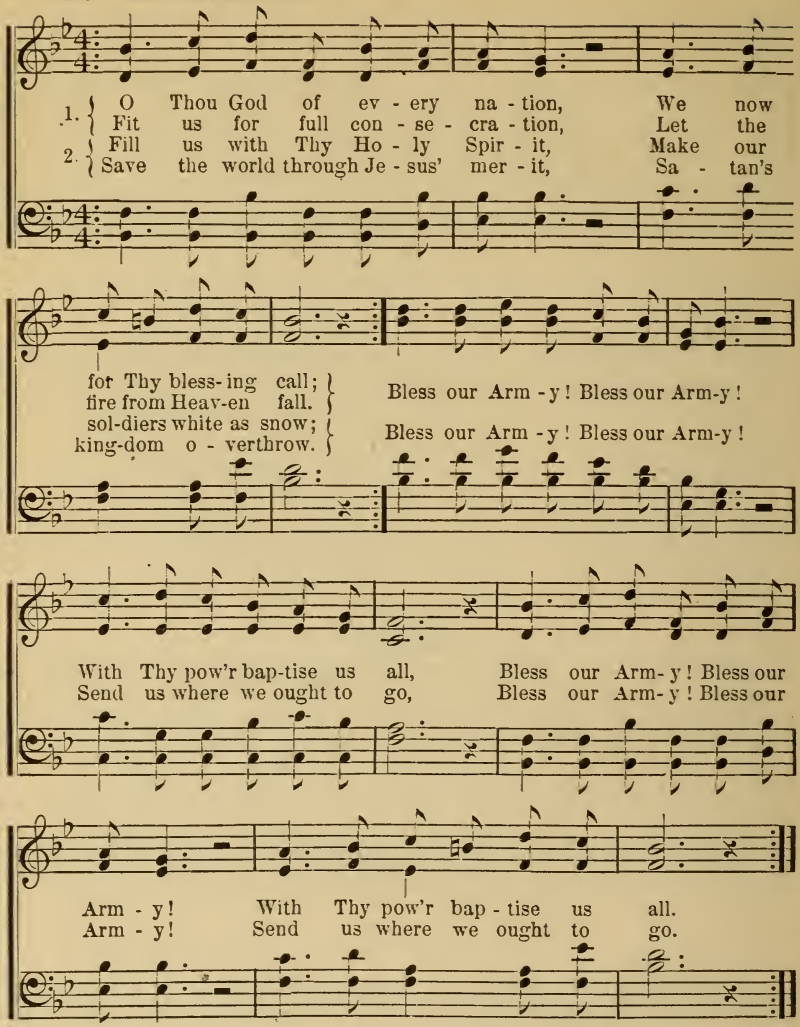
'Twas Jesus, my Jesus,
Crying, "Sinner, look to Me!"
My heart was broken,
My spirit free!

Chorus.

Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.



42. Bless Our Army!

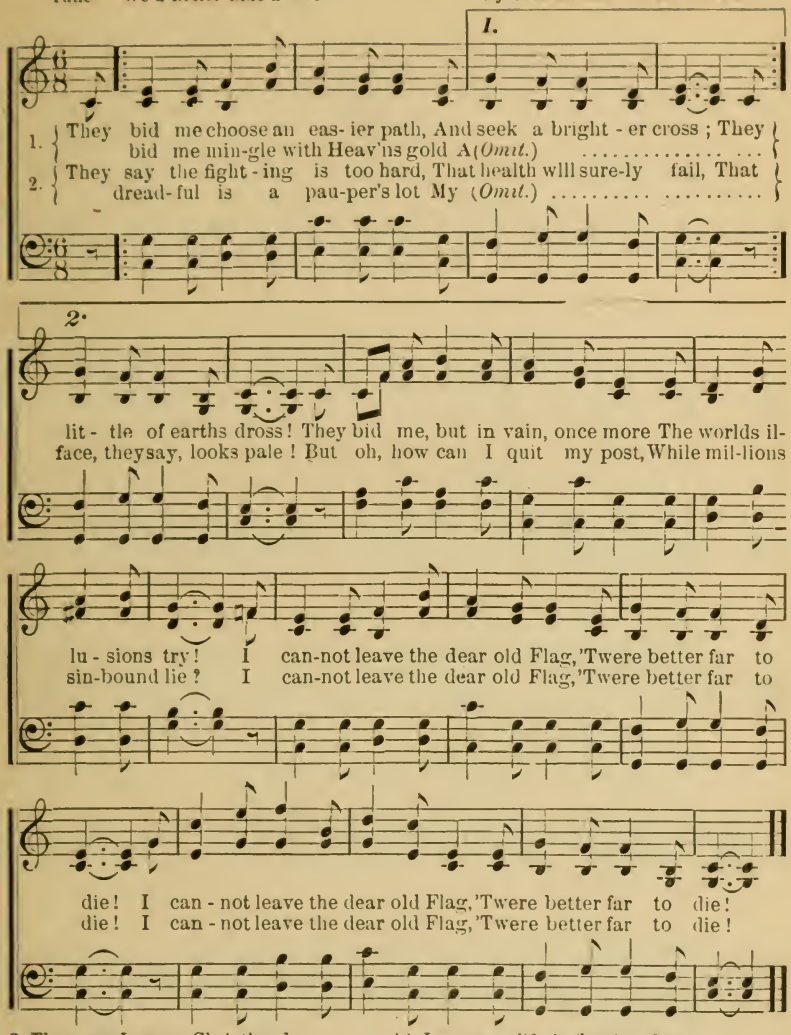
Tune—"Just Before the Battle."

3 Give the world more holy living,
Fill it with abundant power;
Give the Army more thanksgiving,
Greater victories every hour.
Bless our Army!
Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.

4 Bless our General, bless our leaders,
Bless our officers as well;
Bless Headquarters, bless our soldiers,
Bless the foes of sin and hell.
Bless our Army!
We will of Thy goodness tell.

By kind permission of John Church Co.

43. I Cannot Leave The Dear Old Flag.

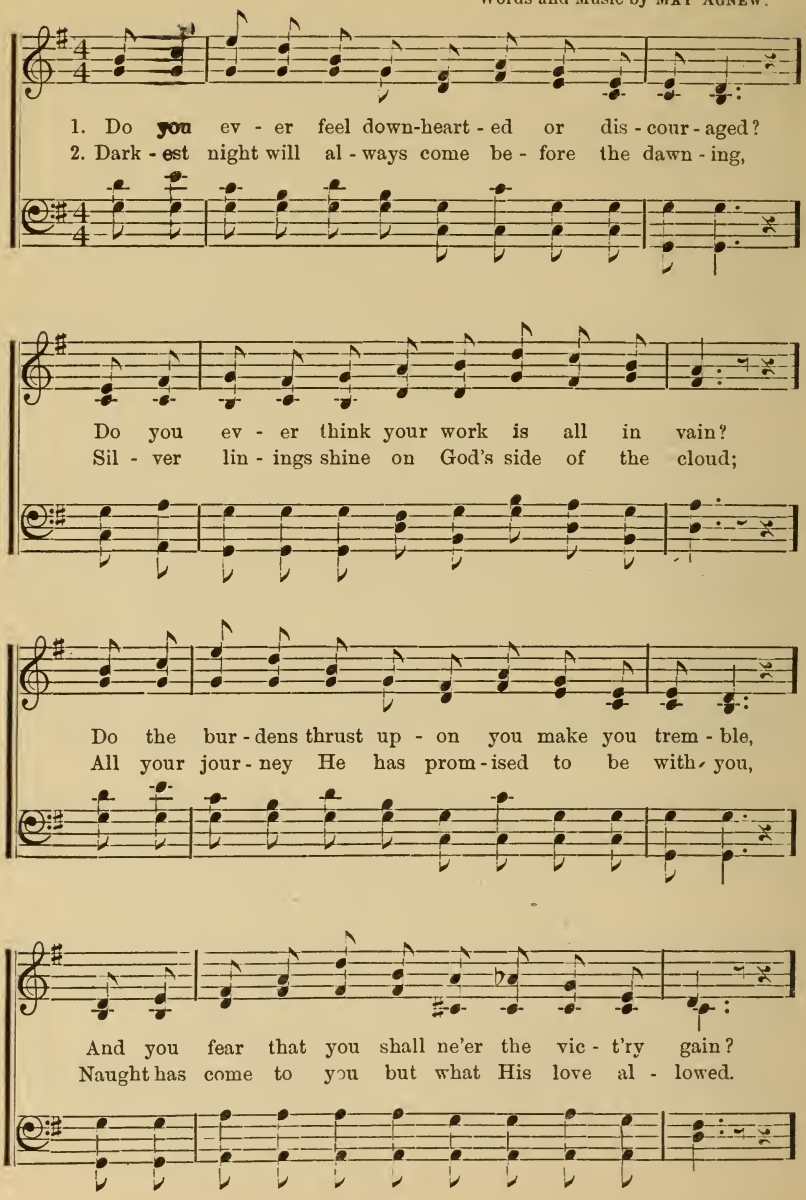
Tune—"We'd Better Bide a Wee" By COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

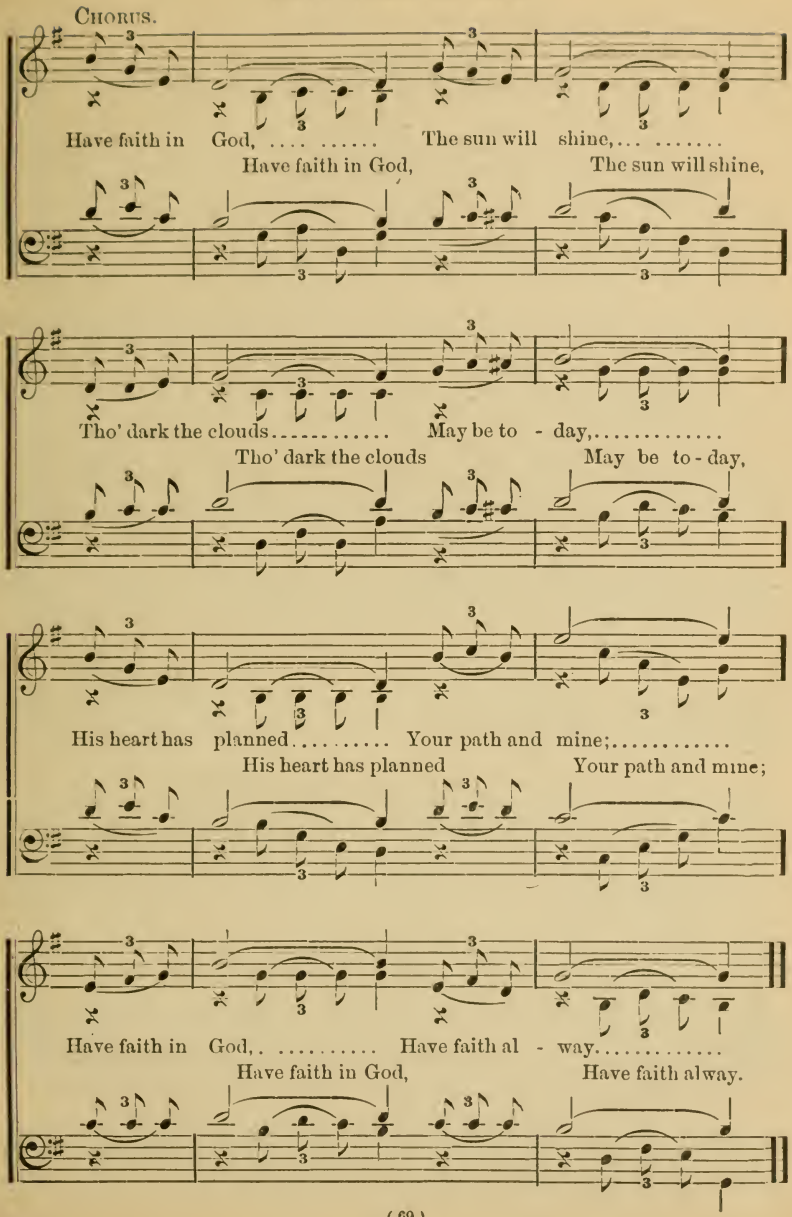


3 They say I can a Christian be,
And serve God quite as well.
And reach Heav'n just as surely by
The music of church-bell!
But, oh, the drum and clarion call
Of band make my pulse fly!
I cannot leave the dear old Flag,
'Twere better far to die!

4 I answer, life is fleeting fast,
I cannot, cannot wait!
For me my comrades beckoning stand
Beyond the Pearly Gate!
I hear their Hallelujahs grand!
I hear their battle-cry!
Oh, do not leave the dear old Flag,
'Twere better far to die!

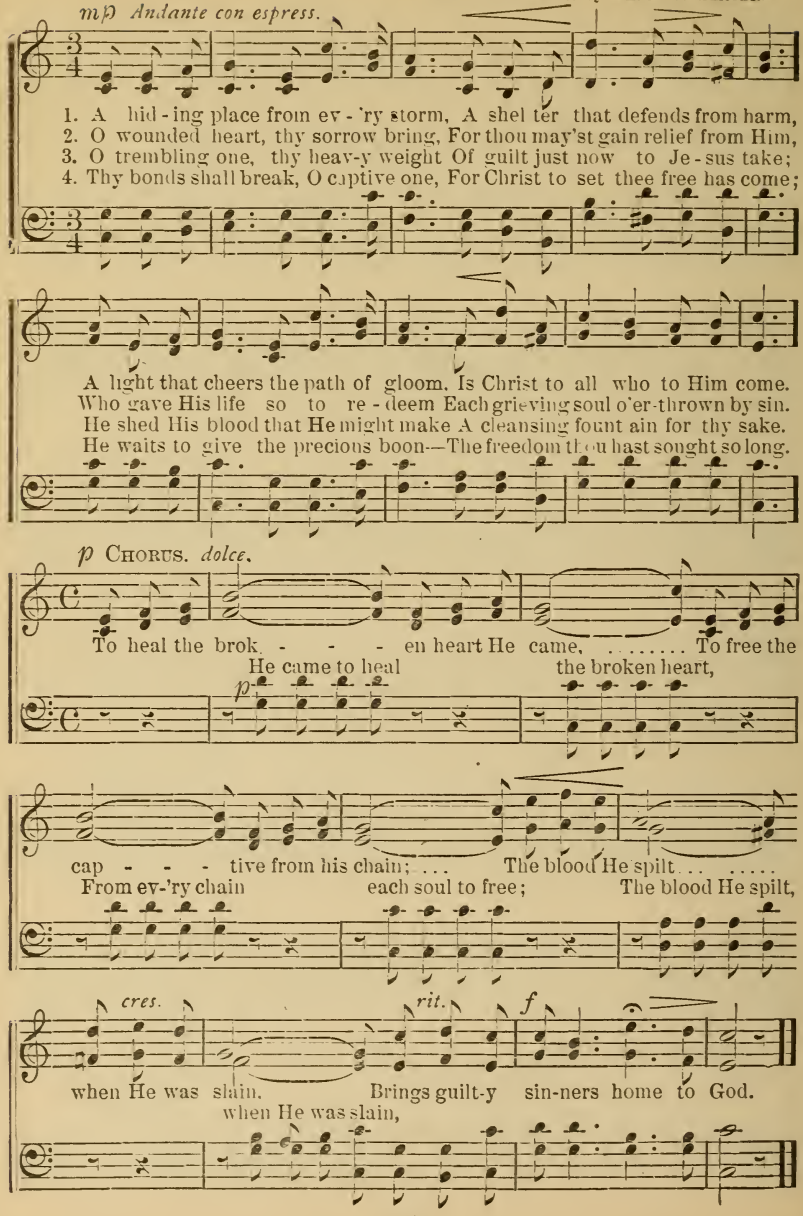
44. Have Faith in God.

Words and Music by MAY AGNEW.

Have Faith in God.



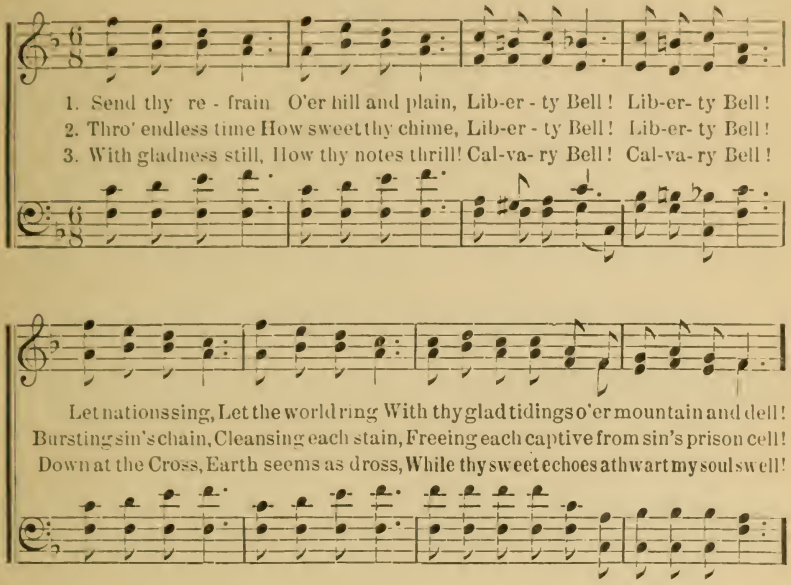
45. To Heal the Broken Heart He Came.

Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.



46. Liberty Bell!

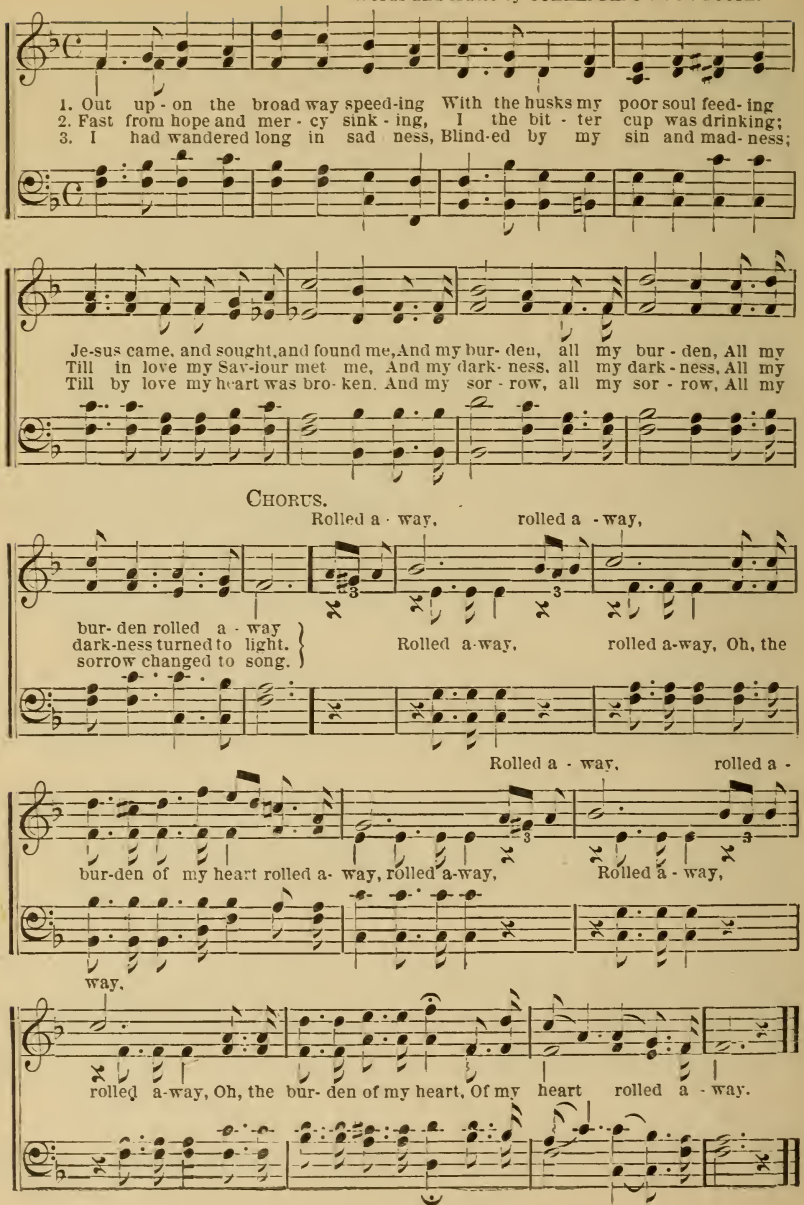
Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



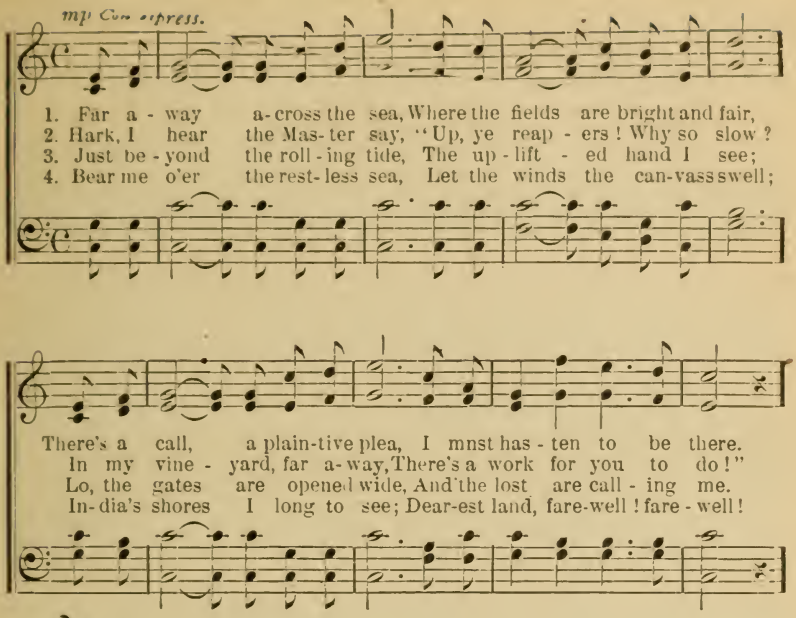
47.

Rolled Away.

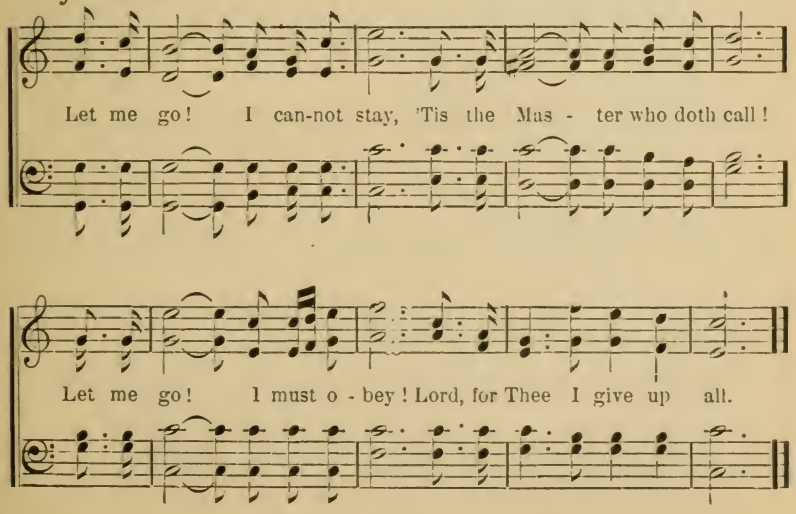
Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.



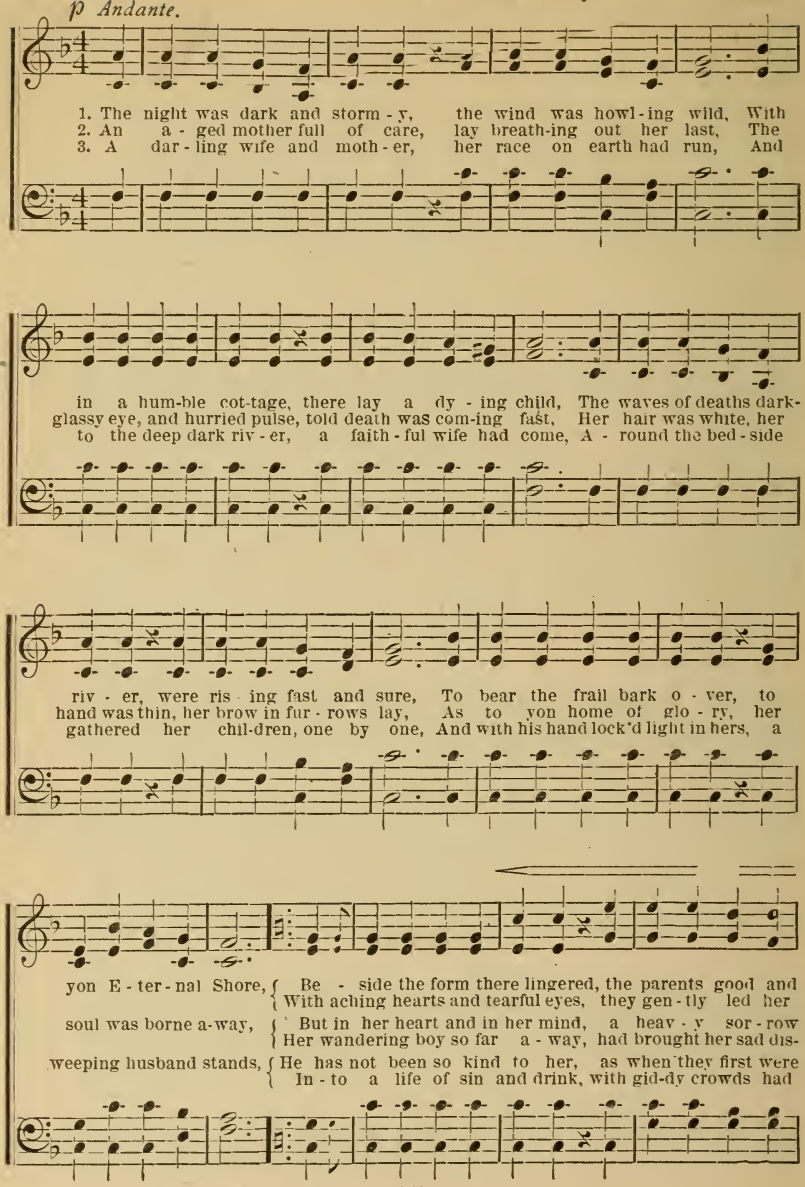
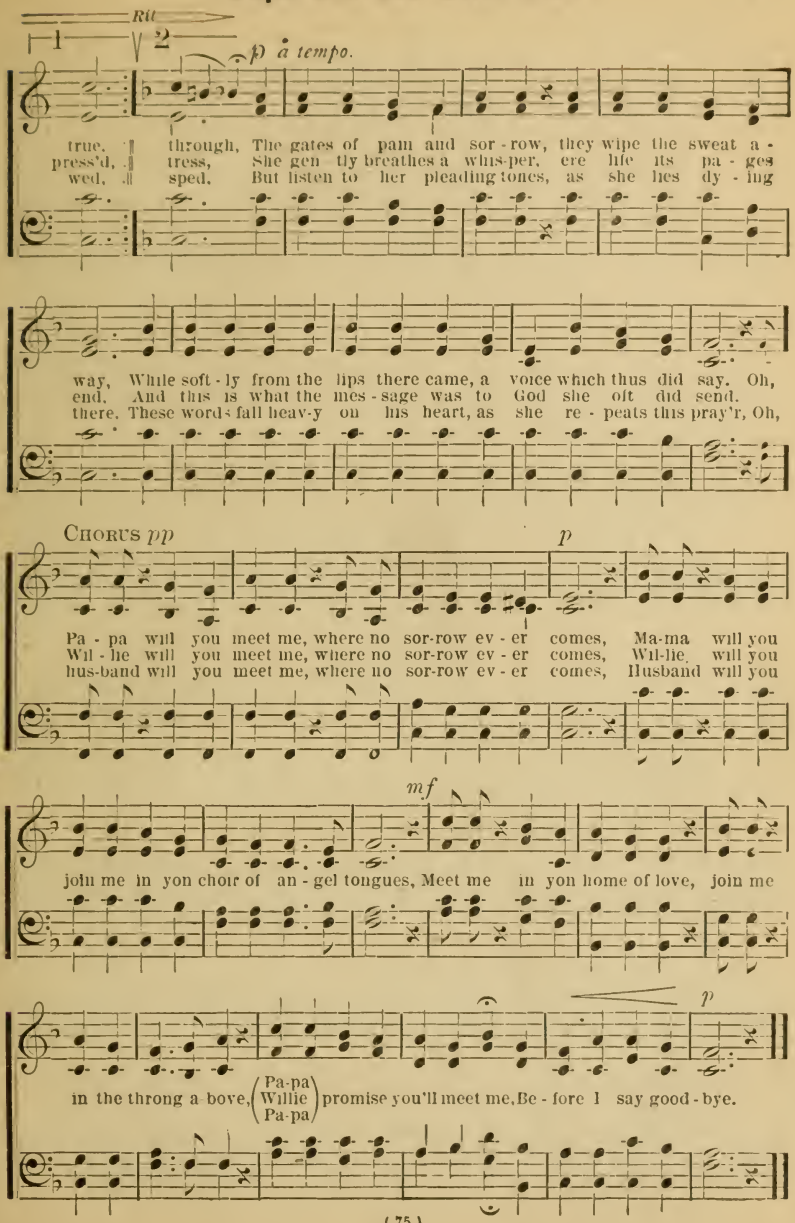
Far Away Across the Sea.



f CHORUS.

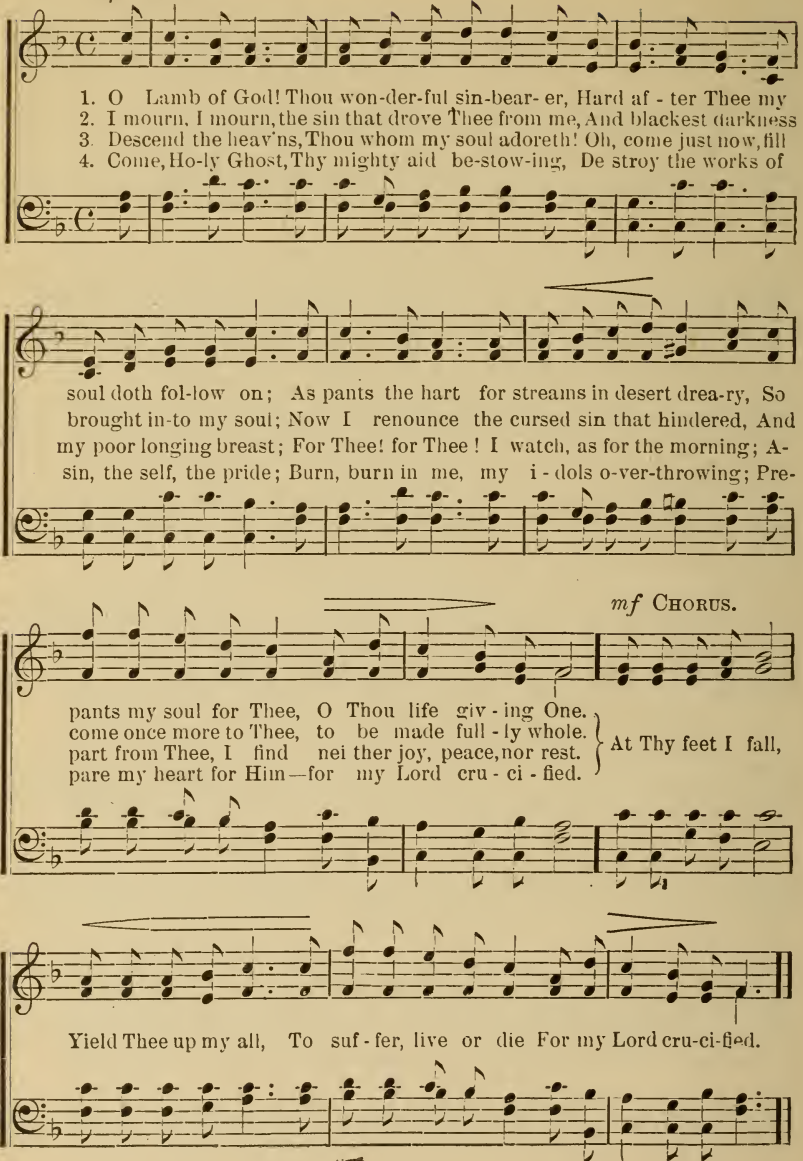


49. Papa will You Meet Me?

Words and Music by STAFF CAPT. ADAMS.

Papa will You Meet Me?

50. At Thy Feet I Fall.

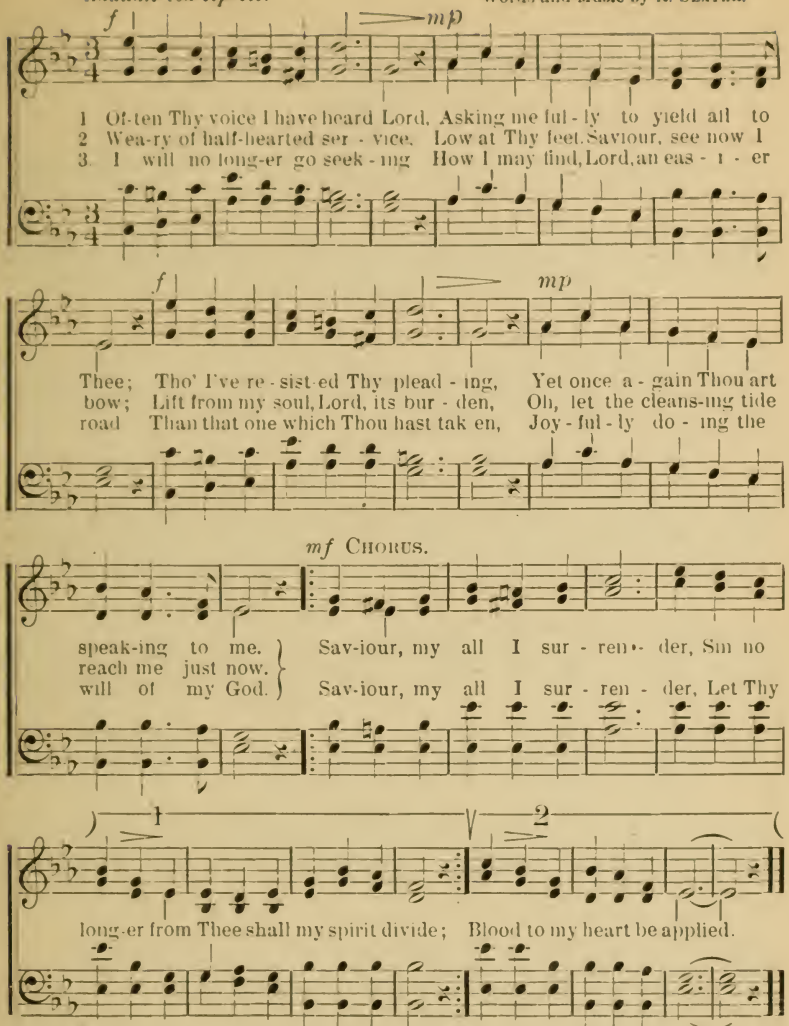
Words by THE MARECHALE.

mp Andante.



51. Saviour, My All I Surrender.

Andante con espress. Words and Music by R. SLATER.

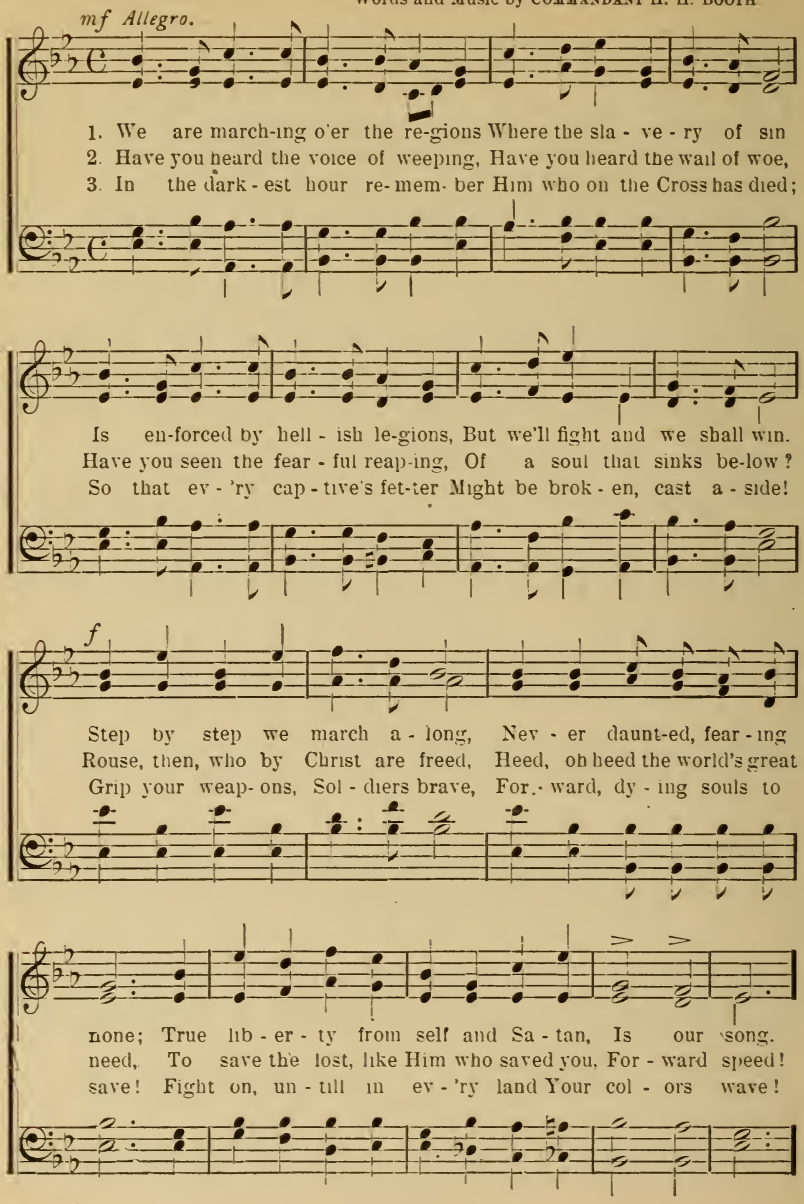


4 Put, Lord, Thy spirit within me;
Cause me on earth in Thy footsteps to tread;
Oh, let me taste of that pleasure
That fills the heart whence self-seeking has fled.

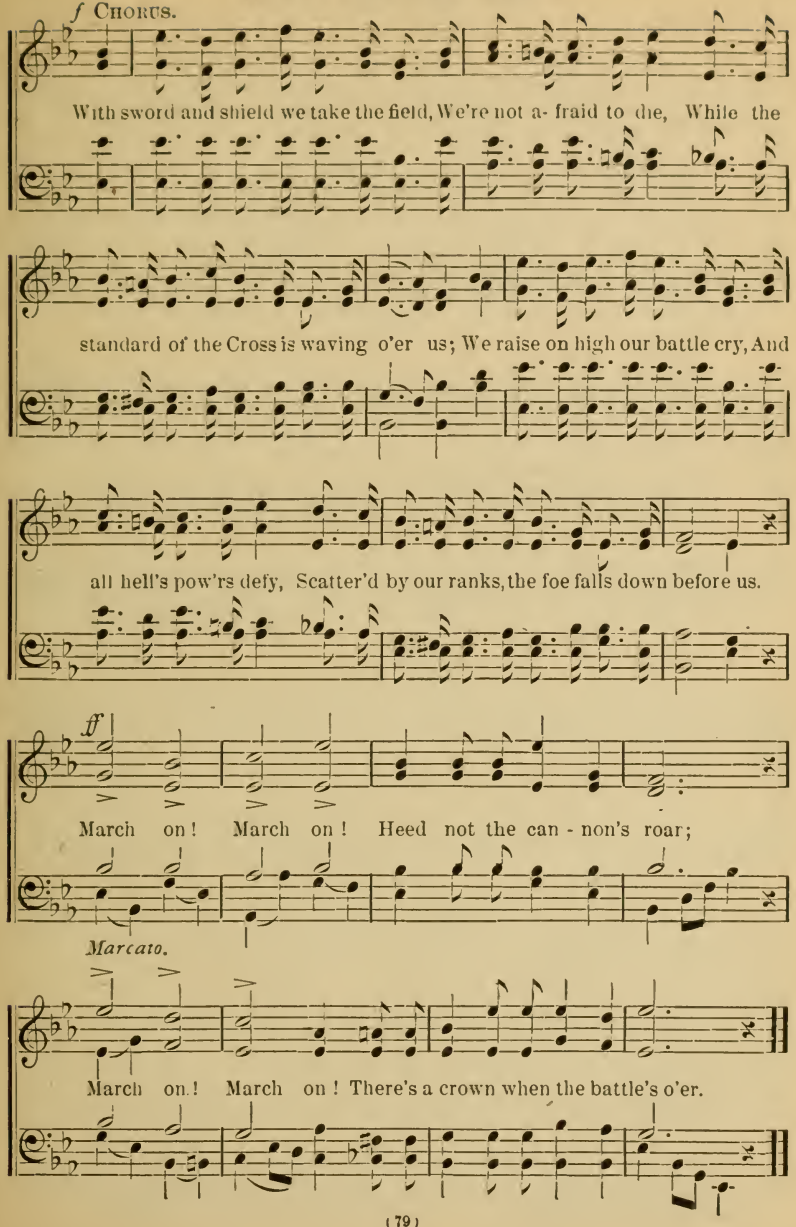
5 Glory to Thee, blessed Saviour!
Thou hast in mercy accepted my heart:
Strong in Thy grace I go forward,
Glad that from sin Thou hast helped me to part.

52. With Sword and Shield.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.



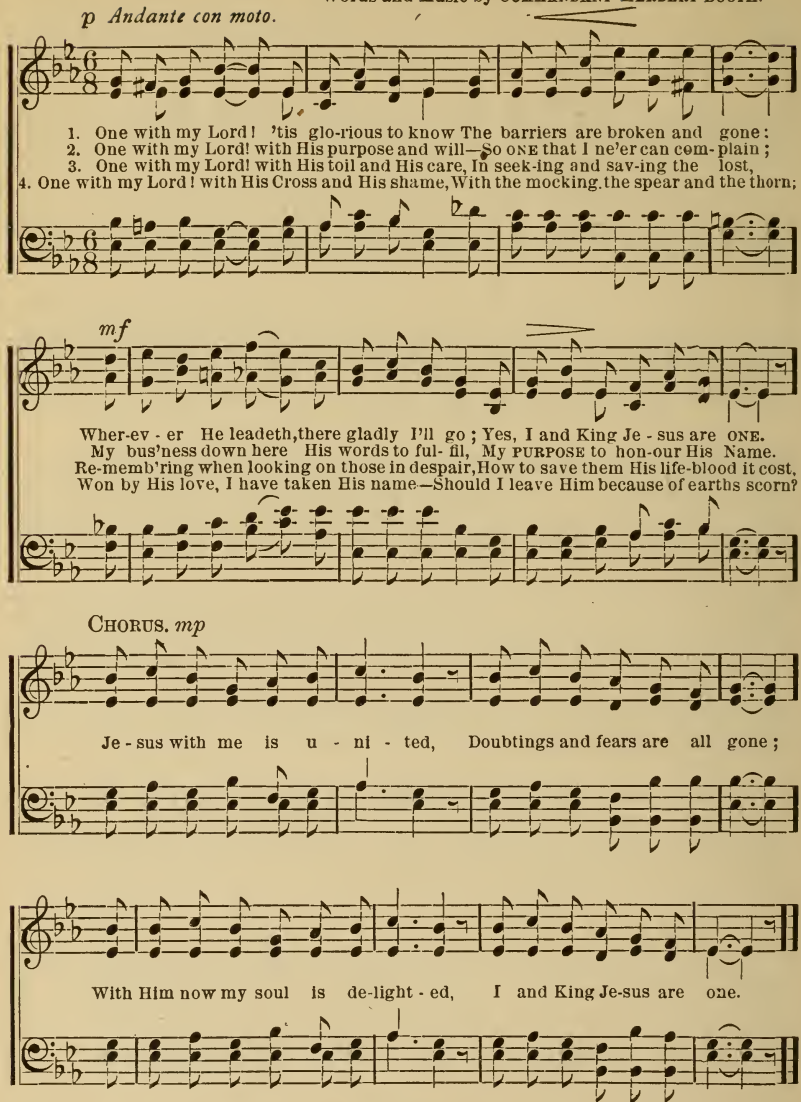
With Sword and Shield.



53.

One With My Lord.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH.



5

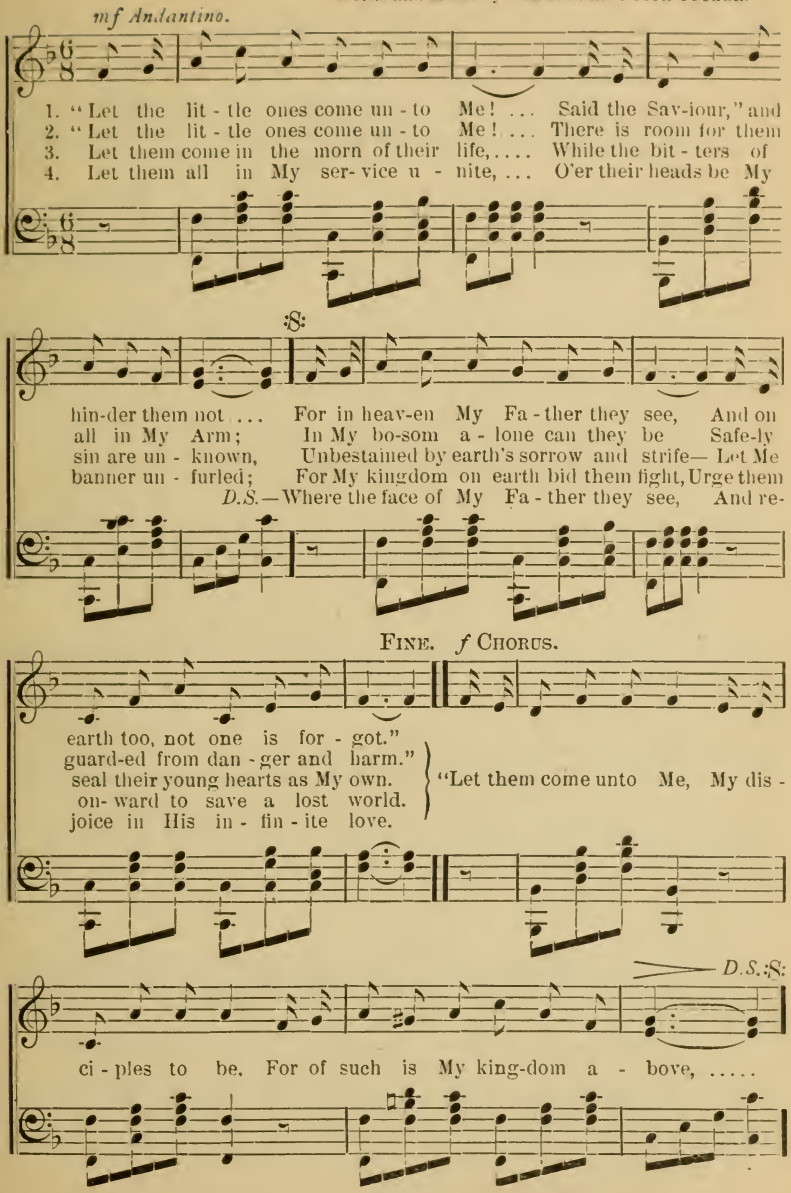
One with my Lord! when time has gone by
And eternity opens to view,
On His grace and His strength I then will rely,
And trust Him to carry me through.

6

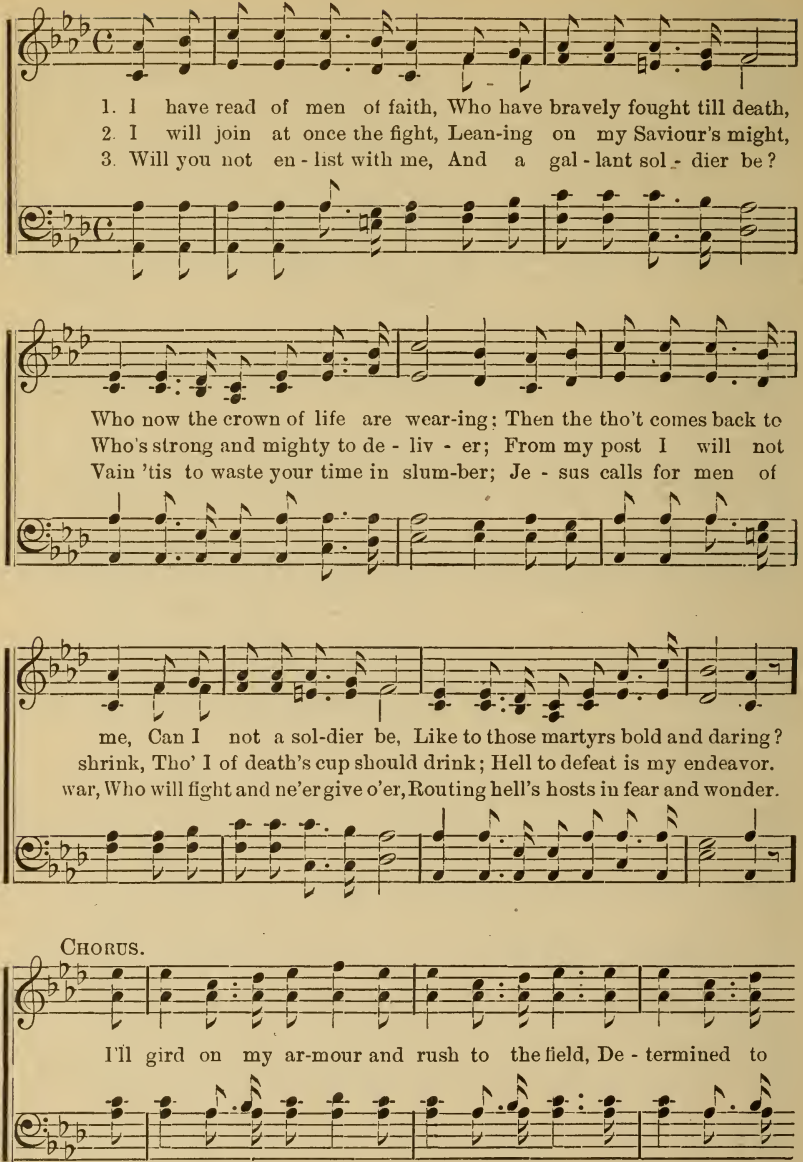
One with my Lord! on the throne of His might
I shall take my place by His side,
And then in that land of rapture and right
With HIM I'll for ever abide.

54.

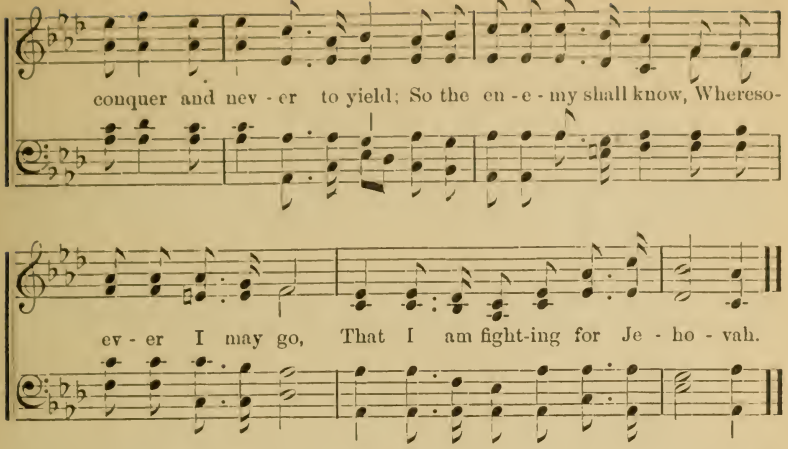
Let Them Come!

Words and Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.

55. I Have Read of Men of Faith.

Words by BLIND MARK.

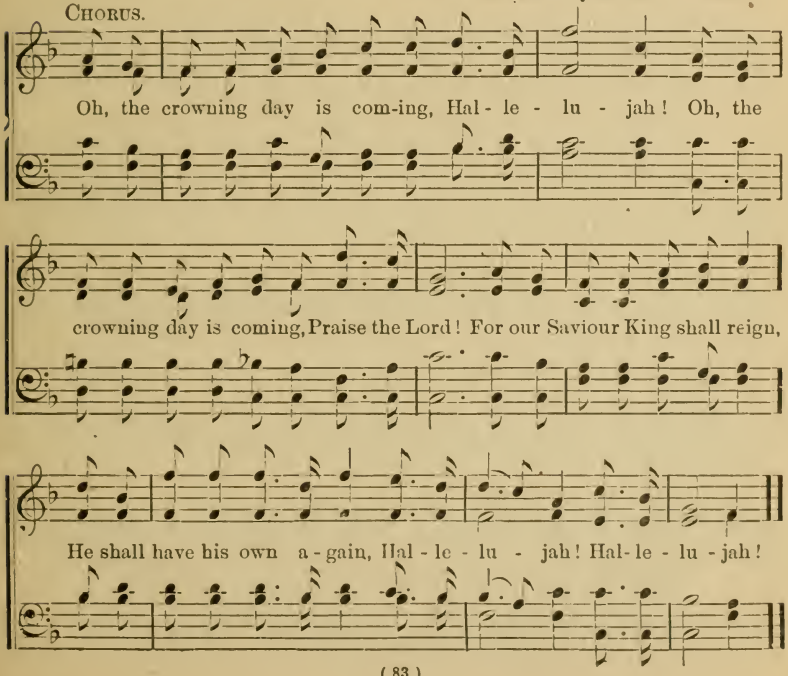


I Have Read of Men of Faith.

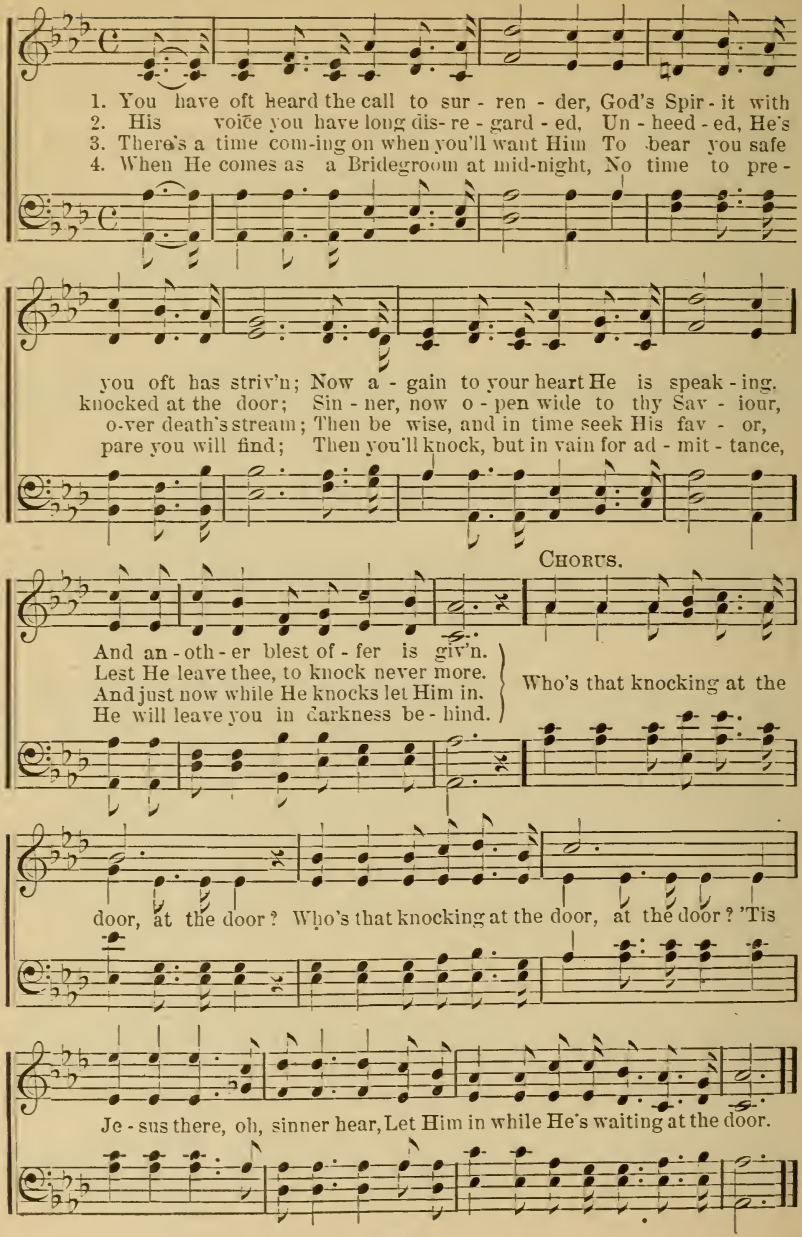


Oh, the Crowning Day is Coming!

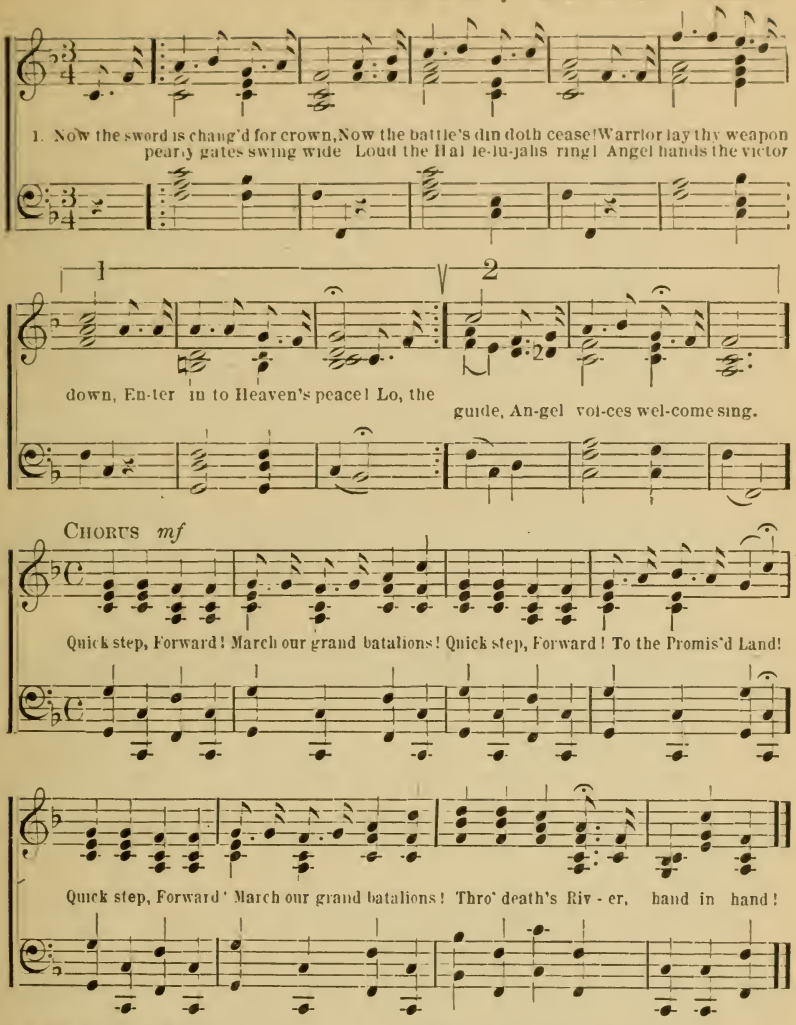
Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.



56. Who's That Knocking at the Door?

F. W. FRY.

57. * The Warrior's Farewell!

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



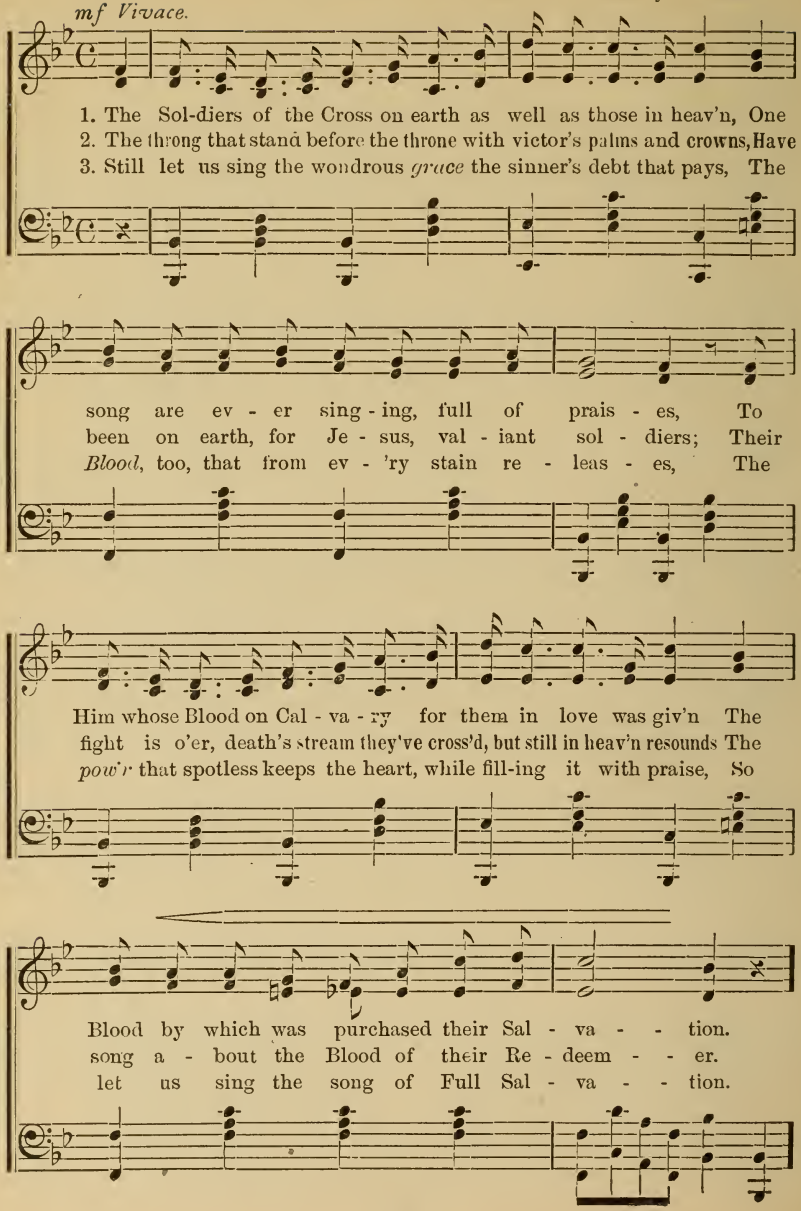
2 'Tis not death when heroes die.—
'Tis not death, but life begun.
No more darkness dims their sky,
Never sets their dazzling sun:
Tearless eyes and spotless grace,
Fadeless joys and boundless power,
Their's who see Him face to face,
Serve their Saviour hour by hour.

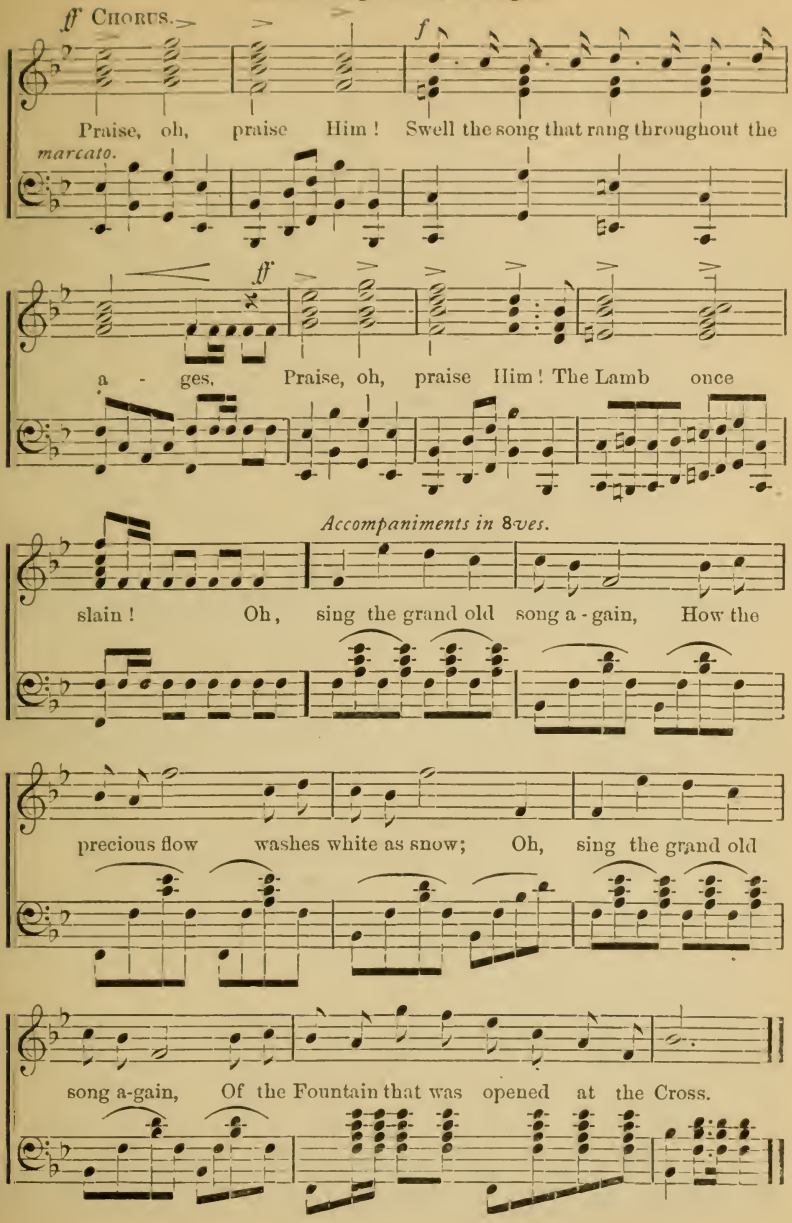
3 Soon for us will come the call,
Soon for us the chariot speed!
Soon on life the curtain fall,
Soon from earth our soul be freed;
Let each moment sacred be,—
Let me live as I would die!
Bring the lost, dear Lord, to Thee,
Till I meet Thee in the sky!

* NOTE — Jesus, Lover of My Soul, may be sung to the same tune.

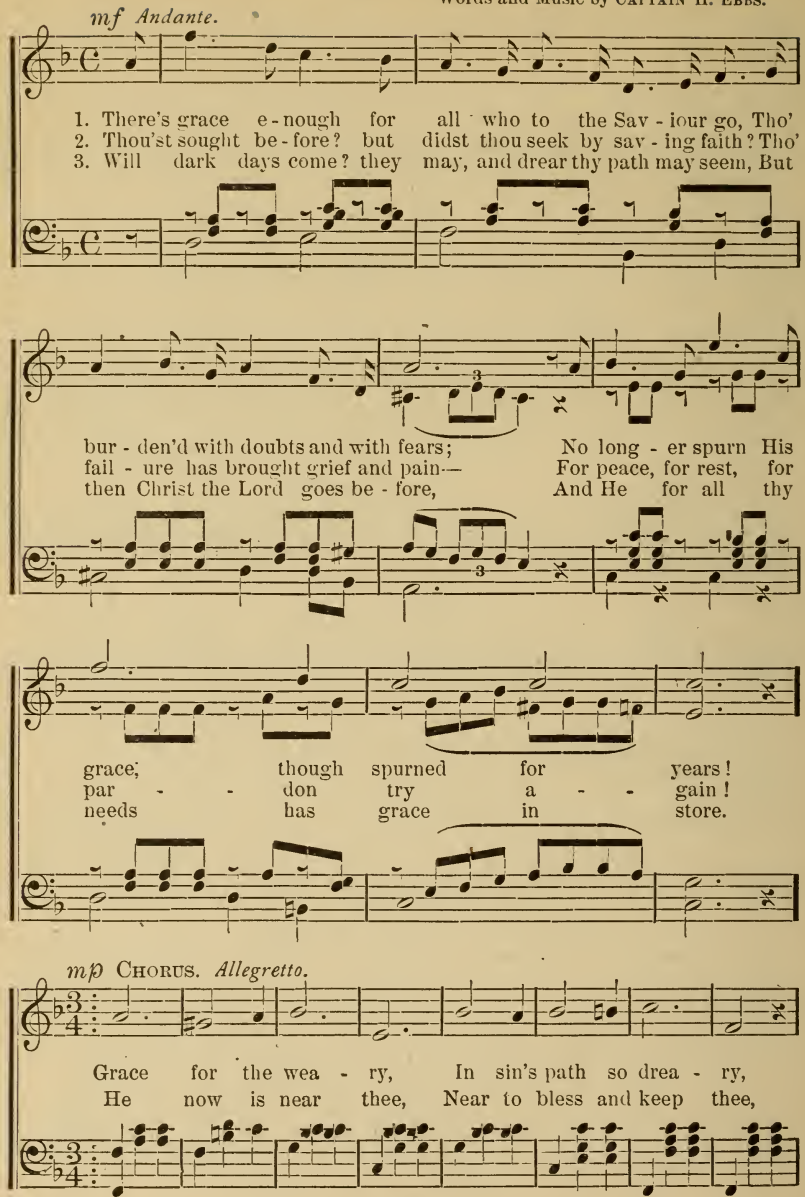
58. The Song of the Ages.

Words and Music by R. SLATER.

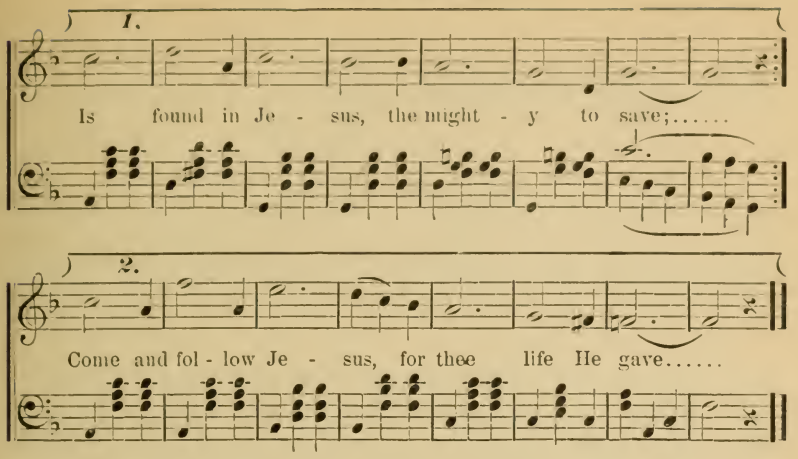


The Song of the Ages.

59. Grace Enough.

Words and Music by CAPTAIN H. EBBS.

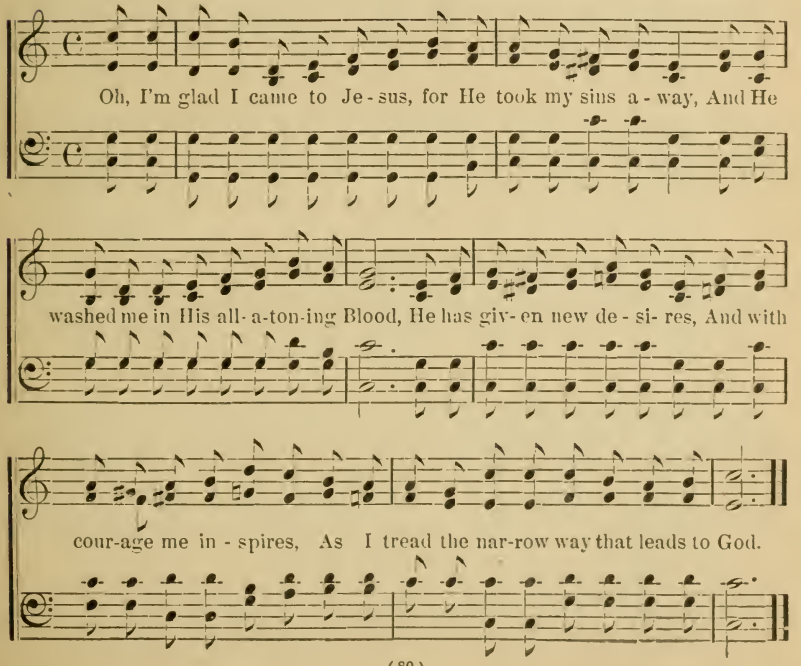


Grace Enough.



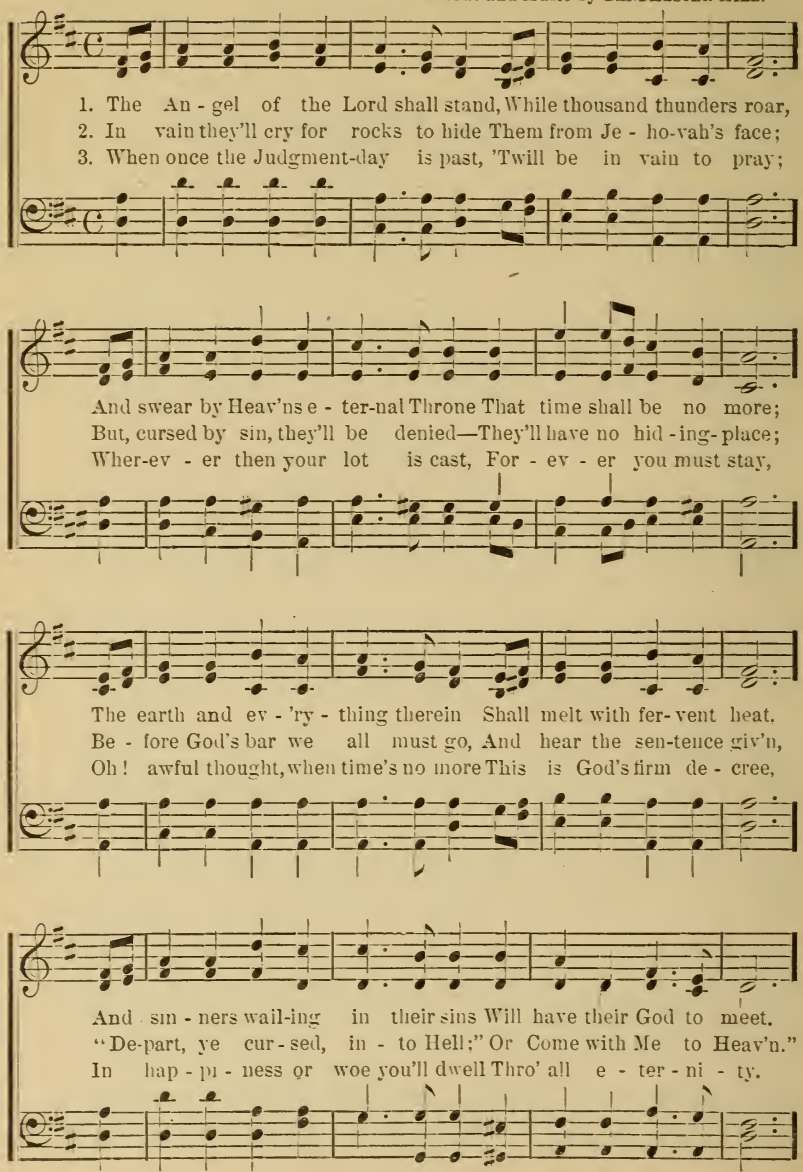
Chorus.

Words and Music by H. ANDERSON.

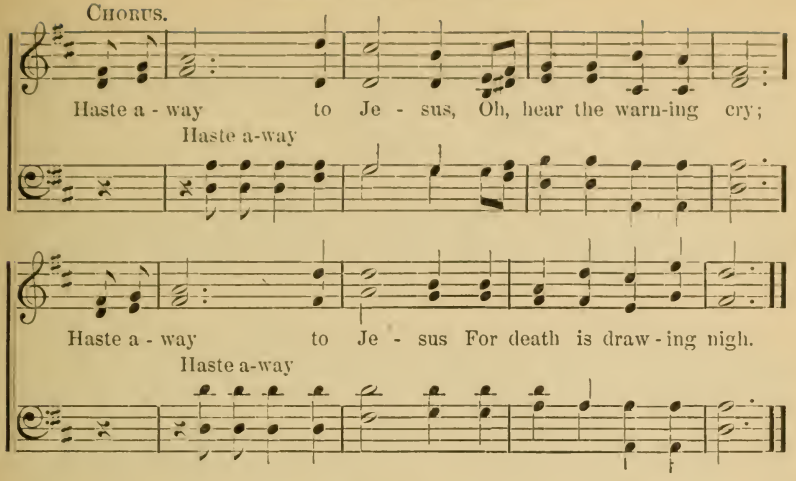


60. Haste Away to Jesus.

Words and Music by BANDMASTER HILL.

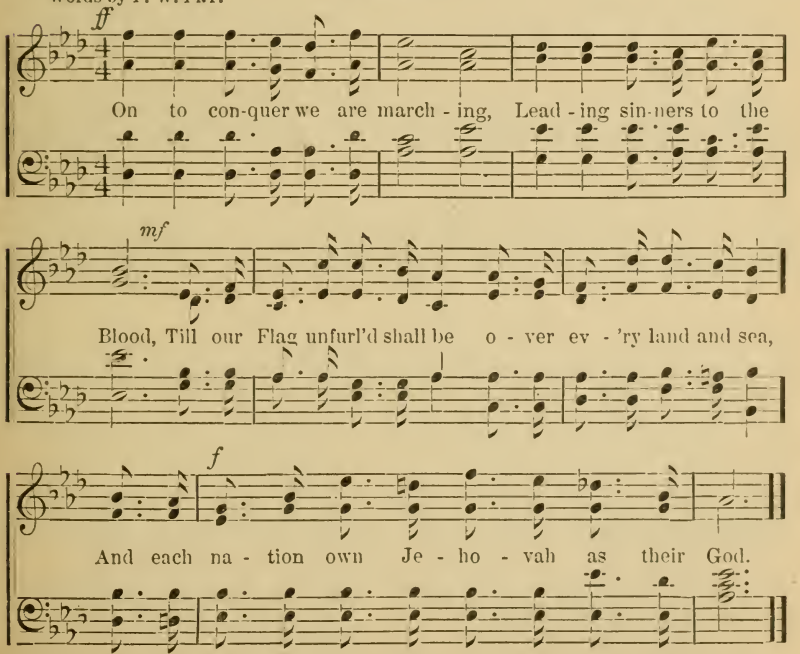


Haste Away to Jesus.



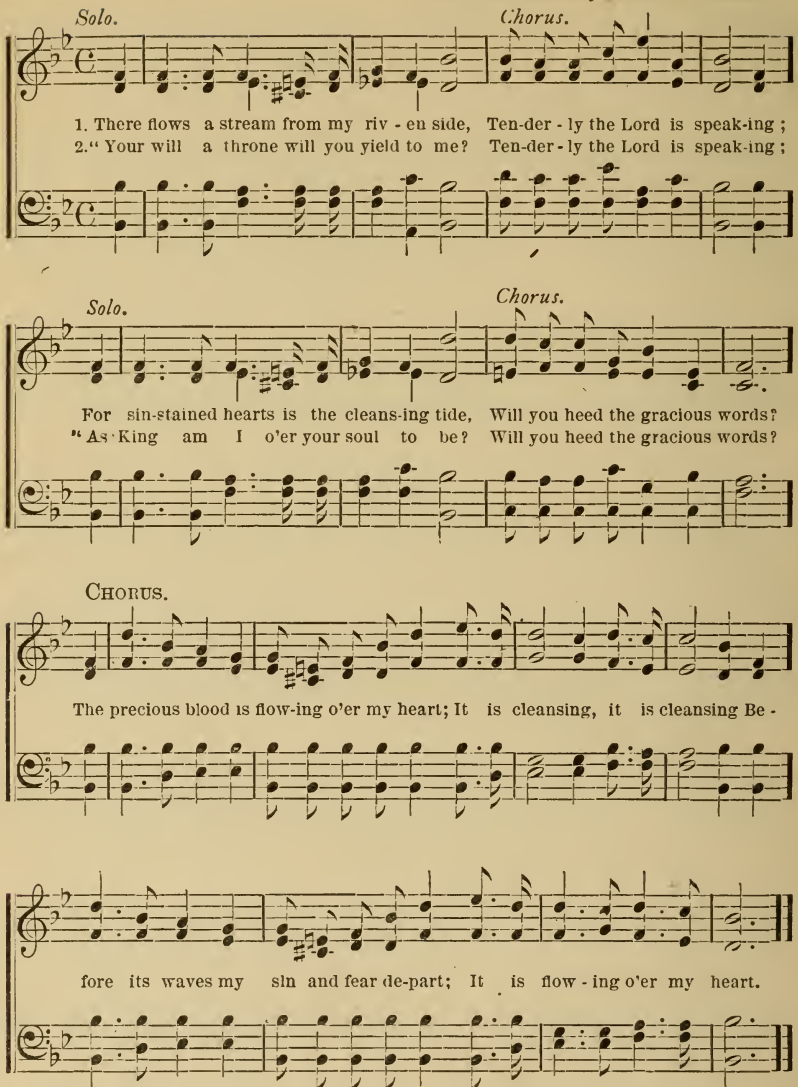
Chorus.

Words by F. W. Fry.



61. There Flows a Stream.

Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.



3 "My peace I give, it shall guard your heart;
"My presence ne'er shall from you depart.

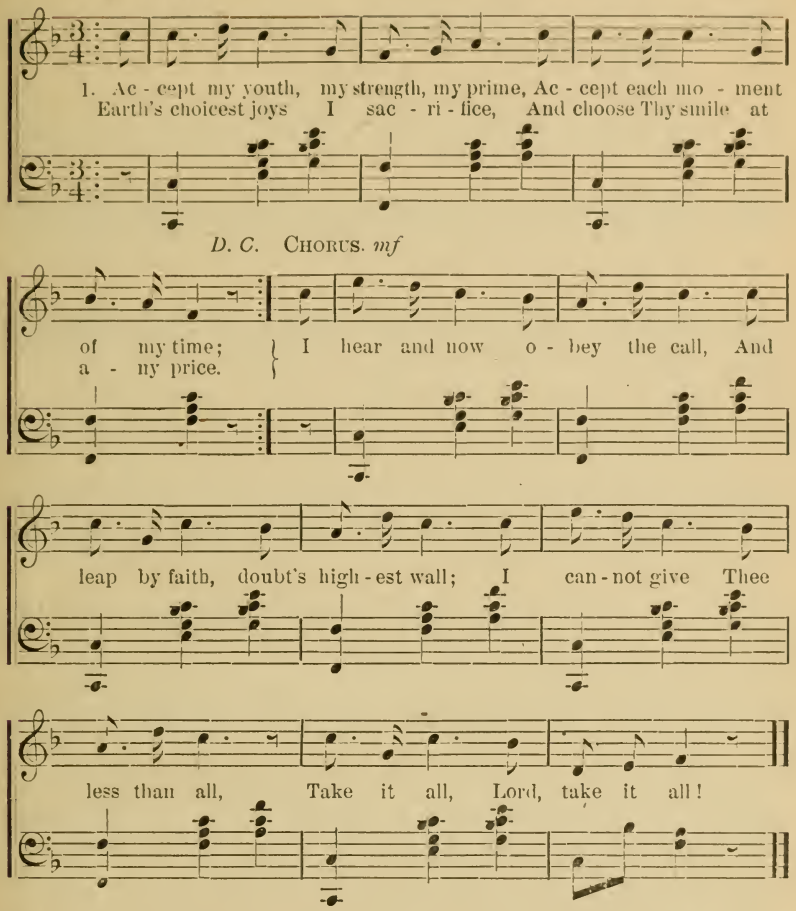
4 "Upon your heart I my laws will write,
"Your darkened soul I will fill with light.

5 "I trod a path thorn-strewn for thee;
"The cross-bound way will you tread for me?

6 "In love my life was laid down for thee;
"A sin cleansed heart will you give to me?"

62. Take it All.

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



2 Whate'er is wrong I here confess,
Whate'er is good do Thou possess;
Whatever seemeth to be mine,
Oh make it Thine, Lord,—make it Thine!

CHO.—My life, my influence I bring,
My treasures at Thy feet I fling,
And crown Thee everlasting King,
Heart and soul, Lord,—heart and soul.

3 My will, my mind, my heart inspire
With more than pentecostal fire;
Destroy the dross,—the self, the shame,
In love's pure sin-consuming flame!

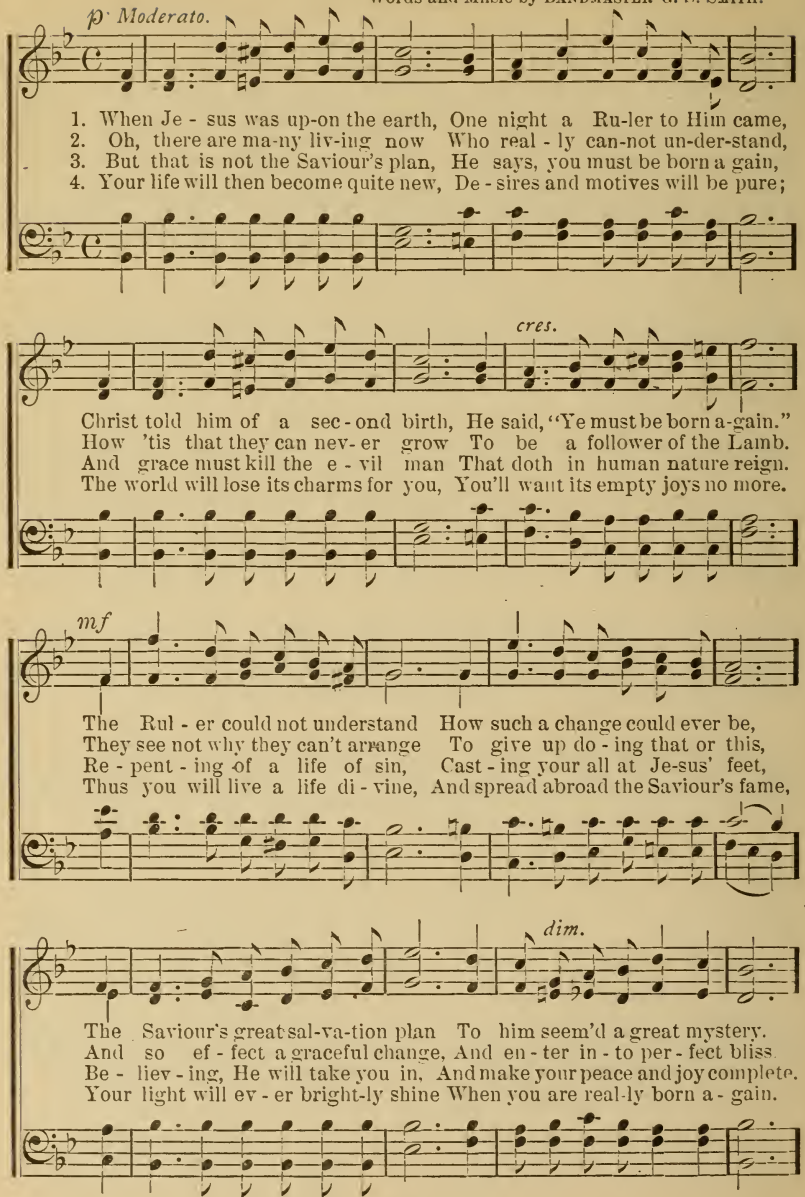
CHO.—Into the regions of despair,
Into the midst of Satan's lair,—
For dying soul's to do and dare,—
Send me there, Lord, send me there.

4 Oh, hearken to our world wide plea,—
God bless our world wide Jubilee!
Deluge us with Salvation's flood!
God speed the Flag of Fire and Blood!

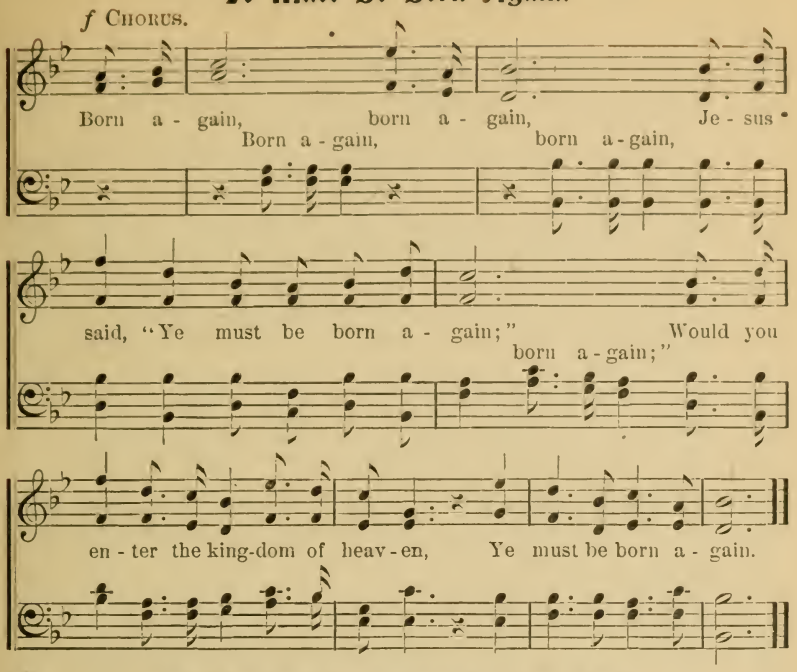
CHO.—In Power Divine upon us fall!
To save the world from Satan's thrall,
We march obedient to Thy call,
One and all, Lord,—one and all!

63. Ye Must Be Born Again.

Words and Music by BANDMASTER G. S. SMITH.

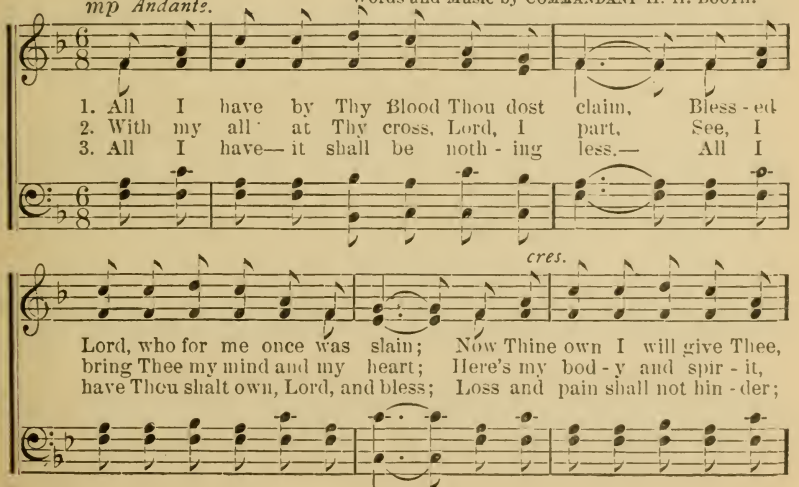


Ye Must Be Born Again.

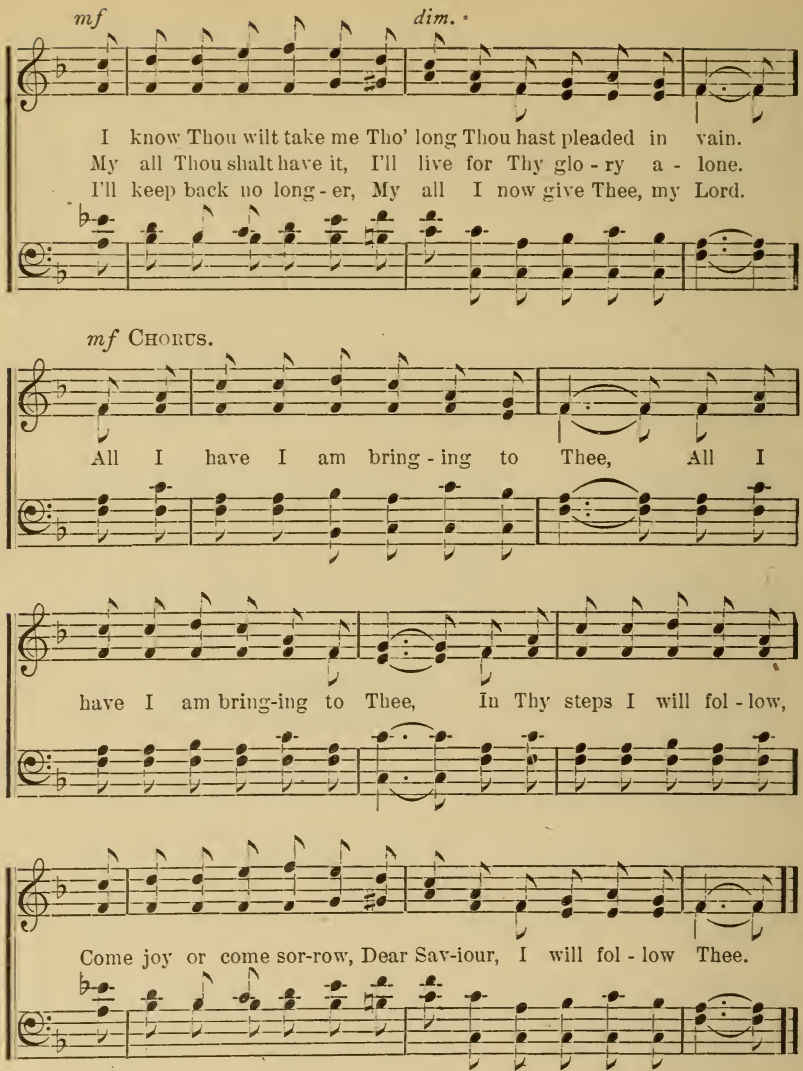


64. All I Have I am Bringing to Thee.

Words and Music by Commandant H. H. Booth.



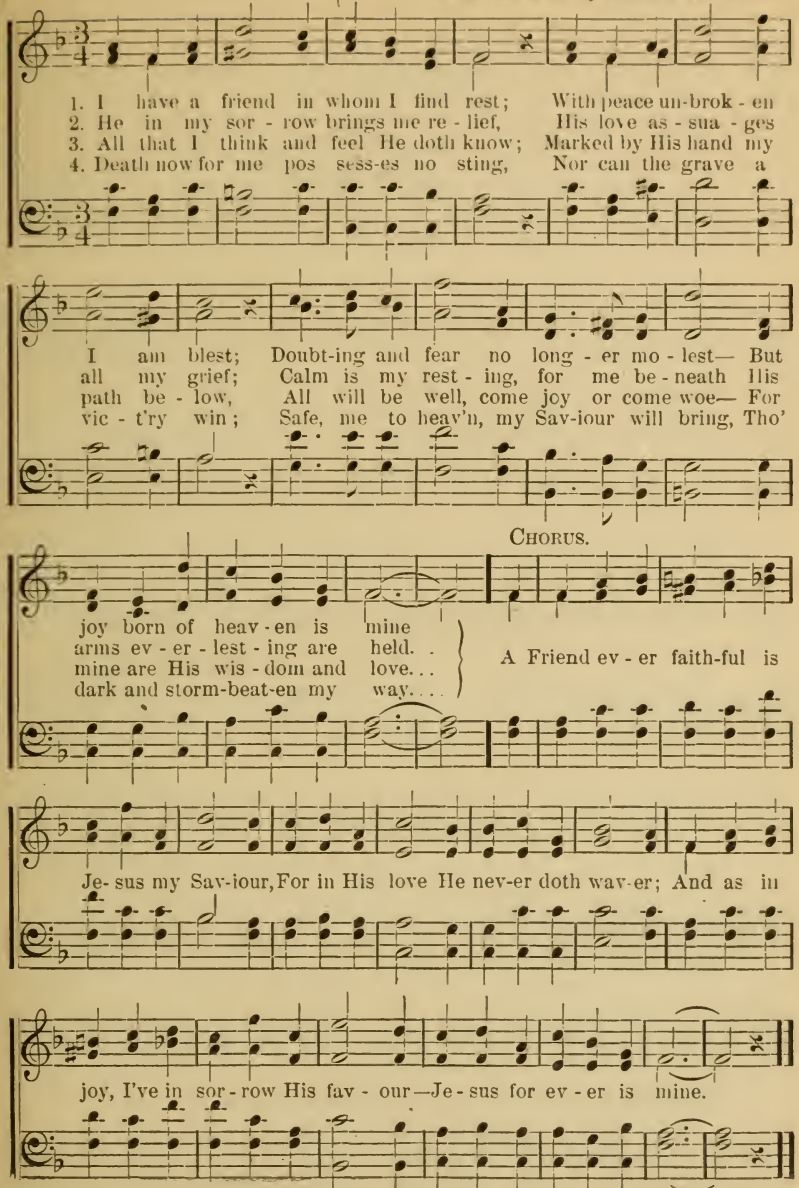
All I Have I am Bringing to Thee.



4 Days of darkness there may be for me,
Rough and steep, too, my pathway may be;
But the joy or the sorrow
That comes with to-morrow,
Will just be the fittest for me.

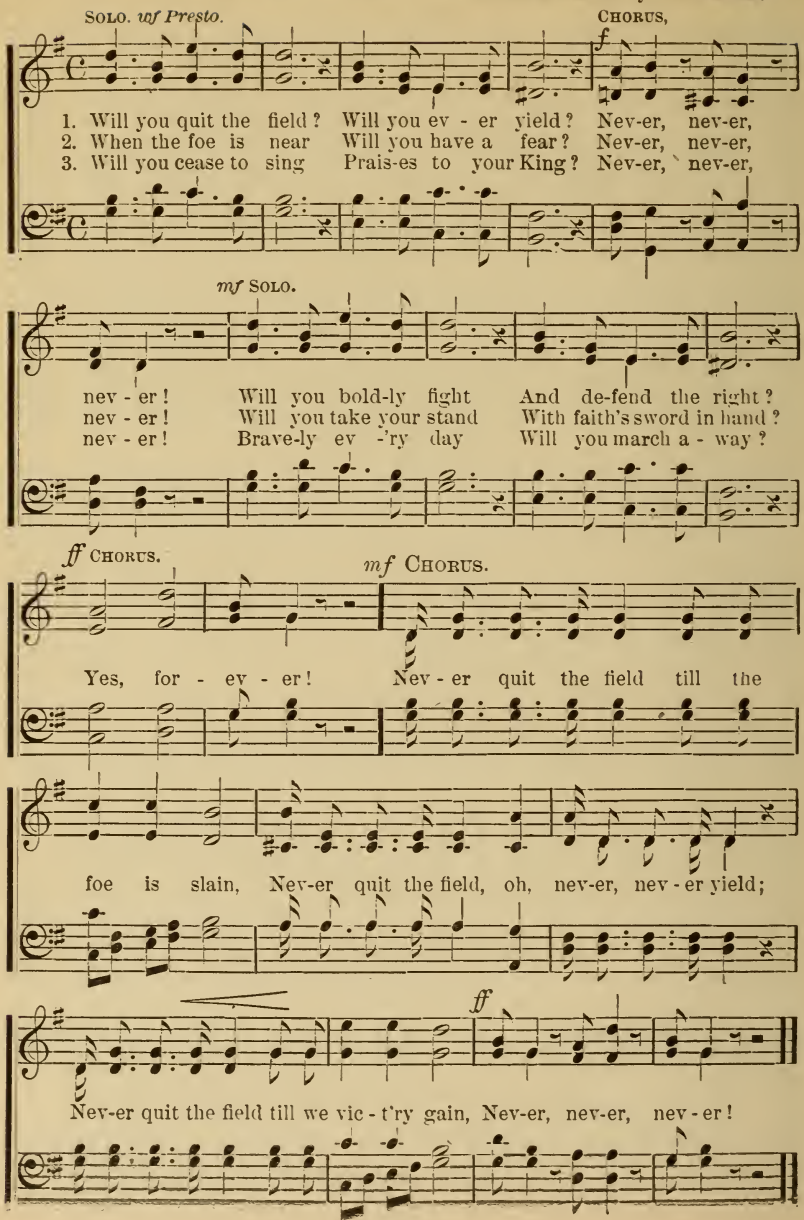
5 Though by darkness my future is veiled,
Here's my all, for Thy love has prevailed;
I no longer will doubt Thee,
I know Thou dost take me,
My life shall be wholly for Thee.

65. A Friend Ever Faithful.

Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.

66.

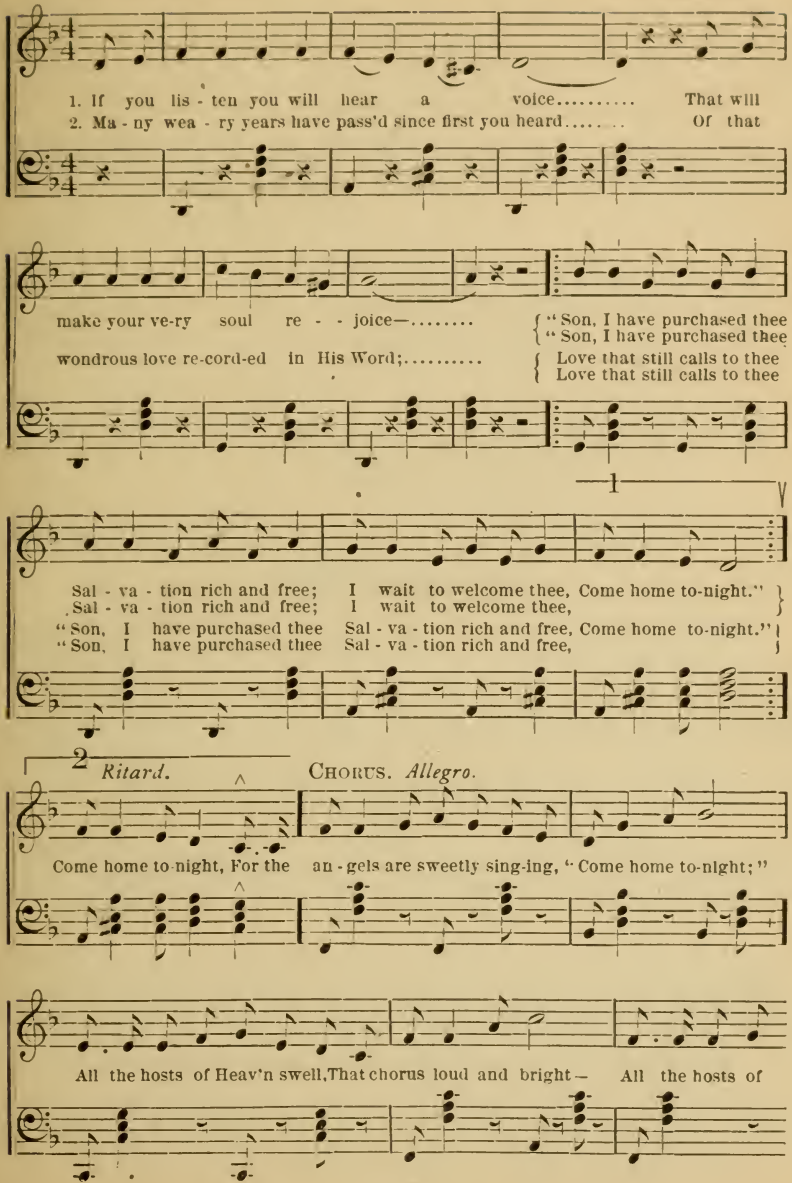
Never Quit the Field.

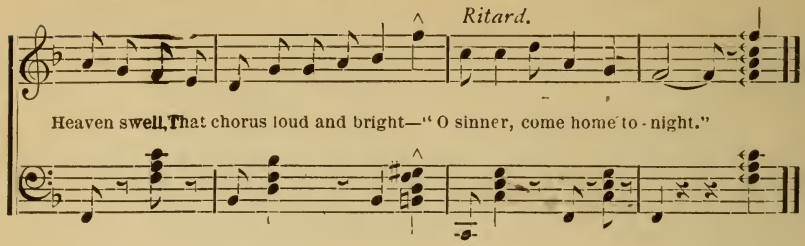
Words and Music by BLIND MARK.



67. Come Home To-night.

Slow with expression. F. E. KIMANOCZY.

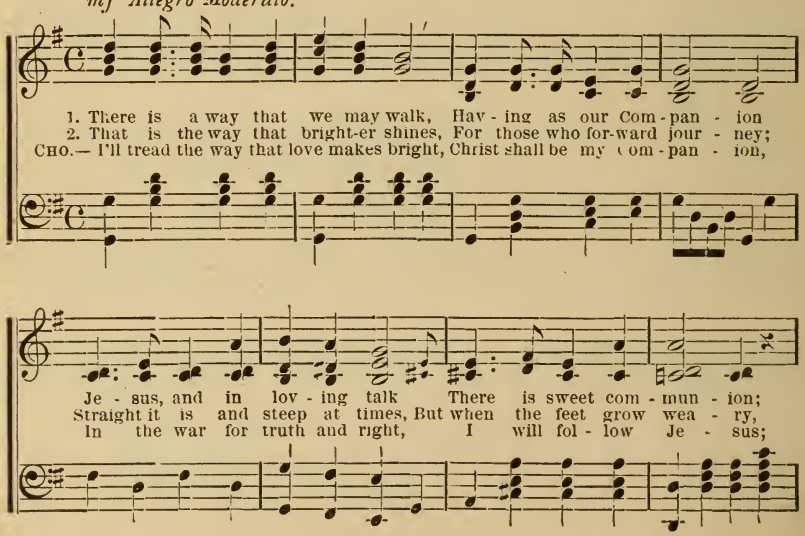


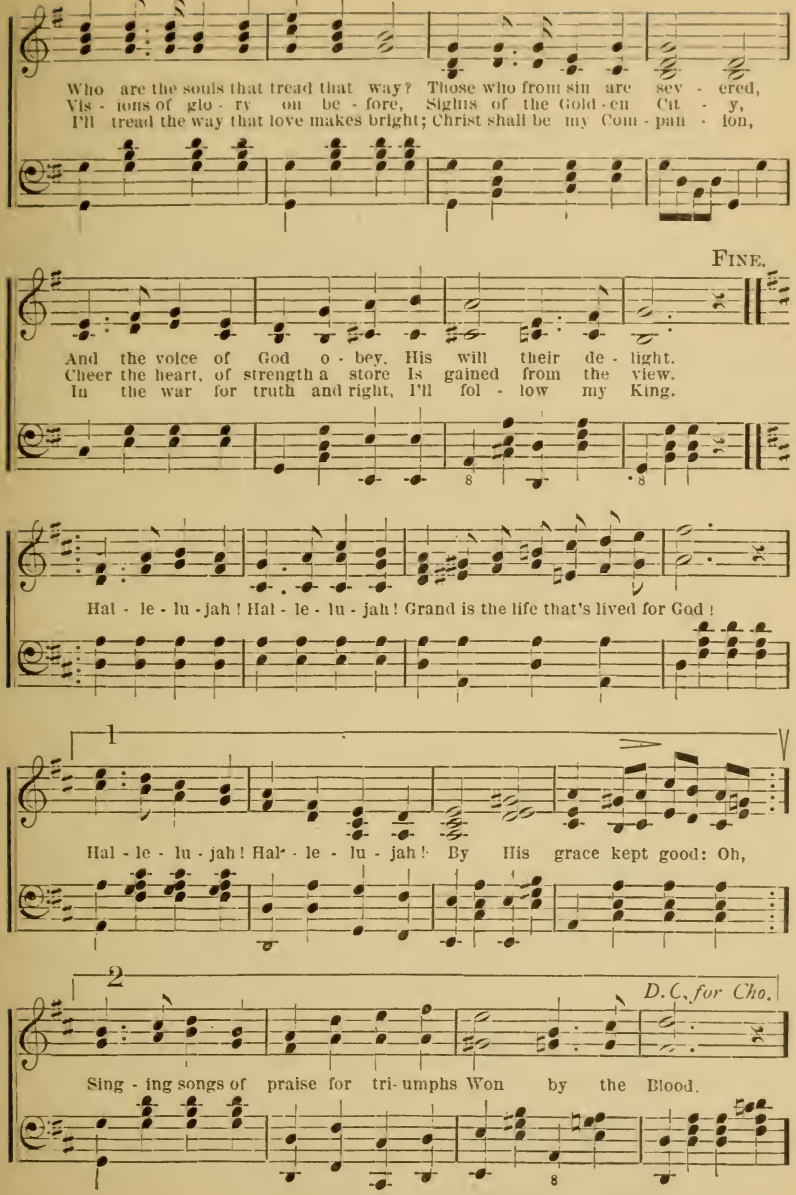
Come Home To-night.

3 Listen now to mercy's voice, and then obey,
Do not wait until a more convenient day,
Time is fast fleeting by,
Judgment is drawing nigh;
Do not your God defy,
Come home to-night.

4 Soon the Judgment Day will dawn and you shall stand
In the presence of the King, at His command;
Verdict you then shall hear,
But you need have no fear,
Jesus will save you here,
Come home to-night.

68. The way of Light.

Words by MAJOR SLATER. Music by Mrs. HOUGHTON.



The Way of Light.

69. The Absent Guest.

Words by MAJOR SLATER. Music by BANDMASTER APPLEBY.

mp Adagio.

1. For our sal - va - tion Je - sus paid a wondrous price,
2. Love's ten - der plead - ings, are they all to be in vain?
3. His com - ing hin - dered— Oh, how rest - less you have been!
4. Self serve no lon - ger— peace and joy sur - ren - der brings,

cres.

No tears of sor - row e'er for guilt could suf-fice;
Un - moved the bar - riers, will you still slight His claim,
Dark - ness a - round you, fears dis-tress- ing with- in,
Doubt - ing means bon - dage, faith springs as eagle's wings

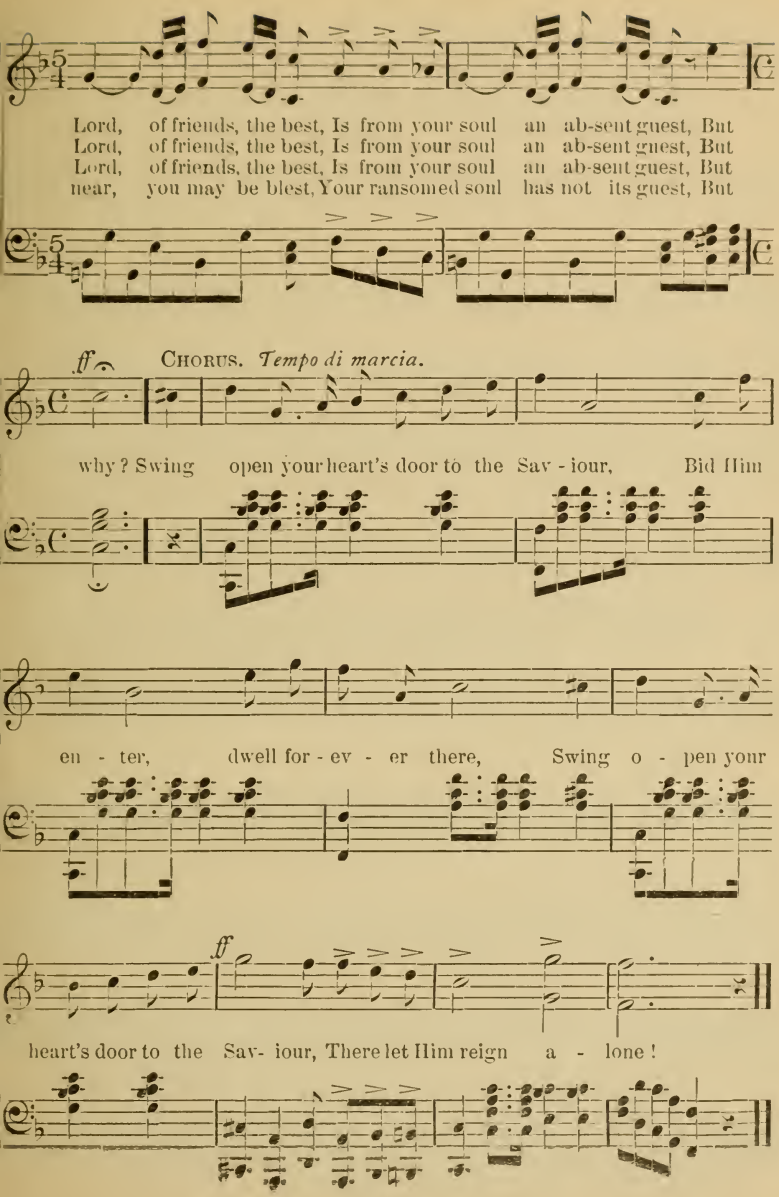
mf rit. *Allegro Moderato.*

To save the lost, what was the cost? A spot - less
Who, lov - ing true, gave all for you? A spot - less
A spir - it sore, with bolt - ed door! A spot - less
That glad - ly rise in sun - lit skies. The spot - less

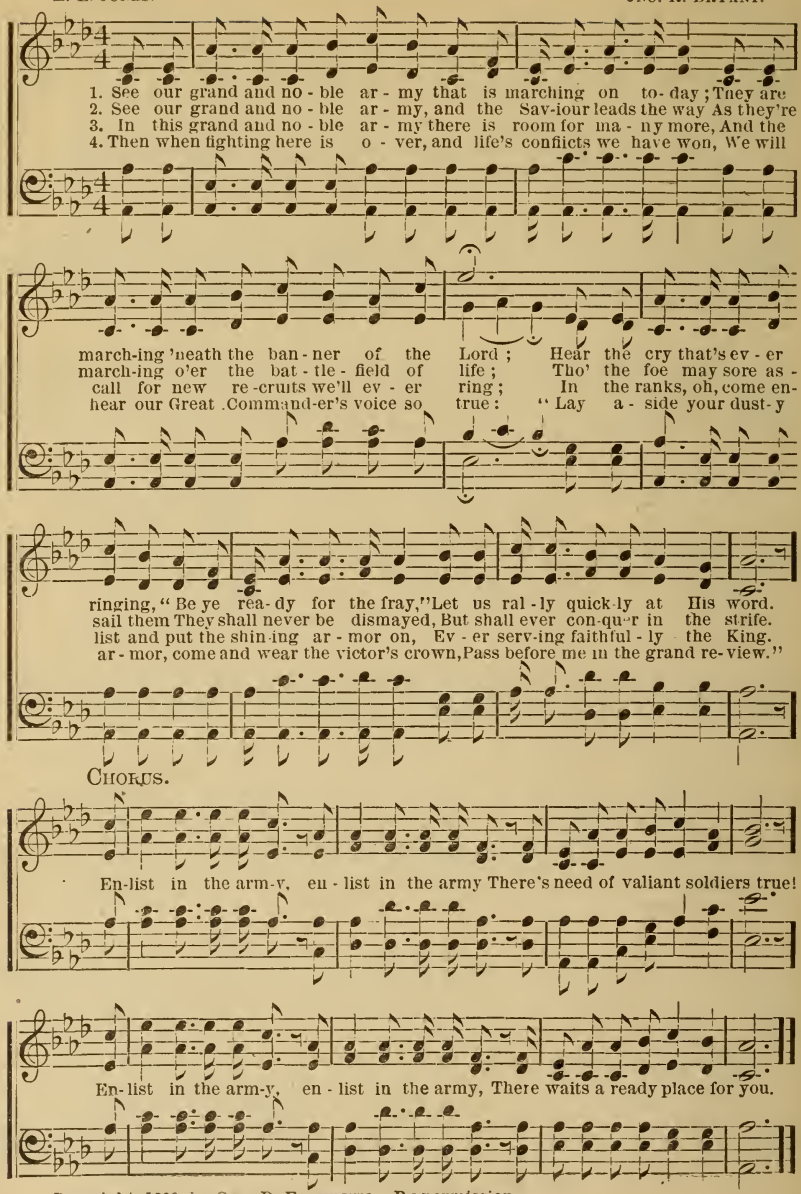
cres.

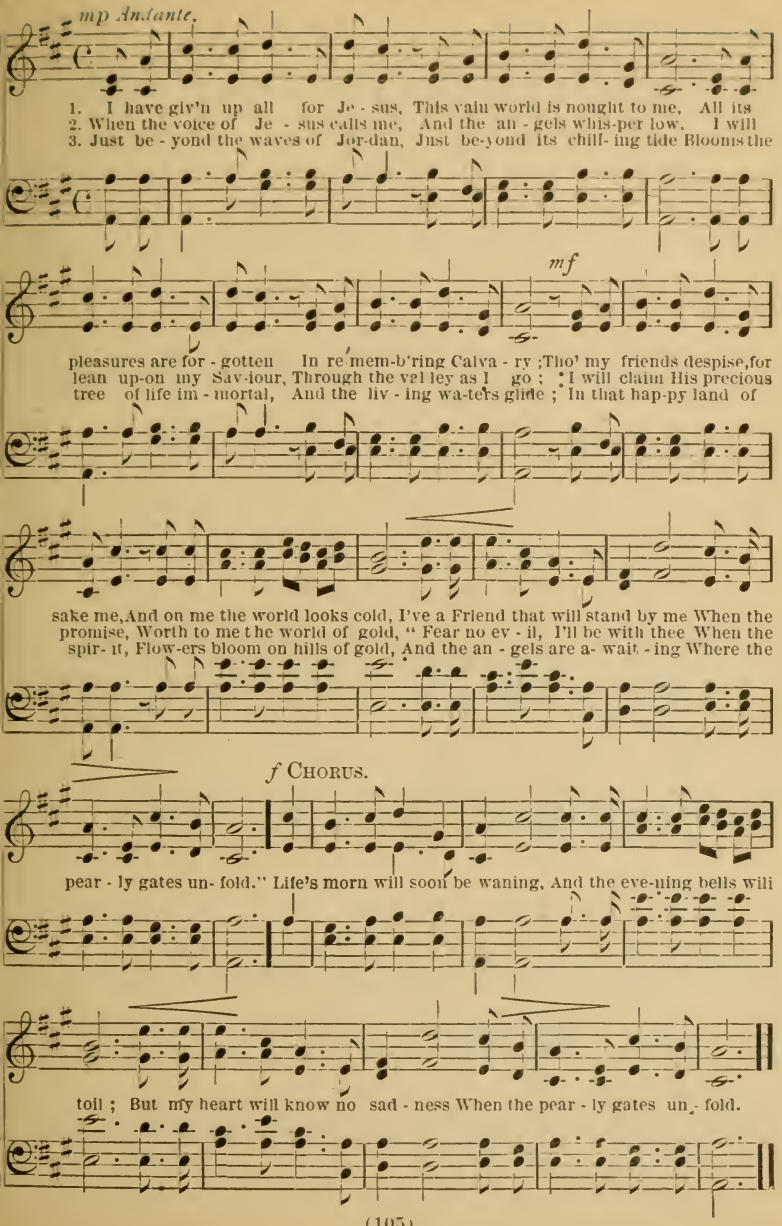
Lamb, Himself He gave, By pi - ty mov'd, He died to save, Yet Christ your
Lamb, Himself He gave, By pi - ty mov'd, He died to save, Yet Christ your
Lamb, Himself He gave, By pi - ty mov'd, He died to save, Yet Christ your
Lamb, the one who gave Himself to death, your soul to save, Is stand- ing

The Absent Guest.

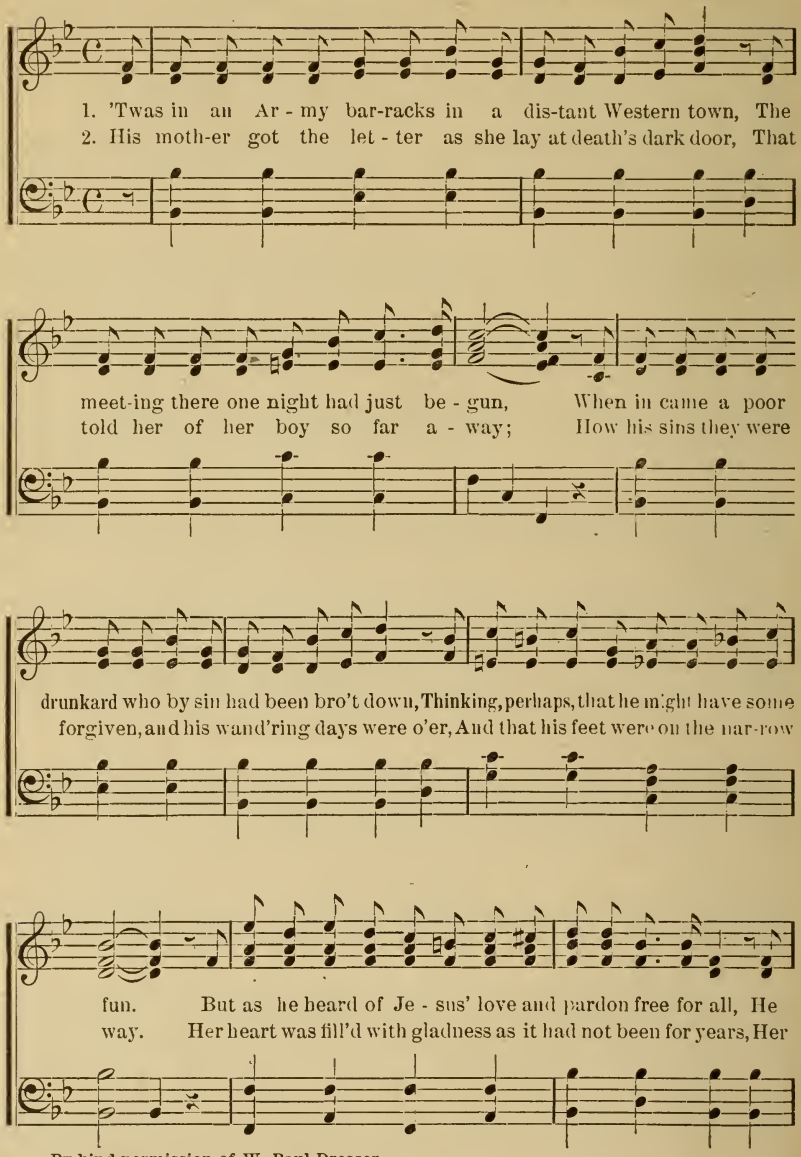


70. Enlist in the Army.

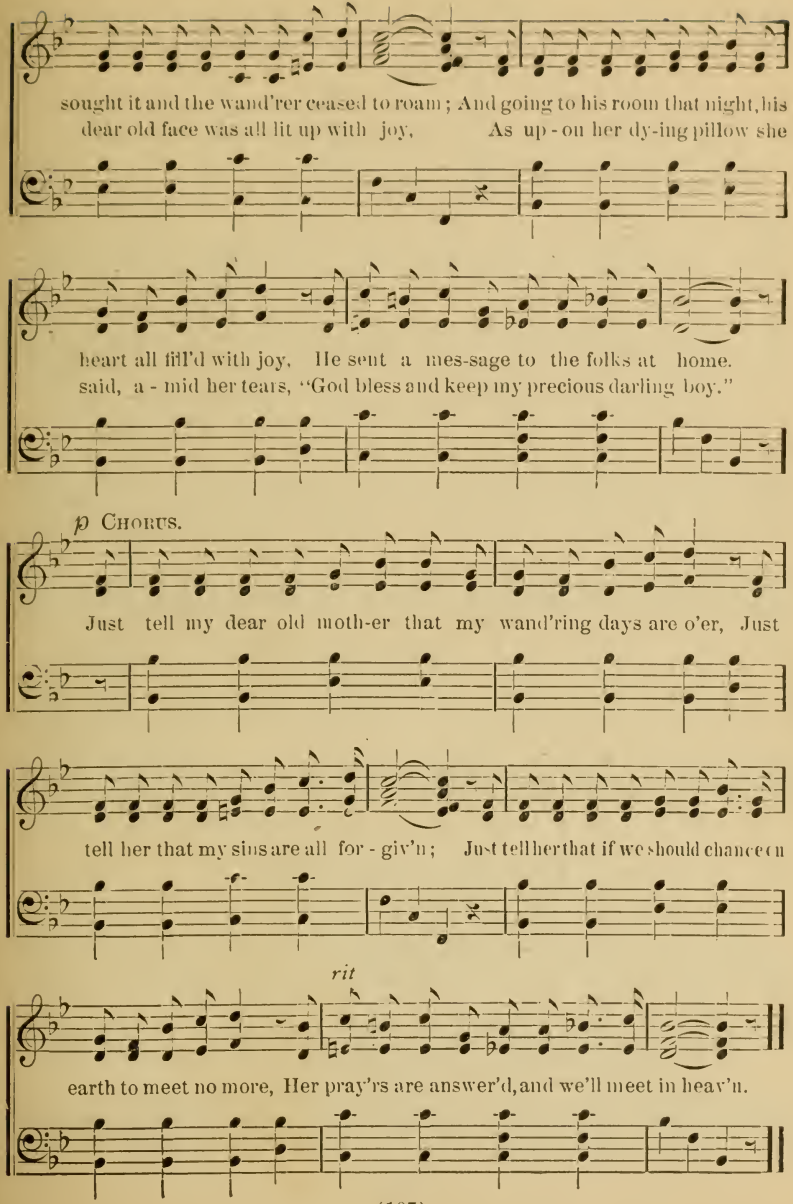
L. E. JONES. JNO. R. BRYANT.

Copyright, 1898, by GEO. D. ELDERKIN. By permission.

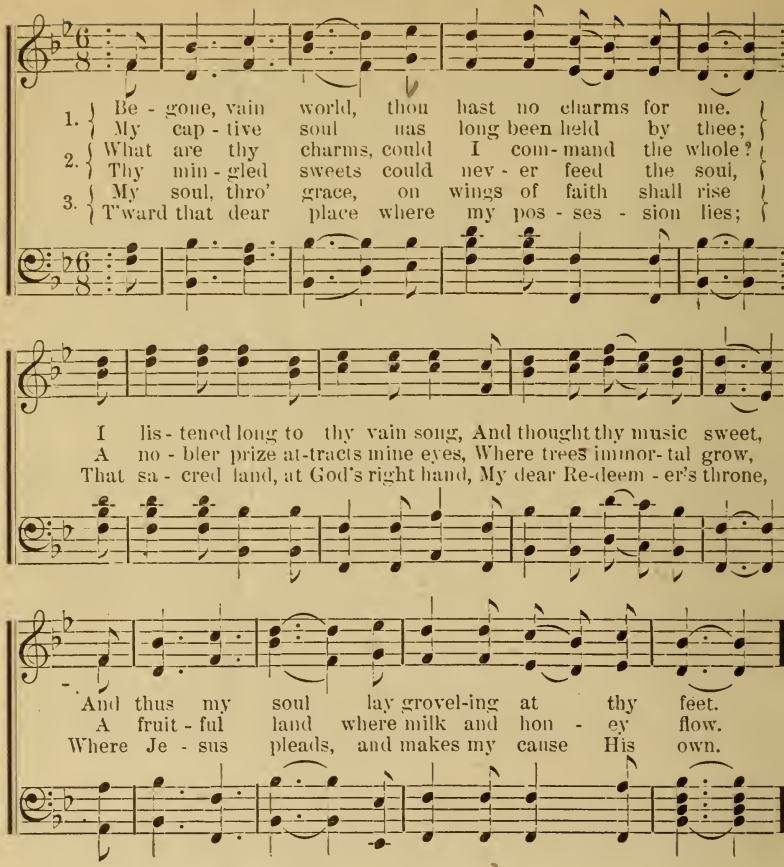
71. # When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

72. 'Twas In An Army Barracks.

Words by MAJOR LUDGATE. TUNE:—"Just tell them that you saw me."



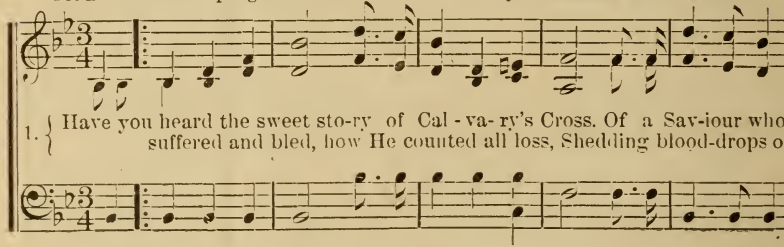
By kind permission of W. Paul Dresser.

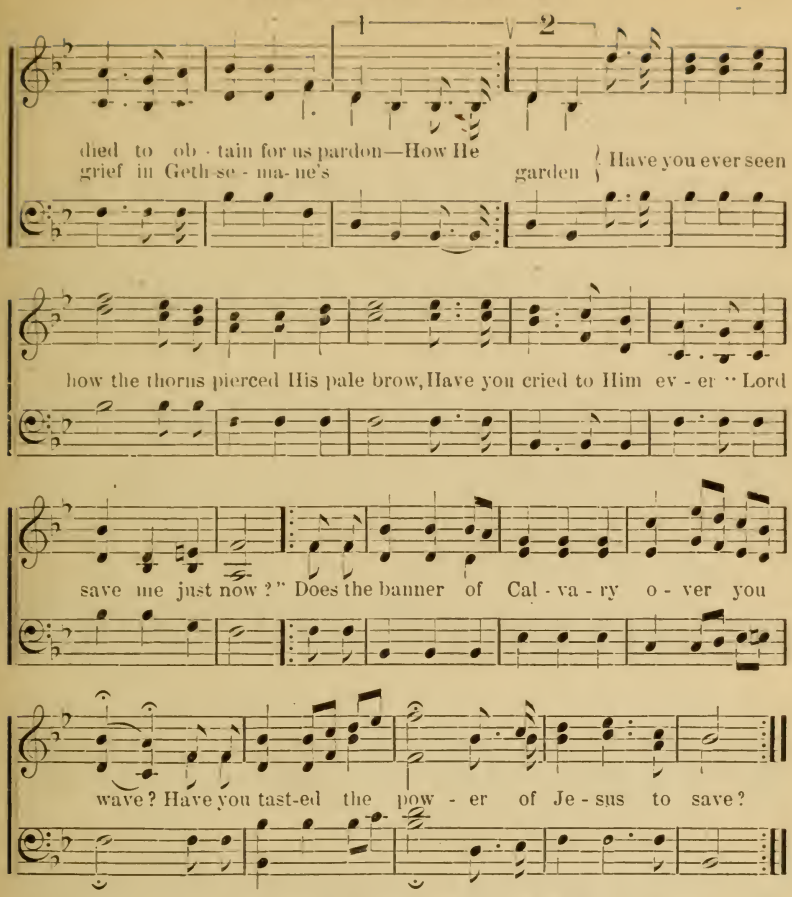
'Twas In An Army Barracks.

73. Begone, Vain World.



74. The Banner of Calvary.

TUNE—"The Star-Spangled Banner." Words by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



The Banner of Calvary.

2 Oh, the banner of Calvary floats o'er the world!
Tens of thousands gain hope as they hear its sweet flutter!
For it tells of a day when sin shall be down-hurled,
Of a day whose bright joy mortal tongue cannot utter,
Of a day of new birth, when across the whole earth,
All creation shall burst into singing and mirth!

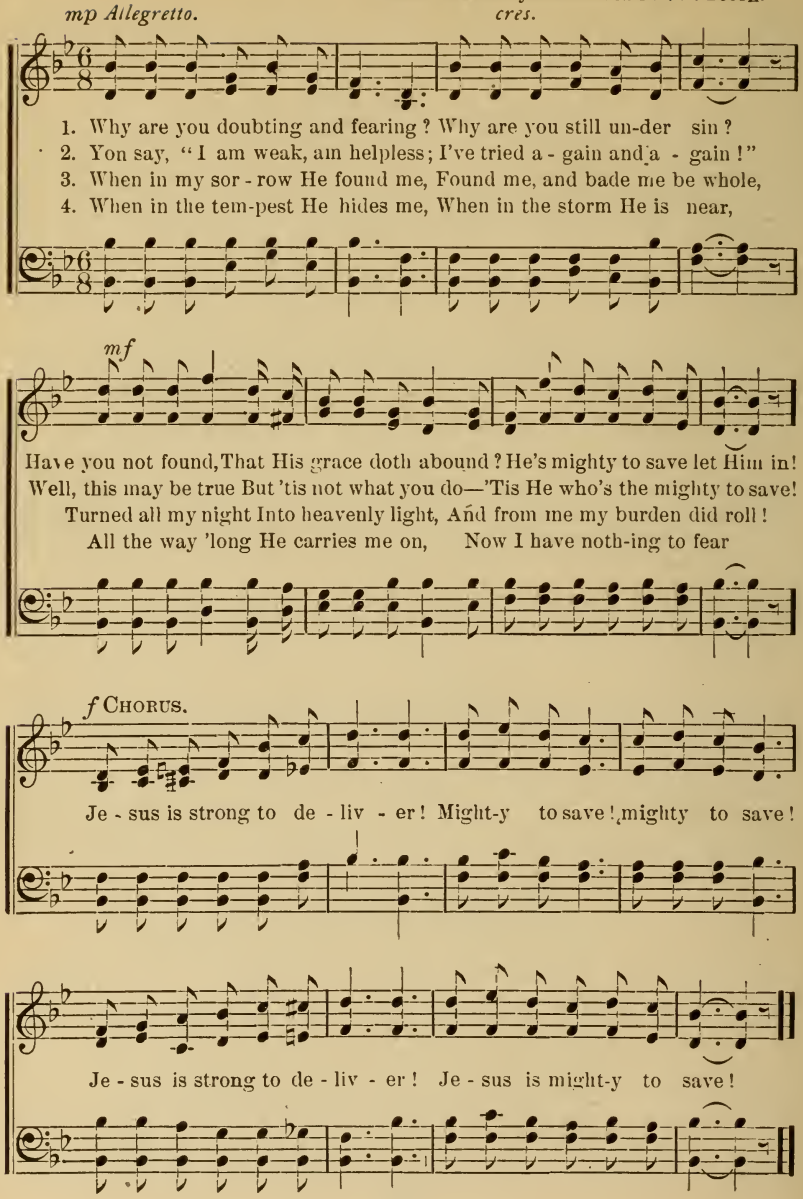
CHO.—When the banner of Calvary o'er the world waves,
And its nations shall cry in one day "Jesus saves."

3 Hallelujah! That banner waves over my soul!
Hallelujah! Beneath its blest folds I am fighting!
Through the Blood of the Lamb I am saved and kept whole,
In the fire of the Holy Ghost daily delighting!
And the banner still waves, while my glad spirit craves
Nothing more than to shout through the world, Jesus saves!

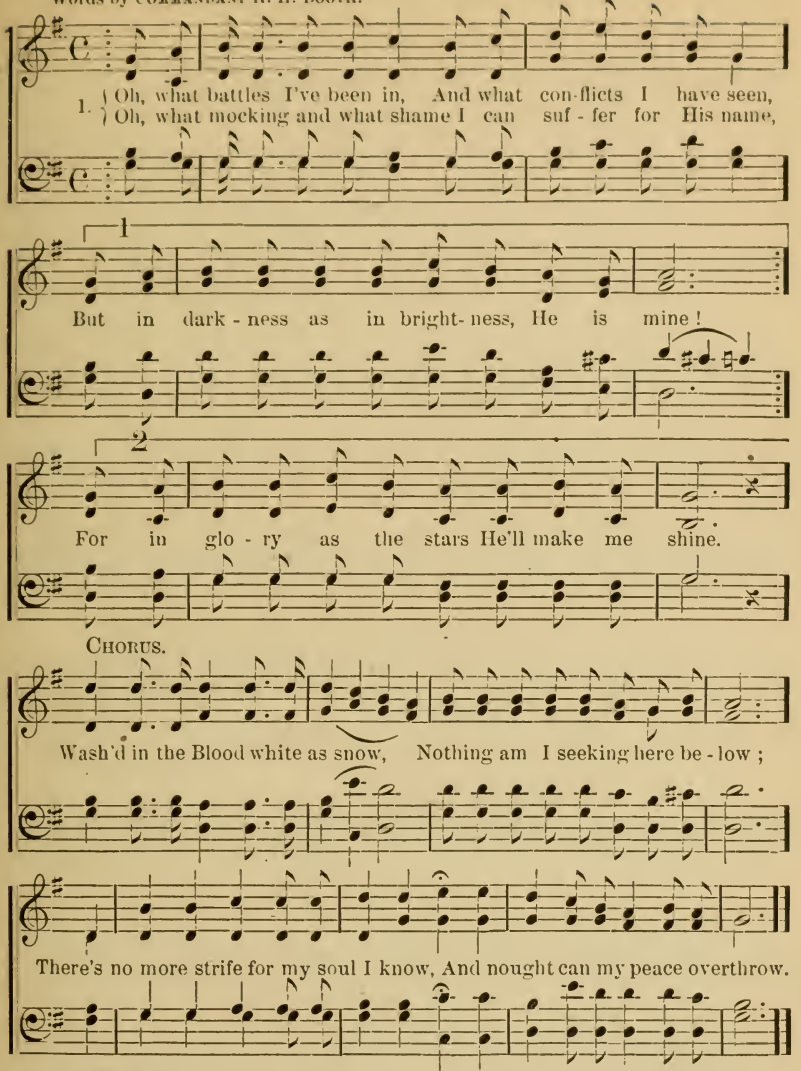
CHO.—'Tis the Blood-and-Fire banner that through the world waves,
And proclaims to the nations of earth, Jesus saves!

75. Jesus Is Strong to Deliver.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.



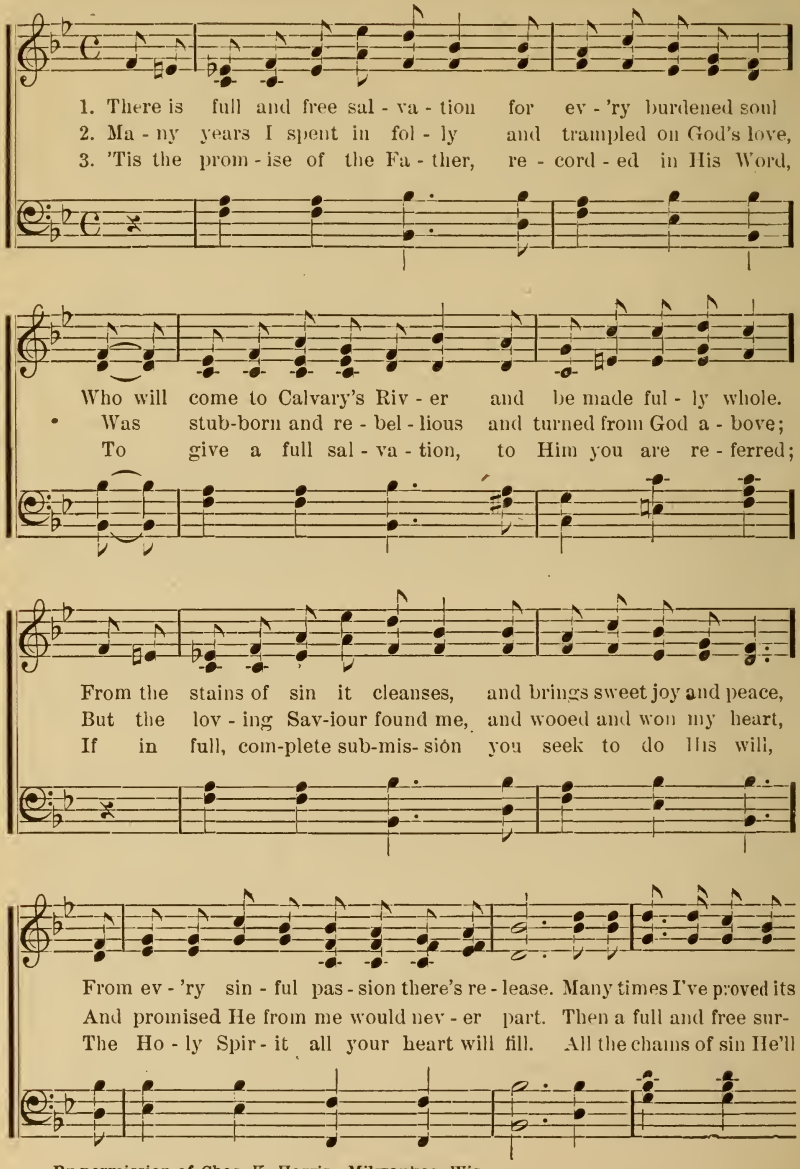
76. Oh, What Battles I've Been In.

Words by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

2 What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For He saved me from my sorrow and my woe!
And when lost to all around,
My Redeemer then I found,
And His pard'ning love and mercy now I know.

3 Oh, what mighty wondrous love.
Brought my Saviour from above,
On the Cross to shed His blood and die for me!
Oh, I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the Blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

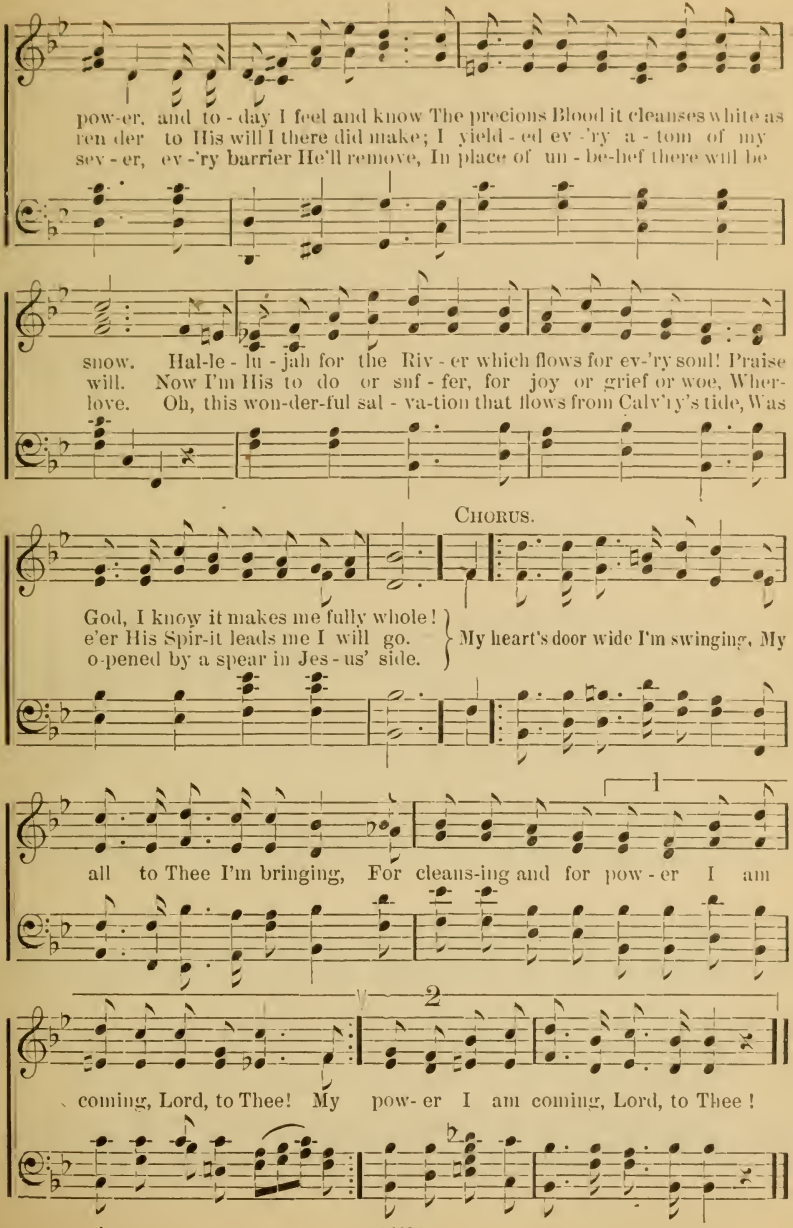
77. My Heart's Door Wide I'm Swinging.

Words of verses by MAJOR LUDGATE. TUNE:—"Just break the news to mother."



By permission of Chas. K. Harris. Milwaukee, Wis.

My Heart's Door Wide I'm Swinging.

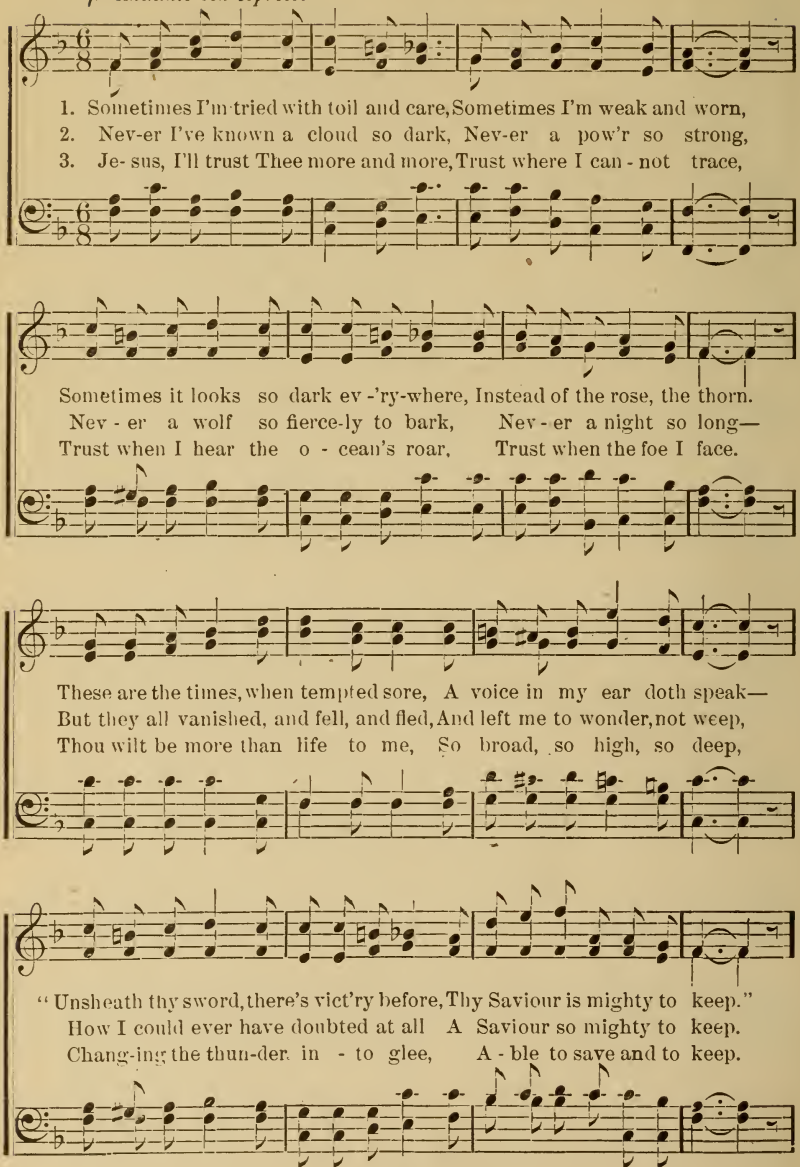


78.

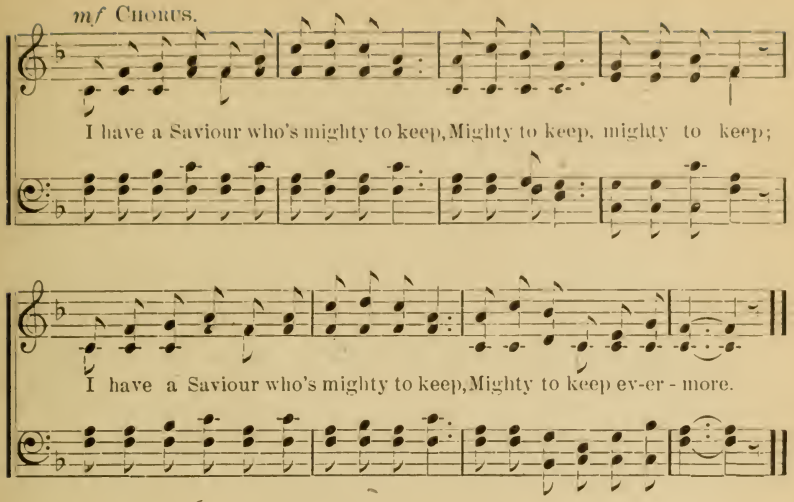
Mighty to Keep.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

p Andante con espress.

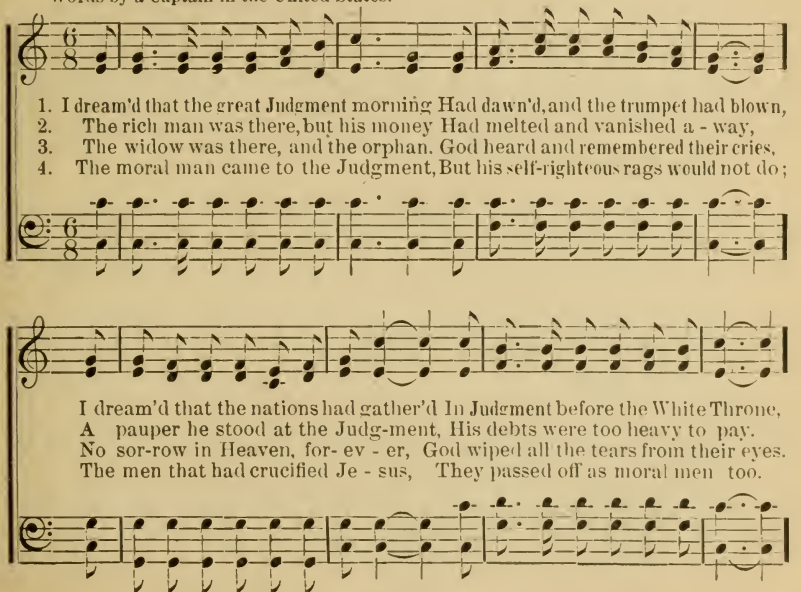


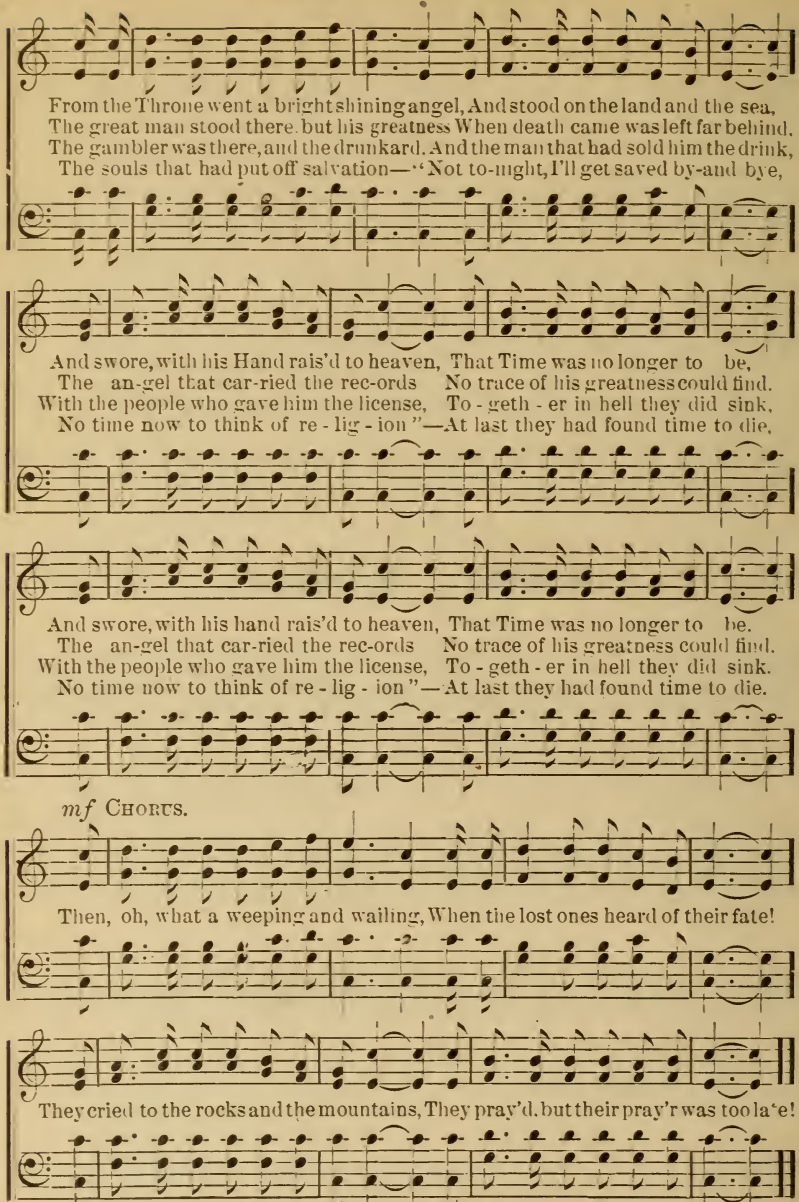
Mighty to Keep.



79. A Dream of the Judgment.

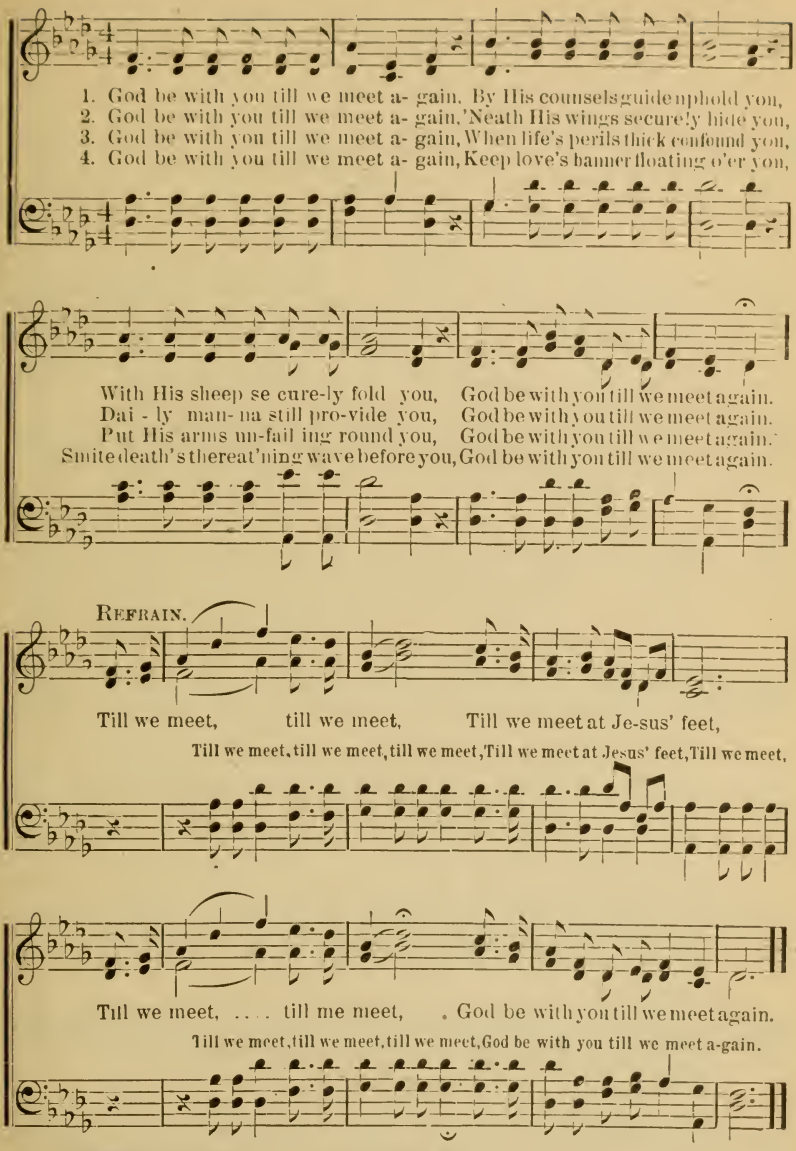
Words by a Captain in the United States.



A Dream of the Judgment.

80.

God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER. By per.



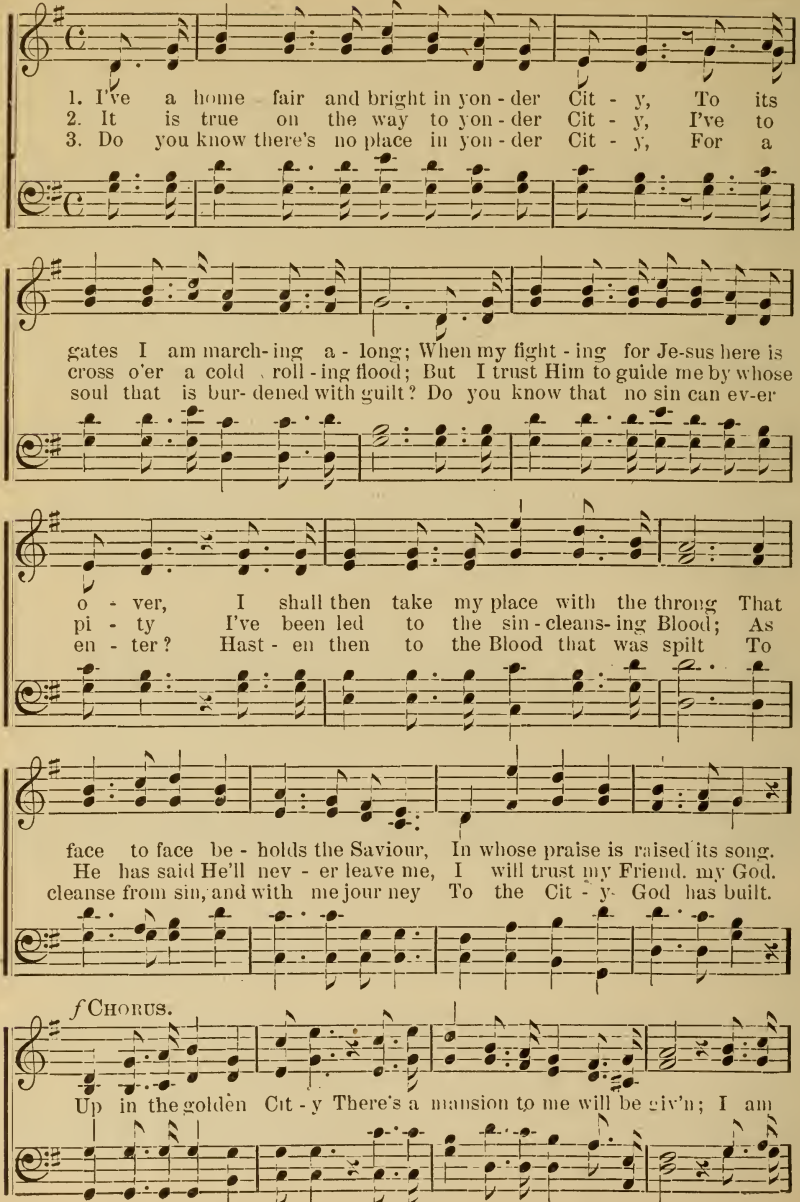
Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D. Orange Valley, N. J.

81.

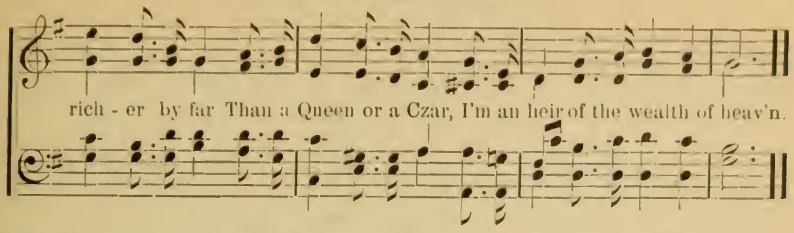
The Golden City.

mf Allegro moderato.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

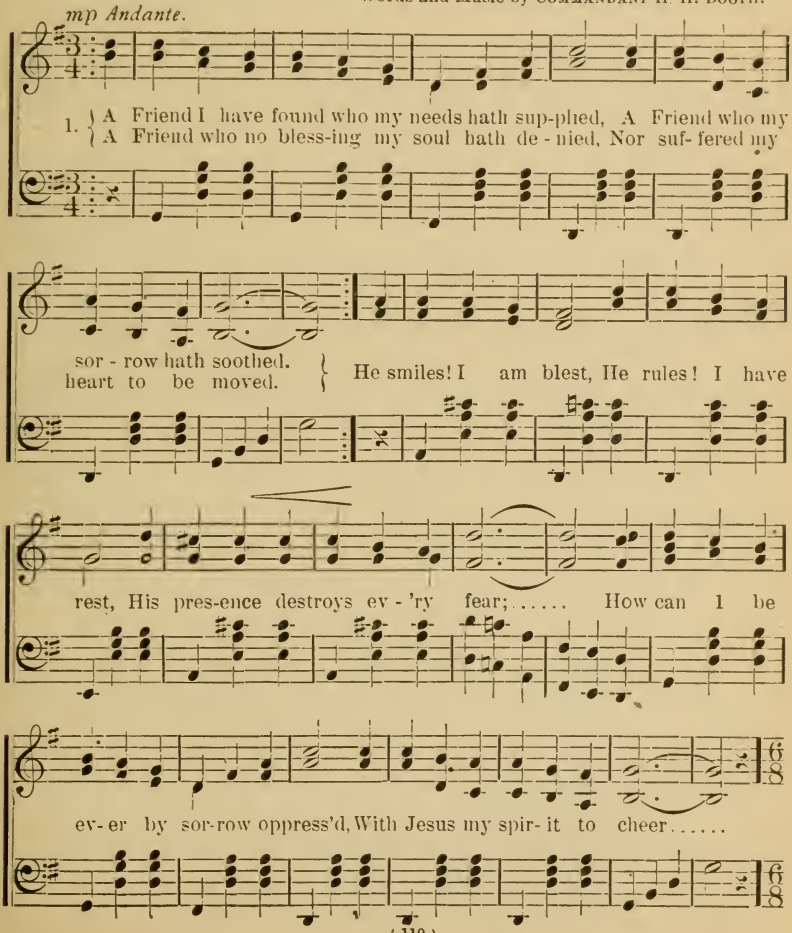


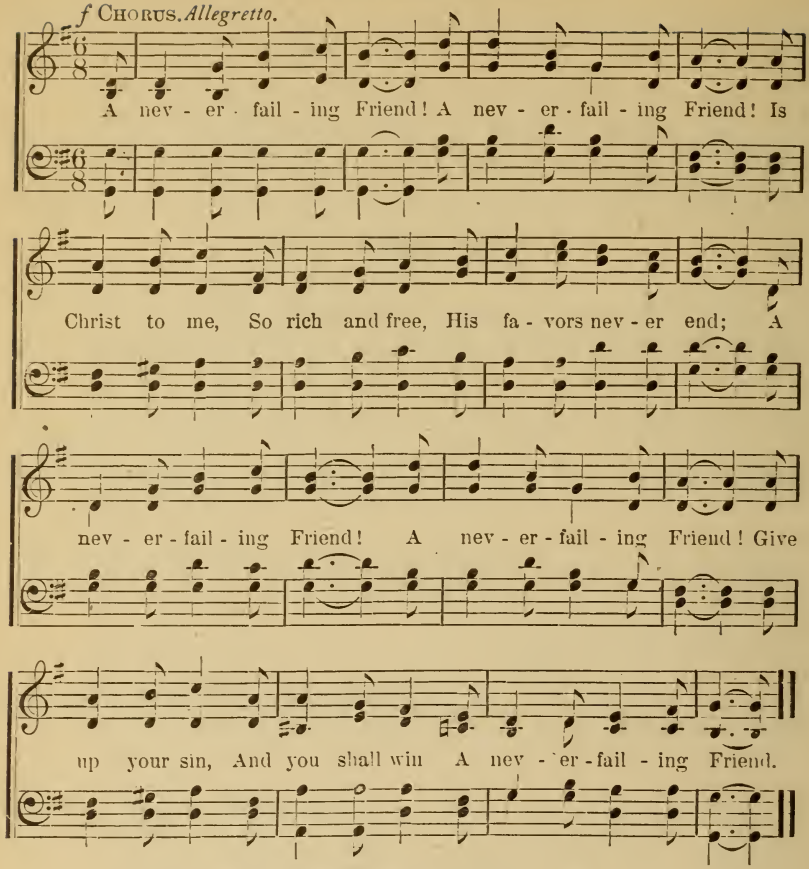
The Golden City.



82. A Never-failing Friend.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

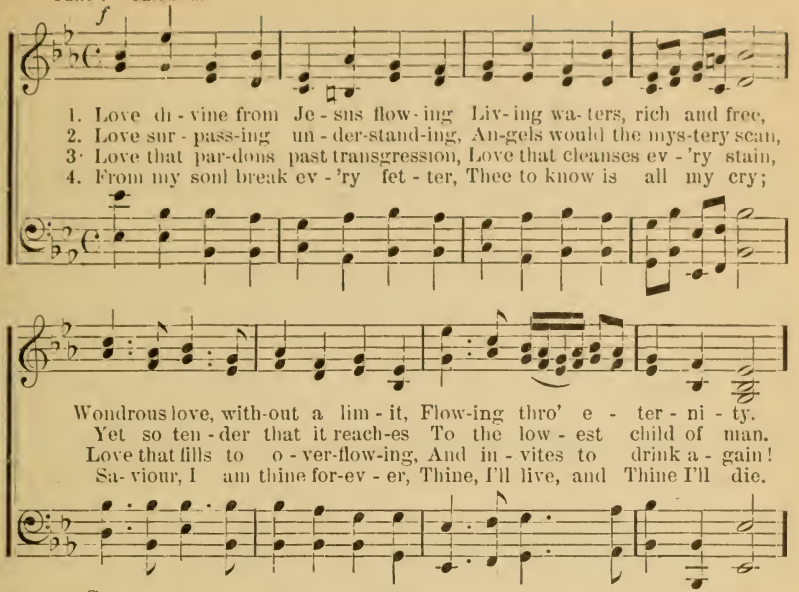


A Never-failing Friend.

2 This Friend I have found no respector is He
All classes with Him are the same;
The poor and the rich, and the bond and the free,
His mercy and pardon may claim.
I sought, He was near; I prayed, He did hear;
I proved that He loved even me;
I rose from the tomb of my sorrow and fear,
And claimed Him my Saviour to be.

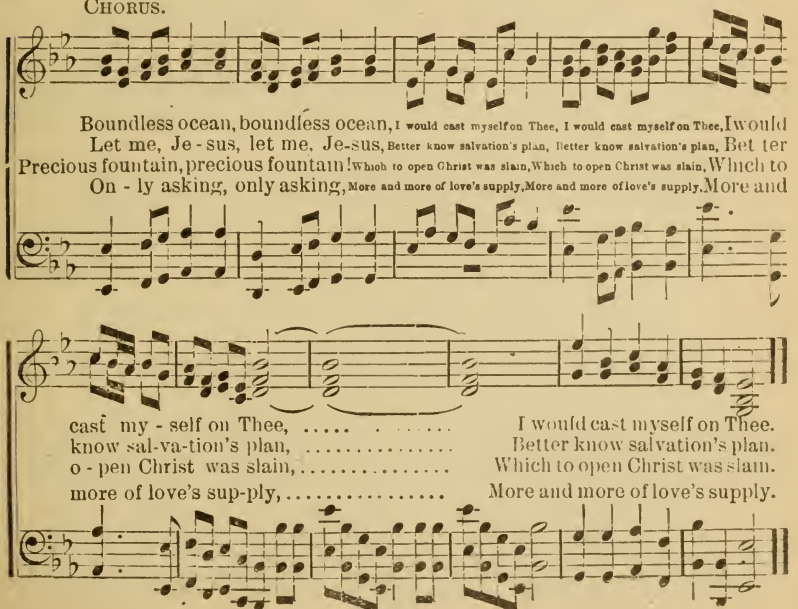
3 A Friend I have found who has taught me the charm
Of loving the purest and best,
And into the wounds of my heart poured the balm
Of healing, and comfort, and rest;
His pain brings renown, His Cross brings the crown.
To serve Him is now my one care;
And here at His Cross I have laid myself down,
And trust to be kept ever there.

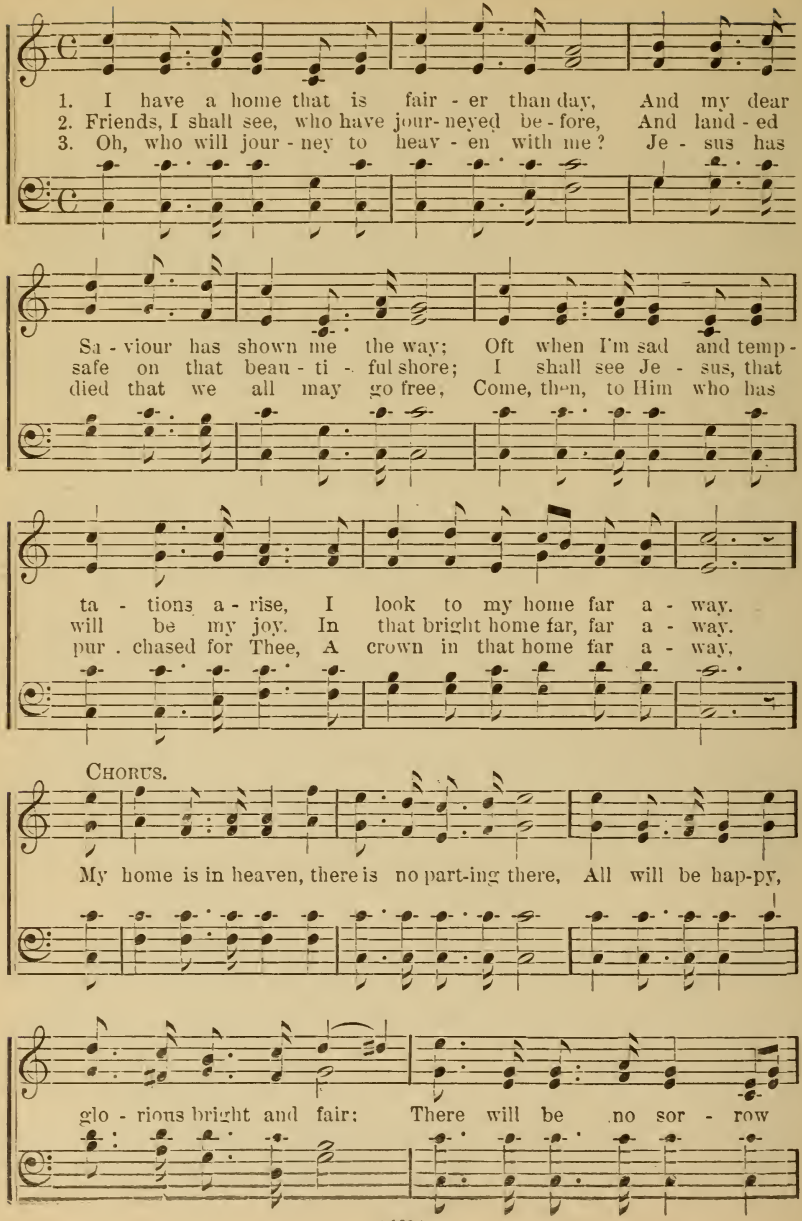
83. Love Divine.

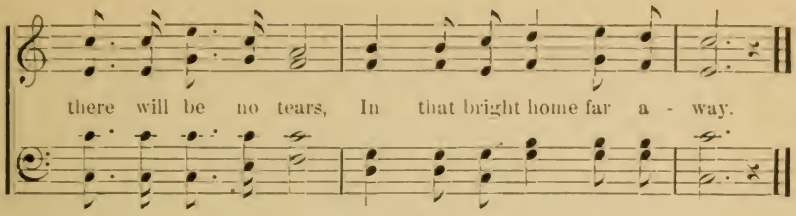
Tune : "Calcutta."



CHORUS.

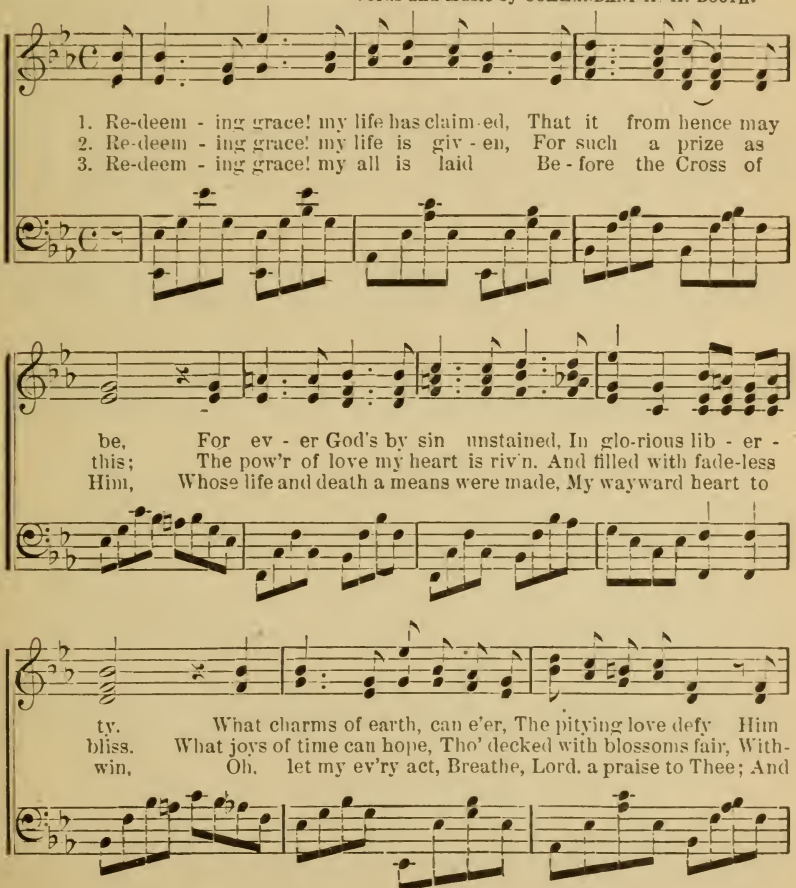


84. **My Home is in Heaven.**

My Home is in Heaven.

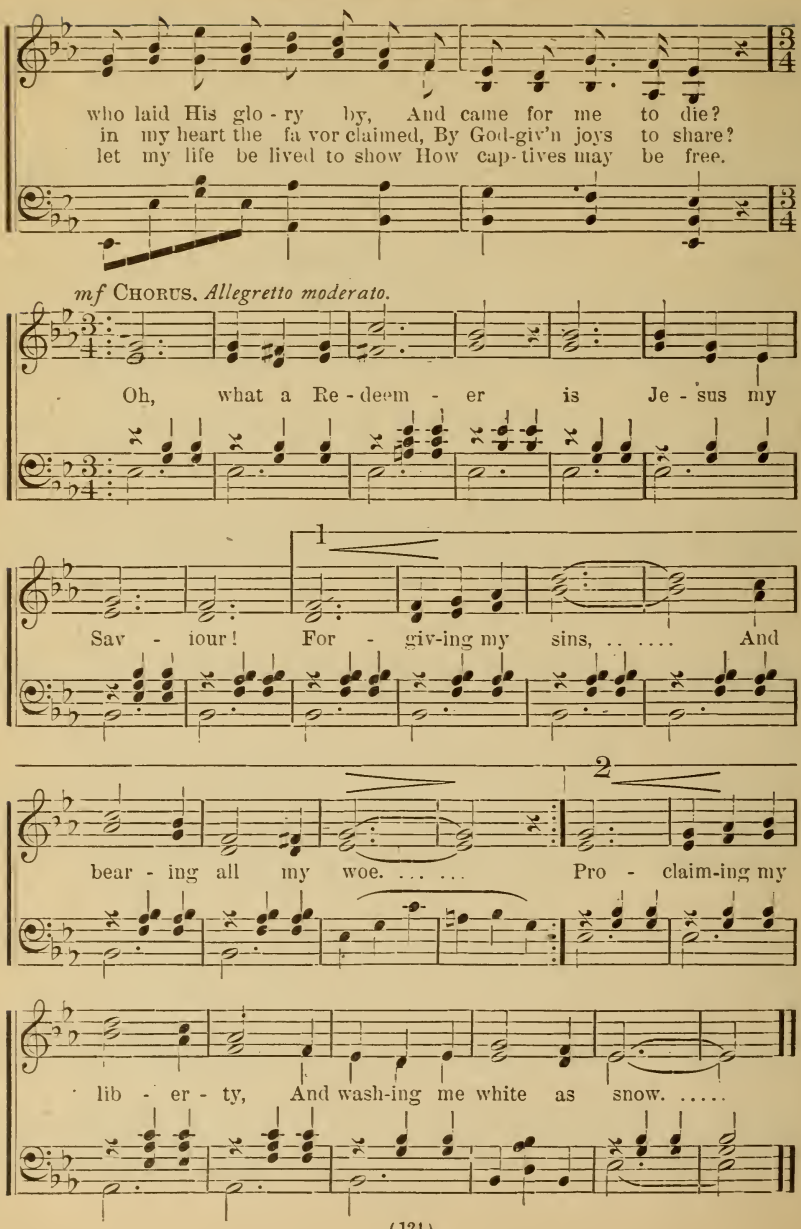


85. Oh, What a Redeemer.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

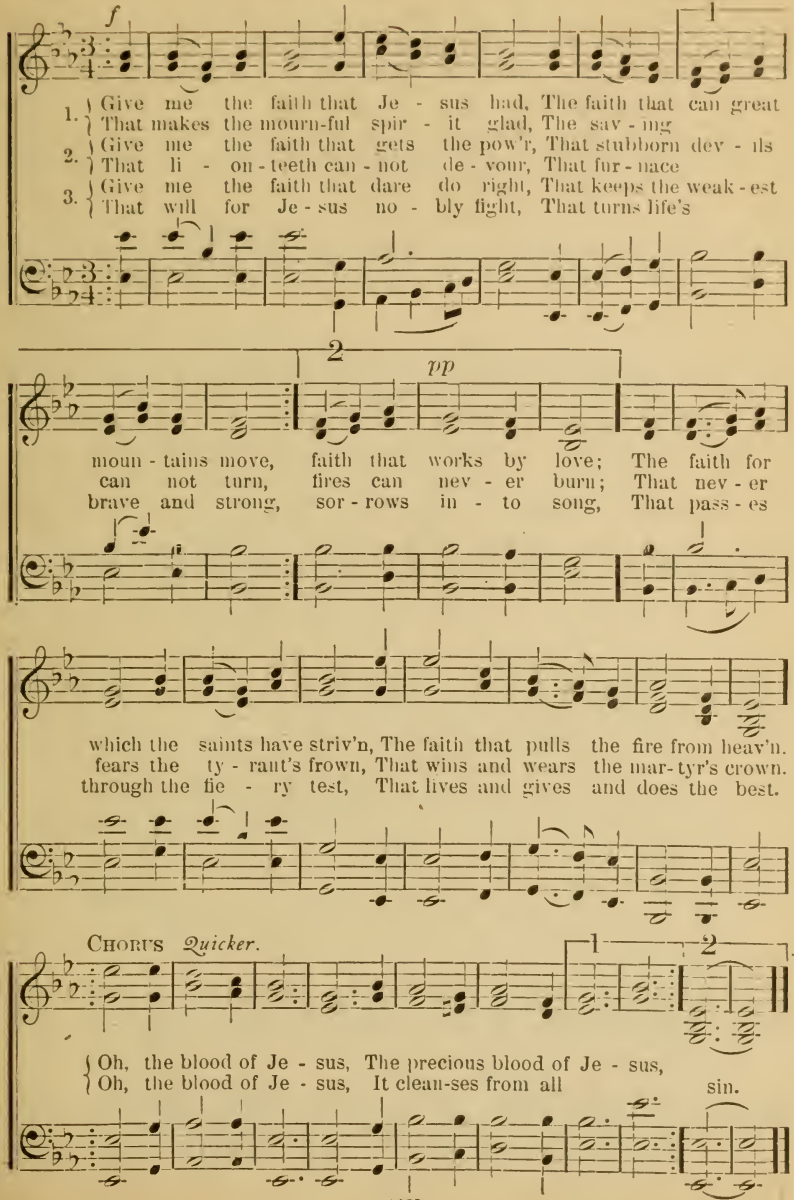


Oh, What a Redeemer.



86. Give Me the Faith.

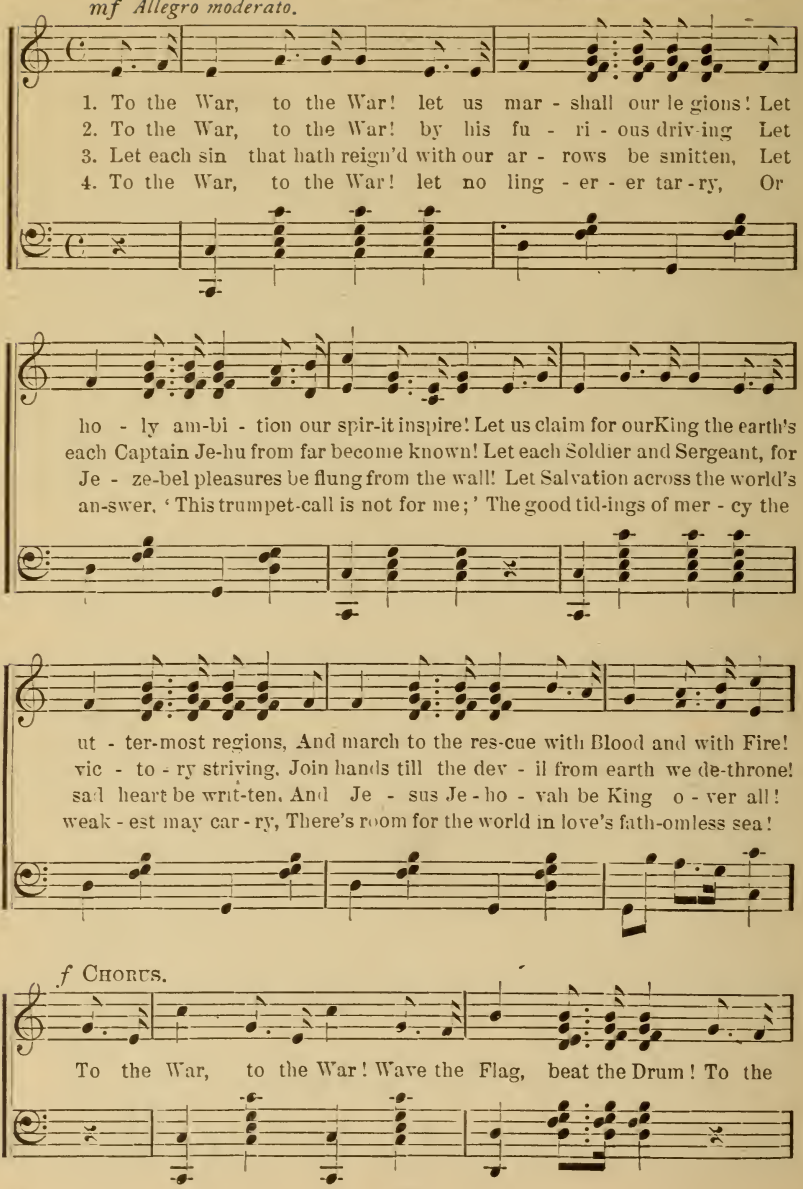
TUNE:—Stella.



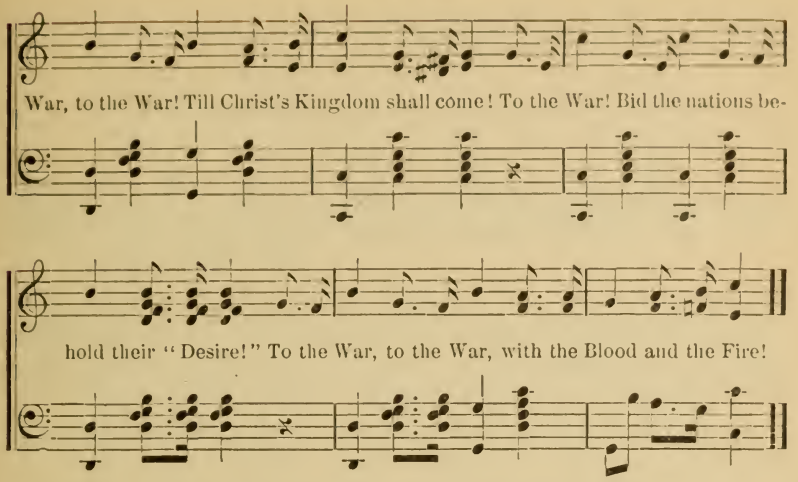
87. To the War!

Words and Music by COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

mf Allegro moderato.



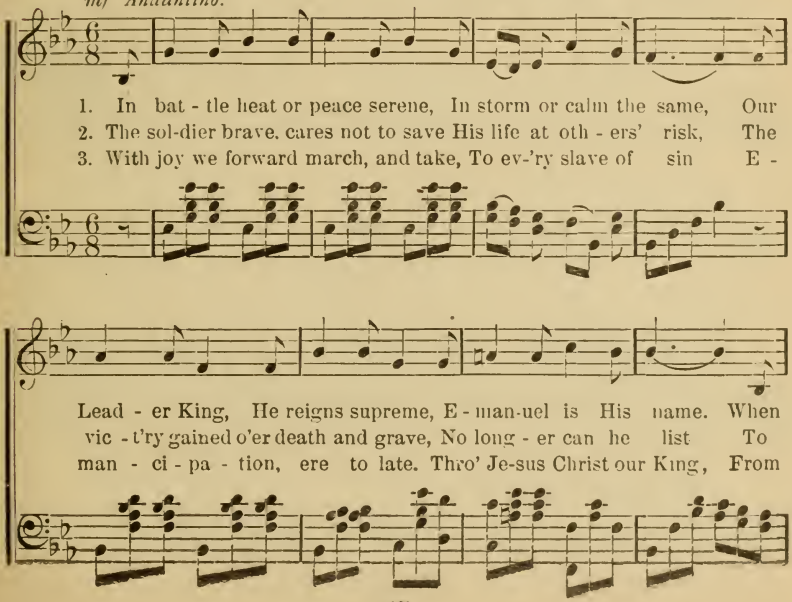
To the War!



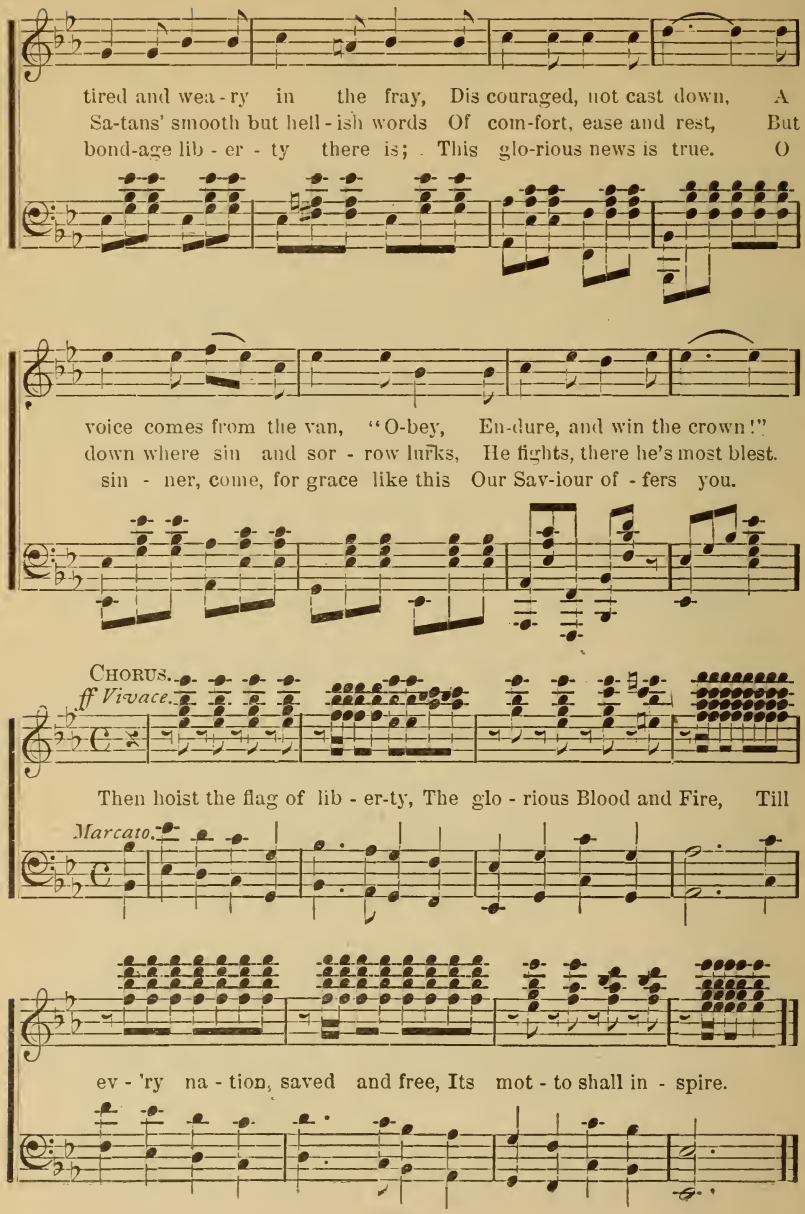
88. Then Hoist the Flag of Liberty.

Words by ADJ. E. TUCKER. Music by STAFF CAPT. OSTBY, (Norway.)

mf Andantino.

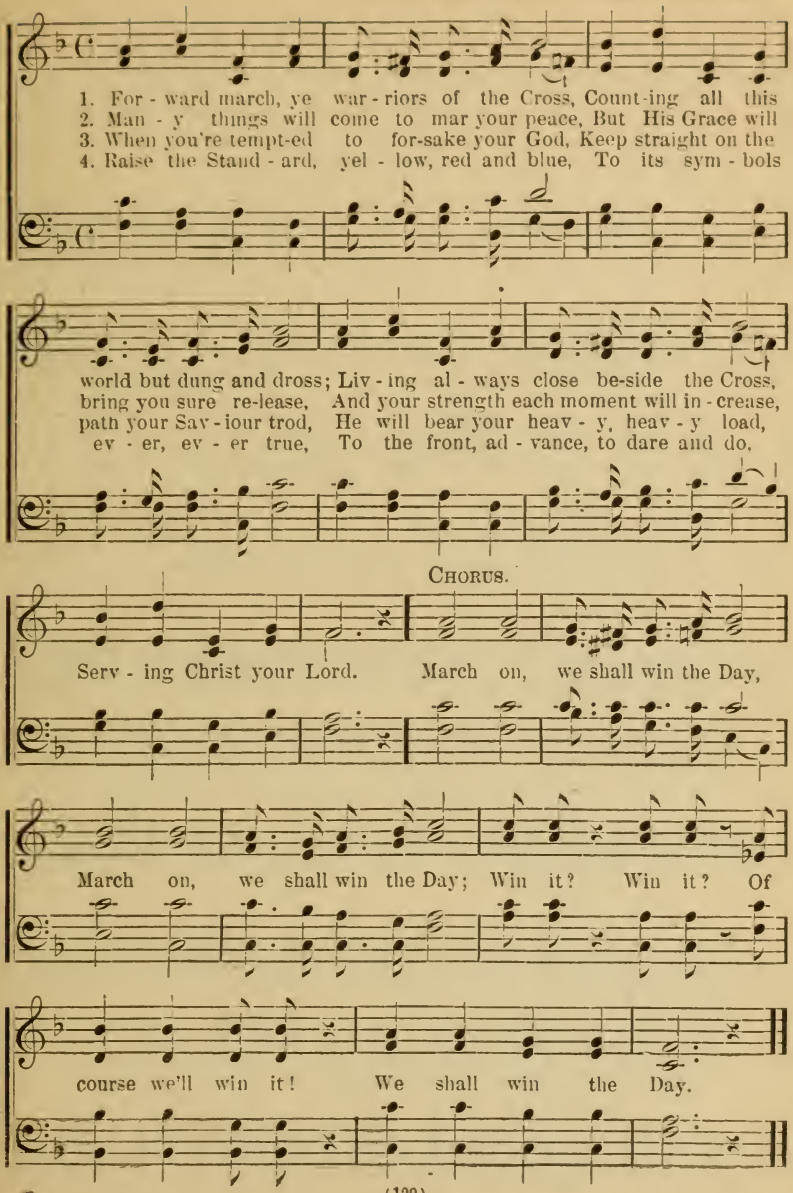


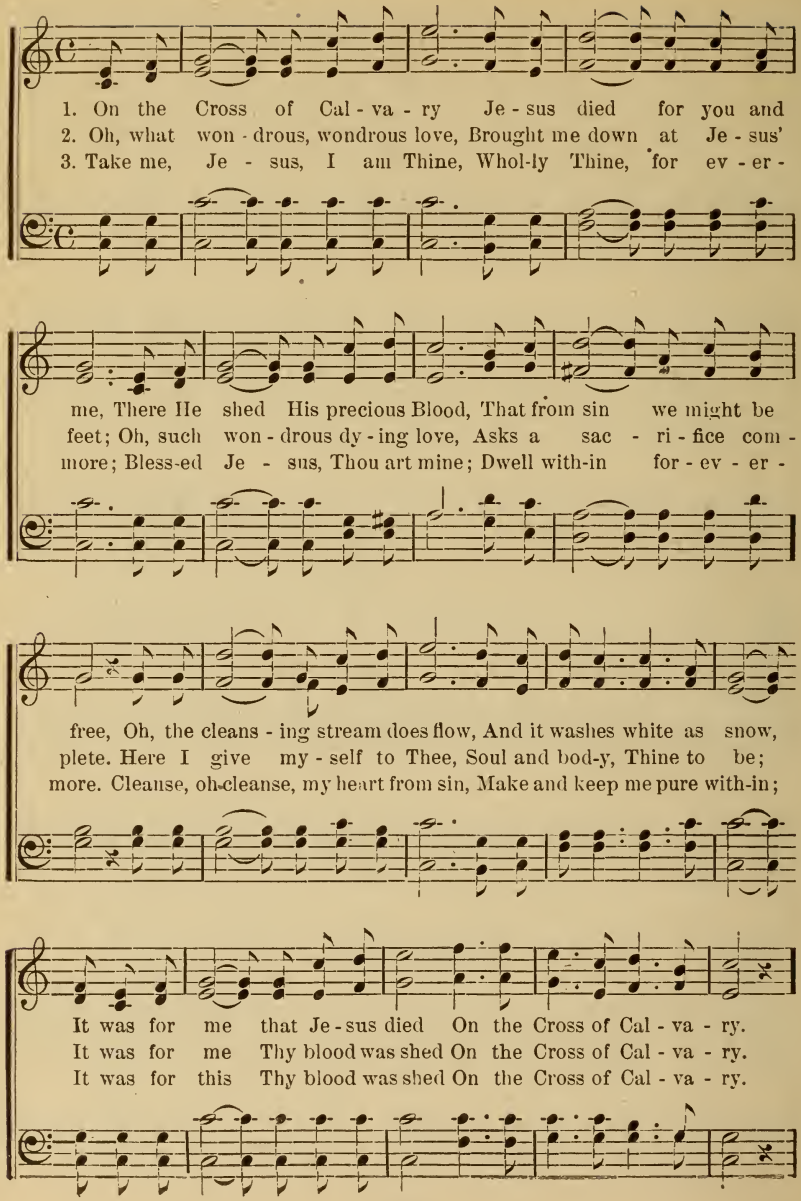
Then Hoist the Flag of Liberty.



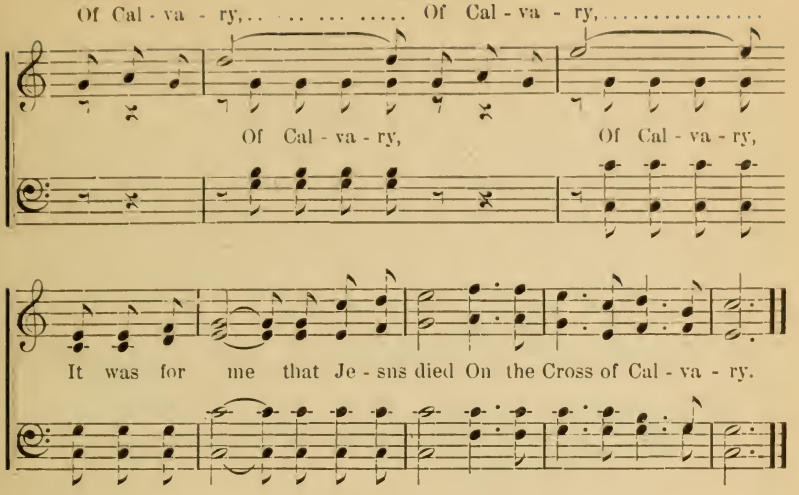
89.

Win It?

Words and Music by Staff Captain T. H. Adams.

90. On the Cross of Calvary.

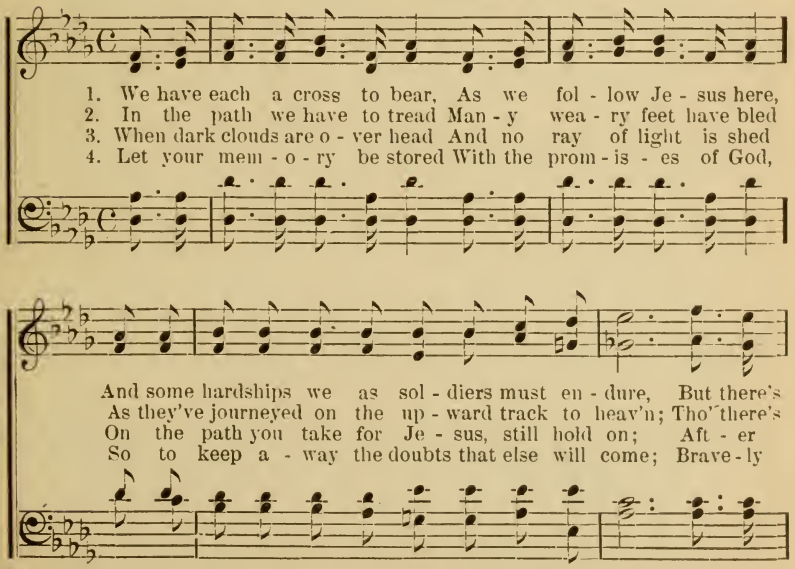


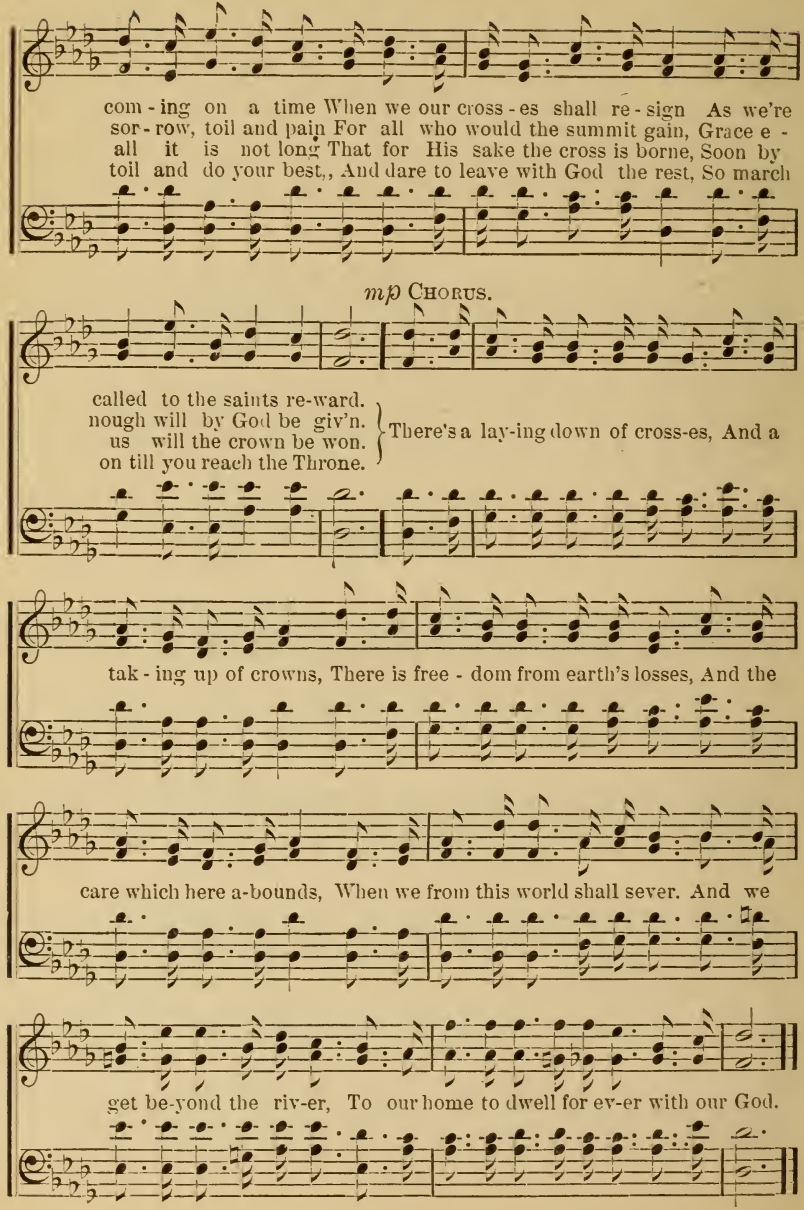
On the Cross Of Calvary.

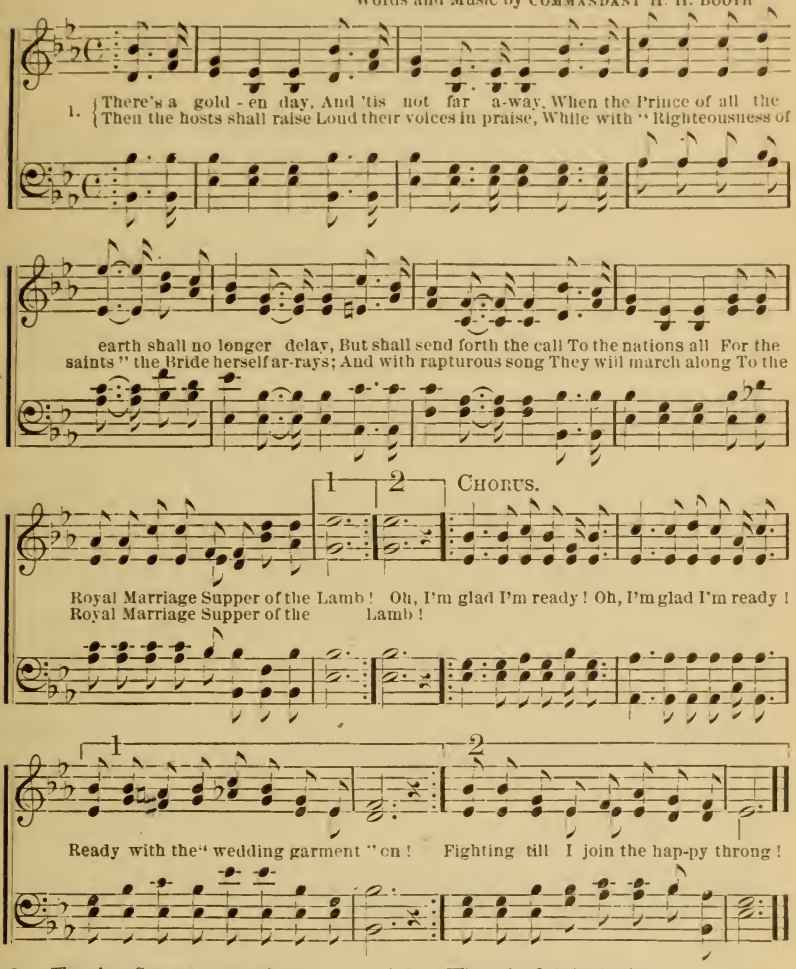


91. There's a Laying Down of Crosses.

Words and Music by Major R. Slater.



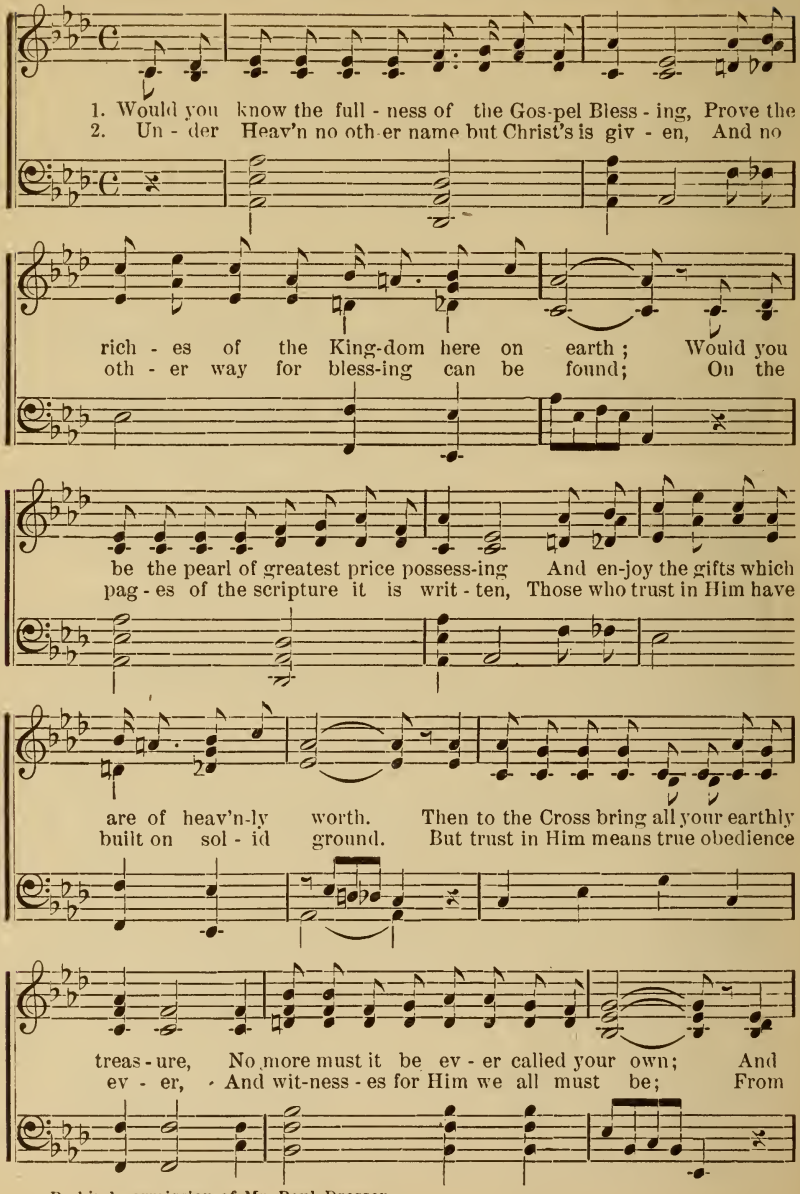
There's a Laying Down of Crosses.

92. I'm Glad I'm Ready.

Words and Music by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH

2 There's a Cross you must bear,
And a Robe you must wear,
If the glories of the Marriage Supper you would share;
You must be quite sure
That for Him you'll endure
Till the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb!
There must not one stain
On your garment remain
If you wish to seek the favor of the Bride-groom to gain!
For no sin shall enter in
To the Palace of the King
At the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb!

3 When the fighting's o'er,
And I reach the shore;
Where wickedness and misery shall be no more!
With a joyful heart
I shall then take part
In the Royal Marriage of the Lamb!
To the Lamb that was slain,
Power and honor proclaim,
For o'er both earth and Heaven He has right to reign!
Yet my heart is His throne,
And my life is His own;
Till to share the Marriage Supper I shall go!

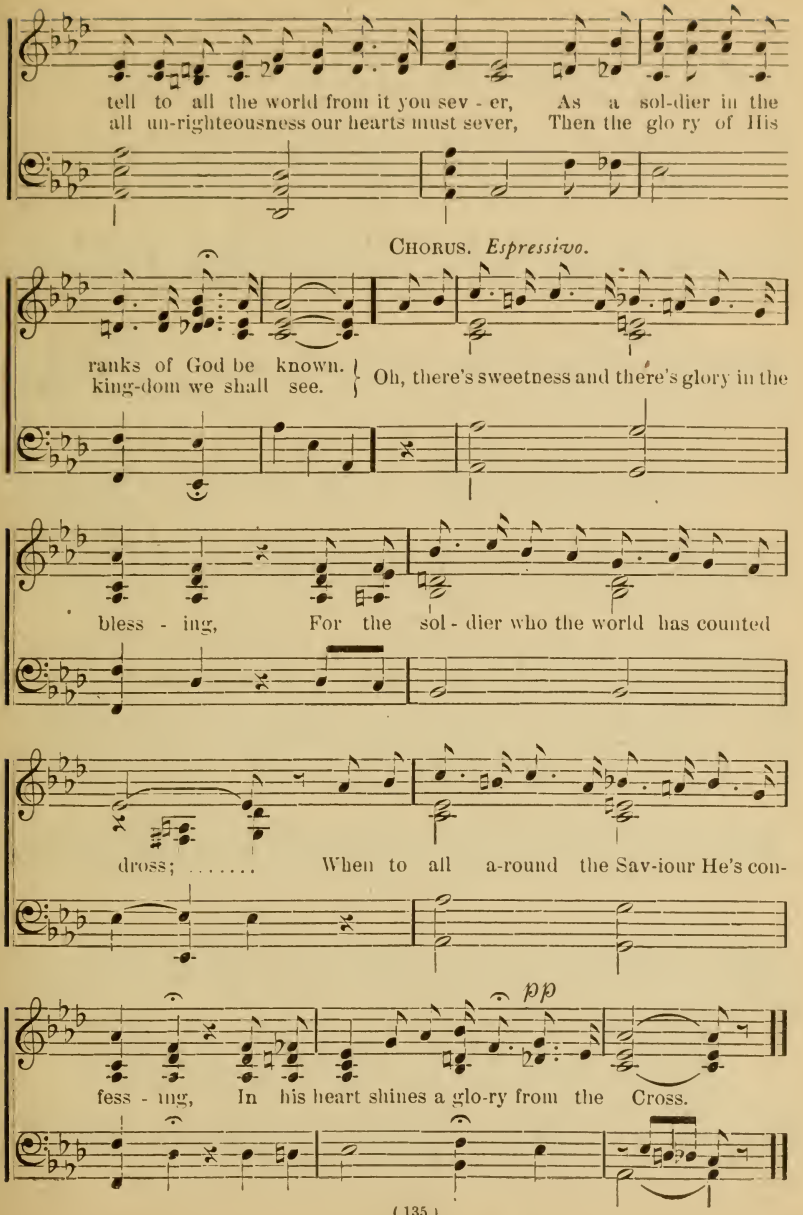
93. Sweetness in the Blessing.

Words by S. H. Hodges. TUNE:—On the banks of the Wabash.



By kind permission of Mr. Paul Dresser.

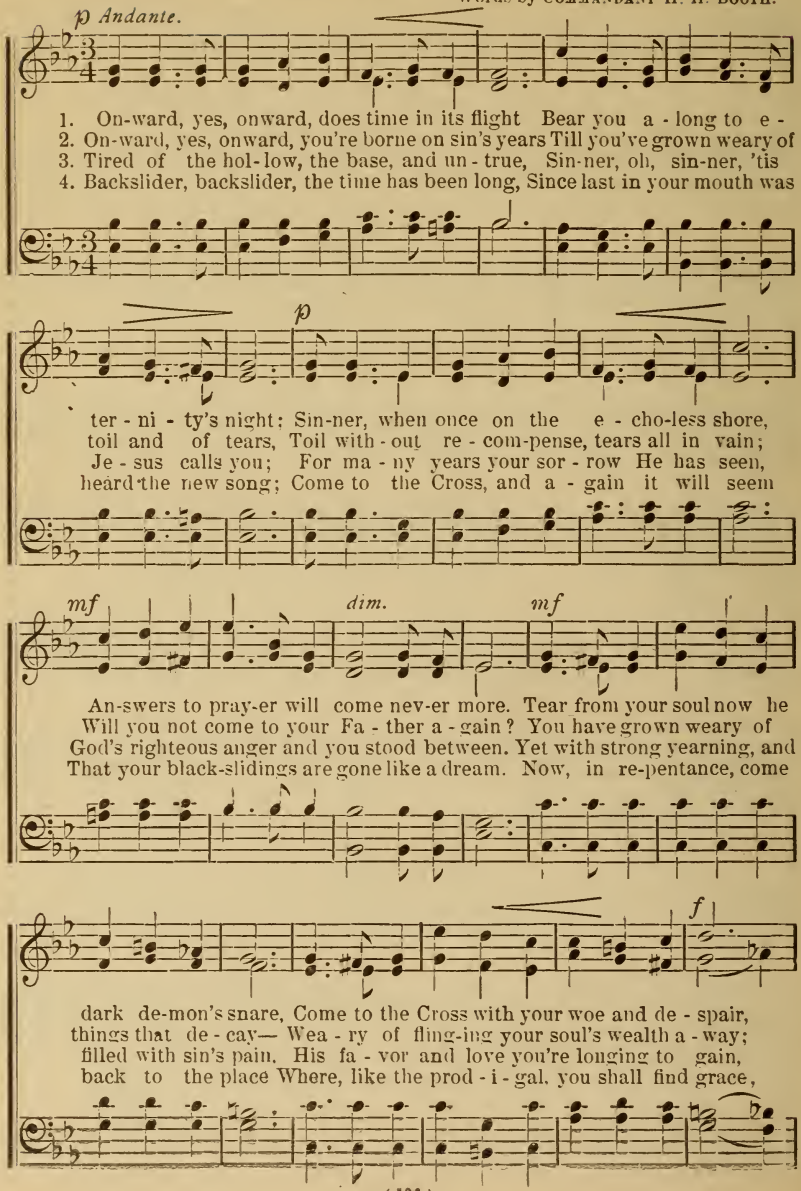
Sweetness in the Blessing.



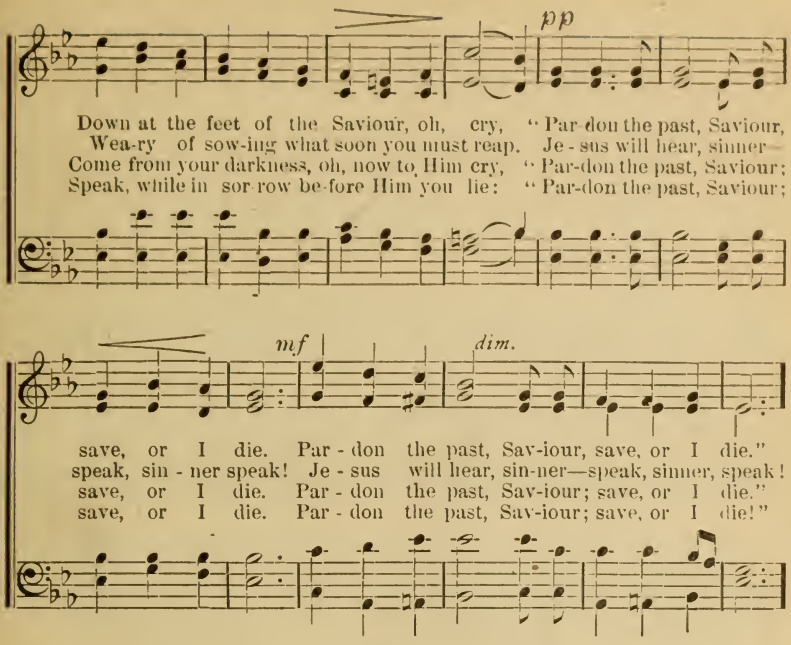
94. Onward, Yes, Onward.

(SECULAR MELODY.)

Words by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

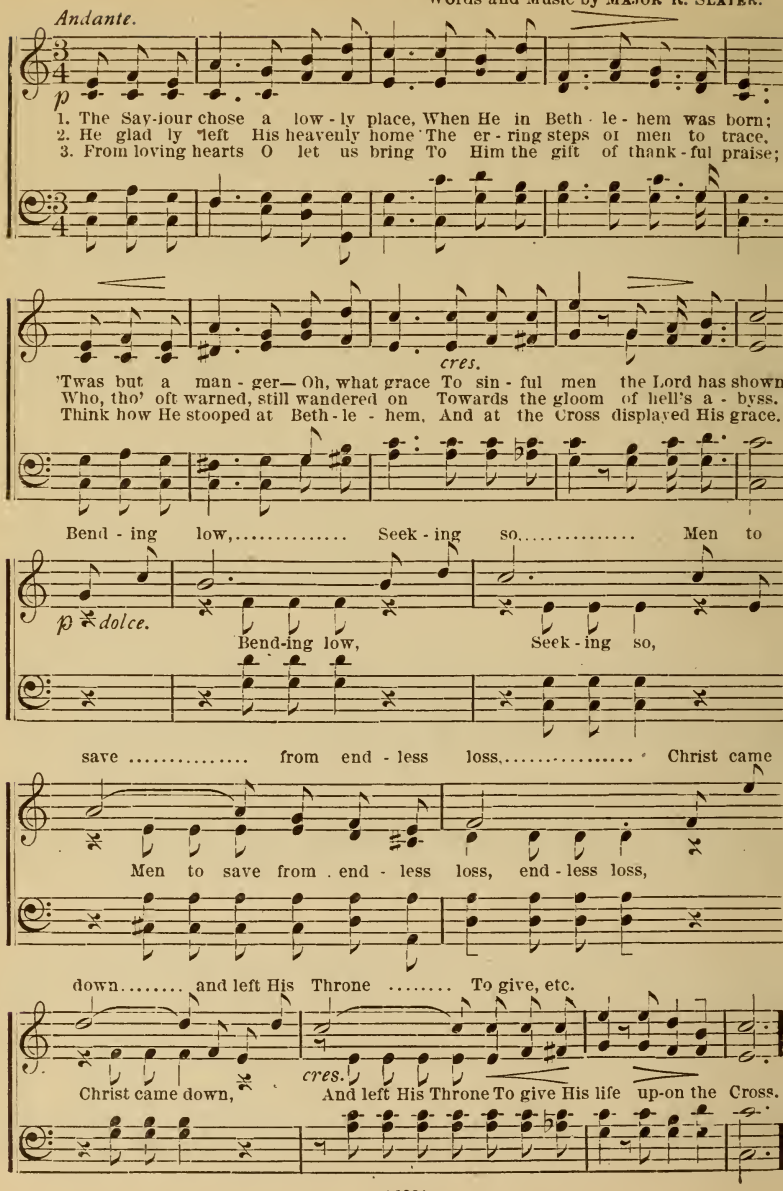


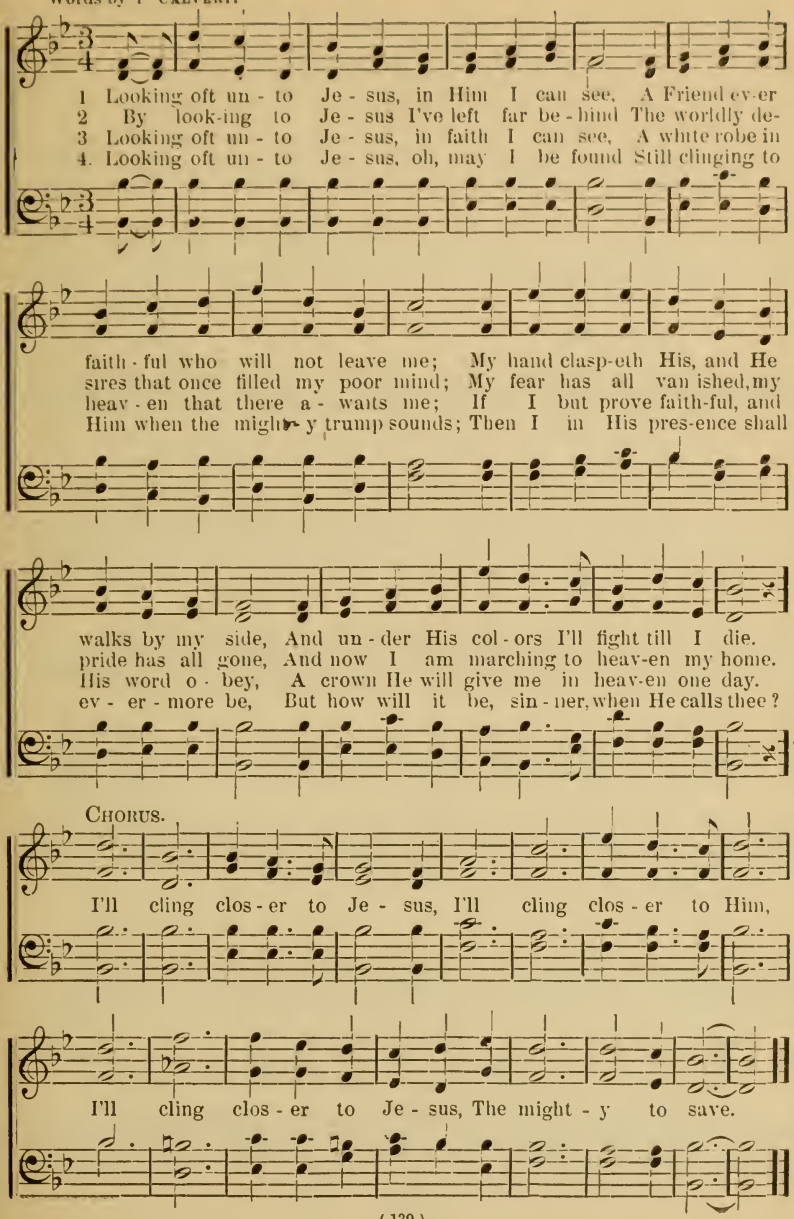
Onward, Yes, Onward.



95. The Saviour Chose a Lowly Place.

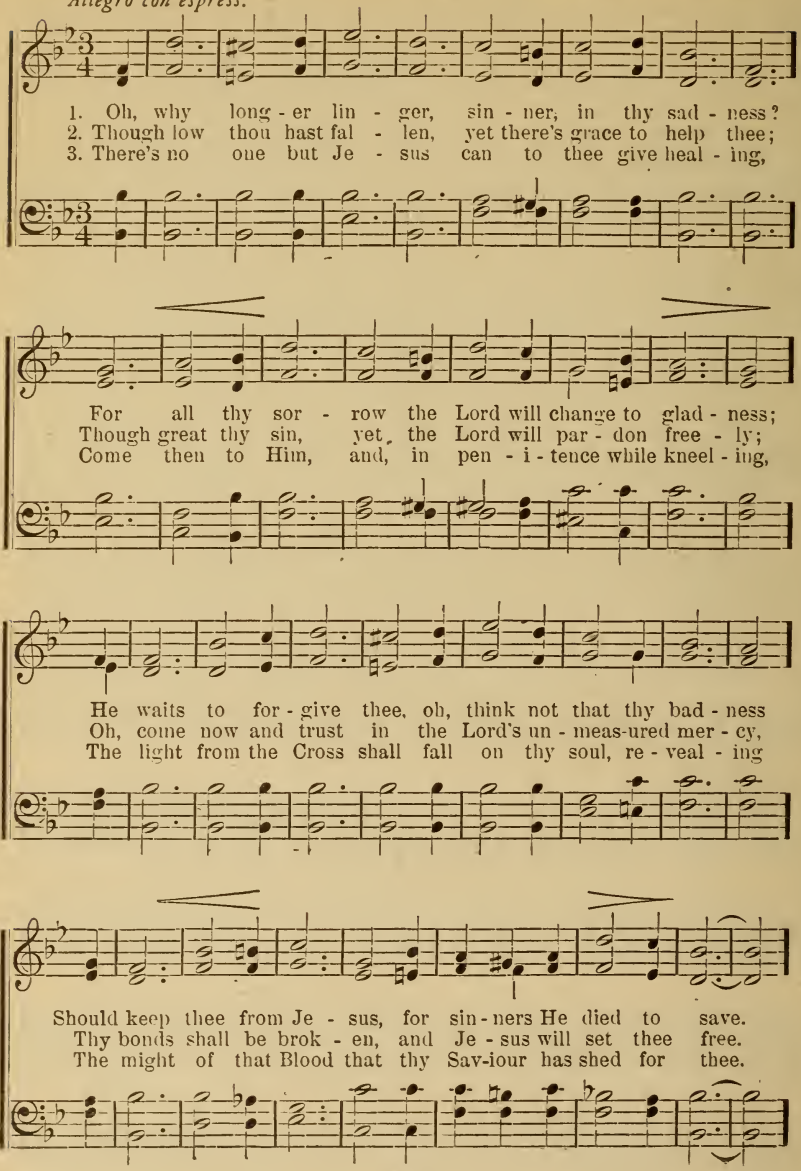
(A CHRISTMAS SONG.)

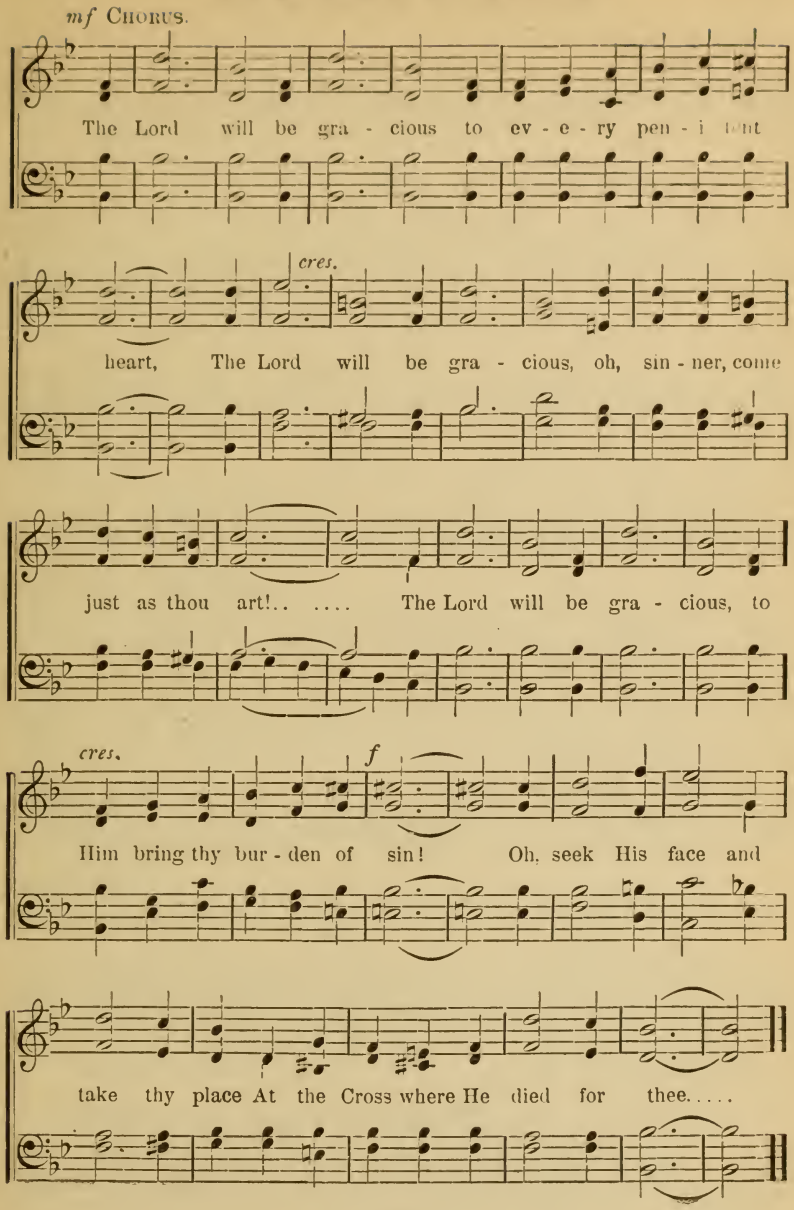
Words and Music by MAJOR R. SLATER.

I'll Cling Closer to Jesus.

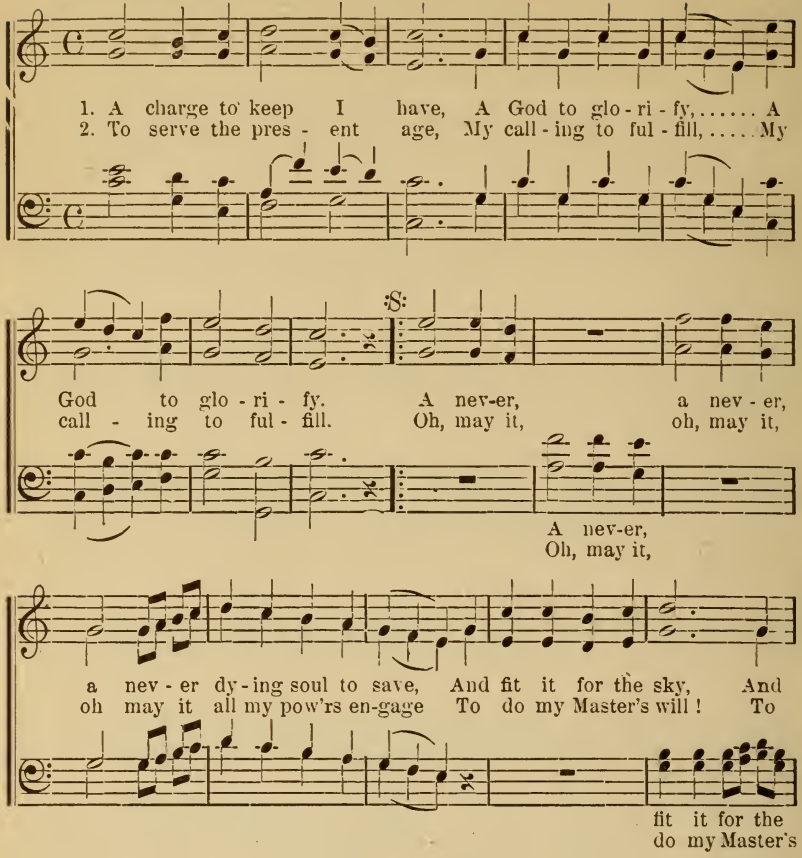
Words by F. CALVERT.

97. The Lord Will Be Gracious.

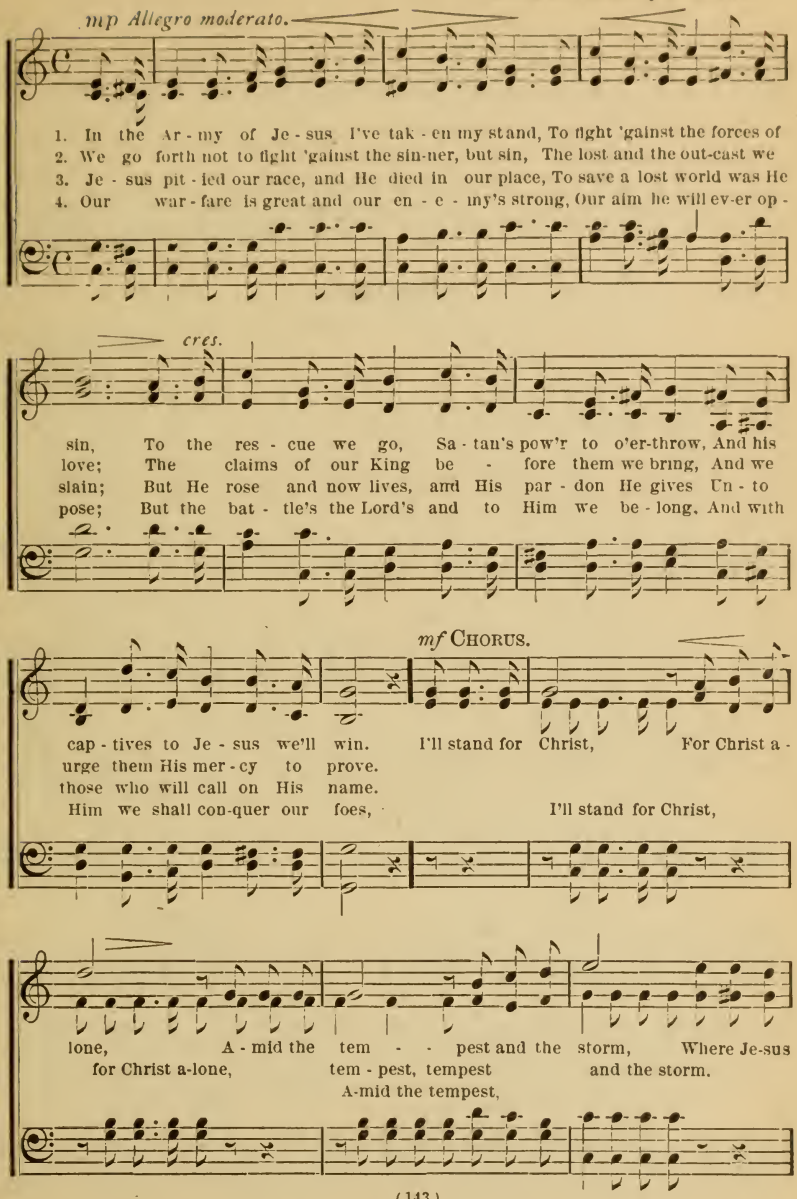
Words by Major R. Slater. Music by Bandsman Alex. Edwards.

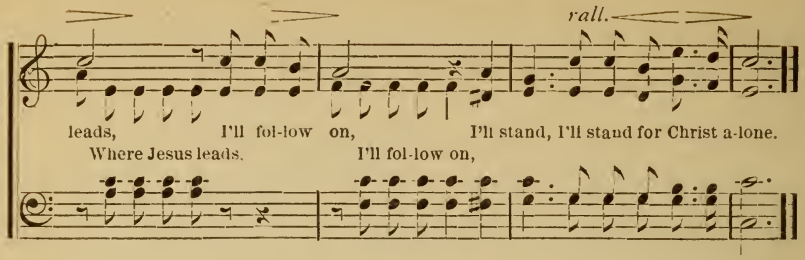
Allegro con espress.



The Lord Will Be Gracious

98. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

99. I'll Stand For Christ Alone.

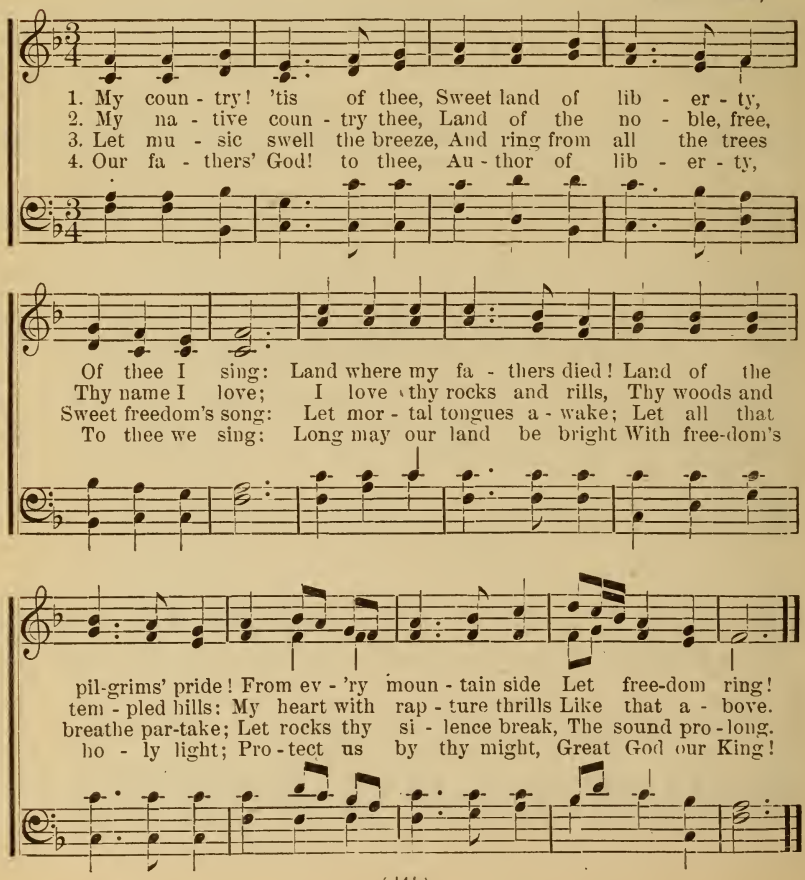
Words and Music by F. W. FRY.

I'll Stand For Christ Alone.



100. America.

(*NATIONAL HYMN.*)

HENRY CAREY.



101

All Round the World.

Tune—"Old Black Joe." B. B. 47. S. M. I., 387. M. S., VI., 97, 10s.

1. All round the world the Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls,
All round the world our soldiers will be brave;
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers, wave.

CHORUS.

Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

2. All round the world with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world to free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers, wave.

3. All round the world the Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world the universe to save,
With blood and fire, with faith and feeling—wave, soldiers, wave.

102

The Lily of the Valley.

BY BANDMASTER FRY.

P. M.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul:
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll.

CHORUS.

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

3. He'll never never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to Glory, I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

103

Will You Go?

Tune—"Eden Above." B. J. 5. S. M., I., 254. 12s and 11s.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS.

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

2. In that blessed land neither signing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

3. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. March on, happy soldiers, the land lies before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

LAST CHORUS.

We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go—
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above!

104

If We Fight Then We Shall Win.

Tune—"When the Mists Have Rolled Away."

1. When the true Salvation soldiers
Hear the trump of Gabriel sound,
Sounding forth like peals of thunder
Standing both on sea and ground,
Crying, "Time shall be no longer—
Rise, and to your Saviour flee,
Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Spend a grand eternity."

CHORUS.

If we fight then we shall win,
Driving all the powers of sin,
And go forward, never tiring,
In the hallelujah way,
We shall ride up in the chariot
On the resurrection day.

2. Now, my comrades, still go forward,
Push the battle to the gate,
Preach salvation to the outcast
For the great Redeemer's sake;
Never slacking, never faltering,
Never dragging on behind,
Then success will crown our efforts
In the saving of mankind.

3. Then with friends who've gone before us
And have reached the golden strand,
We shall join the joyful chorus
As we stand before the Lamb,
Telling of the many blessings
We've received from day to day,
And the glorious revelations
That we've witnessed on the way.

105

Gone is My Burden.

1. Just from the fountain and now we can sing
Happy oh, happy in Jesus;
Just from the brink of the life-giving spring,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

CHORUS.

Gone is my burden, He rolled it away;
Opened my eyes to the light of the day;
Now in the fullness of joy I can say,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

2. Just from the fountain—'twas sweet to be there,
Saved through the merits of Jesus;
Asking the aid of His Spirit in prayer,
Holding communion with Jesus.

3. Just from the fountain of mercy are we,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus;
Sinner, the fountain is flowing for thee,
Come in, be happy in Jesus.

106

While I Speak to Thee.

Tune—"I Hear Thy Welcome Voice." B. J. 55. S. M. I., 276. Key, E. Flat.

1. Before Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see;
And while I every question sing
I want to answer Thee.

CHORUS.

While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
Am I what I ought to be?
O Saviour, let me know.

2. Am I what once I was?
Have I that ground maintained
Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained?

3. Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean?
From Monday morn till Sunday eve
Has my salvation been?

4. Have I the zeal I had?
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy word and seek Thy lost,
Or do I feel it pain?

5. Have I a truthful heart—
A conscience quick to feel,
The baseness of a false excuse,
The touch of what's unreal?

6. Do I my comrade slight,
Or envy him his place?
Do I exaggerate his faults,
Or speak behind his face?

7. Am I the one to go
Where all is big and bright?
And have I lost the zeal I knew
To share the hardest fight?

107

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

108

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Tune—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."
B. J. 181. S. M. H., 73, 7s.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Blood to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

109

Come, oh, Come with Me.

1. Come, oh, come with me, where love is beaming,
Come, oh, come with me, where light is streaming,
Light and love divine, in Christ revealing
God Himself to you and me.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! I love Thee, my Saviour;
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I trust but in Thee.

2. Come with all your sins, although a mountain,
Come unto the Cross from whence a fountain
Flows divinely clear, to heal the nations,
Come and wash and make you clean.

3. None can be too vile for love so beaming,
None can be too dark for light so streaming,
Christ will make you whole, thro' faith revealing
Full salvation unto you.

4. Come and let us kneel, where Jesus meets us,
Let us ever stay where Christ receives us,
Safe within the fold no harm can reach us;
Hasten, hasten to the fold.

110

No Night There.

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

1. No night there but an endless day,
In that beautiful land far away, far away;
Our flower is blooming on hills of gold,
There is no night there, but joy untold.

CHORUS.

No night there, no night there,
God is the light, there is no night there.

2. Why are ye troubled while here below,
When to that beautiful land we soon shall go?
Our precious Saviour His word has given,
Who bear His cross, shall share His Heaven.

3. No night there, no gath'ring gloom,
In the Father's bright hall is the children's room;
No care can oppress them, no storm affright,
No parting can sever, there'll be no night.

4. No night there by the crystal sea,
Nor sorrow nor death any more can be;
Oh, who would recall to a world like this,
The lambs that are folded on the hills of bliss?

111

It's Grand to be a Soldier.

Tune—"Duffy, the Swell."

1. It's grand to be a soldier, a warrior for our King;
It's grand to know that a crown we'll wear if we are but true to Him.
It's grand to have His presence felt, it's grand to know no fear;
It's grand to get away from self, it's grand to know He's here.

CHORUS.

Oh, this peace hasn't ceased since the world was first created!
And this love from above it makes us all related.
In His sight comes the light that seems to overfill us.
It's truly grand to take a stand for one so grand as He.

2. How grand of Him to suffer pain! How grand of Him to die!
How grand that in our hearts He reigns, His loving Spirit nigh!
How grand when clouds are darkest that we to Him can go!
He's the grandest of the greatest, it's grand to love Him so.

3. How grand of Him to warn us!
In St. John it's written there,
I'll surely come amongst you, so workers be prepared.
In my Father's house are mansions for the faithful, brave and true;"
It's grand to know you're ready, it's grander with Him to go.

112

I Know of a Saviour from Sin.

WORDS BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

B. J. No. 171.

1. Some people I know don't live holy,
They battle with unconquered sin,
Not daring to consecrate fully,
Or they full salvation would win.
With malice they have constant trouble,
From fearing they long to be free;
With most things about them they grumble,
Praise God, this is not so with me!

CHORUS.

I know of a Saviour from sin,
I know of a Saviour from sin;
Our almighty Jesus is able
To keep even me without sin.

2. Some people are useless to Jesus,
The reason is easy to find;
They're fighters when everything pleases,
At other times hang on behind.
There are thousands I know join the doubters,
While others backslide, I can see,
And some run away with the shouters,
Praise God, this is not so with me!

3. Some people enjoy full salvation,
Their peace like a river does flow,
With them there is no condemnation,
The blood keeps them whiter than snow.
Well saved, praise the Lord, hallelujah!
Triumphant through Christ on the tree,
They bask in the sunshine of Beulah,
Praise God, this is just so with me!

113

I will Follow Thee, my Saviour.

B. J. 1. S. M., II., 67.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known!
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour;
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3. Men may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

114

Calvary's Crimson River.

Tune—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

1. There is a crimson river
Rising on Mount Calvary,
With its waters flowing ever
Toward the mighty crimson sea;
For the healing of the nations
Was this fountain opened wide,
That sin and all uncleanness
Might be swept beneath its tide.

CHORUS.

Oh, Calvary's crimson river!
Oh, Calvary's crimson river!
Oh, Calvary's crimson river!
Flows to wash thy sins away.

2. The Author of this river
Was the Man of Galilee;
To become the world's life-giver
Gave His life upon the tree.
He left His home in Heaven
And His glory laid aside;
With a spear His side was riven
Just to start this crimson tide.

3. O blessed crimson river,
Of thy virtue all shall know!
It is written whosoever
Will, may to thy waters go.
Though their sins may be as scarlet,
Like as wool they soon will show.
If they're redder still like crimson,
Thou canst wash them white as snow.

115

I'll Fight for Thee All the Way,

1. My Lord, I know that Thou wantest all
Whom Thy precious blood has bought,
To leave their all and to take their place,
Wherever Thy war is fought.
So I will obey Thee, and in Thy strength,
I'll go to the front to-day,
And, true to Thy colors and cross till death,
I'll fight for Thee all the way!

CHORUS.

I'll fight for Thee all the way, Lord!
I'll fight for Thee all the way;
Close beside me,
Thou shalt guide me.
And keep me through the fray;
And I shall be more than conq'ror,
In darkness or in light,
As on Thee relying,
Thy foes all defying,
I'll fight till the end of the fight.

2. I know the war will be fierce and hard,
With a foe so bold and strong,
But well I know that Thy mighty pow'r
Is great as my fight is long;
And Thou canst depend upon me, my Lord,
In ranks of Thy hosts to stay,
As Calvary's Cross every day I see,
I'll fight for Thee all the way!

3. Myself and all that I have I give,
As I've never done before,
Come health or sickness, come weal or woe,
I'll die in Thy glorious war;
And if in my heart is left aught of self,
Now purge me with fire, I pray,
Then, fearing no foe, I will take Thy sword
And—fight for Thee all the way!

116

The Ballroom Experience Song.

WORDS BY BRIGADIER ADDIE.

Tune—"While the Dance Went On."

1. Across the floor of the ballroom,
Amid the gay and the bright,
A crowd of dancers were waltzing,
Seeming with joy and delight;
Madly the din of the music,
Urging and driving them on,
Let come what may, nothing care they,
While the dance went on.
Yet there was one in that ballroom—
One who had fallen from grace,
Who could not join in the laughter,
For he was out of place;
Still he kept playing the music,
Trying his conscience to calm,
But 'twas in vain, worse grew the pain,
While the dance went on.

CHORUS.

While the music was playing
In the grand ballroom,
And dancers were dancing
Heedless to their doom,
Instant, out of season
One man, all alone,
Led a soul to Jesus
While the dance went on.

2. A man of God who was passing,
Just had returned to the town,
Where years ago he had labored,
Seeking lost jewels for His crown;
Stopping to listen a moment,
Feeling constrained to step in,
He climbed the stair, breathing a prayer,

While the dance went on.
Eager to strike for his Master,
He looked round on the scene,
Recognized one of the fiddlers,
Who once a Christian had been.
Had he forsaken his Saviour?
There it was only too plain;
Angels were sad, devils were glad,
While the dance went on.

3. Dancing had ceased for a moment,
God's hero seized on the chance,
Up to the backslidden fiddler
Fearlessly he did advance.
Handing him a piece of silver,
"Please will you play me a tune?"
"Yes, sir," said he; "What shall it be?"
While the dance went on.
"'The Bleeding Lamb' is its title,
Play it as in days gone by."
Down dropped the guilty backslider,
Trembling, for mercy did cry;
There on the floor of that ballroom
The Bleeding Lamb made him whole;
Some ran away, some stayed to pray,
While the dance went on.

117

Over Me.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

WORDS BY MAJOR PEBBLES.

1. There's a sea for weary souls,
Crimson sea,
And its cleansing billows roll
Over me.
To this sea your sorrows bring,
And its waves will heal the sting,
It is flowing while I sing,
Over me.
Oh, what heavenly raptures steal
Over me,
Just when the waves I feel
Over me.
All my sins and sorrows go,
And my heart is white as snow,
While the cleansing billows flow
Over me.

CHORUS.

Over me, over me,
Over me, over me,
Let the mighty billows roll
Over me.

Let me bathe my weary soul,
Satisfy and make it whole,
While the cleansing billows roll
Over me.

2. There's an ocean full of love,
Love to me;
Love to God in Heaven above,
Love to me.
I, a rebel, full of guile,
And my heart was black and vile,
And He loved me all the while,
Even me.
Like an ocean wide and deep,
Love to me;
For sinners He did weep,
Even me.
By His grace He made me whole,
And His love now fills my soul;
Like a wave I feel it roll
Over me.

3. Grace is flowing like a river,
Grace for me;
Grace to bear me up for ever,
Grace for me.
Like a river it doth flow,
Free to all men here below;
That's enough for me, I know,
Even me.
It is flowing every day,
Grace for me.
Why should I from Him stray?
Grace for me.
By His grace He keeps me whole,
Keeps the victory in my soul,
Like a wave I feel it roll
Over me.

118

My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.

Tune—"Wonderful Words of Life."
G Flat.

1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong,
He loved a poor sinner like me;
He turned His back on a glorified throng,
To save a poor sinner like me.
The angels they sang Him from Glory,
I'm glad that they told me the story,
He came from on high to suffer and die,
To save a poor sinner like me.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the Fountain,
He put my name down for a palace and crown,
Bless His dear name, I am free!

2 This wonderful Saviour took such a low place,
To save a poor sinner like me;
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace,
To save a poor sinner like me.
Was born in a stable and manger,
In His own world was a stranger,
With all things did part to win my hard heart,
And save a poor sinner like me.

3. This Jesus had nowhere to lay His head,
To save a poor sinner like me;
He was a Lamb to the slaughter led,
To save a poor sinner like me.
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dying,
"'Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying;
My soul may go free, He died on the tree,
To save a poor sinner like me.

119

Sinner, See Yon Light.

Tune—"Sinner, See Yon Light." B. J. 48.

Sinner, see yon light
Shining clear and bright
From the Cross on Calvary;
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Came the Blood that sets us free.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
Come away, come away,
To the Cross for refuge flee;
See, the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

2. In the gloomy shade
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
When His brow was wet
With the bloody sweat
In the Garden of Gethsemane.

3. See, the Saviour stands
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save;
Then thy heart now give to Me."

4. Come away to Him
And confess your sin;
Come to Him who died for thee.
To His feet draw near
With a heart sincere,
And from sin He'll set thee free.

120

Why wilt Thou Die?

Tune—"Why Wilt Thou Die?" B. J. 171. S. M. II., 50.

Sinner, for thee,
A pardon so free,
Though dark thy career may have been,
The burden shall roll
From thy guilty soul
When the light of His face thou hast seen.

CHORUS.

Oh, why wilt thou die?
Why wilt thou die?
Sinner, sinner, why?

2. Tired of thy sin,
And sorrow within,
Thy soul longs to find its true joy—
The joy that thy King
In mercy doth bring
Thy sorrow and sin to destroy.

3. Death is at hand
Thy life to demand,
Make haste, now, the Saviour to find;
No longer delay,
You're passing away,
And Satan your soul wants to bind.

4. Awful despair
Thy bosom will tear
When Heaven for thee has no room—
For ever shut out,
In darkness and doubt,
Then Hell everlasting thy doom.

121

Will You be Saved To-night?

BY MAJOR J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune—"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

1. Oh, will you not yield to God to-night?
Too long you have spurned His grace;
Your life has been spent in sin and wrong.
But there is abundant grace.

CHORUS.

Oh, will you be saved to-night?
Oh, will you be saved to-night?
Salvation free is now offered thee;
Oh, will you be saved to-night?

2. Go to the Lord for peace to-night;
Go seek Him, He loves you still;
Your friend He will be, He waits for thee,
Submit to His holy will.

3. Oh, the sweet peace and holy joy
The Lord on thy soul will pour,
When all your heart to Him you bring,
And from Him you wander no more.

122

Poor Sinner to Jesus Come Home.

Tune—"Sinner, Come Home." B. J. 117. S. M. II., 6.

1. Sinner, poor sinner, to Jesus come home,
He long has been calling for thee;
No longer delay, but come while you may,
The saved and the happy to be.
Your days swiftly fly, and soon you must die,
And then the dread judgment will come;
In vain then to call on the mountains to fall,
And hide you from Him on the Throne.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, come home,
Poor sinner, to Jesus come home.

2. Sinner, poor sinner, then wilt thou not turn
And accept a salvation so free?
There's nought to be done, but only to come;
Thy Saviour is waiting for thee.
Oh, soon will the day of His grace pass away,
Then judgment will visit for sin;
But now there is room, the vilest may come.
"Compel them," He says, "to come in."

123

He'll Take You to His Fold Again.

Tune—"Kathleen."

1. He'll take you to His fold again,
Poor sinner, though you far have strayed,
No longer in your sins remain,
For One is strong enough to save.
Thy Saviour, who has loved thee so,
And left His all for thee to die,
His Blood will wash you white as snow,
If to His loving arms you'll fly.

CHORUS.

He'll take you to His fold again,
And wash your heart from every stain,
And though you may be grieving sore,
He'll take you to His fold again.

2. Before you let your love grow cold,
Your heart was always fond and true,
You sought to bring the lost to Him,
Who now is yearning over you.
He weeps to see you leave the path,
Wherein you once did run so well,
A loving welcome now He'll give,
If you will come with Him to dwell.

3. His Spirit gently strives to win
An entrance to your stricken heart,
Oh, stay no longer in your sin,
Or soon His striving may depart.
Soon death will call thee and they'll lay
Thy cold, cold form beneath the sod;
Then, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
And get thy soul at peace with God.

124

Always the Same is Jesus.

Tune—"Always the Same is Jesus."

1. Always the same is Jesus,
In Him no change I find,
He to my soul is precious,
True, loving, good and kind.
Though sorrows may o'ertake me,
And friends to help be few,
Though all the world forsake me,
Jesus will always be true.

CHORUS.

I have a Friend who is always the same,
Always the same, bless His dear name;
I have a Friend who is always the same,
Never I've known Him to change.

2. Always the same is Jesus,
Never His love has failed;
Always the same—so gracious,
When by the foe assailed;
Always the same, no matter
How dark the way may seem;
Always my path seems brighter
When it is lit up by Him.

3. Always the same is Jesus;
Why should I doubt or fear?
His grace to me is boundless,
His love my spirit cheers.
How can I be downhearted
While I have such a Friend?
Knowing for Heaven I've started,
He'll guide me safe to the end.

125

Friendship with Jesus.

BY MAJOR J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune—"Massa's in the Cold, Damp Ground."

1. A friend of Jesus, oh, what bliss,
That one so vile as I
Should ever have a Friend like this
To lead me to the sky.

CHORUS.

Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine;
Oh, what blessed, sweet communion—
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

2. A Friend when other friendships cease,
A Friend when others fail;
A Friend who gives me joy and peace,
A Friend who will prevail.

3. A Friend to lead me in the dark.
A Friend who knows the way;
A Friend to steer my weak, frail bark,
A Friend my debts to pay.

4. A Friend when sickness lays me low;
A Friend when death draws near;
A Friend as through the vale I go,
A Friend to help and cheer.

5. A Friend when life's short race is o'er,
A Friend when earth is past;
A Friend to meet on Heaven's shore,
A Friend when home at last.

126

I'm Sure I'm Saved.

1. I've said adieu to the devil's crew
And joined a happier lot;
Instead of going down to Hell
Salvation I have got.
My heart, I know, is white as snow,
Christ does with me abide;
I care not what the world may say,
I'm on the winning side.

CHORUS.

I know, I'm sure, my heart is white as snow,
And if I die to Heaven I shall go;
From sin and shame my soul has been set free,
And oh, I'm glad to tell you, salvation is for thee!

2. For God I fight with all my might,
Wherever I may go;
I praise the Lord I'm not ashamed
To let the people know
That I belong to the happy throng
Who've had their sins forgiven;
I'll fight for God until I die,
And then I'll go to Heaven.

3. Now every soul can be made whole,
For Jesus wants to save,
That you might be redeemed from sin

His own life's Blood He gave;
And if to-day you'll leave the way
That leads to endless woe,
He'll wash you in His precious Blood,
And make you white as snow.

127

The Gospel Ship.

Tune—"The Ship that Never Returned."

1. The Gospel ship at anchor is lying,
She is booked to sail to-day;
To fill her state-rooms her agents are trying,
They are giving the tickets away.
Her steam is up, her flag is flying,
There's a crowd but room for more;
Come and pass the Doctor—He'll take you if you're dying—
She is bound for Canaan's shore.

CHORUS.

Will she ever return? No, she'll never return,
For 'tis better on before;
It's a land that flows with milk and honey,
She is bound for Canaan's shore.

2. On board she has first-class accommodation,
No dividing ropes you'll find;
Her passengers, whatever their station,
Are all bound by cords divine.
Her crew is saved and sanctified,
King Jesus—her Captain's name—
'Twas to navigate this ship He died,
And down from Glory came.

3. Her starting place is the famed Red River,
That flows from the Captain's side;
She sails on time independent of weather,
And she waits not for the tide.
The winds may blow and the storm-clouds gather,
They obey the Captain's will;
His power is the same to-day and forever—
It was Christ said: "Peace, be still!"

128

Afar From God.

Tune—"Marguerite."

1. Afar from God in weariness and sin,
Thy soul has wandered many years;
And drinking deep of pleasure's cup,
Has quaffed its bitter tears,
Weary one.
The day is short'ning, ere its sun has set,
To Jesus turn, there's mercy still;
He loves and longs, with deep desire,
Thy soul to fill,
Weary one.

2. Away from childhood's home and innocence,
In sin's delusive toils ensnared;
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,
Nor thought that Jesus cared,
Weary one.
Yet mercy's gates were always open wide;
True joy and peace were ever there,
And Jesus now is waiting here
To answer prayer,
Weary one.

3. He will not chide thee for the sinful past,
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul;
With love as boundless as 'tis free,
He will forgive the whole,
Weary one.
Nor back to bondage shall thy footsteps slide,
Thy life no more be spoiled by sin;
His blood will keep thee every hour
All pure within,
Weary one.

129

Take Back Thy Heart to the Saviour.

Tune—"Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest."

1. Take back thy heart to the Saviour,
Think of His anguish for thee;
Take back thy heart to the Saviour,
Now He is calling for thee;
Thou hast rejected His mercy,
Oft spurned His pardon so free;
Still He beholds you in pity,
Now He is calling for thee.

CHORUS.

Take back thy heart to the Saviour,
Think of His anguish for thee;
Take back thy heart to the Saviour,
Now He is calling for thee.

2. Once in His footsteps you traveled,
Followed while He chose the way,
Sorrow was turned into gladness,
Darkness had turned into day;
But in the hour of temptation,
From His dear arms you did flee;
Hasten and seek His forgiveness,
Now He is calling for thee.

3. Death and destruction are coming,
Coming to drag you away;
Hope will forever be gone then,
Rush to His arms while you may;
He will forgive you and bid you
From your backslidings be free;
Take back thy heart to the Saviour,
Now He is calling for thee.

130

I'm Trusting in My Saviour.

Tune—"The Girl I Left Behind."

1. I am trusting in my Saviour,
Trusting when my faith is small,
He gives to me His joy without alloy;
Though at times the devil tempts me,
From this narrow road to roam,
'Tis then my Saviour Satan's powers destroy.
Oh, 'tis good to live for Jesus,
Yes, 'tis grand to do His will,
For then He smiles upon me,
And with joy my heart does fill;
I will ever trust His promise,
Ever be His soldier true,
And then I will be with Him
In Heaven to dwell.

CHORUS.

Come, sinner, just now,
At His feet lowly bow,
He's waiting to set you free;
He suffered and died, was crucified,
On Calvary's cruel tree.

2. I was wandering from the Saviour,
Knowing naught of His dear love,
Because I would not seek His blessed face;
Yet His Spirit ne'er forsook me,
But it showed me I was wrong,
And praise the Lord, I came and found His grace;
And He gives to me His pardon,
And salvation full and free,
And now His precious blood has saved
And pardoned even me.
Now, poor sinner, He is waiting,
With His love to welcome you,
And then He'll save your soul
And set you free.

131

I'll Stay in the Army.

Tune—"The Ship I Love."

1. Some say the Army should not march
The streets or beat their drum;
But what would all our soldiers do
To make the people come?
They hear the church bells ringing loud,
From steeples short and tall,
Although they know the meaning well,
They do not heed the call.

CHORUS.

I'll stay in the Army,
Walk in the light;
Now nothing can harm me,
While battling for right;
For Jesus, my Captain, now
Tells me to never fear,
I'll follow wherever He leads me,
For He is always near.

2. There has been many a drunkard,
Many a gambler, too,
Brought from the haunts of sin and vice
To soldiers brave and true;
And many a home is happy now,
And glad that the Army's here,
And now we're here to tell you
Of a Saviour's love so dear.

132

I Love Him Best of All.

BY MAJOR PEBBLES.

Tune—"I Love You in Spite of All."

1. Many a friend I've known; hearts that were brave and true;
Sharing each grief and sorrow, as earthly friends can do;

Smiling when all is bright, weeping when clouds hang low,
True friends in the time of affliction, true in the hour of woe.
But I have a Friend who tasted death for all,
He loved me when a stranger—I love Him best of all.

CHORUS.

I love Him best of all, He is my dearest Friend;
By His own blood He saved me, He'll keep me to the end.
With His own hand to guide me I care not what befall,
He will not leave nor forsake me—I love Him best of all.

2. Moments of joy I've known, when all this world seemed bright,
All nature smiled with gladness, teeming with pure delight;
Song-birds were on the wing, chanting their merry lay,
And earth, like Eden, was blooming with the sweet flowers of May;
But the charms of earth, as leaves in Autumn, fall,
When I behold His beauty I love Him best of all.

3. Soon shall I say farewell, bid you a long good night,
Finish my earthly warfare, pass to the realms of light;
There I shall see that throng—oh, what a sight 'twill be!
And hear them shouting "Hosanna!" through all eternity.
There I shall see Jesus, down before Him fall,
And sing with heavenly rapture, "I love Him best of all!"

133

The Holy City.

Tune—"Banks of the Wabash,"

1. There's a city where no sorrow ever enters,
And where death and partings nevermore are known;
But where peace and joy and gladness reign forever,
And where God our Father sits upon the Throne,
The angels hover round to do His bidding,
And nothing that they do delight them more,
Than to sing and shout a hallelujah welcome
To the blood-washed as they near the golden shore.

CHORUS.

The lights are shining bright along the river,
And the angels sing a welcome from the shore;
We shall dwell among the saints in yonder city,
On the banks of life's river evermore.

2. When the warfare and the strife on earth are ended,
And the soldiers muster for the grand review;
When the King shall hand rewards out to the faithful,
We'll be glad we stood and fought the battle through.
We shall walk through the streets of the city,
With patriarchs and prophets we shall meet,
And when we see the King in all His beauty,
We will cast our crowns together at His feet.

3. In that city on the banks of life's pure river,
There are mansions all prepared for you and me;
And it hath not entered man's heart to imagine,
All the sights and sounds that we shall hear and see.
When we view our Saviour's form in that picture,
And marks of all His suffering we can trace,
We will praise Him ever through eternal ages,
When we meet Him up in Heaven face to face.

134

Tell Them Jesus Loves Them.

Tune—"The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

1. Round the world the Army chariot now rolls;
For Jesus we are saving precious souls,
And telling all abroad that Jesus died
On the cross for all was crucified.
Tell it o'er again that story old,
The dearest, sweetest story ever told;
Tell it to the outcast sunken low,
Tell it to the lost where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Tell them Jesus loves them,
And His love is purer far than gold;
Tell them Jesus loves them,
For 'tis the sweetest story ever told.
(Repeat.)

2. Broken-hearted, many wander every day,
Enchained and led by Satan all the way,
But these are they whom Jesus died to save;
O comrades, let the crimson banner wave!
Tell it o'er again that story old,
The dearest, sweetest story ever told;
Tell the weary ones by sin oppressed,
That Jesus waits to give them peace and rest.

SECOND CHORUS.

Tell them Jesus loves them,
And that His love for them will ne'er grow cold;
Tell them Jesus loves them,
For 'tis the sweetest story ever told.

135

That is Love.

Tune—"That is Love."

1. Have you a friend that is always nigh?
Have you a friend that for you would die?
Have you a friend his life would give,
Lay down his life that you might live?
For your iniquities and your sins be bruised,
Bear all the stripes that from sin you might be excused,
Jesus, the Saviour, came down from Heaven above,
For sinners was slain. Oh, that is love!

CHORUS.

All the way to Calvary He went for me,
Bore my sin and guilt and shame upon the tree;
Like a lamb to slaughter led His life He gave,
Hear Him say, "I die that they might live!"
That is love! That is love!

2. Bruised and bleeding in sin we lay,
Hoping not for a brighter day,
Lost to Heaven and lost to God,
Naught for us but the chastening rod;
Death was the sentence and Hell beyond the grave,
No eye to pity, no arm was there to save;
But Jesus tasted death that we might live,
He tasted death for all. Oh, that is love!

3. Would you the love of the Saviour know,
With Him to Heaven triumphant go,
With Him upon a throne sit down,
From Him receive a starry crown;
Hear from His lips, "Well done, my child, well done,"
Shine forth forever in Heaven like as the sun;
Show Him your love by seeking the lost to save,
And finding His lambs. Oh, that is love!

136

He Never Cares to Wander.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune—"He Never Cares to Wander from His Own Fireside."

1. Many men of many habits,
Some prefer to cross the tide,
Roaming all this wide world over
All in vain their sins to hide.

But there's one of whom I'll tell you,
He's the pattern man for me;
In our Army you will find him
O'er this land from sea to sea.

CHORUS.

He never cares to wander from his Saviour's side,
He never cares to wander or to roam;
With his comrades, you can see, he's as happy as can be,
For there's no place like home, sweet home.

2. 'Twas the Army's dress and music
That first caught his eye and ear;
Now the hallelujah war-paint
He is wearing without fear,
With his cap and badge and S's,
And his guernsey bright and red,
He's a sign-post, warning sinners
Who the downward road would tread.

3. Sinner, you who sit and listen
To the song we sing to-night,
Will you give your heart to Jesus—
Leave the wrong and do the right?
If you do He'll make you happy
And your sins He'll wash away,
Then with all your happy comrades
Altogether you can say—

137

I Am Neither Rich Nor Lucky.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune—"She Was Bred in Old Kentucky."

1. Once a letter came one day from a country far away
To a mother from her wandering, wayward boy.
He had caused her many tears, she had wished and hoped for years
That he would become to her a cheer and joy.
Tremblingly she broke the seal, dreading what it might reveal,
Expecting news of death or sickness there.
But as line by line she read, kneeling there beside her bed,
This is what the wanderer's letter to her said;

CHORUS.

I am neither rich nor lucky, but I know I'm saved to-day;
My sins are all forgiven, I am bound for endless day;
When I cried, "Lord Jesus, save me,"
Joy and peace and light He gave me,
And He'll do the very same for you.

2. "Mother, dear," the note began, "I am now a different man,
For I've left the path of sin and shame and wrong;
I have given God my heart, and for Heaven made a start,
And I daily pray the Lord to make me strong.
'Twas an Army open-air standing in the market square
Made me stop and listen to the words of life;
There I heard how Jesus died, on the Cross was crucified,
And I promised God I'd leave my sinful life.

3. "Now, dear mother, I shall pray we may meet again some day,
And I hope to bless and cheer your waning years;
I am sorry for the past, when in sin I rushed so fast,
And my folly made you shed those bitter tears.
I shall daily pray for you, that the Lord will keep us true,
And if on earth we never meet again,
On that happy golden shore may we meet to part no more,
And with Jesus and our loved ones we shall reign.

138

Hornets.

BY BRIGADIER ADDIE.

And I sent the hornet before you which drove them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites, but not with thy sword, nor with thy bow.—Joshua 24: 12.

Tune—"Let the Dear Master Come In."

1. When the Canaanites hardened their hearts against God,
And grieved Him because of their sin,

He sent along hornets to bring them to time,
And help His own people to win.
The hornets persuaded them that it was best
To move quick and not to be slow;
They did not compel them to go 'gainst their will,
They just made them willing to go.

CHORUS.

The last two lines of each verse.

2. If a nest of live hornets was brought to this room
And the creatures allowed to go free,
You would not need urging to make yourself scarce,
You'd want to get out, don't you see?
They would not lay hold and by dint of their strength
Throw you out of the window—no, no!
They would not compel you to go 'gainst your will,
They'd just make you willing to go.

3. When Jonah was sent to start Nineveh corps
The outlook was not very bright:
He never had done such a hard thing before,
So he flunked and ran off from the fight.
He was caught and imprisoned inside a great fish:
The story I'm sure you all know.
God did not compel him to go 'gainst his will,
He just made him willing to go.

4. When Balaam was sent with the princes of Moab
He wanted things run his own way;
But his ass, ever faithful, spake at the right time,
Made him willing God's voice to obey.
God can use any man since He used Balaam's ass,
For He is almighty you know:
You need not compel folks to go 'gainst their will,
You just make them willing to go.

139

Just as the Sun Went Down.

BY BRIGADIER J. C. ADDIE.

Tune—"Just as the Sun Went Down."

1. After the din of the battle's roar,
Just at the close of day;
Wounded and bleeding upon the field,
Jesus, our Saviour, lay.
They pierced His side, nailed His hands, His feet,
With thorns they made a crown;
"Father, forgive them," He cried, and died
Just as the sun went down.

CHORUS.

He thought of sinners until the end
As on the cross He lay;
Said to the thief that was by His side,
"With Me thou'lt be to-day."
He came to seek and to save the lost;
This was His joy and crown.
"Father, forgive them!" He cried, and died
Just as the sun went down.

2. While He was hanging upon the cross,
Giving His life away,
They took His garments each one a part,
Mocking, they hear Him pray.
Rended were rocks, while the earth did quake;
Heaven on high did frown,
Darkness came over the land and skies
Just as the sun went down.

3. He came to earth from His home above,
Beautiful, bright and fair;
Thinking of sinners, He laid aside
All of His glory there.
He bore the mocking and scorn of men,
Toiling from town to town;
Man was redeemed upon Calvary
Just as the sun went down.

140

The Army Hat.

BY BRIGADIER ADDIE.

Tune—"Where Did You Get That Hat?"

1. As I go walking down the street,
I note the people stare;
They look at me from top to toe, and
think I'm not all there;
But still I march along, not caring
much for that,
Until I hear the boys cry out: "Where
did you get that hat?"

CHORUS.

"Where did you get that hat?" the
boys cry after me;
I wear it just for Jesus wherever I
may be.
Oh, won't you come and wear one
just the same as that?
Then you'll be so happy wearing the
Army hat.

2. I'm glad I am a soldier and fighting for the Lord;
And tho' we dress peculiar, it's according to His Word;
And tho' the people slight us, we
know what we are at;
We know we have got salvation, that's
why we wear the hat.

3. Now, sinner, come and listen, and
at Christ's footstool bow;
Come, kneel down at the cross, and
He will save you now;
And when you've got salvation, and on
the platform sit,
You'll know why we are happy, wearing the Army hat.

141

Chicago Slums

Tune—"A Little Lost Child."

1. A true-hearted Captain in Chicago
Slums,
Just like an angel, pure and white, she
comes
Into a haunt where God alone can tell
All the sin and crime within that
earthly hell.
"Out of here!" said one; "get out of
here," I say!
"Please, sir," said she, kindly, "won't
you let me pray?"
"Well, if you must pray, then just go
over there—
In the corner find a subject for your
prayer."

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow; yes, far whiter;
His blood makes whiter than
snow! (twice)
"And tho' they be red like crimson,"
when we to the fountain go,
Whiter than snow, it cleanses, I know;
His blood washes whiter than snow.

2. A poor fallen girl down in the
corner lay;
Round her the shadows of death are
drawing nigh.
"Do you know Jesus?" said the Captain low.
"Shall I sing and pray with you before I go?"
"Yes, I once knew Jesus in my
mother's home;
Now I am forsaken, dying all alone."
She raised her white hand, and said,
"Oh, can it be
Jesus, will You save a poor lost girl
like me?"

3. The night had not passed when,
down in the slum,
Angels of light in fiery chariots come,
Followed the footsteps of the Captain
there,
Down into the corner where she knelt
in prayer;
There they found a soul redeemed
through Jesus' blood,
Bore her from the slums to realms
of joy above.
When Captain Johnson home to
Heaven comes,
A poor girl will greet her from Chicago Slums.

142

The Wanderer's Return.

1. In a lone cottage not far down the
way,
Live an old couple with hair silv'ry
gray,
Mourning the loss of a prodigal son,
One as the light of their eyes, but
now gone—

Gone on the broad road of sin and despair,
Wander'd away from a fond mother's care,
Gone with companions so thoughtless and gay,
Still do his parents unceasingly pray.

CHORUS.

"Heavenly Father, bless our prodigal boy!
Heavenly Father, Satan would destroy our darling!
Jesus, Jesus, Lamb for sinners slain,
Save our boy, save our boy,
Bring him safe home again.

2. "Father, we've heard that Salvationists true
Live in this dark world seeking lost souls for You,
Into the dark haunts of sin daily go
Wonderful love of a Saviour to show;
Holding out hope to those fast in sin's thralls;
Maybe our boy is in one of their halls.
Then, mighty Spirit, take hold of him there,
Bring him down low at Thy footstool in prayer."

3. Should that poor prodigal be here to-night
Who on the hopes of his parents brought blight,
If he will now at the cross own his guilt,
Jesus is here, and for such His blood spilt;
Blood that avails to remove every stain,
If he by faith will but claim it again,
And all the joybells of Heaven will ring,
While with thanksgiving his parents will sing.

SECOND CHORUS.

"Glory, glory, God lives to answer pray'r!
Glory, glory, this we will declare to all men!
Glory, glory, thro' God's redeeming scheme,
There's a sea flowing free,
Making the vilest clean!"

4. Hear, blessed Saviour, my cry unto Thee,
Blot out the past and from sin set me free;
Free from the past with its misery and shame,
Saviour, I dare to believe on Thy name.
Oh! hallelujah! I feel the blood flow!
Cleansing and making me whiter than snow.
Now to Thy glory I'll spend all my days:
With my dear parents this glorious theme raise.

143

The Old Corps that Brought Me to the Fold.

BY BRIGADIER ADDIE.

1. I've been thinking to-day of that corps far away,
Its memories are worth more than gold;
Oh! the joy that I felt at the cross as I knelt
In the old corps that brought me to the fold.

CHORUS.

The old corps that brought me to the fold,
The old corps that brought me to the fold;
While upon earth I stay I will never cease to pray
For the old corps that brought me to the fold.

2. The wanderer may roam, but there's no place like home—
No dearer spot his eyes can behold;
I have seen many a corps, but there's none I love more
Than the old corps that brought me to the fold.

3. The soldiers were true, though the hundreds were few,
And there's many standing yet I am told:
Some are officers to-day, and they first learned to pray
In the old corps that brought me to the fold.

4. It has altered a bit, this I frankly admit,
And some things are not as of old;
It may have faults and flaws, yet I love it just because
It's the old corps that brought me to the fold.

5. I admit what you say, that the corps of to-day
Are better than the corps were of old,
They're advanced in every way, yet my heart oft does stray
To the old corps that brought me to the fold.

6. May its flag ever fly till sweet by-and-by,
May many in its ranks be enrolled,
And in the glory-land I will shake them by the hand,
The old corps that brought me to the fold.

144

In a Graveyard Lonely.

BY BRIGADIER ADDIE.

Tune—"Tell Me With Your Eyes."

1. In a graveyard lonely, many miles away,
Lies your dear old mother, 'neath the cold, cold clay,
Memories now returning of her tears and sighs,
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Listen to her pleading, "Wandering boy, come home,"
Lovingly entreating, do no longer roam,
Let thy manhood waken, Heavenward lift thine eyes,
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

2. Now the old home vacant has no charm for you,
One dear form is absent—mother kind and true;
Where she dwells forever pleasure never dies—
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

3. Sacred vows you've broken in your wayward life,
Strongest pledges spoken, forgotten in the strife;
Hope has almost left you, wilt thou not be wise?
If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

145

One Cold Winter's Eve.

Tune—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

1. One cold Winter's eve, when the snow was fast falling,
In a small humble cottage a poor mother lay;
Although racked with pain she lay there contented,
With Christ as her Friend and her peace with Him made.

CHORUS.

We shall all meet again on that great Judgment Morning,
The books will be opened, the roll will be called;
How sad it will be if forever we are parted,
And shut out of Heaven for not loving God!

2. That mother of yours has gone over death's river;
You promised you'd meet her as you knelt by her side;
As the death sweat rolled off her and fell on the pillow;
Her memory yet speaketh, altho' she is dead.

3. You remember the kiss and the last word that she uttered;
The arms that embraced you are mouldering away;
As you stood by her grave and tears dropped on her coffin,
With a vow that you'd meet her you walked slowly away.

4. My brother, my sister, get ready to meet her,
The life that you now live is ebbing away,
But the life that's to come lasts forever and ever—
We may meet ne'er to part on that great Judgment Day.

146

It's Rolling In.

1. The sea of God's eternal love,
Is rolling in, is rolling in;
Its current's deep and strong and wide;
It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
Upon its waves new hope it brings,
Of constant vict'ry over sin;
This blessed work it now begins,
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.

CHORUS.

It's rolling in, it's rolling in,
The sea of love is rolling in;
Lord, I believe; Lord, I receive,
The Spirit's love is rolling in.

With love for souls my life possess—
It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
With fiery zeal now fill my breast—
It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
And through me let Thy treasures pour,
That weary hearts that now are sore,
May feel Thy touch of love once more—
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.

147

The Drunkard's Song.

1. I have something now to say to you,
And you will admit before I am through
That what I'm going to say is right and just,
For no matter where you be
There are mortals you will see,
On whom you gaze in horror and disgust.
Though the man on whom you frown
May be poor and broken down,
And pressed by cold misfortune to the wall.
Just lend to him a hand,
For you must understand,
There is a God above who died for all.

CHORUS.

Then if you should ever meet a poor drunkard on the street,
Pity him, but don't condemn, I pray,
For it was rum that brought him low,
And his cup is filled with woe:
He may become a sober man some day.

2. Did you ever stop to think that before he took to drink,
He may have been some mother's only boy?
Once so happy, bright and free as he sat upon her knee;
'Twas then to him a life without alloy.
No doubt to him she said, as she brushed his curly head,
"Some day, my boy, you'll rise to wealth and fame!"
But alas! poor mother's gone, and her boy is broken down,
Through rum and beer he's brought to open shame.

3. Then perhaps, his wife at home, as she waits for him to come,
With broken heart her lot she does bewail,
As she prays to God above, to look down on him in love,
And save her man from going to the jail.
Then the children in the cot, sharing mother's wretched lot,
Perhaps through cold and hunger fell asleep,
While their father drinking rum in some tavern in the town,
His promise made to wife he could not keep.

148

God's Salvation Army

Tune—"The Sidewalks of New York."

1. God's Salvation Army, with music and with song,
Is ever on the highways to reach the giddy throng,
Though with means peculiar, God has blessed the work
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

CHORUS.

Inside, outside, all around the town,
Our Army helps the helpless, lifts the fallen when they're down;
Homes have been made happy, Heaven has blessed our work
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

2. Down among the lost ones, our brave slum angels live,
To bless and save the lowest their lives they freely give;
Spreading joy and sunshine, Heaven has blessed our work
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

3. At the prison gateway brigades now take their stand,
Ever ready waiting to lend a helping hand;
Thousands have been rescued, Heaven has blessed our work
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

4. Seeking for the fallen out upon the street,
Our rescue homes have sisters who any night you'll meet,
Seeking — aye, and finding; Heaven has blessed our work,
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

5. Food and shelter depots, where hungry crowds are fed,
And homeless men in thousands are nightly given a bed;
We care for souls and bodies. Heaven has blessed our work
Over all the Union, right from 'Frisco to New York.

149

Down in Poverty Row.

Tune—"Down in Poverty Row."

1. Within a crowded tenement where poorest folks abound,
There dwell two Army slumming girls, the best that can be found;
They live just like their neighbors, an important point, you know,
When they all things become, to their God they win some,
Down in Poverty Row.

CHORUS.

Down in Poverty Row you will find our girls,
Dredging cesspools of sin for those precious pearls,
God's love differeth not to the high or low,
Rich jewels and rare often lie buried there,
Down in Poverty Row.

2. They go about among the poor, relieving want and pain;
With pail and scrubbing-brush and soap an entrance soon they gain;
They nurse the children and the sick, spread joy where'er they go,
They tell of a cure that is certain and sure,
Down in Poverty Row.

3. Slum angels by the folks they're called, a name not far astray;
In ministering to needy souls they work both night and day;
They care for souls and bodies, like the Master did, you know,
For the Bible does tell with the poor He did dwell,
Down in Poverty Row.

150

Fallen by the Wayside.

BY MAJOR PEBBLES.

Tune—"Fallen by the Wayside."

1. On a cold and dreary pavement stood a woman poorly dressed,
Not a friend on earth was left her but the child upon her breast;
On her pale cheeks tears are falling, and her heart is broke with grief,
She is going to the river for relief.
'Tis nothing new, betrayed, deserted,
Cast on the world a withered flower, from which the fragrance all has gone;
Someone's darling has been sacrificed upon the shrine of lust,
She is only one among that wretched throng.

CHORUS.

See, the Saviour stands beside her,
Wipes away the falling tears;
Puts His arms of love around her,
Saying, "Child be of good cheer;
Though your sins may be as scarlet,
I will make them like as wool;
Though they may be red like crimson,
I will make them white as snow."

2. She has sinned and she must suffer, says the world so hard and cold,

She's no soul that she possesses, we
have bought it with our gold;
Do not lend a hand to save her, cast
her out and let her go,
From her heart will wring a wail of
bitter woe.
See, there she stands beside the river,
Dark waters rolling at her feet, invites
her to their cold embrace,
"If they only would forgive me, if
they'd only let me try,
But the world has closed its door and
I must die."

3. Round the corner comes the Army,
oh, how sweet the timbrels sound!
"Bless you, Captain, hurry quickly,
here's a jewel for your crown;"
Right wheel, soldiers, form a circle;
you are on the right street now;
Sing a song of Jesus saves—He saves
me now.
She hears the song, she stops to listen,
Another verse, she's drawing near; the
Captain takes her by the hand,
"Will He save me? I will trust Him—
Lord, remember not the past."
Joy in Heaven, Christ has conquered,
saved at last.

151

Come to the Saviour.

1. Come to the Saviour, come to the
Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man;
He left His throne above
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

CHORUS.

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the
Lamb;
My happy soul is free, for the Lord
has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

2. Why dost thou linger? Why dost
thou linger?
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past;
Oh, arouse thee, and come and be
saved!

3. Pardon is offered, pardon is offered,
A pardon full, present and free;
Thy mighty debt was paid
When on Calvary Jesus died
To atone for a rebel like thee.

4. Plunge in the fountain, plunge in
the fountain,
The fountain which cleanses the soul;
'Tis cleansing far and near,
And its streams are flowing here,
Oh, believe it, and thou art made
whole!

152

Whiter Than the Snow.

Tune—"Whiter than the Snow." B. J.
12.

1. Tell me what to do to be pure
In the sight of All-seeing Eyes!
Tell me is there no thorough cure,
No escape from sins I despise?
Tell me, can I never be free
From terrible bondage within?
Is there no deliverance for me,
Must I always struggle with sin?

CHORUS.

Whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Will my Saviour only pass by?
Only show me how faulty I've
been?
Will He not attend to my cry?
Can I not this moment be clean?
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,
I know that Thy power cannot fail;
Here and now I know—yes, I feel,
The prayer of my heart does pre-
vail.

153

Room at the Cross.

G Flat.

1. There is room at the cross, will
you bring, wand'rer,
Your heart by sin's night made so
black?
Weary, footsore, through treading
rough paths, wand'rer,
There's light only on Calvary's track.

It shines from the cross, will you look, wand'rer,
To Him who has suffered for you?
There is life, there is joy, there is hope, wand'rer,
There is room at the cross now for you.

CHORUS.

There is room at the cross for you now, wand'rer.
There is room at the cross for you now;
There is life, there is joy, there is hope, wand'rer,
There is room at the cross for you now.

2. Every day brings you nearer to your doom, wand'rer,
Just now on the verge you may be;
Just one step more may carry you down, wand'rer,
Into endless eternity.
Then lost! lost forever, no hope, wand'rer,
No hope, but despair, mercy gone;
Hear the voice that is pleading to-night, wand'rer,
There is room at the cross, will you come?

3. Every day makes it harder to break, wand'rer,
Away from the fleeting joys of earth;
But their pleasure will fade and decay, wand'rer,
In your life of joy there is dearth.
Each moment is drawing you near, wand'rer,
Will you at His cross come and bow?
There is life, there is joy, there is hope, wand'rer,
There is room at the cross for you now.

154

Take This Message to My Mother.

Tune—"Take This Letter to My Mother."

1. Take this message to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy;
Tell her that her prayer is answered,
Christ has saved her wandering boy.
Tho' through sin from home I've wandered,
And I almost broke her heart,
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Never from the Lord I'll part.

CHORUS.

Take this message to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy;
Tell her that her prayer is answered,
Christ has saved her wandering boy.

2. When I from my mother parted
How her heart did ache with pain,
When she said, "Good-bye, God bless you!
We may never meet again;
Oh, my boy, just look to Jesus,
What a Friend He is to all;
Only trust Him, He will save you,
Can't you hear His sweet voice call?"

155

I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Tune—"I Am Coming to the Cross." Key, E Flat."

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

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

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

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

4. In the promises, I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Lord, Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole.

Tune—"Whiter Than Snow." G. Flat.

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and remove every stain;
To get this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3. Lord Jesus, come down from Thy Throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst "No,"
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

5. 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.

I am Trusting in the Pilot.

A Flat.

I am sailing on an ocean wide and deep,
Where the storms of time around me constant sweep;
And the wrecks that float around me as I glide,
Onward go without a Saviour's hand to guide;
While my bark is borne along the sweeping tide,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure;
Storms may rage and yet no harm can e'er betide,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.

CHORUS.

I am trusting in the Pilot, trusting in the Pilot,
Trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.
(Repeat.)

2. On the shore my loved ones wait and watch for me,
They have passed in safety o'er the troubled sea;
And the wind that whips the waters wild to foam,
Only drives my speeding vessel nearer home.
Soon my bark will land me safe on Heaven's shore,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure;
I shall meet my friends to part with them no more,
I am trusting in the Pilot safe and sure.

3. Oh, poor soul that's tossed about with wind and wave!
Though you struggle on and many dangers brave;
Yet, when time shall end, my brother, do you think
Will you safely sail or will your vessel sink?
Jesus Christ is near to lend a helping hand,
Will you trust Him for your Pilot safe and sure?

He will pilot you safe into Heaven's land
If you'll trust Him for your Pilot safe and sure.

158

There's Mercy Still for Thee.

1. Oh, wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace;
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee!

CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor, trembling soul,
He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

2. Long in the darkness thou hast strayed
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou may'st be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee!

3. For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's blood was shed;
He for thy sin was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou may'st find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love,
There's mercy still for thee!

4. Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
There's mercy still for thee!

159

Be in Time.

Time—"Meet Me There."

D Flat.

1. Life at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf—
Be in time!
Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be past—
Be in time!

CHORUS.

Be in time, be in time,
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time!
If in sin you longer wait,
You will find an open gate,
But your sad cry be "Too late!"
Be in time!

2. Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away;
Oh, you have not long to stay!
Be in time!
While the Spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom,
Be in time!

3. Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly—
Be in time!
Oh, I pray you count the cost
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul in Hell be lost!
Be in time!

160

My Wandering Boy.

A Flat.

1. Out in the cold world and far away from home,
Some mother's boy is wandering all alone;
No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right,
Some mother's boy is homeless tonight.
Search till you find him and bring him back to me,
Far, far away, wherever he may be,

Tell him his mother, with faded cheeks and hair,
At the old home is waiting for him there.

CHORUS.

Bring back my boy, my wandering boy,
There is no other left to give me joy;
Tell him his mother, with faded cheeks and hair,
At the old home is waiting him there.

2. Oh, could I see him and press him to my breast,
Gladly I'd close my eyes and be at rest!
There's no other left to bring me joy,
Bring back to me my wandering boy;
Well I remember the parting words he said,
"We'll meet up there where no farewells are said;
There'll be no good-byes in that bright world so fair,
When done with life, I'll meet you up there."

3. Out in the hall there stands a vacant chair,
Yonder the shoes that he once used to wear;
Empty the cradle that he once loved so well;
Oh, how I love him no one can tell!
Could I forget him or cease to hold him dear?
Still he's my boy as when he was here,
Though he has wandered in darkness and sin,
Bring him to me, I will welcome him in.

161

What a Gathering That Will Be!

(*By permission of Messrs. Eaton and Mains.*)

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
We will greet each other by the crystal sea;
With the friends and all the loved ones there awaiting us to come.
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd see,
Then to meet again together on the bright, celestial shore,
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light,
When the Lord in all His glory we shall see,
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come ye blessed, to My right,"
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim
In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee,
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

162

Oh, Turn Ye!

Tune—"Oh, Turn Ye." B. J., 86. S. M., I., 160. 11s.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on
Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now.

3. I will love Thee in life, I will love
Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now."

4. In mansions of glory and endless
delight,
I'll ever adore Thee and dwell in Thy
sight:
I'll sing with the glittering crown on
my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
now."

163

Oh, Say Will You Take Up Your Cross?

1. You have oft heard the call to
surrender;
God's Spirit with you oft has
striven;
Now again at your heart He is speak-
ing,
And another blessed offer is given.

CHORUS.

Oh, say will you take up your cross?
Oh, say will you take up your cross?
The Saviour is waiting your answer!
Oh, say will you take up your cross?

2. His voice you have long disre-
garded,
Unheeded He's knocked at your
door;
Sinner, now open wide to the Saviour,
Lest He leave thee to knock ever-
more.

3. There's a time coming on when
you'll want Him
To bear you safe over death's
stream;
Then be wise and in time seek His
favor,
And just now, while He knocks, let
Him in.

4. When He comes as a bridegroom
at midnight,
No time to prepare you will find;
Then you'll knock but in vain for ad-
mittance,
He will leave you in darkness be-
hind.

164

He's Just The Same To-day.

1. When Moses and his people from
Egypt's land did flee,
Their enemies behind them and in
front of them the sea,
God raised the water like a wall and
opened up their way,
And the God that lived in Moses' time
is just the same to-day.

2. When Daniel, faithful to his God,
would not bow down to men,
And by God's enemies were hurled
into the lion's den,
God shut the lions' mouths we read
and robbed them of their prey,
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
is just the same to-day.

3. When David and Goliath met, the
wrong against the right,
The giant armed with human power,
and David with God's might,
God's power, with David's sling and
stone the giant low did lay,
And the God that lived in David's time
is just the same to-day.

4. When Paul and Silas were in jail
their feet fast in the stocks,
God sent a mighty earthquake down
and brake the prison locks;
He set both Paul and Silas free; He
made the jailor pray,
And the God that lived in St. Paul's
time is just the same to-day.

5. When Jonah disobeyed his God,
and was swallowed by the whale,
The guilt and anguish that he bore no
human tongue can tell;
God helped him make dry land again
when willing to obey,
And the God that lived in Jonah's time
is just the same to-day.

6. When Pentecost had fully come
and fire from Heaven did fall,
Like a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
baptized them one and all;
Three thousand got converted, and
were soldiers right away,
And the God that lived at Pentecost
is just the same to-day.

Salvation Choruses.

Key Bb.

There is mercy in Jesus.
Come away, come away.
Oh, the prodigal's coming home.
Born again, born again.
There's mercy still for thee.
Boundless love beyond degree.
Will your lamps be trimmed and burning?
While the light from Heaven is falling.
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation.
Are you coming home?
Jesus died for you.
Oh, seek that beautiful stream.
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come home, come home.
Prepare me, prepare me, Lord.
Only Jesus will I know.

Key Ab.

At the cross.
Down at the cross, down at the cross.
The wounds of Christ are open.
God is near thee, tell thy story.
Come with thy sin.
On the banks of the beautiful river.
Life's morn will soon be waning.
We shall walk through the valley.
Come to Jesus.
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation.
Say, poor sinner, wouldn't you like to go?
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now.
Behold Me standing at the door.
Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity?
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.

Key G.

Take all my sins away.
Oh, no, nothing do I bring.
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.
Oh, remember Calvary!
There are angels hovering round.
Almost persuaded.
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
I am coming to the cross.
For you I am praying.
Then open and let the Master in.
My Lord what a mourning!
What can wash away my sins?
He is waiting.
Hark, hear the Saviour knocking! (Tune—"Scatter seeds.")
For Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home.
Listen to her pleading, "Wandering boy, come home!"

Key F.

Oh, the drunkard may come.
For the conquering Saviour.
Oh, take me as I am!
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.
All the world can ne'er console thee.
Work for the night is coming.
Dear Jesus, on Calvary.
While the heavenly music.
The precious blood of Jesus it washes white as snow.
Why not to-night?
Jesus is calling.
Oh, Saviour, I am coming!
Steal away to Jesus.
Hasten home quickly. Jesus will meet thee.

Key Eb.

You are drifting to your doom.
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!
Oh, touch the hem of His garment.
Haste away to Jesus.
Knocking, knocking, who is there?
I am coming, Lord. (Tune—"Jesus paid it all.")
For the Lion of Judah.

Key C.

Jesus now is passing by.
You never can tell when the Lord will call you.
Death is coming, coming, coming.
Oh, Calvary's stream is flowing.
Prepare me, prepare me, Lord.
Of Calvary, of Calvary.
Ask the Saviour to help you.
Tell me the old, old story.
Come, sinner, will you meet us on Canaan's peaceful shore?
Sown in the darkness and sown in the light.

Key D.

I'm trusting, I'm trusting; at the cross of Christ I bow.

Holiness Choruses.

Key G.

Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave.
Over me, over me it is flowing.
Dear Jesus is the One I love.
No, no, no, no, I count no sacrifice too dear.
Perfect peace I enjoy.
The cross now covers my sins.
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood.
Beautiful cross, wonderful cross.
I will follow the Lamb.
That means me.
Oh, yes, there's victory in Jesus for me.
He is bringing to His fold.
Fill me now.
Then scatter seeds of kindness.
Have faith in God.

Key Ab.

Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come.
Give me a heart like Thine.
I'll follow Thee, of life the giver.
Pour Thy Spirit.
I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep.
Only Jesus will I know.
The cleansing stream I see, I see.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! I have given my all to God.
Keep on believing, Jesus is near.
Reign, oh, reign, my Saviour.
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.
I'm believing and receiving.
It was on the cross He shed His blood.
He pardoned a rebel like me.
The cross now covers my sins.
'Tis the very same power.
I need Thee every hour.
Whiter than snow.
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Where He leads I will follow.
For the cross I am ready. (Tune—"Trim your lamps and be ready.")
To the uttermost He saves.
It's all I want—a lot more faith.

Key F.

All I have I am bringing to Thee.
At Thy feet I fall.
Thine, Thine, I will be Thine.
All my heart I give Thee.
Oh, the blood, to me so dear.
Oh, 'tis coming! Oh, 'tis coming!
Oh, the blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.
Oh, that's the place!
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
Rolled away.
I do believe it! I do believe it!
Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love.
Down at the fountain, flowing so free.
Oh, what a Redeemer!
Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll.
Jesus has redeemed me.
I dare, Lord; I dare, Lord; I dare do all for Thee.
In the cross.
He's the Lily of the Valley, oh, my Lord.
Now it comes o'er my soul like a wave.
Fire descending, descending, descending. (Tune—"Jesus is calling.")
I'll live for Him who died for me."

Key Eb.

Living beneath the shade of the cross.
Saviour, my all I surrender.
Oh, glory to His name!
I will follow Thee, my Saviour.
Ever Thine, Thine alone.
Power, power, power divine.
Oh, the peace my Saviour gives.
Yes, He gave me peace and pardon.
I have loved and lived with Jesus.
There's a laying down of crosses.
My sins, my sins, are under the blood.
Anywhere with Jesus.
My all is on the altar.
I'm claiming, I'm claiming.
No, never; no, never alone.

Key C.

Keep me unspotted from sin, dear Saviour.
Down at the Saviour's feet.
I will not let Thee go.
I'll cling closer to Jesus.
Thou art a mighty Saviour.
I think of all His sorrow.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord.
God is love, I know, I feel.
Fall on me.
Touch me! Touch me. (Tune—"Come home.".)

Key Bb.

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer.
Thou hast the power to heal me.
The precious blood is flowing o'er my heart.
My Lord, oh, let the waves of Thy crimson sea.
I bring my all to Thee, dear Jesus.
My heart is now whiter than snow.
Oh, speak while before Thee I pray.
Speak, Saviour, speak.
Jesus is strong to deliver.
Grace there is my every debt to pay.
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus.
Oh, for the hallowing flame.
'Tis while in faith I'm kneeling.
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love.
Oh, send another Pentecost!
Power, power, power divine.
My heart's door wide I'm swinging.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Rescue the perishing.
To Thy cross I come, Lord.

Rejoicing and Victory Choruses.

Key Ab.

No, we never, never, never will give in!
When the road we tread is rough.
I believe we shall win.
Oh, I am a soldier. Glory to God!
March on, march on, we bring the jubilee.
With the conquering Son of God.
We will march through the world with the fire and the blood.
Then awake, then awake.
No retreating, Hell defeating.
Bright crowns there are.
At the end of our journey.
When the trumpet sounds.
That means me.
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Blessedly saved, saved by the blood.
So we'll stand the storm.
Saved and kept by the grace of God.
Glory to God! I'm at the fountain drinking.
I'm going to spend eternity singing around the throne.
Salvation is the best thing in the world.
Let the blessed sunshine in.
My home is in Heaven.
'Tis well with the righteous, well.
My sins rose as high as a mountain.

Key F.

We're the Army that shall conquer.
Steadily forward march.
Oh, the crowning day is coming, Hallelujah!
The yellow, red and blue shall fly.
And above the rest this note shall swell.
Oh, salvation, full and free!
I love Jesus. Hallelujah!
Away over Jordan.
He arose from the dead.
I'm the child of a King.
On, on, no evil befalling me. (Tune—"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?")

Key Eb.

We shall conquer all through the blood of Jesus.
Never say die.
Marching along, we are marching along.
Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurled.

Key C.

We'll all shout Hallelujah!
Marching on, marching on.
Fighting, fighting on the narrow way.
I'll stand for Christ alone.
There's no one like Jesus can cheer me to-day.
Oh, I'm climbing up the golden stair to glory.
Joy, joy, wonderful joy.
Down where the living waters flow.
The heavenly gales are blowing.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
My beautiful home.
Joy bells, joy bells, never cease ringing.
If the cross we boldly bear.
So we'll lift up the banner.

He's the Lily of the Valley. (Tune—
"Just tell my dear old mother."
Lord, keep the fire burning.

Key G.

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready.
A never failing friend.
He's the Lily of the Valley.
Let us walk in the light.
Hallelujah! Send the glory.
Happy day! Happy day!
All the way long it is Jesus.
There is sweet rest in Heaven.
Hallelujah! 'tis done!
So we'll roll the old chariot along.
He gave me joy.
Praise God, I'm saved!
Jesus, Jesus, precious and sweet.
The war, the war, the Salvation War.

Key D.

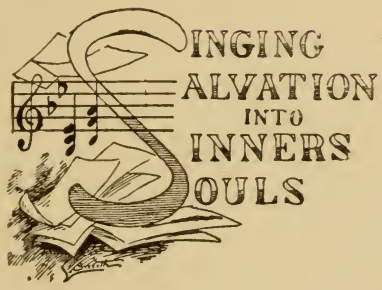
I am redeemed.
Living beneath the shade of the cross.

Key Bb.

Fully trusting in the battle's fray.
The day of victory's coming.
I'll gird on the armor.
'Twas a happy day and no mistake.
The light of the world is Jesus.
There is sunlight, blessed sunlight.
Gone is my burden.
We'll cross the river of Jordan.
This is where you'll find us.

Key Db.

God be with you till we meet again.



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Catherine Booth

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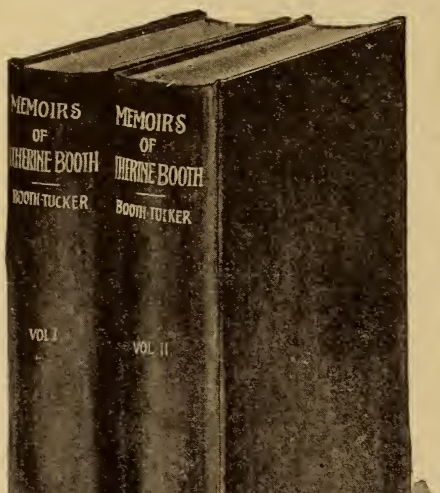
By Commander Booth Tucker



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