

The  
GOLDEN  
SUN




No. 2

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# The Golden Sheaf

## No. 2

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A Collection of Gospel Hymns, New and Old  
Responsive Readings, Hymns for the Sunday School  
Young People's Societies, Male Voices  
Choruses, and General Worship



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BOSTON

The Advent Christian Publication Society

160 WARREN STREET

1916

## PREFACE

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THE GOLDEN SHEAF, No. 2, has been prepared to meet the general demand for a new book. As it will be used more or less as a companion book to *The Golden Sheaf*, it has been prepared without duplicates as regards that book. It is somewhat broader in scope than *The Golden Sheaf*, as it contains many of the old, strong, familiar songs, expressing our Faith and Hope, so indispensable at Campmeetings, Conferences, Conventions, etc., and in General Worship, as well as much that is new and never before published. As a special feature, the book contains four pages of Responsive Readings. Great pains have been taken to secure some of the most famous and best loved songs of the noted authors. There is a good collection of the finest Choruses, quite a number of pieces for Male Voices, and a generous number of the most useful Evangelistic and Invitation Hymns.

The sincere thanks of the Committee is hereby tendered to all those who have so kindly contributed music and poetry, or in any way have given appreciated assistance. Special mention should be made of the invaluable assistance rendered by the well-known music publisher, E. O. Excell, of Chicago, so many of whose hymns are included in this collection.

We send the book forth, humbly praying that it may prove a true blessing and comfort to the Church.

FIM MURRA,  
L. F. REYNOLDS,  
F. A. BLACKMER,  
*Committee.*

# The Golden Sheaf, No. 2.

No. 1.

## Jesus Is Coming Again.

G. E. Lee.

1. Lift up the trump-et, O loud let it ring! Je - sus is  
2. Ech - o it, hill - tops, pro-claim it, ye plains, Je - sus is  
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in thy might-y wave, Je - sus is  
4. Heav-ings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng, Je - sus is  
5. Na - tions are an - gry, — by this we do know, Je - sus is

com - ing a - gain! Cheer up, ye pil-grims, be joy - ful and sing,  
com - ing a - gain! Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain,  
com - ing a - gain! Break on the sands of the shores that you lave,  
com - ing a - gain! Tem-pests and whirl-winds the an - them pro-long,  
com - ing a - gain! Knowledge in-creas - es; men run to and fro,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,

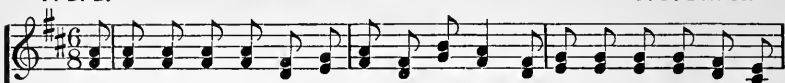
Com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

# No. 2. Far More Precious Than Gold.

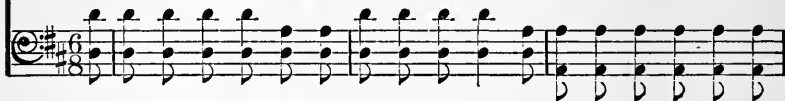
F. D. B.

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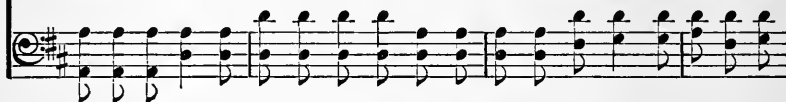
F. D. Barnes.



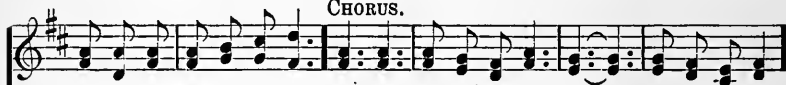
1. The Bi-ble our guide, far more precious than gold, The half of its glo-ries have
2. The Bi-ble our coun-sel, reveals precious truth, Support for the a - ged, the
3. Ex-ceed-ing great prom-is-es here do we see, And they are most precious to
4. The won-der-ful things in the Bible contained, Most heart-stirring tidings man



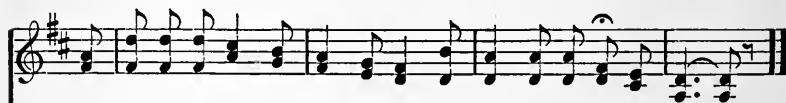
nev - er been told; Its won-der-ful words for the old and the young, The grandest e'er  
guide of our youth; A comfort by night, and a guide for the day, And glo-ri-ous  
you and to me; The promise that He will be with us al-way, Then we shall be  
ev-er proclaimed; The wonderful things of the Bi - ble are true, And this is the



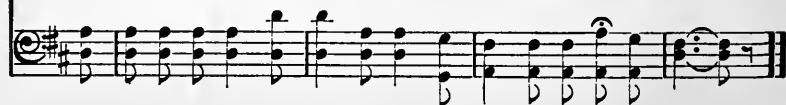
## CHORUS.



spo-ken by poor mortal tongue.  
things at the end of the way. Far more precious than gold, More precious than gold,  
with Him for-ev-er to stay.  
dear-est, that Jesus loves you. More Far more



The wonderful things revealed to us Are far more precious than gold.





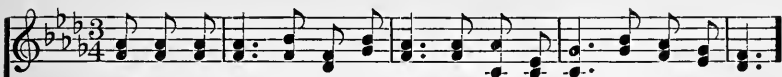
# No. 3.

# His Dying Love.

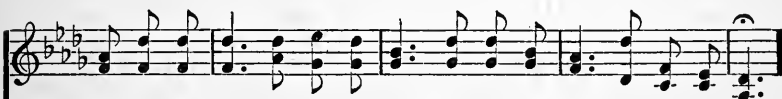
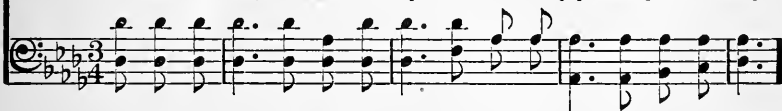
C. M. S.

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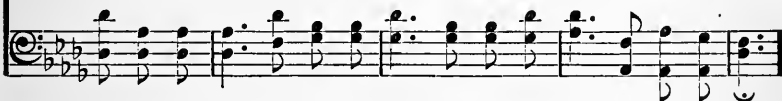
C. M. Seamans.



1. My life was dark-ened once by sin, I would not let my Sav-ior in;
2. There is no place I love so well As by my Mas-ter's side to dwell;
3. O hap-py day! O bliss-ful hour! When Je-sus by His match-less power
4. O sin-ful one, do not de-lay! But seek His joy and peace to-day;



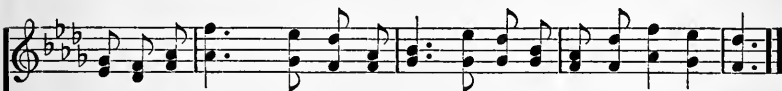
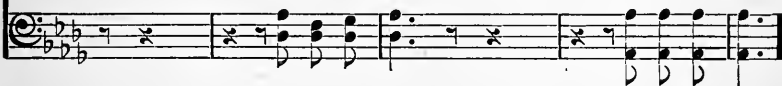
But now I can - not from Him part—His dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 He bids my doubts and fears de-part, Since dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 Broke Satan's spell and mag - ic art, And dy - ing love thus won my heart.  
 He will just now to you im-part His dy - ing love that won my heart.



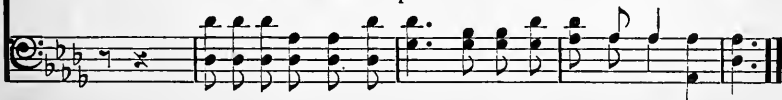
## CHORUS.



His dy - ing love . . . . . has won my heart, . . . . .  
 His dy - ing love has won my heart,



And now I can - not from Him part—His dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 Now I can-not from Him part—



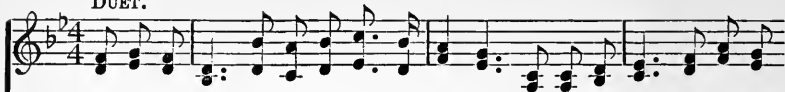
## No. 4.

## Light At Eventide.

H. L. Hastings.  
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. E. BLOOM.

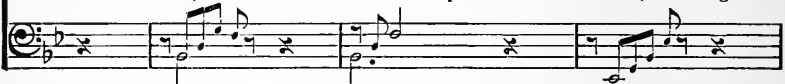
A. E. Bloom.



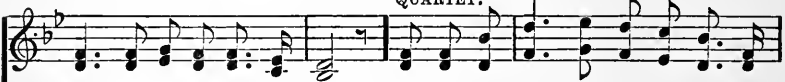
1. Day is far spent, the shadows lengthen round us, Bright shine the gates of sun-set
2. Breezes of balm blow from those shores immortal; Soft sleep the bil-lows in the
3. Hushed is the jar of earth's discordant nois-es; Blest is the si-lence, ho-ly



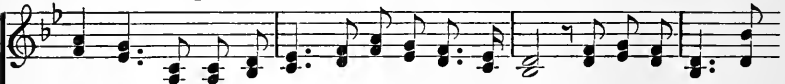
on our sight; Break one by one the ten-der ties that bound us, Yet to our ra-diance fair; An-gel-ic forms be-side each heav'n-ly por-tal Wait to re-is the calm; While from the shore sound pure immortal voi-ces, Chanting sweet



## QUARTET.



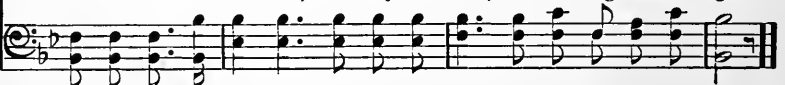
souls at evening there is light. Long tossed by waves, by tempests beat and ceive, and bid us wel-come there. No foe-man's oar shall vex those pla-cid snatch-es of an an-gel's psalm. Fare-well to earth, its sor-rows and its



bro-ken, Fair sleeps our port beneath the sun-set blest; Calm-ly we glide to wa-ters, No gal-lant ship shall ev-er pass there-by; No parting friends, or glad-ness; Its clouds and gloom are fading from my sight; Welcome the shores that



realms of peace un-bro-ken, In that bright ha-ven of e-ter-nal rest. weep-ing sons and daughters, Shall breathe their sighs beneath that cloudless sky. know no tears or sad-ness; The day de-clines; at eve-ning there is light!

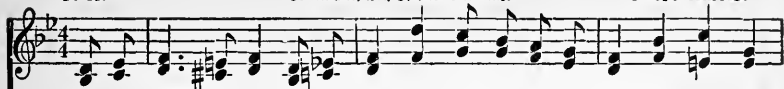


# No. 5. His Face Will Outshine Them All.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

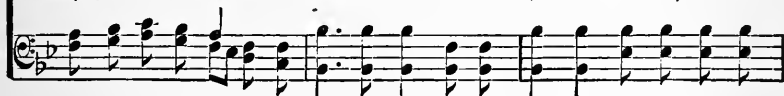
Thoro Harris.



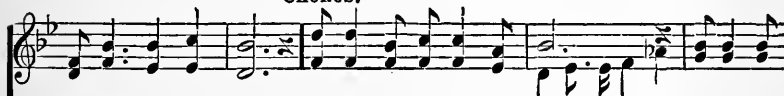
1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a -
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Beth'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend - ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



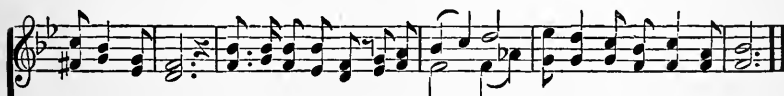
go; (so long a-go:) But the face of One "al-to-geth-er love-ly" Is the  
 born; (our Lord was born:) And the golden harps of the an-gels ring-ing Ush-ered  
 way; (to miss my way:) But the pier-ced hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth  
 sea; (o'er land and sea:) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what



## CHORUS.



fair-est face I know.  
 in that ho-ly morn. His face will outshine them all, His face will  
 on to realms of day. al-le-lu-ial  
 glo-ry that will be.



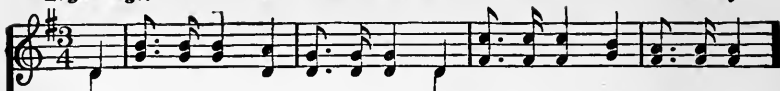
outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu-ial His face will outshine them all.



Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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



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



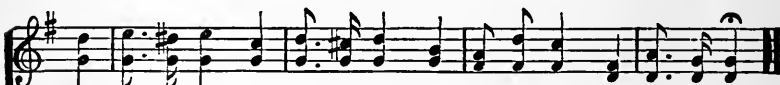
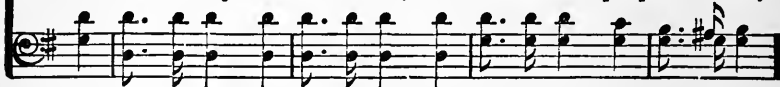
## CHORUS.



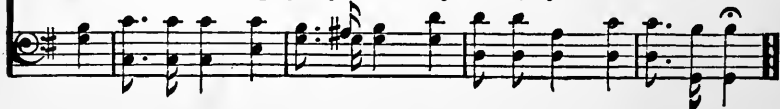
O Beau - lah Land, sweet Beau - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



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



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



1. We're looking for a cit-y, When E-den is re-stored, A cit-y of foun-  
 2. No need of an-y tem-ple, Or sun or moon to shine; The Lord will it en-  
 3. The tow'ring arches glit-ter With many a radiant stone; And water, clear as  
 4. Ho, all ye wear-y, faint-ing, To this fair cit-y come; Come, drink from living

da-tions, Whose build-er is the Lord; Whose glories are un-fad-ing, Whose  
 light-en With glo-ry all di-vine; The na-tions of the sav-ed Shall  
 crys-tal, Flows out from 'neath the throne; The trees of life for heal-ing On  
 fountains, And thirst no more, nor roam: O be constrained to en-ter Thro'

beauties are untold; Whose walls are built of jas-per, With streets of fin-est gold.  
 walk in glo-ry bright With Christ, the Son of Da-vid, Their ev-er-last-ing light.  
 ei-ther side are there, Their leaves and branches waving, All stately, grand and fair.  
 Christ, the on-ly way, And you He there will welcome, And bid you ev-er stay.

## CHORUS.

O hail, hap-py day! O hail, hap-py day! When nev-er-more we'll stray;

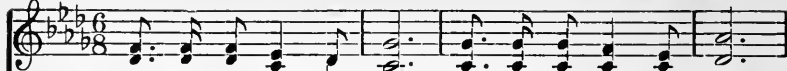
O glorious sight! 'twill be de-light, With-in those walls to stay.

# No. 8.

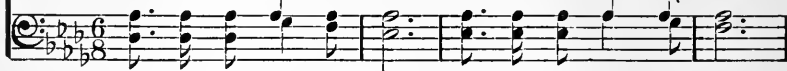
# Afterward.

C. M. S.

CLARENCE M. SEAMANS.



1. Aft - er the toil comes rest, Rest for the care - op - pressed,  
 2. Aft - er the night, then day, Day with its gold - en ray;  
 3. Aft - er the war - fare, peace, Peace that will nev - er cease;  
 4. Aft - er the dy - ing, life, Life nev - er cursed by strife;



Rest for the heav - y - bur - dened one, Rest, yes, a wel - come rest.  
 Day when we weep and sigh no more, Day, bright, ef - ful - gent day.  
 Peace in a world where love shall reign, Peace, calm, un - bro - ken peace.  
 Life free from sick - ness, pain and woe, Life, glad e - ter - nal life.



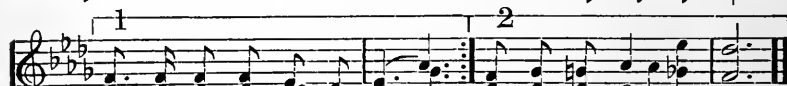
## CHORUS.



{ Aft - - er the race is run, Aft - - er our  
 { Sigh - - ing shall flee a - way; Glad - - ly we  
 { Aft - er the race of life is run, Aft - er our toil  
 { Sor - row and tears shall flee a - way; Glad - ly we hail on the



toil is done, Then we shall en - ter the beau - ti - ful land,  
 hail that day; Aft - er the cross - es and loss - es are o'er,  
 earth is done,  
 crown - ing day;



Land of per - en - ni - al sun; Rest shall be ours for aye.



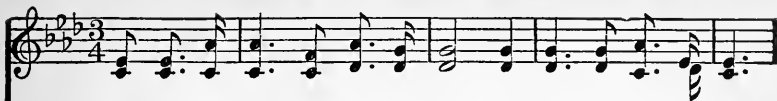
## No. 9.

## Grace, Enough for Me.

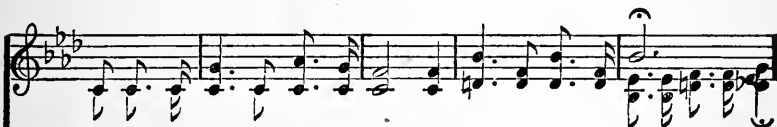
E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
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E. O. Excell.



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



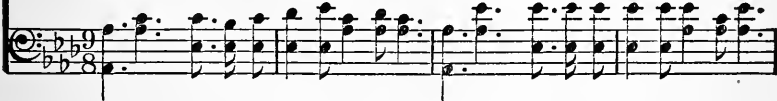
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.  
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)  
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.  
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



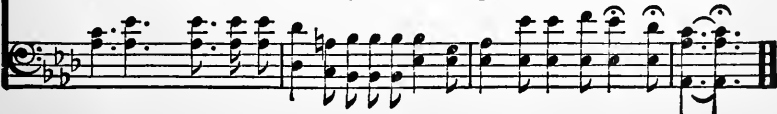
## CHORUS.



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



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



# No. 10. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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

Henry P. Morton.

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

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

**SC** **FINE. CHORUS.**

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

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

**D. S.**

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



## No. 11.

## Safely Abiding.

Samuel Beck.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. Un-der His wings I am safe-ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night deepens and  
 2. Un-der His wings, what a ref-uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn-ing-ly  
 3. Un-der His wings, O what precious en - joy-ment! There will I hide till life's

tem-pests are wild, Still I can trust Him, I know He will keep me;  
 turns to its rest! Oft - en when earth has no balm for my heal - ing,  
 tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro-TECT - ed, no e - vil can harm me;

*m* CHORUS.  
 He has redeemed me and I am His child.  
 There I find com-fort, and there I am blest. Un - der His wings,  
 Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

*p*  
 un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er? Un - der His

wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

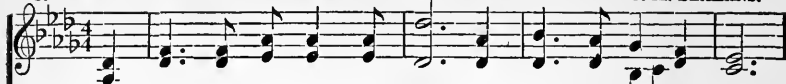
## No. 12.

## Behold, He Cometh.

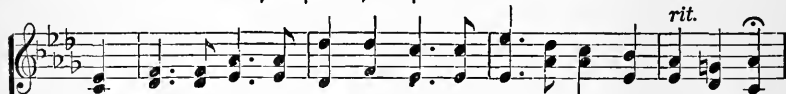
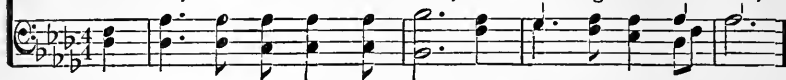
C. M. S.

Rev. 1: 7. Zech. 1: 10.

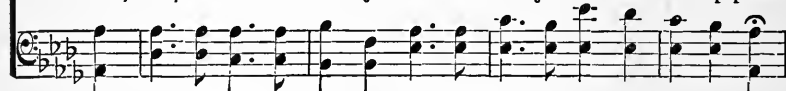
C. M. SEALANS.



1. Be - hold, he com - eth with clouds, The King of kings to be;
2. Be - hold, he com - eth with clouds, The Judge whom all must meet;
3. Be - hold, he com - eth with clouds, All earth - ly pomp shall pale;
4. Be - hold, he com - eth with clouds, His com - ing draw - eth near;



And ev - 'ry eye his face shall see Shine forth in dread - ful maj - es - ty.  
 And they who pierced his hands and feet Shall stand be - fore his judg - ment seat.  
 All kin - dreds of the earth shall wail, And sin - ful men be - fore him quail.  
 Come, now, his voice of mer - cy hear - Be read - y when he shall ap - pear.



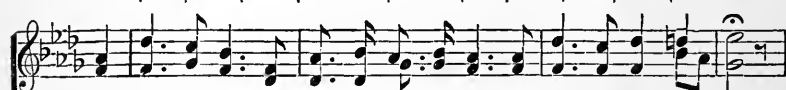
## CHORUS.



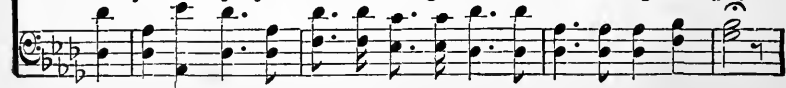
Be - hold he com - eth with clouds, The Vic - tor o - ver sin,  
 Be - hold he comes, Be - hold he comes, o - ver sin,



Lift up your head, O, ye gates And let the King come in;



Be ye lift up ye ev - er - last - ing doors, Now let his reign be - gin;



## Behold, He Cometh.

*rit.*

wide o-pen swing, . . . And let the King, . . . the King of Glo-ry in.  
 wide o-pen swing,                      And let the King,

## No. 13.

## Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;  
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide;  
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.  
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.  
 From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.

### CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,

Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

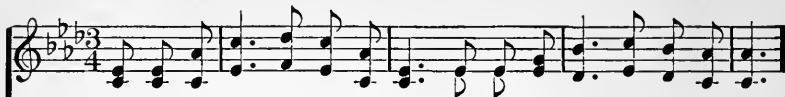
## No. 14.

## It Was His Love.

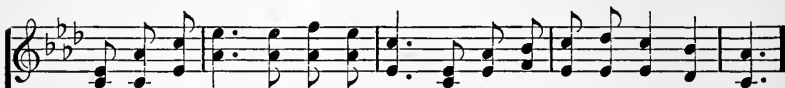
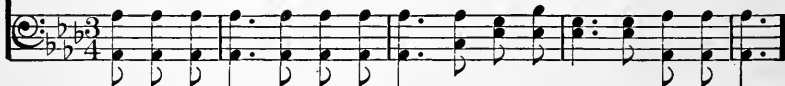
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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



## CHORUS.



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



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

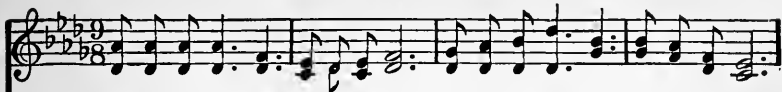


# No. 15 Just When I Need Him Most.

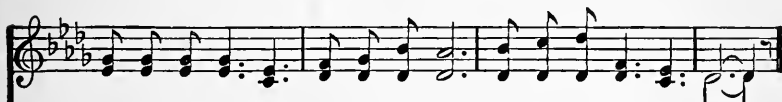
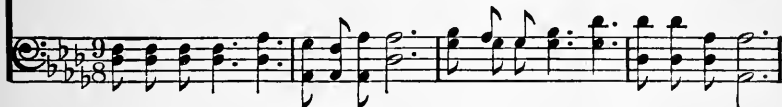
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

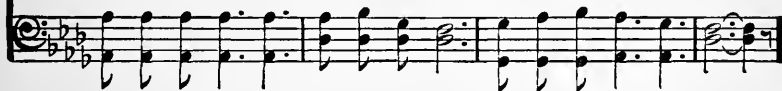
Chas. H. Gabriel.



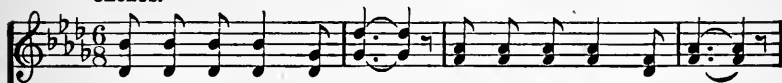
1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;



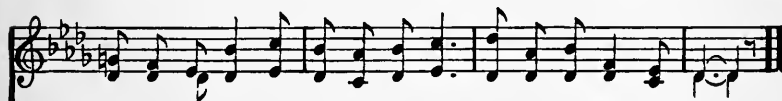
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.  
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.  
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.  
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



## CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



## No. 16.

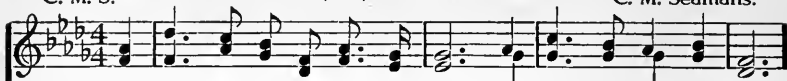
## I'm Coming Back to Thee.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke 15: 5.

C. M. S.

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C. M. Seamans.



1. I've wan - dered far a - way from Thee, O Shep - herd kind and true;
2. A - las that I should turn my back On One who loves me so;
3. The night is dark, the storm is fierce, My soul is filled with fear;



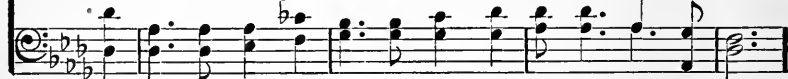
A - cross the mountains bleak and bare That hide Thee from my view.  
How sad that I should leave the fold And suf - fer pain and woe.  
I can - not hope, I can - not rest With - out my Shep - herd near.



My heart is faint, my feet are sore, I long Thy face to see;  
Yet still I think of days gone by, And fain a - gain would be  
But, hark! a - bove the storm - y - winds I hear Him call - ing me;



I'm seek - ing now the way to find—I'm com - ing back to Thee.  
Led by the wa - ters clear and still—I'm com - ing back to Thee.  
I'll an - swer, "Shepherd kind and true, I'm com - ing back to Thee."



## CHORUS.



I'm com - - ing back, I'm com - - ing back, I'm  
I'm com - ing back to Thee, I'm com - ing back to Thee,



## I'm Coming Back To Thee.

com - ing back to Thee; I'm seek - - ing  
 yes, com - ing back to Thee; I'm seek - ing now the  
 now the way to find, I'm com - ing back to Thee.  
 way, the bless - ed way to find,

## No. 17. The Sinner's Friend.

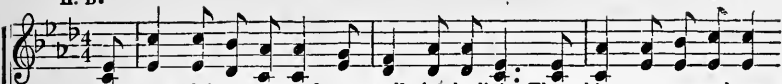
1. O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend! Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
2. When wear-y in the Christian race, Far - off ap - pears my rest - ing place,
3. When I have erred and gone a - stray, A - far from Thine and wisdom's way,
4. When Sa - tan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
5. When the full light of heav'n - ly day Re - veals my sins in dread ar - ray,

On this a - lone my hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.  
 And, faint - ing, I mis - trust Thy grace, Then, Sav - ior, plead for me.  
 And see no glimm'ring, guid - ing ray, Still, Sav - ior, plead for me.  
 Then with Thy pity - ing arms en - fold, And plead, oh, plead for me.  
 Say Thou hast washed them all a - way; Oh, say Thou plead'st for me.

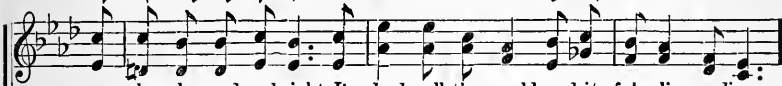
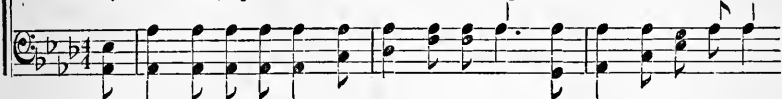




H. B.



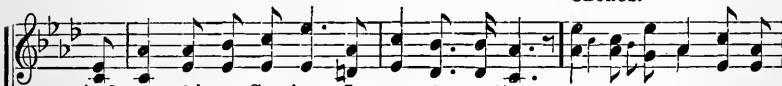
1. O, Lord I have started to walk in the light, That shines on my pathway
2. How ma - ny once started to run in this race, But with our dear Sav - ior
3. I'd far rath - er fol - low my Sav - ior a - lone, And have for my pil - low,
4. O, come then, my brother, and start in this way, This world and its fol - lies



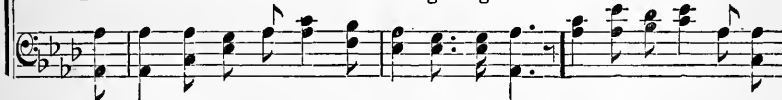
so clear - ly and so bright, I've bade all the world and its fol - lies a - dieu;  
 they could not keep the pace; While oth - ers ac - cept - ed be - cause it was new,  
 like Is - ra - el, a stone, Than gain all the world and its pleasures pur - sue;  
 will sure - ly nev - er pay; Then turn from your i - dols and join with the few,



## CHORUS.



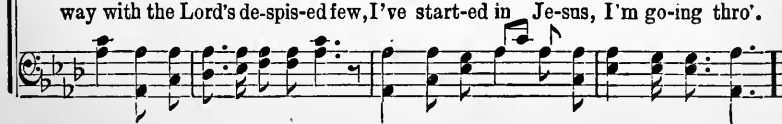
And now with my Sav - ior I mean to go thro'.  
 But not ver - y ma - ny seem'd bound to go thro'. I'm go - ing thro', Je - sus,  
 Than turn from the pathway and fail to go thro'.  
 Let's start in with Je - sus and those go - ing thro'.



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



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



# No. 20.

# Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!  
2. Shine for the Mas-ter with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;  
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;  
4. Then, when you enter the Cit - y of gold, Some-one will meet you there;

Some-one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod-y needs your prayer.  
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Some-bod-y needs your light.  
Bless - ing will fol - low the heart's o-ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.  
Some-one to whom the glad sto - ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.

## CHORUS.

Some-bod - y needs you, needs your love, Seeking a bless - ing from a - bove;

Some-bod - y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.

# No. 21.

# My Crucified Lord.

A. F.

A. Francis.

1. Now will I praise Thy name, And sing Thy won-drous fame;  
 2. For me Thy blood was spilt; Thou didst re - move my guilt;  
 3. Tho' men may mock and sneer, For Thee I'll suf - fer here,  
 4. When Thou shalt come a - gain I shall be freed from pain,  
 5. Till then for this I pine To see Thy face Di - vine,

Thou, who for sin - ners came, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And save, I know Thou wilt, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 For Thou wilt soon ap - pear, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And in Thy king - dom reign, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And in Thine im - age shine, My cru - ci - fied Lord.

# No. 22.

# No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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 E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i - ty,—  
 2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,  
 3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away; One bright, e-ter-nal day,  
 D. S.—*In that fair, heav'nly land,*

**FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.**

No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, . . . No dy-ing there; . . .  
 No dy-ing there. . . No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there;



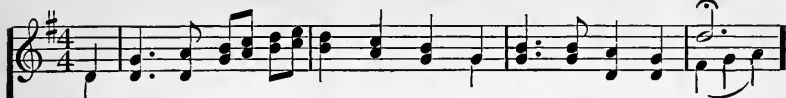
# No. 24.

# Since I Have Been Redeemed.

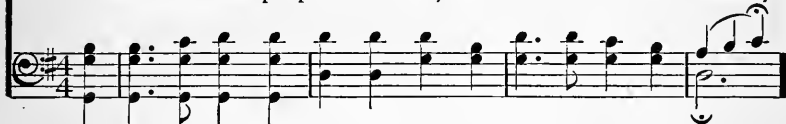
E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.



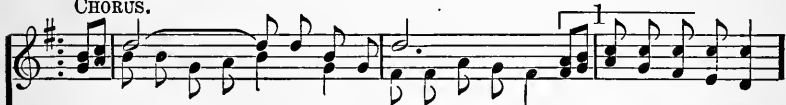
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deened,  
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deened,  
 3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deened,  
 4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deened,  
 5. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deened,



Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re - deened.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deened.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deened.  
 All thro' His blood and right - eous - ness, Since I have been re - deened.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deened.



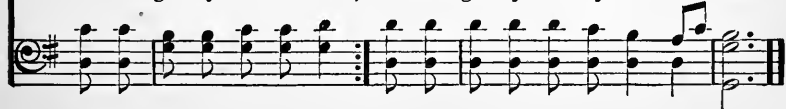
## CHORUS.



Since I . . . . have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,  
 Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,



I will glo - ry in His name; I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.



# No. 25. The Song I've Loved So Long.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. WOODMAN.

R. F. Chalk.

F. S. Stanton, Mus. Bac.

1. My soul is full of sing-ing, No room for sad-ness there; The mel-o - dy of  
 2. My life was full of tri - als That bore me sad-ly down, And each day bro't new  
 3. My life was full of doubting, Not knowing where to find A resting-place so  
 4. Since then my heart keeps singing The song which waits my soul On, ever tow'rd the

Heav-en Is ring-ing in my ear: And thus in rapturous mu - sic, My  
 troubles, Which pleasure could not drown; But now with heav'nly an-thems, These  
 cer-tain No doubts could cross my mind; When that old song—Redemption, Filled  
 sing - ers Where ev-'ry whit made whole; There in that heav'nly cho - rus, Be

soul sings on its song, The blessed, sweet old sto-ry, That I have loved so long.  
 woes my soul make strong, And day by day I'm sing-ing The song I've loved so long.  
 me with strains that bring The vic-t'ry o-ver doubting, The song I love to sing.  
 yond the land of wrong, I'll sing the song—Redemption, The song I've loved so long.

## CHORUS.

Yes, the song, the sweet old song, How it floods my soul with glo - ry,

# The Song I've Loved So Long.

As I sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry, 'Tis the song I've loved so long.

No. 26.

## Founded On the Rock.

F. D. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. WOODMAN.

F. D. Barnes. Arr.

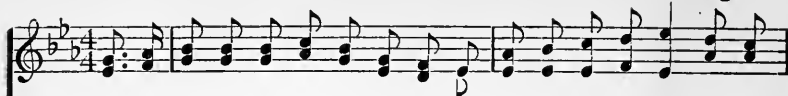
1. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, Safe re-treat for souls op-pressed;
2. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, 'Mid the storms and wrecks of time;
3. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, Here my house se-cre-ly stands;

Long in des-ert wilds I wan-dered, Here at last I found my rest.  
 On this Rock now safe-ly stand-ing, Great Re-deem-er, Thou art mine.  
 Would you have a sure foun-da-tion? Do not build up-on the sands.

### CHORUS.

• Rock of A - ges! Rock of A - ges! How se-cre on Thee we stand;

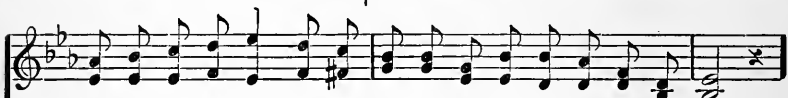
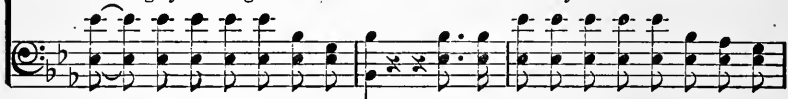
Rock of A - ges! Rock of A - ges! Save us from the sink-ing sand.



1. We are voy'gers on the o-ccean, and our des - ti - ny we know, For our
2. Tho' the winds are strongly blowing, and tho' high the bil-lows roll, It will
3. We have passed the coast of Bab-y - lôn, and Me - do - Per - sian piers, We have
4. O how glo - ri - ous the moment when our keel shall strike the strand, And our



chart has been pointing out the way, And our Captain He is cheering us as on - ly make us sigh for land the more; And our rest will be the sweeter when we left the realm of Grecia far be - hind; We've been sailing down the Roman coast for watching eyes once greet the hills of home! There our stay will be eternal with the



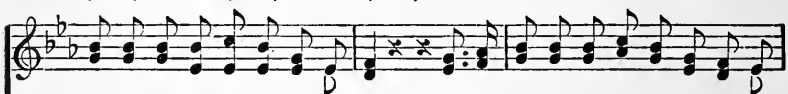
thro' the night we go, Saying, "Courage, sailors, soon you'll see the day." reach that heav'nly goal, There to shout our voy-age o - ver on the shore. nineteen hun-dred years, And our chart declares the port we soon shall find. ho - ly, hap - py band, And the bliss-ful bow'rs of E - den we may roam.



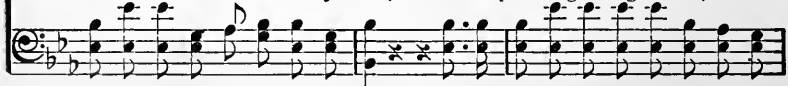
## CHORUS.



Then we'll watch and we'll pray, as our ves - sel bears a - way, And we'll



nev - er be disheartened an - y more; For the port is get - ting nearer, and I





# We Are Voyagers.

hear the Mas-ter say, "We shall soon reach the har-bor and the shore."

## No. 28. The Christian's Hope.

Doolittle.

1. How cheer - ing is the Chris-tian's hope, While toil - ing here be-

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wil-der-ness of  
low! It buoys us up while pass - ing  
It buoys us up while pass-ing thro' This

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe, . . .  
woe, It buoys us up while passing thro'  
through This wil-der-ness of woe, This wil-der-ness of woe.  
wil-der-ness of woe, This wil-der-ness of woe.

It buoys us up while pass-ing thro'

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 It points us to a land of rest,<br>Where saints with Christ shall reign;<br>  :Where we shall meet the loved of earth,<br>And never part again. : | :For all who gain that heavenly land<br>Will be as angels are.:   |
| 3 In that bright world no tears will flow,<br>Death ne'er can enter there—  | 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!<br>Dear Savior, quickly come!<br>  :We long to see Thee as Thou art,<br>And reach that blissful home. : |

A. H. Ackley.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-  
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev-er-fail-ing a<sup>d</sup>  
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

ta-tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a-bide,  
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what-ev-er be-tide,  
faith in His word, Liv-ing and dy-ing with Him at my side,

## CHORUS.

I shall be sat-is-fied. I..... shall be sat-is-  
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be

fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied;  
sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied;

*rit.*  
Shel-tered a-bove by His in-fi-nite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

# No. 30.

# Not Far Away.

Mrs. E. E. Miles.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. Not far a - way it li-eth, the land of peace and rest; The long-so't "better  
 2. Not far a - way it li-eth, the cit-y wondrous fair, Whose walls and firm foun-  
 3. Not far a - way it li-eth, 'tis near-ing day by day, The bor-ders of the  
 4. Not for a - way it li-eth, not far, "just o-ver there," The "place" with "many

country"—God's promise to the blest. The home with joys e - ter - nal, with  
 da - tions are built of jew-els rare, With gates of pearl re-splen-dent, with  
 Home-land, end of the Pil-grim way. On - ly the roll-ing Jor-dan seems  
 mansions, 'Christ left us to pre - pare; The veil that hides Him from us, soon

E - den beau-ty bright, That hath no pain or sor-row, no shad-ow and no  
 streets of shin-ing gold, With tree of life un - fad-ing, and glo - ries still un-  
 now to in - ter - vene, On - ly the mists of morn-ing, like shadows lie be-  
 rent in twain will be, And earth's long-absent Sovereign our longing eyes shall

night— Not far a - way it li - eth, the land of peace and rest.  
 told— Not far a - way it li - eth, the cit - y won-drous fair.  
 tween— Not far a - way it li - eth, 'tis near-ing day by day.  
 see— Not far a - way it li - eth, not far, "just o - ver there."

No. 31.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

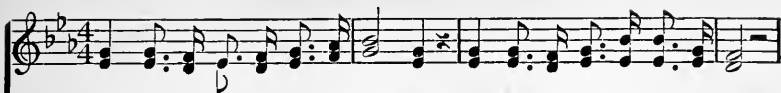
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
 2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in  
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

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

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

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

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



1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide;
2. There end-less springs of life are flow-ing, There are the fields of liv-ing green;
3. Faith now be-holds the flowing riv - er, Com-ing from underneath the throne;



The land we love is just be-fore us, Soon we'll be on the oth - er side.  
 Man - sions of beau - ty are be-fore them, And the King of the saints is seen.  
 There, too, the Savior reigns for-ev - er, And He'll welcome the faithful home.



O there are the bright crowns of glo-ry, And all that the Sav-ior will give,  
 Soon our conflicts and toils will be end - ed, We'll be tried and tempted no more;  
 Would you walk by the banks of the river, With the friends you have loved by yourside?

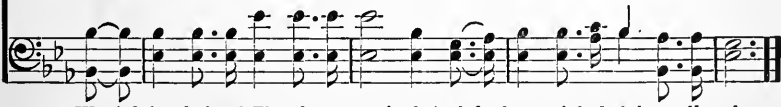


CHO.—O the prospect it is so trans-port-ing! Savior, has-ten Thy coming, we pray;

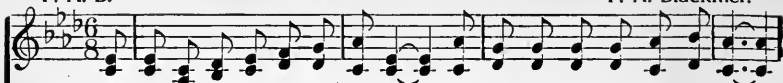


D. S. FINE.

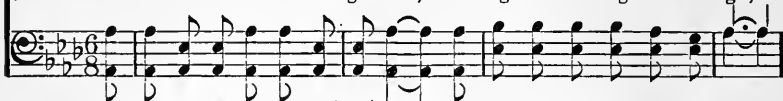
And they who have loved His appearing, With Him shall e-ter-nal - ly live.  
 And the saints of all a - ges and na-tions We shall greet on that heavenly shore.  
 Would you join in the song of the an-gels? Then be read-y to fol-low your Guide.



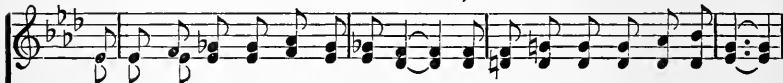
*We sigh for the land Thou hast promised, And the dawn of the bright, endless day.*



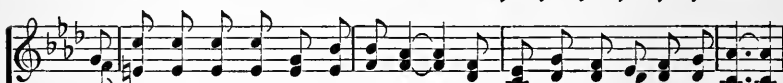
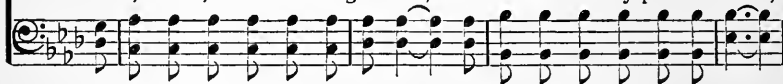
1. While here on the earth as a pil-grim, And bound for that long-promised home,
2. In sweet and in blessed com-mun-ion, We jour-ney to-geth-er a-long;
3. By faith I'm now walking with Je-sus, And cast-ing on Him all my care;
4. If then to Geth-sem-a-ne's gar-den, Or Pis-gah's bold heights I shall go,



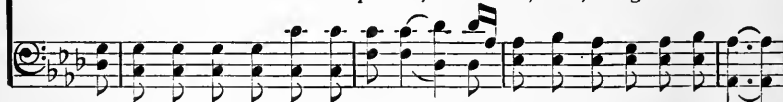
My-self tho' a stranger con-fess-ing, I do not in sol-i-tude roam,  
 To-day I am cheered with a prom-ise, To-morrow, perchance, with a song;  
 His Spir-it in plen-ti-ful meas-ure As-sists me to do and to dare;  
 If He by his Spir-it im-pel me, It is for my good, I shall know.



But have a most bless-ed com-pan-ion, My Sav-ior, so dear and so fair,  
 And all the while feel-ing His pres-ence, And all the while breath-ing a prayer,  
 As-sists me to ev-er prove faith-ful, To o-ver-come ev-er-y-where,  
 Then, Sav-ior, con-tin-ue to guide me, To turn me from by-path and snare,



Who, when I pass thro' earth's hard places, Ne'er leaves me, but goes with me there.  
 No more do I dread the hard places; Why should I? He goes with me there.  
 And lifts me a-bove earth's hard places, In Je-sus, who goes with me there.  
 E'en thank-ful make me for hard places, Since Thou, Lord, dost go with me there.



## REFRAIN.



With Him I can go a-ny-where, I will nev-er, no, never de-spair; Tho' He



# He Goes With Me There.

calls me to pass thro' hard pla-ces, I will fear not, He goes with me there.

*rit.*

The image shows the musical score for the hymn 'He Goes With Me There.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word 'rit.' is written above the treble staff towards the end of the piece.

## No. 34.

## Ripening Together.

F. A. B.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. To- geth - er they are grow - ing, The wheat be - side the tares;  
2. E'en now the fields are whit - ened, And read - y do ap - pear  
3. Let us im - prove each mo - ment, In love and works a - bound;

The image shows the first system of the musical score for 'Ripening Together.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The sun - shine of God's mer - cy For har - vest each pre - pares.  
For work of an - gel reap - ers, — The har - vest must be near.  
That we may in the har - vest A - mong the wheat be found.

The image shows the second system of the musical score for 'Ripening Together.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

### CHORUS.

They are rip - 'ning, rip - 'ning Rip - 'ning for the har - vest; The

The image shows the chorus of the musical score for 'Ripening Together.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wheat for the gar - ner, The tares for the burning, The reap - ers soon will come.

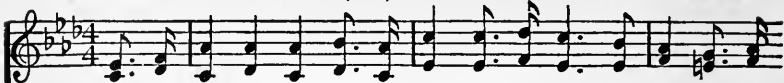
The image shows the final system of the musical score for 'Ripening Together.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# No. 35. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



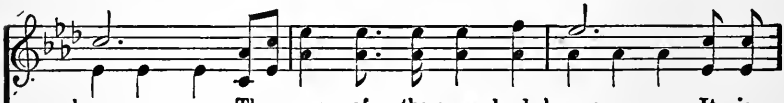
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it



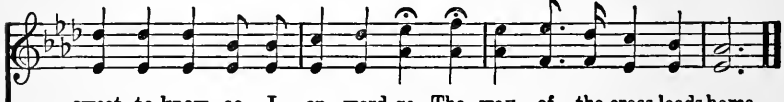
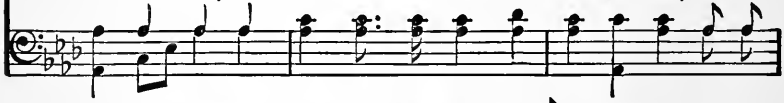
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,  
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,  
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



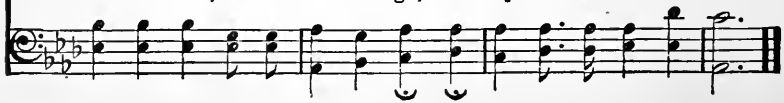
If the way of the cross I miss.  
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads  
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is  
leads home, leads home;



sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.





1. I will bless the Lord for-ev-er - more, Joy-ful - ly sing praises to His name;  
 2. How my soul doth mag-ni-fy the Lord, Who inclined His ear and heard my cry,  
 3. From the depths of human sin and woe, Where no arm of flesh could reach and save,  
 4. O how peaceful now the life I live, O how sweet the song he gave to me,

I will tell the wonders of His love, And His goodness all abroad pro-claim.  
 Put a glad, new song in-to my mouth, E-ven praise to Him who rules on high.  
 He hath lift - ed me to heights a-bove, Where no more can sin my soul en-slave.  
 And how pleasant is the way He leads: Glo - ry to His name for - ev-er be!

## CHORUS.

For He brought me up out of an hor - ri - ble pit, The pit of

mir - y clay, (mir - y clay,) And He set my feet up - on a

rock, . . . . .

rock, the sol - id rock, And es-tab-lished my go-ings in the heav'nly way.

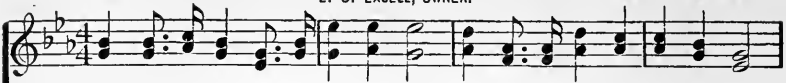
No. 37.

Christ Shall Be King.

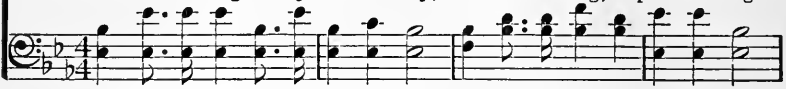
W. C. Poole.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

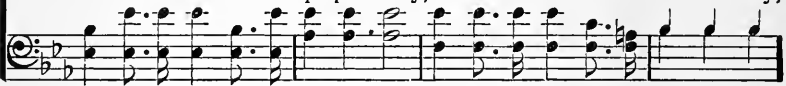
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



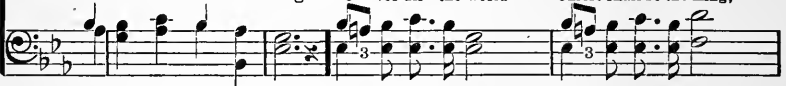
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,  
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,  
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,



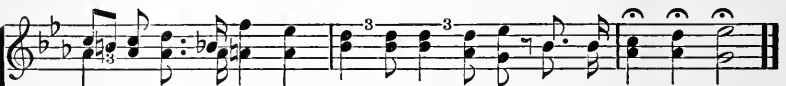
CHORUS.



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



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



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



## When the Angels Come.

I. I. Leslie.

FROM "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH."  
BY PERMISSION OF F. A. NORTH & CO.

E. M. Clark.

1. When the an - gels come to take All the cho - sen ones a - way;  
2. When the shin - ing an - gels come, With the tramp-et's might-y sound,  
3. O what glo - ry there will be When the heav'n-ly hosts ap - pear!

When the sleep-ing saints of God a - wake, At the dawn-ing of that day;  
Call - ing from the o - pened grave and tomb, All the saints the world around,  
When the count-less an - gel forms we see, And their ser - aph voi-ces hear!

When the saved shall gathered be, Will, O will some an - gel come for me?  
As they rise from land and sea, Will, O will some an - gel come for me?  
When those scenes at length I see, May, O may an an - gel come for me?

## CHORUS.

O then to be known by the an-gel band! O to have them take us by the hand!

O what joy, what joy! O what joy that day, When they carry, carry us a - way!

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

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

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

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

reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

## No. 40.

## The Old-Time Gospel.

F. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. This is the old-time gos-pel, So pre-cious, tried and true,  
 2. Still it has that won-drous pow-er Men's hearts and lives to search,  
 3. 'Tis the same good news that Pe-ter At the tem-ple preached that day,  
 4. 'Tis the same ef-fec-tive gos-pel, With the old-time ring and fire,  
 5. It is the same sweet gos-pel, That Je-sus at the well  
 6. O pre-cious, pre-cious gos-pel, So old, yet ev-er new!

That to-day calls men and saves them Just as it used to do.  
 As when in that day "three thou-sand Were add-ed" to the church.  
 When the lame man leaped and wor-shipped, And a host believed straightway.  
 That when preached by Paul and Si-las Saved the jail-or's house en-tire.  
 Taught the wom-an, who, be-liev-ing, Joy-ful ran a-broad to tell.  
 Seek its pow'r to-day, dear lost one, For it sure-ly will save you.

## CHORUS.

'Tis the old-time gospel, Preached by a-pos-tles, And its pow'r is still the same;

For it saves men to-day In the same old way, All praise to Je-sus' name.

# No. 41.

# Just Over There.

FROM "THE BONG BANNER."  
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. O. Butterfield.

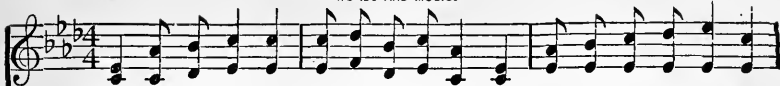
1. O the thought of life e - ter - nal, o - ver there, (o - ver there.)  
 2. Liv - ing streams and sha - dy bow - ers, o - ver there, (o - ver there.)  
 3. When our la - bor for the Mas - ter here is o'er, (here is o'er,)

Free from toil and strife for - ev - er, free from care, (free from care,)  
 Gold - en beams and fade - less flow - ers bright and fair, (bright and fair,)  
 And we land in safe - ty on that gold - en shore, (gold - en shore,)

With the Sav - ior's love and mer - cy ours to share, (ours to share,)  
 Rap - tured themes by an - gel choirs we shall share, (we shall share,)  
 With the faith - ful praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, (ev - er - more,)

*rall.* *rit.* **CHORUS.**  
 O - ver there, o - ver there, just o - ver there. O - ver there, just o - ver  
 O - ver there,

*rit.*  
 there, There's a beau - ti - ful home, just o - ver there.  
 just o - ver there,



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can molest or
2. Trusting the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

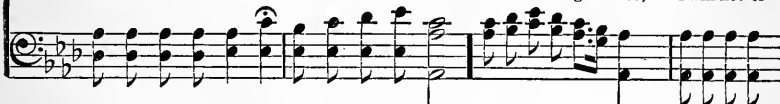


turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,  
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,  
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

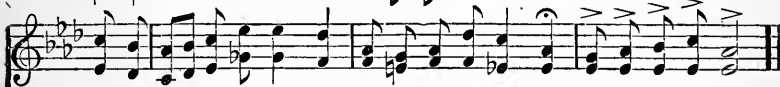


Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.

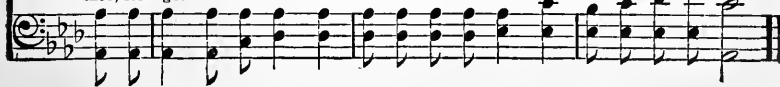
I shall be remembered by my Lord above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or  
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will never



leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I . . . . . will  
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.  
thee, for-get



## No. 43.

## In His Sunlight.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In the light and glo - ry of His life and sto - ry There is  
2. O my bless - ed Sav - ior! He is mine for - ev - er, And will  
3. Oh, the peace and pleas - ure, oh, the price - less treas - ure Of the

ev - 'ry-thing that I can need; That is why I'm cling - ing and His  
be my near - est, dear - est Friend; That is why I love Him, hav - ing  
love of Him who died for me! Thro' that day e - ter - nal, in the

CHORUS.

prais - es sing - ing, As the lost to Him I lead.  
naught above Him, And shall trust Him to the end. In His sunlight, His precious  
world su - per - nal, Love Di - vine my song shall be.

sun - light, I am al - ways hap - py, yes, in - deed! In His sun - light,

His pre - cious sun - light, There is ev - 'ry-thing I need.



J. Newton.

Arr. by G. E. Lee.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
3. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,



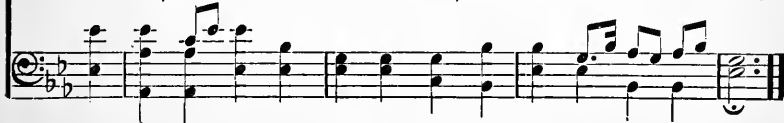
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see!  
 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 I shall pos-sess, with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.



'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; . .  
 The Lord hath promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures; . .  
 This earth will soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine; . .



How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!  
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.  
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

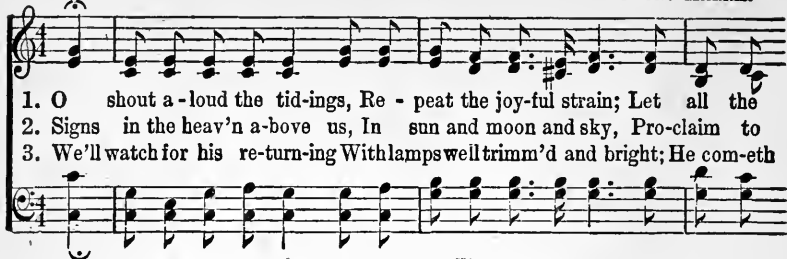


# No. 45. Looking For That Blessed Hope.

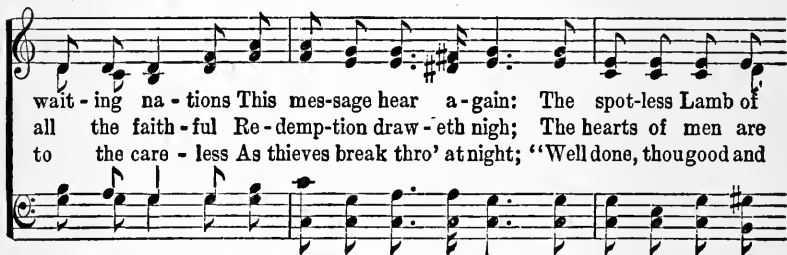
T. H.

Tit. 2: 13.

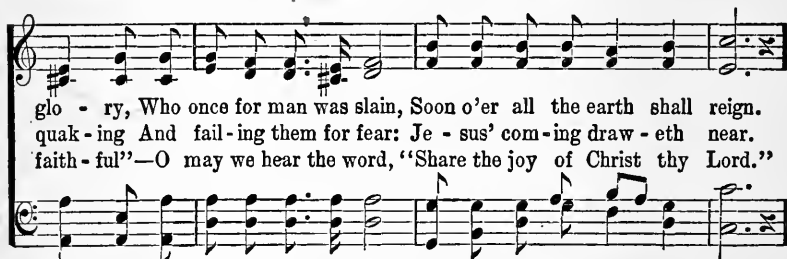
THORO HARRIS.



1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re - peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the  
 2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to  
 3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth



wait - ing na - tions This mes - sage hear a - gain: The spot-less Lamb of  
 all the faith - ful Re - demp-tion draw - eth nigh; The hearts of men are  
 to the care - less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and

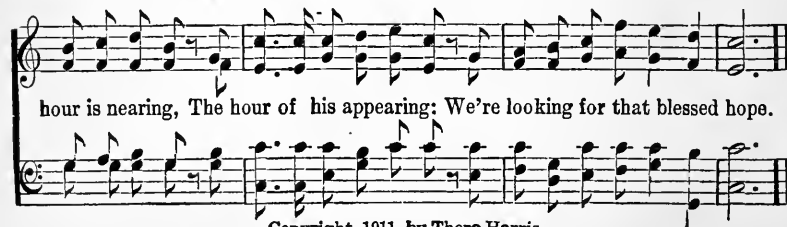


glo - ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.  
 quak - ing And fail - ing them for fear: Je - sus' com - ing draw - eth near.  
 faith - ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.



Looking for that blessed hope, - Looking for that blessed hope; We know the  
 that joyful hope, that glorious hope;



hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

F. A. B.

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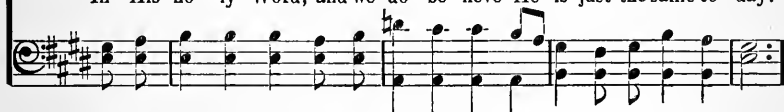
F. A. Blackmer.



1. When our Lord was here in the old - en time, As He went His earth - ly way,
2. To the burdened one by the weight of sin, O how oft - en did He say,
3. Then they bro't their sick to the Master's feet, And He nev - er said them nay,
4. When with "one ac - cord" His dis - ci - ples prayed On that Pen - te - cos - tal day,
5. "Je - sus Christ the same yes - ter - day, to - day, And for - ev - er," doth it say



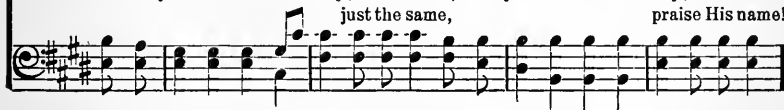
He would hear the cry of the humblest soul, But is He the same to - day?  
 "Free - ly I for - give, go and sin no more," But is He the same to - day?  
 For He healed them all with His gracious touch, But is He the same to - day?  
 As He said, the Spir - it up - on them came, But is He the same to - day?  
 In His ho - ly Word, and we do be - lieve He is just the same to - day.



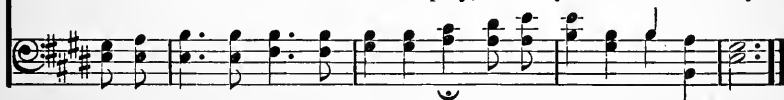
## CHORUS.



He is just the same to - day, Yes, He's just the same to - day,  
 just the same, praise His name!



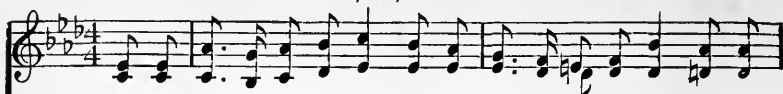
For He hears and an - swers when we pray, He is just the same to - day!



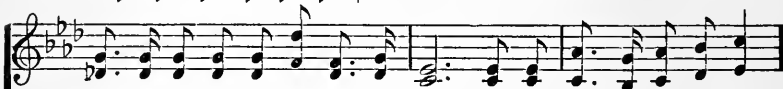
C. H. G.

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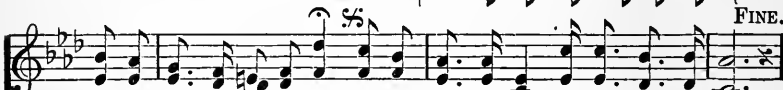
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night  
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,  
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.  
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.  
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



## CHORUS.



Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a  
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,  
bright-er with a smile;



# No. 48. Held by My Savior's Mighty Hand.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. On-ward will I jour-ney, thro life's rain or shine, Held by my  
 2. In the paths ap-point-ed, led by change-less love, Held by my  
 3. In the Sav-ior's car-ing, I will fear no ill, Held by my

Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Guid-ed by His Spir-it, kept by  
 Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... Serv-ing Him with gladness,strengthened  
 Sav-ior's might-y hand;..... In the si-lent val-ley, He'll be  
 His mighty hand;

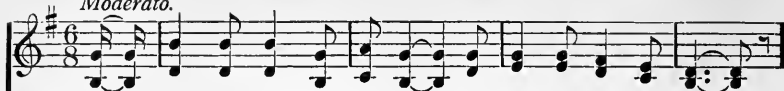
pow'r di-vine, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....  
 from a-bove, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....  
 with me still, Held by my Sav-ior's might-y hand.....  
 His might-y hand.

CHORUS. UNISON.

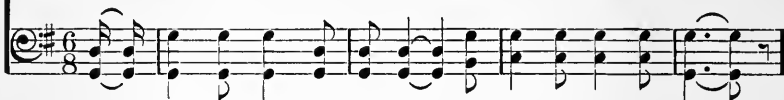
Onward, forward, at the King's command, Trusting when I cannot understand,

HARMONY.

Till I see His beauty in the Bet-ter Land, Held by my Savior's mighty hand.

*Moderato.*

1. When pur - ple twi - light gath - ers, And friend - ly stars ap - pear;
2. O glo - rious, hap - py prom - ise, Most com - fort - ing and sweet;
3. So I'm watch - ing and I'm wait - ing, Each mo - ment of the day;



When day's long task is end - ed, And qui - et time is here,  
 The "Lord Him - self de - scend - eth, His saints to - geth - er meet."  
 It may be noon or eve - ning, When He call - eth me a - way;



I fold my hands and lis - ten, For I think that Christ may come;  
 The heav'n - ly trump - et sound - eth, Ac - cord - ing to His word,  
 It makes the day go fast - er, And the tri - als eas - ier borne,



And I want Him now at twi - light, When my day's long task is done.  
 We are "caught up in the glo - ry, To be ev - er with the Lord."  
 When I'm think - ing ev - 'ry min - ute—To - day the Lord may come.



Lanta Wilson Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the  
 2. Slightest ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants  
 3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hay-py song; Meet the world's re-

need - y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort  
 dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row  
 pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.  
 You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.  
 Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

## CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and  
 Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a - long, o - ver the way,

bright-en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.  
 pass - ing day;

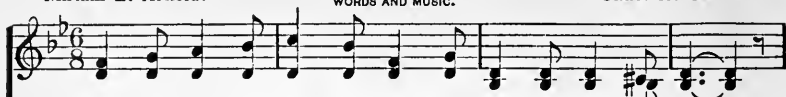
## No. 51.

## Don't Forget to Pray.

Miriam E. Arnold.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When the day is dark and lone - ly, Don't for - get to pray;
2. When the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Don't for - get to pray;
3. O the bliss this won - drous friend - ship Will your soul af - ford,



Prayer will make your path - way bright - er, Drive the clouds a - way.  
Let the Sav - ior share your glad - ness, On your pil - grim way;  
Dwell - ing thus in close com - mun - ion With your lov - ing Lord;



For your lov - ing heav'n - ly Fa - ther Lis - tens when you call,  
For He longs to walk be - side you, Your most trust - ed Friend,  
Till at last you shall be - hold Him, See Him face to face,



And in mer - cy He will an - swer, Trust Him for it all.  
And a - bide thro' storm and sun - shine To your jour - ney's end.  
And thro'-out e - ter - nal a - ges Praise Him for His grace.



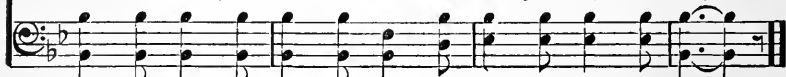
D.S.—*In the se - cret of His pres - ence, Don't for - get to pray.*

CHORUS.

D. S.



Tell Him all your sor - rows, He will turn your night to day,





F. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. An an - gel came down to Be - thes - da's pool Each sea - son with  
 2. Who en - tered the pool of Be - thes - da first Could heal - ing a -  
 3. Then haste to this foun - tain, O sin - sick ones, The maimed and the  
 4. The Spir - it is plead - ing this sol - emn hour, O turn from Him

heal - ing pow'r; But we have in Je - sus a heal - ing font, That  
 lone re - ceive, But here is a foun - tain that flows for all Who  
 halt and blind, And plunge in its wa - ters by faith this hour, And  
 not a - way; The wa - ters are troub - led, step in, step in, Make

CHORUS.

saves dy - ing souls each hour.  
 shall in the Lord be - lieve. The wa - ters are troub - led, step  
 full - est sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus your own to - day.

in, step in, There's room . . . for all; . . . The Spir - it is  
 There's room for all;

plead - ing, the Sav - ior waits, O list to the lov - ing call.

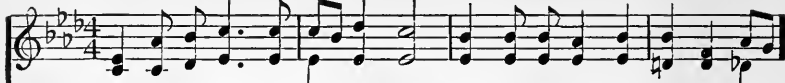
# No. 53.

# God is Calling Yet.

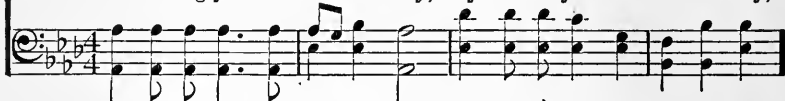
Gerhard Tersteegen.

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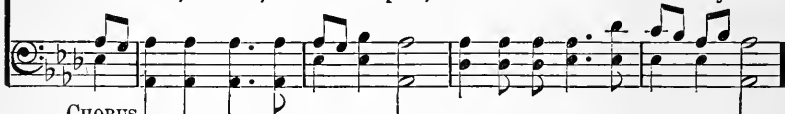
E. O. Excell.



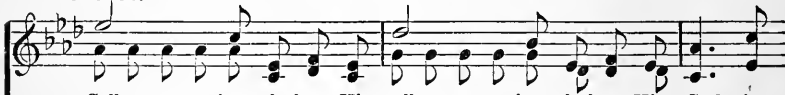
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield with-out de-lay;



Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?  
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?  
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



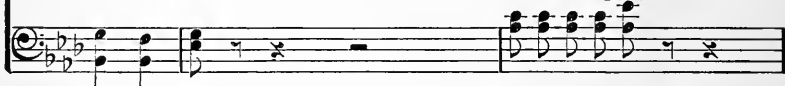
## CHORUS.



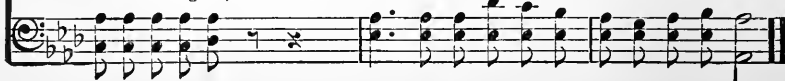
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is  
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,



call - ing yet, oh, hear Him call-ing, call-ing; Call - - ing, oh, hear Him,  
 God is call-ing yet,



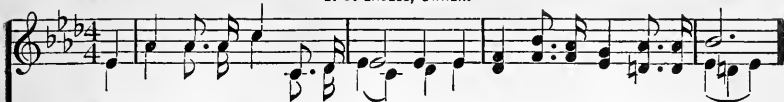
call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.  
 God is call-ing yet,



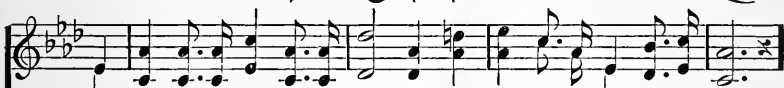
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

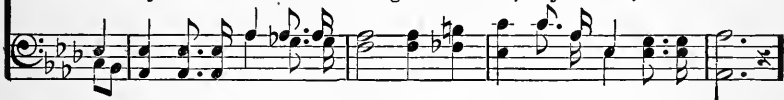
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. The trump-et of bat-tle is sound-ing! O sol-dier, e-quip for the fight!
2. North, east, south and west new oppres-sions Of sin are revealed ev-'ry day;
3. The le-gions of Sa-tan ad-vanc-ing With boldness our val-or de-fy;
4. A-rise, in the name of Je-ho-vah, And go to the front at His word!



The slo-gan of love is re-sound-ing, A-rouse ye for God and the right!  
Then, Christian, why yet will you slum-ber? To arms! and to du-ty a-way!  
Entrenchments they dai-ly are build-ing! Oh, why will we stand i-dly by!  
Be loy-al and true and cou-ra-geous To die, if you must, for the Lord.



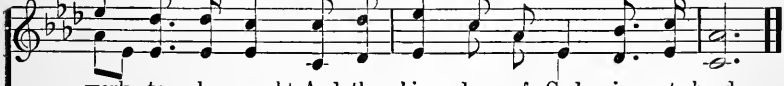
## CHORUS.



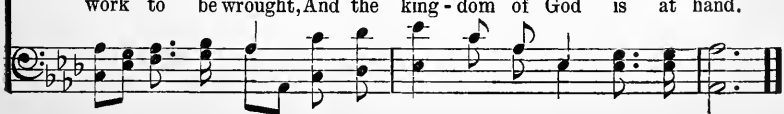
Slum-ber no lon-ger, O sol-dier, Go forth at our  
Sol-dier, a-wake!



Lead-er's com-mand; There's a fight to be fought And a  
go forth;



work to be wrought, And the king-dom of God is at hand.



No. 55.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!". . . . We'll move at His command,  
great Commander; "On!"

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

# No. 56. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

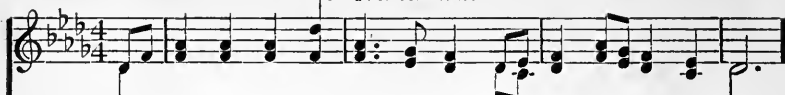
hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-  
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . .

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

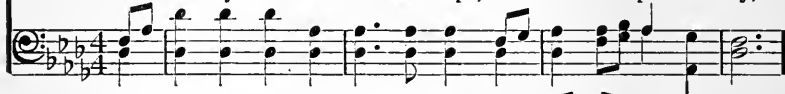
## Behold! What Love!

USED BY PERMISSION OF F. A. BLACKMER,  
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

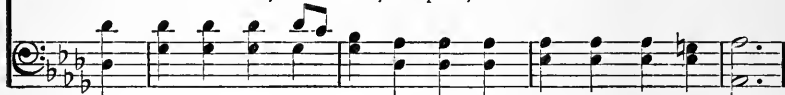
Arr. by F. A. Blackmer.



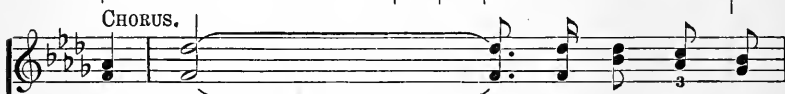
1. Be - hold! what love! what boundless love The Fa - ther hath be-stowed  
 2. Though now in-deed the sons of God, The world knoweth us not;  
 3. What we shall soon in glo - ry be, It doth not yet ap-pear;  
 4. And ev - 'ry man that hath this hope, Him-self doth pu - ri - fy;



Up - on His serv - ants, that they should Be called the sons of God!  
 Be - cause it knew not Christ the Lord, Who hath our son - ship bought.  
 But this we know, that when He comes, We shall His im - age bear.  
 E - ven as He, our Lord, is pure, In whom no sin doth lie.



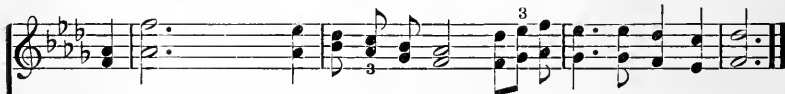
## CHORUS.



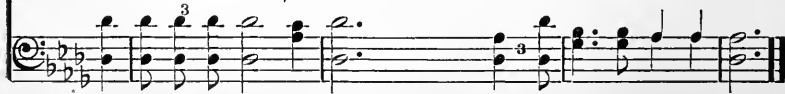
Be - hold what man - ner of love, what man - ner of  
 Be - hold what man - ner of love, what man - ner of



love, what man - ner of love, The Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us,  
 love.



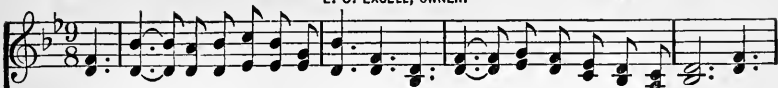
That we, that we should be called, should be called the sons of God!  
 That we should be called, that we



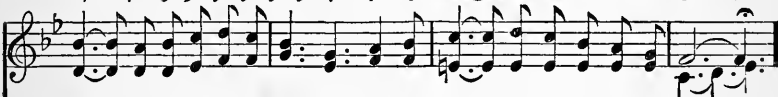
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

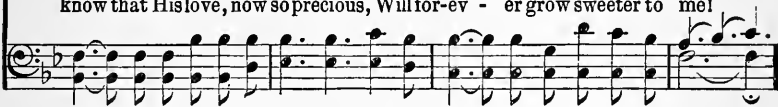
Chas. H. Gabriel.



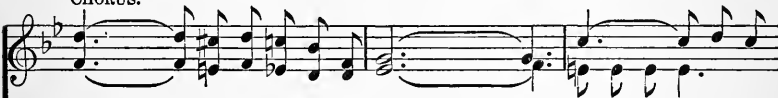
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will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



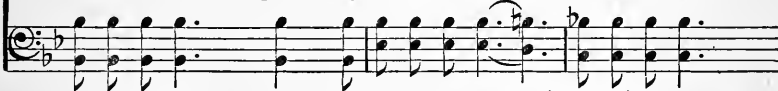
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.  
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.  
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."  
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



## CHORUS.



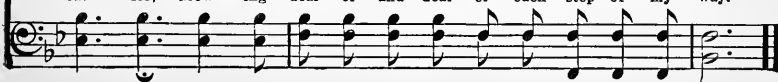
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, . . . . Dear - er and  
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



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



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




## No. 59.

## We've a Story to Tell.

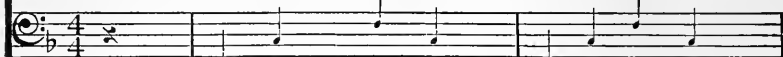

Colin Sterne.

*Voices in Unison.*



H. E. Nichol.




1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall  
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall  
 3. We've a mes - sages to give to the na - tions, That the  
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the


turn their hearts to the right,      A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,  
 lift their hearts to the Lord;      A song that shall con - quer e - vil  
 Lord Who reigneth a - bove,      Hath sent us His Son to save us,  
 path of sor - row has trod,      That all of the world's great peo - ple

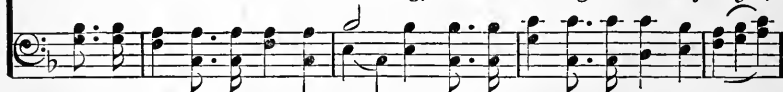
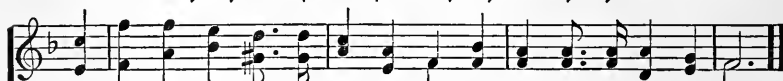
A sto - ry of peace and light,      A sto - ry of peace and light.  
 And shat - ter the spear and sword      And shat - ter the spear and sword.  
 And show us that God is love,      And show us that God is love.  
 Might come to the truth of God,      Might come to the truth of God!




## REFRAIN.



For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon - day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king - dom of love and light.





Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye  
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to  
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the  
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en  
har - vest; thrust the sick - le in! High in [the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing  
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re - mem - ber what in love He  
ev - er - last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a -

beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.  
o'er thee, — Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.  
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.  
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

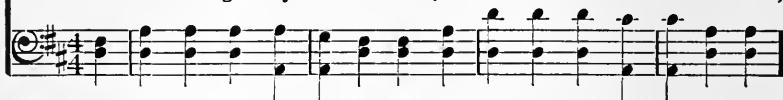
## CHORUS.

Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,

la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!



1. The cross for Christ, the crown for me, O won-drous love, O mer-cy free!
2. O wondrous grace! how could it be That Christ should love a worm like me,
3. Oh, now I see the crim-son tide, The fount of life is opened wide;
4. And soon His glo-ry I shall share, Then I the crown of life will wear;



My Sav-ior died on Cal-va-ry To pur-chase life for me.  
 And suf-fer on the cru-el tree To pur-chase life for me?  
 My Sav-ior, Christ, was cru-ci-fied, And there is life for me.  
 Be-hold Him who my sins did bear To pur-chase life for me.



## CHORUS.



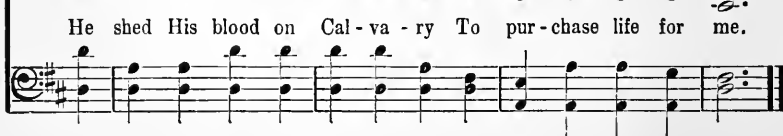
For me, for me; He died for e-ven me;  
 For me, for me; e-ven me;



He shed His blood on Cal-va-ry To pur-chase life for me;  
 e-ven me;



He shed His blood on Cal-va-ry To pur-chase life for me.



# No. 64.

# A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

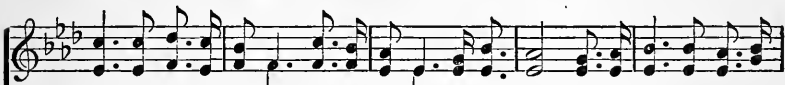
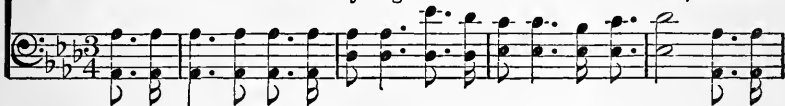
E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



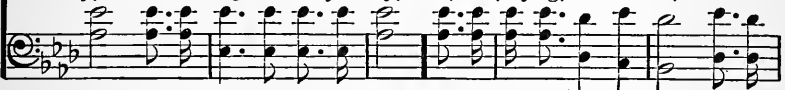
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Man-y
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the



where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a  
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have burdens hard to  
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and  
chil-dren, too, are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, Stand no lon-ger i-dly

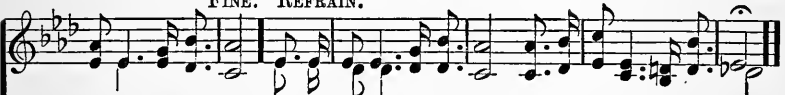


wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a  
bear, Some have sorrows we should share; Shall they falter and de-spair For a  
shame, Some one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a  
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

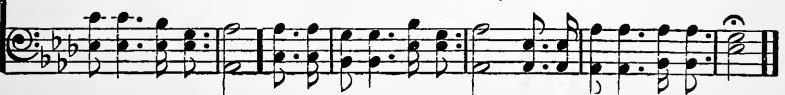


FINE. REFRAIN.

*D. S. each verse.*



lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.  
lit-tle bit of love? For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love.  
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.  
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love.



Floy S. Armstrong.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How  
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends  
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The

many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His  
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you  
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-  
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then  
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And

peat the old sto-ry of par-don di-vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . .  
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,  
some day in glory we'll look on His face, o - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o - ver a - gain, . . . .  
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain, -

## Over And Over Again.

O what a won-der-ful sto-ry to tell, O-ver and o-ver a - gain.

## No. 66. That Glorious Day.

L. Mason.

1. That glo-ri-ous day is com - ing, The hour is has-t'ning on;  
 2. Then fire, from Heav'n de-scend-ing, Shall sweep this wide earth o'er;  
 3. The saints, then all - vic - to - rious, Will go to meet their Lord;  
 4. O Chris-tian, keep from sleep-ing, And let your love a - bound;

Its ra-diant light is near - ing, Far bright-er than the sun;  
 And na-tions, loud la - ment-ing, Shall sink to rise no more—  
 An earth both bright and glo - rious, Will then be their re - ward;  
 Be watch-ful, prayer-ful, faith - ful, The trump-et soon will sound!

In yon-der clouds of Heav - en The Sav-ior will ap - pear,  
 Tho' tears with prayers are blend-ed, In vain, in vain they cry:  
 And God Him-self there reign - ing, Will wipe all tears a - way;  
 O sin - ner, hear the warn - ing! To Je - sus quick-ly fly!

And gath - er all His cho - sen, To meet Him in the air.  
 The day of grace is end - ed, The sin - ner now must die.  
 Nor clouds, nor night re - main - ing, But one e - ter - nal day.  
 Then you, in that blest morn-ing, May meet Him in the sky.

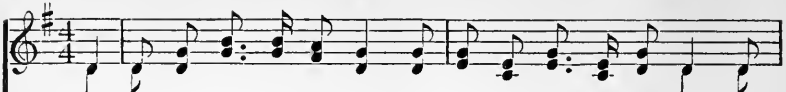
## No 67.

## My King is Coming.

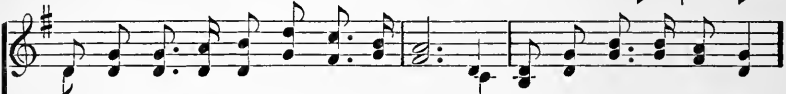
F. A. B.

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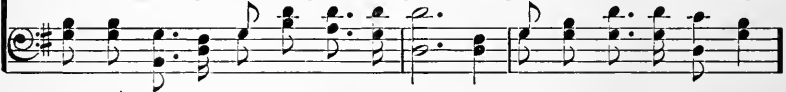
F. A. Blackmer.



1. A pil-grim worn and wear-y, With earth-ly pros-pect drear-y, I
2. God's proph-ets oft have spo-ken, Their words ful-filled give to-ken That
3. O day of days most glo-rious, When He, my King vic-to-rious, A-
4. What joy to dwell for-ev-er Where sin can en-ter nev-er, With
5. Lost one, no more de-lay-ing, For par-don hum-bly pray-ing, Seek



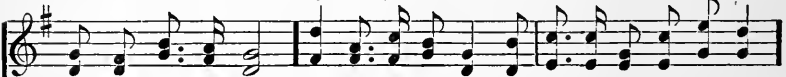
lift my eyes to Heav-en and re-joyce; For lo, the glad ap-pear-ing  
 He, our great De-liv-'rer soon will come In pow-er and bright glo-ry,  
 long the shin-ing path-way shall ap-pear; Day of Di-vine in-spec-tion,  
 all the saints im-mor-tal o-ver there; No sor-row and no cry-ing,  
 Him who on-ly life and peace can give; While yet He's in-ter-ced-ing,



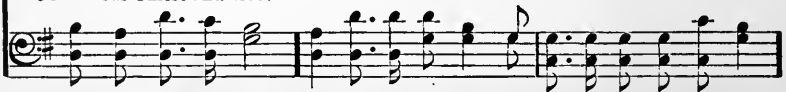
Of Christ my King is near-ing, When He shall reign in tri-umph, His  
 To save,—O won-drous sto-ry!—His long-ing, wait-ing peo-ple, and  
 Trans-la-tion, res-ur-rec-tion, The days of saints' re-joic-ing and  
 No sick-ness and no dy-ing, Made like our bless-ed Sav-ior, His  
 While yet the Spir-it's plead-ing, While yet His saints are pray-ing, seek



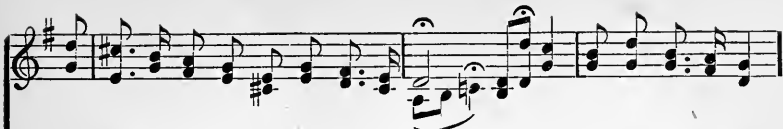
## CHORUS.



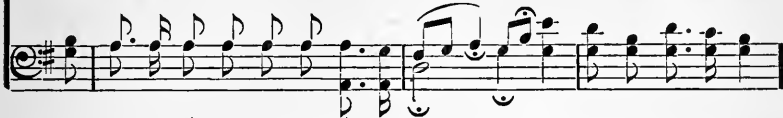
blood-bought people's choice.  
 bring them to their home.  
 sin-ners' aw-ful fear. My King is com-ing back from the far-off coun-try  
 glo-ry e'er to share.  
 Je-sus Christ and live.



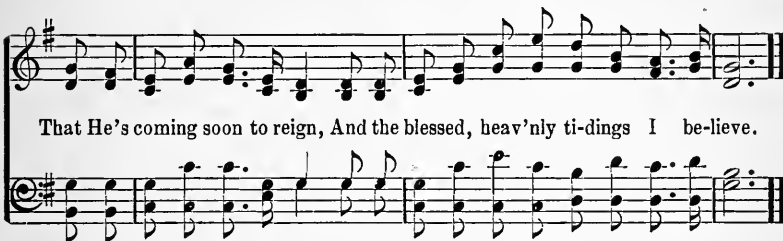
## My King Is Coming.



To which He went a king-dom to re - ceive; For His word and signs proclaim



That He's coming soon to reign, And the blessed, heav'nly ti-dings I be-lieve.



## No. 68.

## Hear My Prayer.

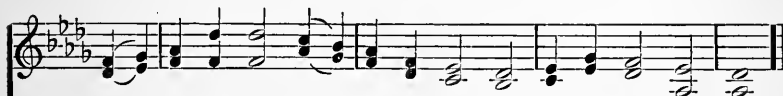
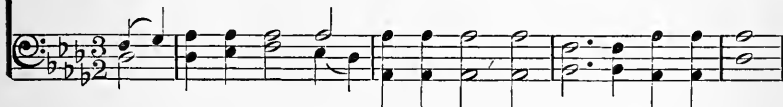
E. O. Butterfield.

FROM "THE SONG BANNER,"  
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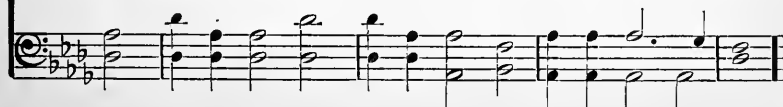
E. O. Butterfield.



1. O God, I lift my voice to Thee, In tones of deep de - spair;
2. Dear Sav-ior! help me to pre-vail, In all my sor-rows share;
3. I've wandered long in' paths of sin, Far from Thy fold of care;
4. Par - don my sins, ac - cept my plea, In mer - cy, Lord, for-bear;



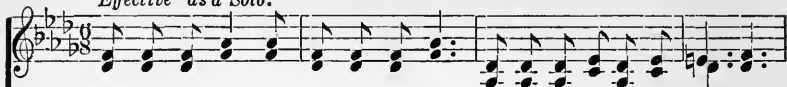
From sin and suf - f'ring set me free, O Fa-ther, hear my prayer.  
I know Thy mer - cy can - not fail, O Fa-ther, hear my prayer.  
Guide me in paths of peace a - gain, O Fa-ther, hear my prayer.  
Fit me to dwell in peace with Thee, O Fa-ther, hear my prayer.



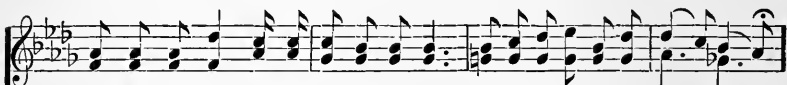
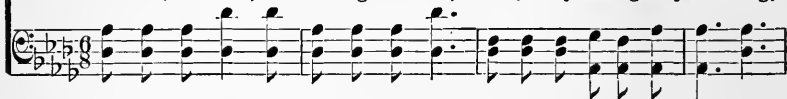
F. A. B.

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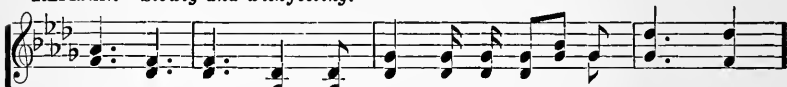
F. A. Blackmer.

*Effective as a Solo.*

1. There was no room for Him in the inn, Beth-le-hem's heav-en-ly Stranger;
2. "Fox - es have holes," the Master once said, "Birds have their nests," but how truly
3. Filled was His life with slights of men, King, but the world never knew Him;
4. There is no room for Je - sus to - day, Deaf is the world to His plead-ing;
5. Wondrous, He waits, still lov - ing and true, Friend, at thy heart gently knocking,



He that had come to be King o - ver men Had to be born in a man - ger.  
 He had not where to lay His dear head, Suf - f'ring for us so un - du - ly.  
 Spurn - ing His Son God had sent to them, then Wicked hands took Him and slew Him.  
 Steeled its cold heart and without must He stay, Spurned His divine in - ter - ced - ing.  
 Wait - ing all night in the darkness and dew, Hasten, the bars now unlock - ing!

REFRAIN. *Slowly and with feeling.*

- 1-4 No room, no room, No room for the bless - ed Je - sus;
- 5 Make room, make room, Make room in your heart for Je - sus!



O why is there in the world's cold heart, No room for Je - sus?  
 O ling - er not while He lov - ing waits, Make room for Je - sus!





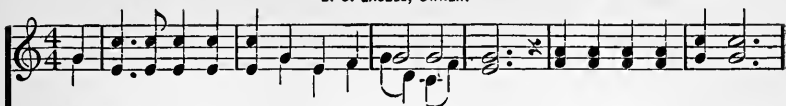
# No. 70.

# As a Volunteer.

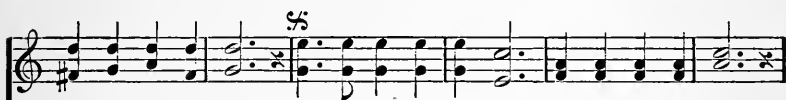
W. S. Brown.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful



Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,  
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;  
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,  
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;



*D. S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*



FINE. CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-ter? A vol-un-ter for Je-sus,

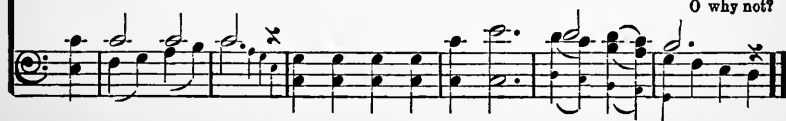


*Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-ter?*



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

*D. S.*



*O why not?*

## No. 71.

## The Banner of the Cross.

E. M. Bangs.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to  
 2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest  
 3. The en - e-mies ap-proach-ing Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glor-y, and Im-

bat-tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's  
 ar-mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and  
 pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we

call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.  
 bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.  
 fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?

CHORUS.

Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're repressing tow'rd the

vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors

# The Banner of the Cross.

now we toss, And o'er our heads shall ever float The Banner of the Cross.

No. 72.

## Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:

FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."  
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.  
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.  
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed, and He saved my soul.

D. S.—'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."

CHORUS. D. S.

"Look and live," . . . my brother, live,                      Look to Je-sus now and live;  
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

Margaret E. Sangster. COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY F. A. BLACKMER,

F. A. Blackmer.

*May be sung as a Solo.*

1. There were on - ly two or three of us Who came to the place of prayer—
2. We knew His look in the leader's face, So rapt, and glad, and free;
3. Each of us felt the load of sin From the weary shoulders fall;
4. And forth we fared in the bit - ter rain, But our hearts had grown so warm



Came in the teeth of a driv-ing storm, But for that we did not care;  
 We felt His touch when our heads were bowed, We heard His "Come to me!"  
 Each of us dropped the load of care, And the grief that was like a pall;  
 It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers, And not the crash of a storm.



Since after our hymn of praise had risen, And our earnest prayers were said,  
 True, no-bod-y saw Him lift the latch, And none unbarred the door;  
 And o-ver our spirits a bless-ed calm Swept in from the jas-per sea,  
 "'Twas a time of the dearest priv-i-lege Of the Lord's right hand," we said,



The Master Him-self was pres-ent there, And gave us the liv-ing bread.  
 But "Peace" was His token to ev'ry heart, Oh, how could we ask for more?  
 And strength was ours for toil and strife In the days that were thence to be.  
 As we thought how Jesus Him-self had come To feed us with liv-ing bread.



## Two or Three.

### CHORUS.

{ If on - ly a hand - ful gath - er in To the lit - tle place of prayer,  
 { He'll come to redeem the pledge he gave—Wher - ev - er His peo - ple be,

1  
 Be not dis - cour - aged, for to bless Will the Lord Him - self be there;

2  
 To stand Him - self in the midst of them, Tho' they count but two or three.

## No. 74.

## The Lord's Prayer.

Chant.

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F. A. Blackmer.

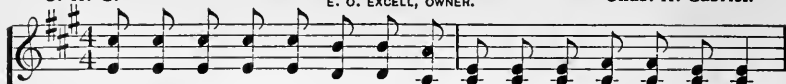
Our Father who art  
 in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come,  
 thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day  
 our dai - ly bread;

And forgive us our tres - those  
 passes, as we forgive who trespass a - gainst us, but de - liv - er us from evil; ever and ever, A - men.  
 And lead us not  
 into temptation,  
 For thine is the king -  
 dom, and the power,  
 and the glory, for

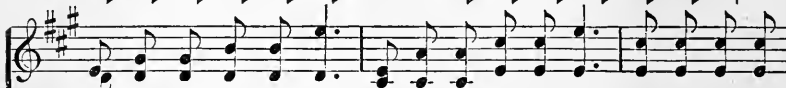
C. H. G.

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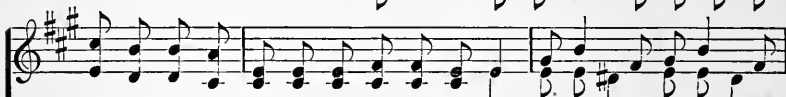
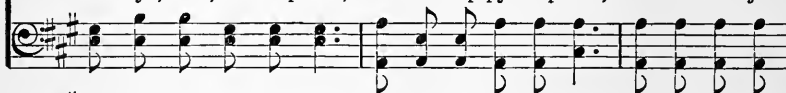
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-lor and the yield?



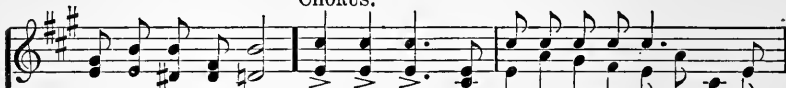
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,  
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the  
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your



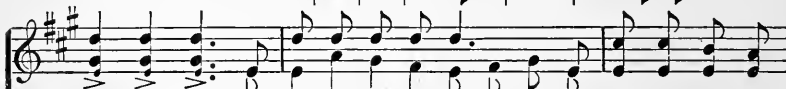
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the rest-less main, "Reapers are needed;" re-  
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O  
sor-rows fling-ing, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-



## CHORUS.



sounds o'er hill and plain.  
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go  
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way.



la-lor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,  
Mas-ter while you may;



# Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Has - ten to o - bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to - day.

## No. 76. The Song of My Heart.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song in my heart, 'tis Je - sus, Its mel - o - dy came from a - bove;
2. Its mu - sic dis - pels the mid - night, And scatters the foes that op - press;
3. When I sing with the saints in glo - ry, No mel - o - dy sweet - er can be

No mor - tal can meas - ure its full - ness, No an - gel can fath - om its love.  
'Tis sun - light to all who can sing it, A joy to the soul in dis - tress.  
Than Je - sus the King of the a - ges, The Sav - ior who suf - fered for me.

### CHORUS.

The song of my heart is Je - sus, No friend is so dear to me;

He par - doned my soul for - ev - er, When He died on mount Cal - va - ry.

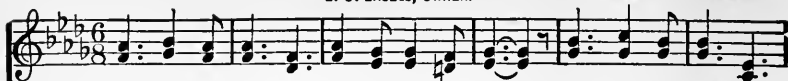
## No. 77.

## More Like the Master.

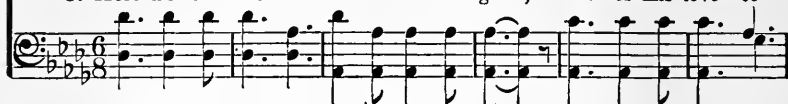
C. H. G.

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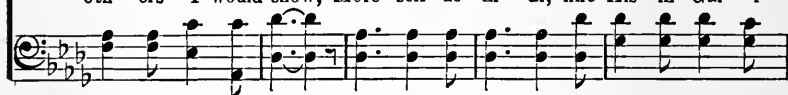
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,  
 2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry  
 3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to



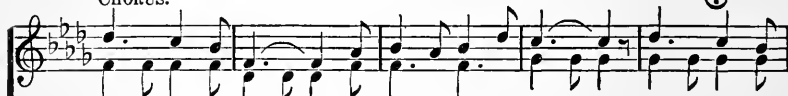
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be  
 cross - es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His king - dom  
 oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i -



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



## CHORUS.



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



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





## More Like the Master.

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

No. 78.

## We'll Live In Tents.

G. H. S.

USED BY PERMISSION.

G. H. S.

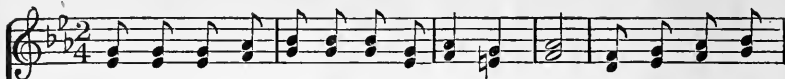
1. God bids His peo - ple on the earth, Ere yet He comes and calls them hence,
2. It is His will that we should pass Like strangers, sep-a - rate, a - side,
3. He'd have us rear no state-ly tow'rs, Sink no foun-da - tion walls of stone,
4. O broth-er, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife,

To live un - knit to home and hearth, Like far-bound trav-el-ers—in tents.  
 From all the world-en - am-ored mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.  
 But camp each night a few short hours, And ere the mor-row's dawn move on.  
 Here let us rend it in God's-name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

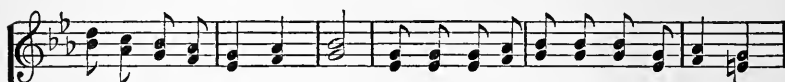
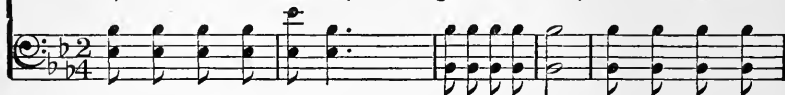
**CHORUS.**

We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land by sin un-trod;  
 We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land

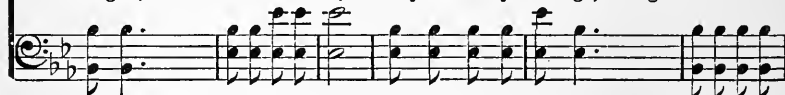
The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose builder and whose ma-ker, God.



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



couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by  
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will  
 promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not  
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

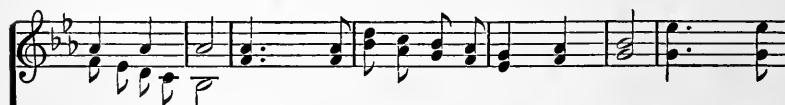


## CHORUS.



one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.  
 fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them  
 buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home so nigh.  
 tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,



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



# Count Your Blessings.

*rit.*

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

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

No. 80.

## Somebody.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;  
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"  
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;  
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;  
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

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

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—  
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—  
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—  
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—  
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

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

*rit.*

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

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

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the  
 2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner  
 3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va-ry, — O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are  
 4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He

poor is He, No pil-low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In  
 hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, E'eds  
 plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His  
 re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To

crowds about Him press, — To ev - 'ry one He gives re-liet, — What manner of man is this?  
 winds and bil-lows cease, — None other man such works hath done, — What manner of man is this?  
 Spir - it finds re-lease, — He suf-ered thus for you and me, — What manner of man is this?  
 com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight, — What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed

Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry. Introduction. rit. dim.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

*Legato.*

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil - lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;
3. Wound - ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows;

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.  
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.  
Long - ing for home and a moth - er's ca - ress, Some - bod - y knows, - 'tis Je - sus.

## CHORUS or QUARTET.

Some - bod - y knows, Some - bod - y knows When I am tempt - ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me - Some - bod - y knows - 'tis Je - sus.

J. H. K.

FROM "SONG TREASURY," BY PER.

J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,  
 2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,  
 3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid - den comes to light,  
 4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea, (crystal sea;)  
 We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,)  
 When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,)  
 In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,)

When the Lord Him-self from heav-en to His glo - ry bids them come,  
 Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,  
 At the bid - ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"  
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

*FINE CHORUS.*  
*D.S.* - What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - -  
 What a gath - 'ring of the

'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-  
 loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

# What a Gathering.

*D. S.*

lee, What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring,  
lee, ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring, when the friends and all the dear ones meet each oth - er.

## No. 84. Long We've Been Waiting.

Arr. by G. E. Lee.

1. Long we've been waiting for Christ to come, Long we have watched for the morning;
2. Then in the kingdom for - ev - er - more, Chanting redemption's glad story,
3. In the bright home of the good and blest, Many, who long have been sleeping,
4. Cheer up! ye pil-grims, O cease your fears, Shout! for the kingdom is nearing;

Still for that hap-py, e - ter-nal home, The pilgrims are constantly longing.  
Safe-ly at home, where the storms are o'er, We'll dwell in the mansions of glory.  
Meet us a - gain, and for - ev - er rest, Se-cure from all sorrow and weeping.  
We shall be free from all griefs and tears, At Je-sus' our Savior's ap-pear-ing.

### CHORUS.

Come, come, dear Sav - ior, come, Com-fort thy saints who are weep-ing;

Come, come, dear Sav - ior, come, Wak-en thy dear ones who are sleep-ing.

F. A. B.

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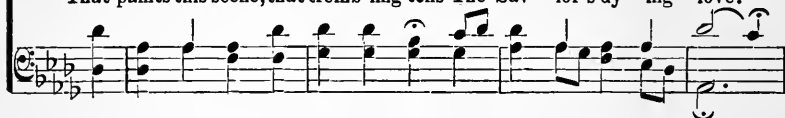
F. A. Blackmer.



1. They cru - ci - fied my bless - ed Lord, They hung Him on a tree;
2. O, what a spec - ta - cle was this For all earth's ruin - ed race—
3. What won - der that the earth grew dark And heav - en's light's all dim?
4. The sum of hu - man guilt and shame Was heaped up - on Him there.
5. What ston - y heart or conscience seared Shall not the sto - ry move,



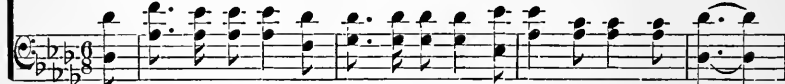
He, lift - ed up, "was made a curse" For sin - ners lost like me.  
 A righteous God from heav'n come down To take the sin - ners' place!  
 Thus from the lov - ing Fa - ther's view To veil the sight of Him.  
 Who knew no sin, yet for our sakes Such deep dis - grace did bear.  
 That paints this scene, that tremb - ling tells The Sav - ior's dy - ing love?



## CHORUS.



They cru - ci - fied Him, they cru - ci - fied Him Up - on the cru - el tree;



They lift - ed Him up, "He was made a curse" For sinners lost like me.  
 like me.





W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC  
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er  
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the  
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the  
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the  
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will  
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,  
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

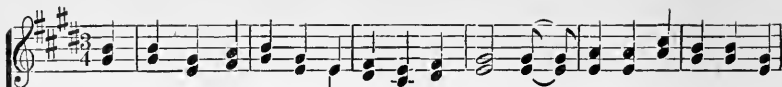
## FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the  
weep by the side of the tomb.  
come to the church in the vale.  
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come.

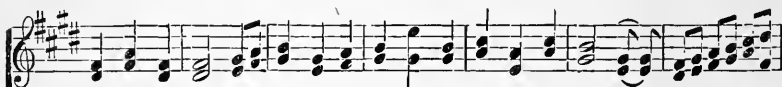
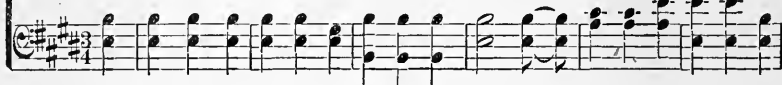
*lit-tle brown church in the vale.*

D. S.

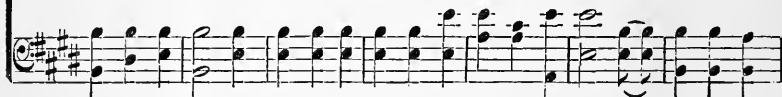
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;  
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Our glorious De-liv-'rer will
2. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, On the plains of fair Canaan we
3. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, 'Tis the voice of th'archangel me-
4. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Re-joice then, ye pilgrims, and



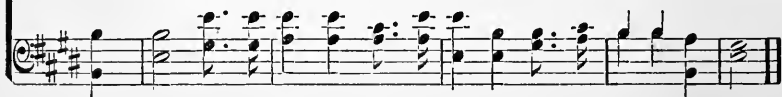
soon, soon ap-pear; In clouds of bright glory t'our rescue he'll come, And angels will soon shall ap-pear; With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise To Jesus our thinks that I hear, A-rousing the nations, awaking the dead From their cold dusty be of good cheer; The promised possession we soon shall receive, And with Jesus in



hail us to E-den, our home; Hal-le-lu-jah, A<sup>3</sup>-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Sav-iour, in accents of praise; Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, pillows, where long they have laid; Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly live; Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah,




A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.



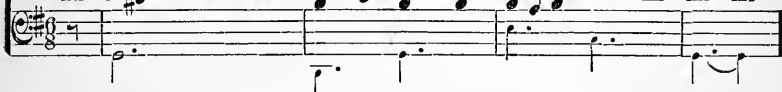

C. M. S.

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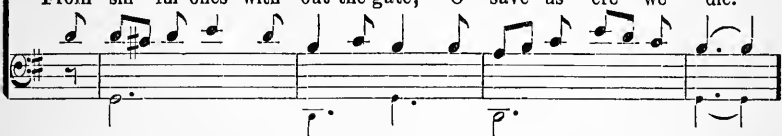
C. M. Seamans.

*Duet for Alto and Tenor.*


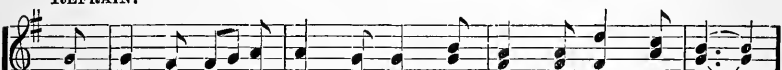
1. A world in aw - ful dark - ness lay, No ray of hope shone in;  
 2. With - in the shad - ow, dark and deep, Of death, dwelt all the race;  
 3. If Christ was will - ing thus to come Down from His home on high—  
 4. Still ma - ny souls in dark - ness wait, And still is heard the cry



And not a soul the price could pay To can - cel earth's dark sin.  
 Fear in - to ev - 'ry heart did creep While Mer - cy hid her face.  
 To leave His Fa - ther's glo - rious throne For for - eign - ers to die—  
 From sin - ful ones with - out the gate, "O save us ere we die."



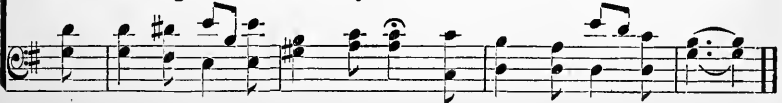
## REFRAIN.



No eye was found with pit - ying love; No arm to save the lost,  
 But when a - mong the host a - bove Was heard the plead - ing cry,  
 Shall those who claim His own to be, Re - fuse to send the light,  
 Then may the love of Christ in - spire Our souls with sa - cred zeal;

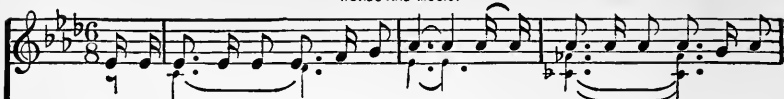
Till Je - sus came from realms a - bove To pay the fear - ful cost.  
 For one to go to men in love, Our Lord said "Here am I."  
 To for - eign lands a - cross the sea Long wrapt in shades of night?  
 Till melt - ing hearts with ho - ly fire Be - fore His throne shall kneel.



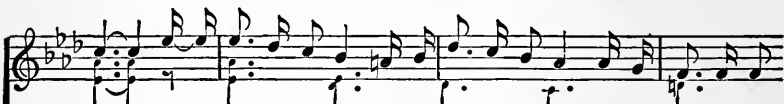
S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

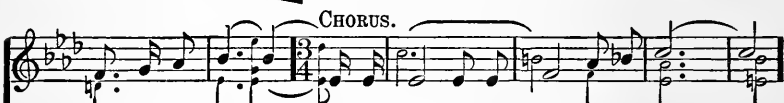
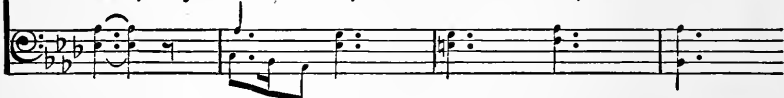
Scott Lawrence.



1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've



bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He  
now, As He suf-ered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He  
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He



loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .



I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . And His love is so



sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .



E. E. Hewitt,

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a - gain, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,  
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,  
3. Send the hap - py watchword all a - long the line, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,  
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic - to - ry in Je - sus,

vic - to - ry! Marching to the mu - sic of the glad re - frain, Vic - to - ry in  
vic - to - ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure - ly win, Vic - to - ry in  
vic - to - ry! Let all er - ror per - ish, lives the truth di - vine, Vic - to - ry in  
vic - to - ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic - to - ry in

## CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er - more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

Sing His o - ver - com - ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

C. L. St. John.

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H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (Declamatory style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-  
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That brid-ges the  
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that  
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,  
hedg-es and fruit la-den vines—My fortunel my all for

*Slower, and sustained.*

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li-eth sul-len and chill."  
mel if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."  
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

\* CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowed in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

\*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

# The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp.* To be sung after last stanza.

bridges the waters so safe-ly for man. That brid-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

## No. 92. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

John Hogarth Lozler.  
SOLO OR CHORUS.

1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A-down life's short-'ning years,  
2. My soul hath had its con - flicts With might-y hosts of sin;  
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;  
With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;  
And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home His child;

*cres.*  
But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,  
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,  
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

*p*  
While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.  
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.  
For He is the King of Glo - ry—The Man of Gal - i - lee.





# The Dear Old Camp-ground at Alton Bay.

mem - o - ries, Sweet and pre - cious, that can nev - er pass a -

way, (no, nev - er,) When 'mid scenes of praise and prayer, Je - sus

met and blest us there, At the dear old camp-ground at Al - ton Bay.

## No. 94.

## Savior, Comfort Me.

F. A. B.

USED BY PERMISSION OF F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. In the dark and gloom-y day, When earth's rich-es fly a - way,  
 2. When the dear, loved ones are gone, That my poor heart leaned up - on,  
 3. Thou, who wast so sore-ly tried, And for me wast cru - ci - fied,  
 4. So it shall be good for ' me, Much af - flict - ed now to be,

And the last hope will not stay, Then, Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 Des - o - late, be - reft, a - lone— O Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 Bid me in Thy love con-fide— My Sav - ior, com-fort me.  
 If Thou wilt but ten - der - ly, My Sav - ior, com-fort me.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;



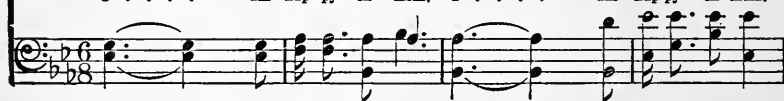
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.  
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.  
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.  
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.



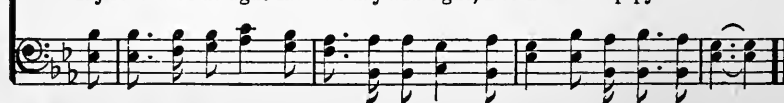
## CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him; . . .  
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him:



My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

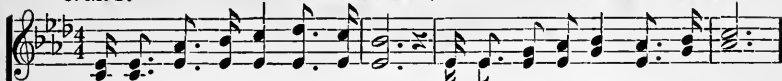


# No. 96. Joy Cometh In the Morning.

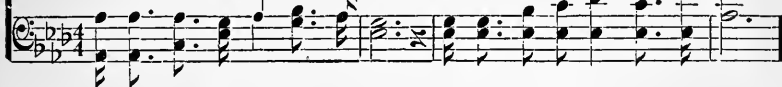
C. M. S.

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Clarence M. Seamans.



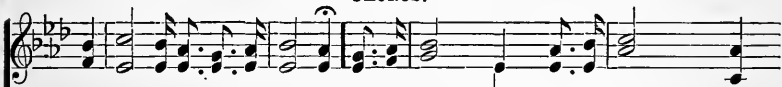
1. Weep-ing may en-dure for a night, Sor-row and despair quench the light;
2. Weep-ing may en-dure for a night, E - vil may contend with the right;
3. Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; Sick-ness may a-bide bring-ing blight;
4. Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; Still the promise shines, ev-er bright;



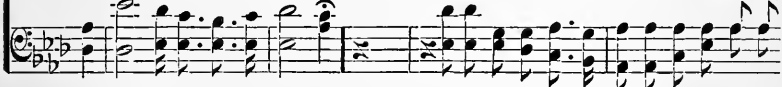
Wea - ry hearts may long for day, When the shad-ows flee a - way,  
 Yes, - the bat - tle may be long, That we wage a - gainst the wrong,  
 Death with cold and i - cy hand For a night may curse the land,  
 Wait - ing ones, look up, re-joice! God is speak-ing, hear His voice—



## CHORUS.



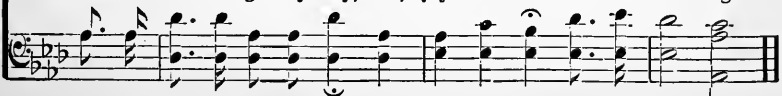
“But joy cometh in the morning.” In the morn - ing, in the morn - ing,  
 In the morning, in the morning, blessed morning,



Yes, joy will come in the morn - ing, When the shad-ows flee a - way,



Then will come the glo - ry day, Yes, joy will come in the morn - ing.



1. When lost and long by sin op - pressed, I heard the Sav - ior say,  
 2. The world its dear - est treas - ures bro't With tempting, proud dis - play;  
 3. Tho' friends who loved the paths of sin, Begged me with them to stay,  
 4. And when be - fore the great white throne I stand, I then will say,

“Come, wea - ry one, to me and rest,” I could not stay a - way.  
 But when my heart the Mas - ter sought, I could not stay a - way.  
 When Je - sus came my love to win, I could not stay a - way.  
 “When Je - sus called me for His own,” I could not stay a - way.

CHORUS.

I could not stay..... I could not stay,.....  
 I could not stay, I could not stay,

I could not stay a - way..... I could not stay a - way,

His call I could not dis - o - bey, I could not stay a - way.

## No. 98.

## He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;  
me, For He is so pre-cious to me; 'Tis heaven be-

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

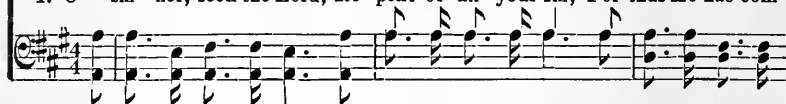
F. M. G.

BY PERMISSION.

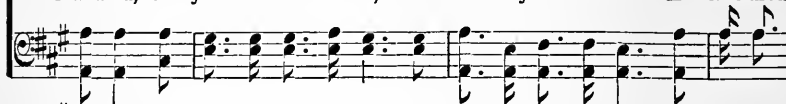
F. M. Graham.



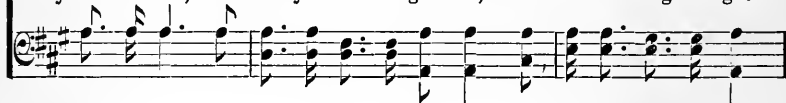
1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old ac-count was large, And grow-ing ev - 'ry day, For I was al-ways
3. When at the judg-ment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin - ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-



stand-ing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And ma-ny  
sin - ning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head And saw such  
o - pen, He can - not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of  
mand-ed, If you would en - ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred



things be-low, I went un-to the keep-er, And set-tled long a-go.  
pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And set-tled long a-go.  
joy will flow Be-cause I had it set-tled, And set-tled long a-go.  
years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You set-tled long a-go.



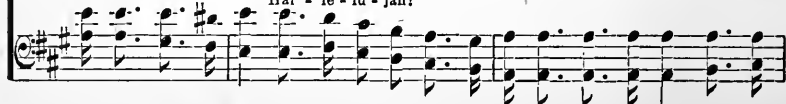
## CHORUS.



Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was  
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,



set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He  
Hal - le - lu - jah!



## An Old Account Settled.

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

## No. 100. God Hears and Answers Prayers.

C. M. S.

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Clarence M. Seamans.

1. When tempest-tossed and care oppressed, And hope is dy-ing in the breast,
2. When all our ef-forts seem to fail, As-saults of sátan fierce as-sail,
3. When dear ones leave the nar-row way, And from the loving Sav-ior stray,
4. Thus al-ways in our time of need, Tho' tears may flow and hearts may bleed,

This blest as-sur-ance gives us rest; God hears and an-swers prayer.  
 With this, our faith, we shall pre-vail, — God hears and an-swers prayer.  
 With con-fidence we wait and say, “God hears and an-swers prayer.”  
 This promise cheers the soul in-deed, — “God hears and an-swers prayer.”

CHORUS.

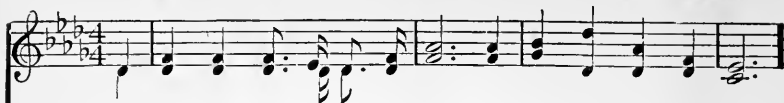
God hears, yes, hears and answers prayer; He takes, yes, takes our ev-'ry care;  
 Yes, He hears and answers prayer; Yes, He takes our ev-'ry care;

He e-ver bends a list-'ning ear— God hears and an-swers prayer.

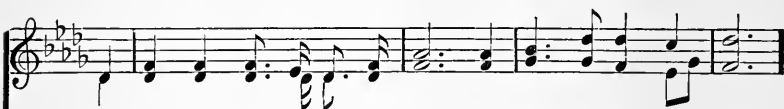
W. M. Lightall.

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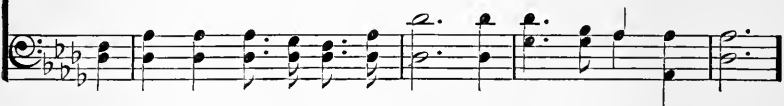
Chas. H. Gabriel.



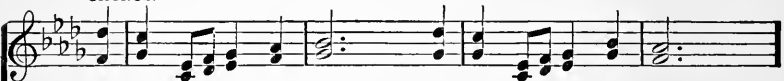
1. This thought is dear - er far to me Than world - ly wealth or fame—
2. When first I heard His bless - ed voice, Sin ' filled my heart with shame;
3. Tho' tri - als dai - ly I may meet, All these my Lord o'er - came;
4. Tho' I am weak, my Sav - ior knows The frail - ty of my frame;



How - ev - er hum - ble I may be, ' He knows me by my name!  
 But now, for - giv - en, I re - joice—He knows me by my name!  
 He leads the way with wound - ed feet— He knows me by my name!  
 His strength o'er - com - eth all my foes,—He knows me by my name!



## CHORUS.



He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!  
 He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!



That Friend di - vine is tru - ly mine,—He knows me by my name!





FOR MALE VOICES.

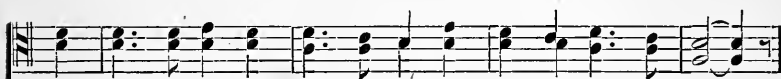
John S. B. Monsell.

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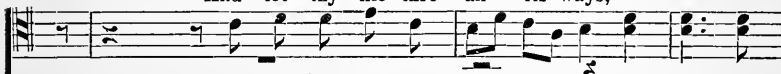
1. A - wake, glad soul! a-wake! a-wake! Thy Lord has ris - en long;
2. In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep! In Christ we wake and rise;
3. Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake! And seek my ris - en Lord;



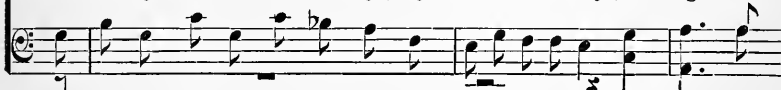
Go to His grave, and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song.  
 And the sad tears death makes us weep, He wipes from all our eyes.  
 Joy in His res - ur - rec - tion take, And com - fort in His word.



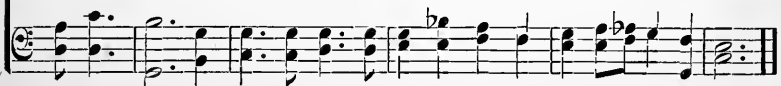
Where life is wak - ing all a - round,  
 Re - joice, the gloom of life is fled,  
 And let thy life thro' all its ways,



Where life is wak - ing all a-round, is wak-ing all around, Where loves-sweet  
 Re - joice, the gloom of life is fled, the gloom of life is fled This res - ur -  
 And let thy life thro' all its ways, thy life thro' all its ways, One long thanks -



voic-es sing, The first bright blossom may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.  
 rec-tion day; Henceforth in Christ are no more dead, The grave hath no more prey,  
 giv - ing be, Its theme of joy, its song of praise—Christ died and rose for me.



Rev. W. W. Baily.

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I. N. McHose.

1. O have you not heard of that land of de-light The name of its  
2. That won-der-ful land has a Cit-y of Life, Ne'er darkened with  
3. And man-sions of won-der-ful beau-ty are there; The Sav-ior my  
4. We hear that its friend-ships and love are so pure; It's joys nev-er  
5. In life's wea-ry con-flicts, 'mid sor-row and care, Each year the gray  
6. The signs all a-round us pro-claim it is near, That Je-sus is

King and His glo-ry so bright? His sub-jects are deathless and hap-py I'm  
an-guish, nor dy-ing nor strife; Its temples and streets are all flash-ing with  
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Those bright jasper walls how I long to be-  
die and its treas-ures are sure; And loved ones now sleep-ing in Je-sus we're  
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest Book, as by prophets fore-  
com-ing and soon will ap-pear; The four earth-ly king-doms by Dan-iel fore-

D. S.—It glad-ens my heart with a joy that's un-

FINE CHORUS.

told: O will it a-bide— shall we nev-er grow old?  
gold; O can it be true shall we nev-er grow old?  
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be  
told, Will greet us a-gain where we'll nev-er grow old.  
told, We're promised a home where we'll nev-er grow old.  
told, Will give way to one where we'll nev-er grow old.

told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

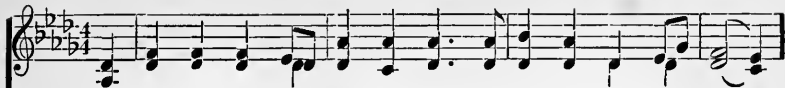
D. S.

new, it will nev-er de-cay; No night ev-er comes, it will al-ways be day:

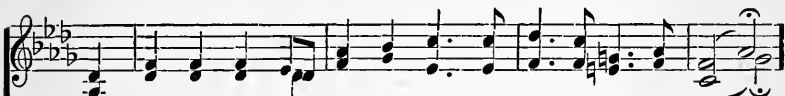
I. Watts.

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F. A. Blackmer.



1. A - las and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my sov - reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When God, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the creat - ures sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



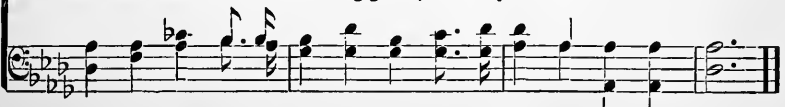
## REFRAIN.



There, on the cross, in the sin - ner's place, Take one look at the Sav - ior's face,



Get one touch of His sav - ing grace, And re - joice for - ev - er - more.



Miriam E. Arnold.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Mo-ment by mo - ment in touch with Thee, Je - sus my Lord, may I  
 2. Mo-ment by mo - ment, Lord, keep me Thine, Let Thine own love - light with  
 3. Mo-ment by mo - ment Thine aid I need, Try - ing to sow the most

ev - er be; Ear - nest in pur - pose, in word and deed, Fol - low - ing  
 in me shine, That up - on oth - ers its beams may fall, And they may  
 pre - cious seed, That I at last may re - joic - ing come, Bringing my

## CHORUS.

where Thy dear hand may lead.  
 crown Thee the Lord of all. Mo-ment by mo - ment Thy voice to  
 sheaves at the har - vest - home.

hear, Mo-ment by mo - ment to feel Thee near! Oh, it is

ful-ness of joy to be Mo-ment by mo-ment in touch with Thee!

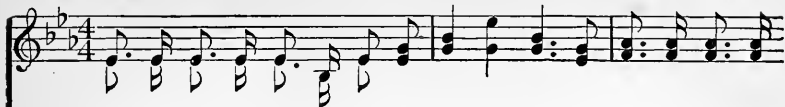
## No. 106.

## Steady, Brother, Steady.

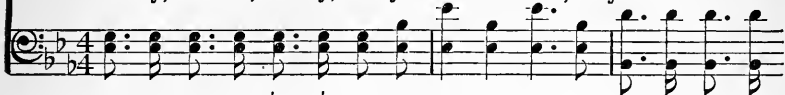
Ida L. Reed.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

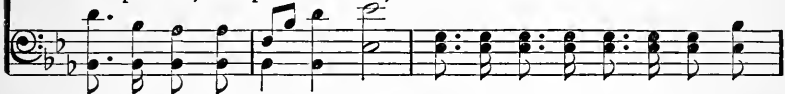
Haldor Lillenas.



1. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, tho' the storm-winds rise, And darkness gath-er
2. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y tho' the wild waves sweep, Your barque will ride in
3. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, look you o - ver there, Be-yond the cloud and



o'er you and it veil your skies; Keep your course un-wa-vered, and be  
safe - ty for He rules the deep; Waves shall not o'er-flow you while the  
tem-pest see, the port lies fair; There with - in the har - bor with the



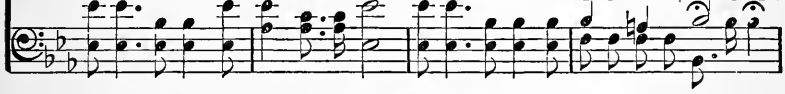
brave, be true; Fear not while the Mas - ter holds the helm with you.  
Pi - lot's near, By the chart He giv - eth you, your course can steer.  
storms all past, You can safe - ly an - chor, sheltered safe at last.



## CHORUS.



Steady, steady, tho' clouds veil the sky; Steady, steady, tho' waves roll high;  
surging waves are rolling high;



Steady, steady, be brave, be true, Fear not while the Master holds the helm with you.



S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the  
 2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of  
 3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will  
 4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

*> ad lib.*

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day,  
 love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.  
 e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.  
 faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;  
 My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.  
 My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

# No. 108.

# Lift Him Up.

S. R. Amy.

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J. M. Dungan.

1. Your broth-er has a bur-den that is hard to bear; He fell be-fore the  
 2. In God's own im-age, with a pre-cious soul to save, His strength turned in to  
 3. If you will give him cour-age and his soul is won, Your heart will leap with

tempt-er in a sin-ful snare, And he looks to you to help him; he has  
 weak-ness, who was once so brave, He is strug-gling for a foot-hold, and would  
 glad-ness when the work is done; One more star to shine in Heav-en, O what

drained the bit-ter cup: In the name of Christ your Savior, lift him up, lift him up.  
 fain re-nounce the cup: In the name of Christ your Savior, lift him up, lift him up.  
 joy will fill your cup! In the name of Christ your Savior, lift him up, lift him up.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Lift him up, . . . lift up your broth-er, Lift him up, lift him up;  
 Lift him up, lift him up, lift him up;

In the name . . . of Christ your Sav-ior, Lift him up, lift him up.  
 In the name, in the name of Christ your Sav-ior, Lift him up.



1. Peace like the riv - er's gen - tle flow; Peace like the morning's si - lent glow;
2. Peace thro' the night and thro' the day; Peace thro' all windings of our way;
3. O King of peace, this peace be - stow Up - on a stranger here be - low;
4. Peace from the Father and the Son; Peace from the Spir - it, all His own;



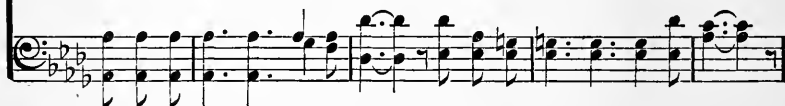
From day to day, in love sup - plied, An endless and un - ebb - ing tide.  
 In pain, and toil, and wear - i - ness, A deep and ev - er - last - ing peace.  
 O God of peace, Thy peace im - part To ev - 'ry troubled, trembling heart.  
 Peace that shall nev - er - more be lost, Of Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



## REFRAIN.



Peace, upon peace, like wave on wave, This is the por - tion that I crave;



The peace of God which passeth thought, The peace of Christ which changeth not.





A. H. Ericsson.

M. C. Burtt.



1. In the crim-son tint - ed morning, When the sky is all a - glow,
2. In the noon-day's burn-ing splendor, 'Mid the beau - ty of the scene,
3. Or it may be in the eve-ning, With the set - ting of the sun,
4. Hark! dear soul and make thou read-y, For thou know - est not the time;



Shall we hear the trum-pet sound-ing, And the voice we long to know?  
 Shall we hear His bless-ed foot-steps? Shall we see Him as we're seen?  
 When the toil of man is end - ed, And the night has just be - gun,  
 Should He come at noon or mid-night, Cans't thou meet the Christ di - vine?



In His king - ly pow-er and glo - ry Shall He come, the great church Head,  
 Shall the earth give up its treas-ure, And the sea give forth its dead?  
 That in glo - ry earth-ward speed-ing, On His char-iot-wheels sub-lime,  
 Keep thy lamp well trimmed and burn-ing, Be thou faith-ful, watch-ful, true;



With His train of ho - ly an - gels, Once a - gain the earth to tread?  
 Shall, with joy be - yond all meas-ure, Wait-ing hearts be com-fort - ed?  
 He shall come, earth's fi-nal mon-arch, Claim His glo - ry-throne di - vine.  
 So that at thy Lord's re-turn - ing, He may say, "Well done" to you.



A. H. Ericsson.

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M. C. Burtt.

1. In con-stant communion with Je - sus, His Spir - it a-bides in the  
 2. In con-stant communion with Je - sus, The life will be use - ful and  
 3. In con-stant communion with Je - sus, Our pray-ers are sure to pre-

heart; He gives to me glo - ri - ous vic - t'ry, When sat - an would  
 pure; Thro' the constant sup-ply of the Spir - it, Our sal - va-tion  
 vail, If on - ly we come with all bold - ness, When fi - er - y

## CHORUS.

draw us a - part.  
 ev - er made sure. Con-stant, a - bid - ing com-mun - ion, so sweet,  
 tri - als as - sail.

Dai - ly I find at my dear Sav-ior's feet; Fill - ing my soul with a

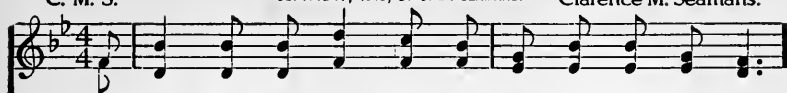
joy that's di - vine; Glo - ry to Je - sus! I know He is mine.

# No. 112. Let No Man Take Thy Crown!

C. M. S.

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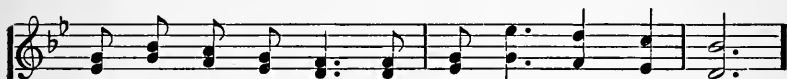
Clarence M. Seamans.



1. Hold fast that thou hast! Cling to truth un - til the last!
2. Hold fast that thou hast! Tho' the skies be o - ver - cast,
3. Hold fast that thou hast! Hear the trump-et's might - y blast!



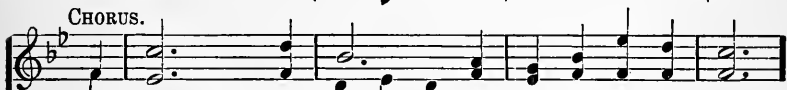
All Heav'n is look - ing down; For God and the right With a  
And storm clouds dark - ly frown; Be brave and be true, Nev - er  
Stand firm! be not cast down! The strife will not be long, Soon we'll



might - y cour - age fight, "Let no man take thy crown!"  
fear to dare and do! "Let no man take thy crown!"  
hear the vic - tor's song, "Let no man take thy crown!"



## CHORUS.



Hold fast! Hold fast! All Heav'n is look - ing down;  
Hold fast! Hold fast!



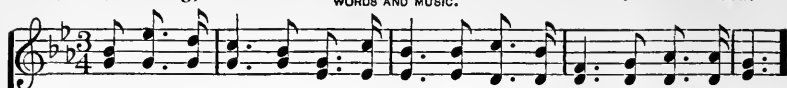
Hold fast! Hold fast! Hold fast! Hold fast! "Let no man take thy crown!"  
Hold fast!



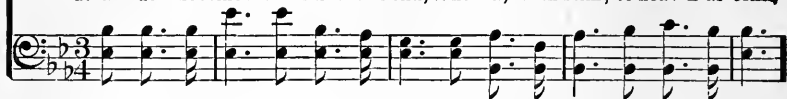
Rev. R. Venting, D. D.

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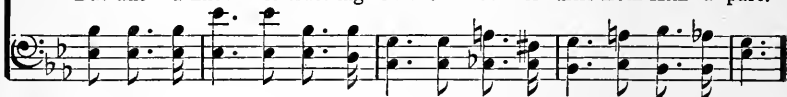
R. D. Burleson.



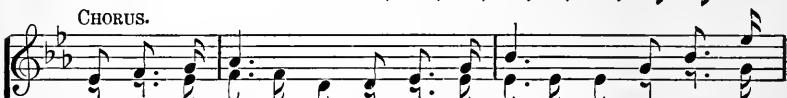
1. I do not know what storms may rise, What clouds will darken az - ure skies,
2. I do not know what sin - ful foe May trace my steps wher-e'er I go,
3. I do not know, the fu - ture holds My des - ti - ny with - in its folds,
4. I do not know when time will end, When I, with Him, to heav'n as - cend,



But He who holds supreme con - trol In peace - ful calm preserves my soul.  
 But He who knows my ev - 'ry way Will keep me lest I go a - stray.  
 But this I know—thro' shadows dim The path I tread will lead to Him.  
 But this I know—no trust - ing heart Can ev - er drift from Him a - part.



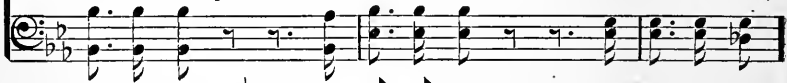
## CHORUS.



I do not know, I can - not see, Nor trace the  
 I do not know, I can - not see,



path marked out for me; I do not know.  
 Nor trace the path marked out for me; I do not know,



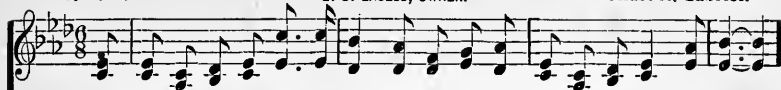
I can - not tell, But this I know—All will be well.  
 I can - not tell,



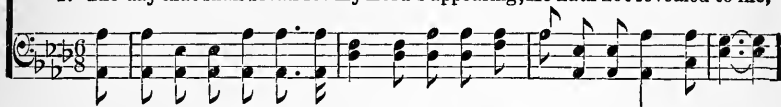
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-lders stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,



A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.  
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?  
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?  
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,



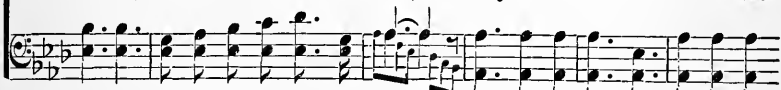
## CHORUS.



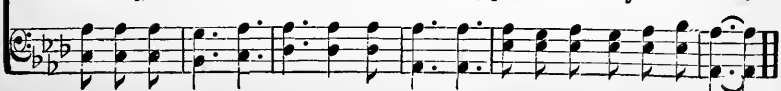
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in  
Con-stant in heart and in



service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the



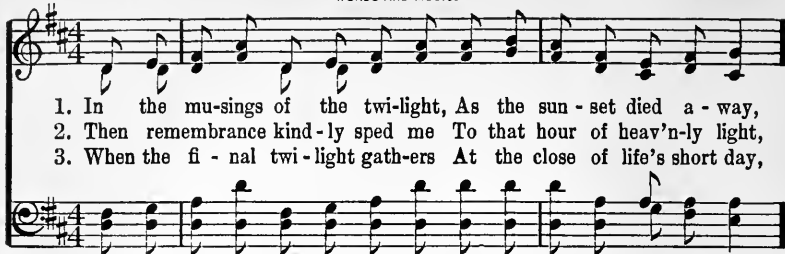
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!



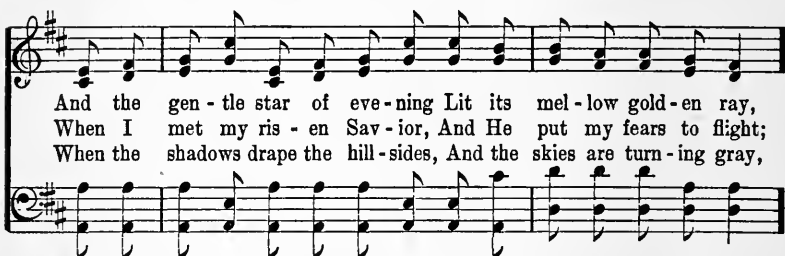
E. E. Hewitt.

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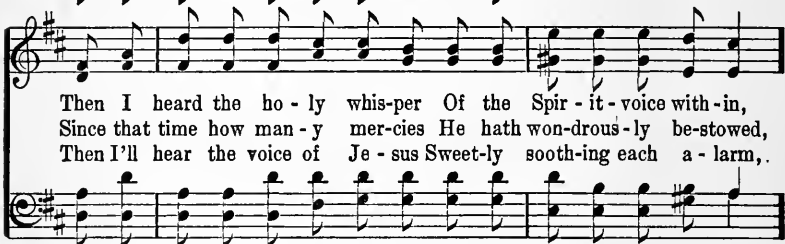
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. In the mu-sings of the twi-light, As the sun - set died a - way,  
2. Then remembrance kind - ly sped me To that hour of heav'n - ly light,  
3. When the fi - nal twi - light gath - ers At the close of life's short day,



And the gen - tle star of eve - ning Lit its mel - low gold - en ray,  
When I met my ris - en Sav - ior, And He put my fears to flight;  
When the shadows drape the hill - sides, And the skies are turn - ing gray,



Then I heard the ho - ly whis - per Of the Spir - it - voice with - in,  
Since that time how man - y mer - cies He hath won - drous - ly be - stowed,  
Then I'll hear the voice of Je - sus Sweet - ly sooth - ing each a - larm, .



And I felt the might - y throbbings of the love that con - quers sin.  
Like sweet flow'rs of love and glad - ness, Ev - er spring - ing by the road'  
And I'll see the val - ley bright - en As I lean up - on His arm.

## CHORUS.



Hith - er - to the Lord hath led me, Hith - er - to the Lord hath blessed,

# His Way is Best.

And I'll trust Him still to lead me, For I know His way is best.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

## No. 116. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon.

Male Voices.

Joanna Kinkel, Arr.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

1. When storms around are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep - ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,
4. When at the end I greet Thee, At judg-ment bar must meet Thee,

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempters' voic-es call - ing,  
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,  
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I reach death's por-tal,  
When hearts of men are quak - ing, And all things earth-ly shak - ing,

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

Musical notation for the sixth system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

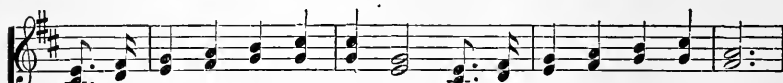
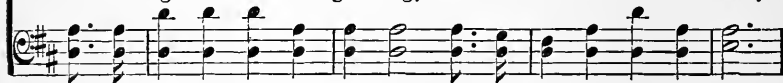
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Charlotte G. Homer.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



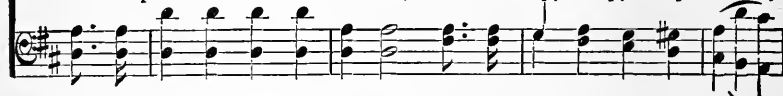
1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com - mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in - vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,



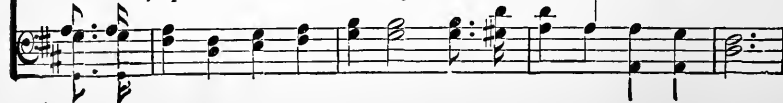
Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun - try, To a bet - ter, bright - er land;  
 And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;  
 And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;



Full e - quip'd, cour - age - ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,  
 But our Lead - er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun - ning knows,  
 Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,



We are march - ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.  
 And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a - gainst the chief of foes.  
 On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.





# Marching in His Name.

## CHORUS.

With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march - ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev - er ring - ing, while mov - ing up the great high - way

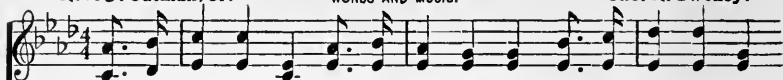
To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day,  
land of cloud - less day,

To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

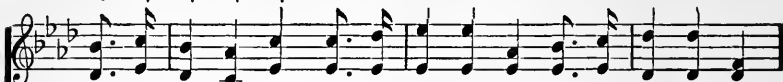
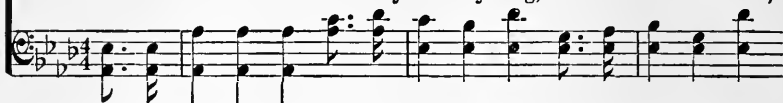
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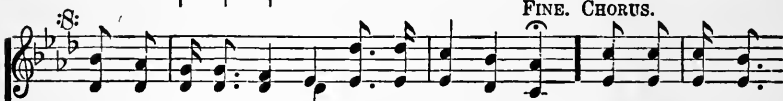
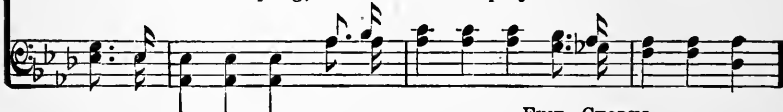
Jno. R. Sweney.



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



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

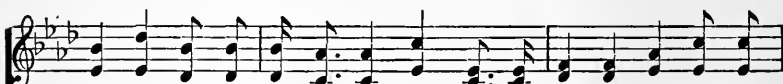


FINE. CHORUS.

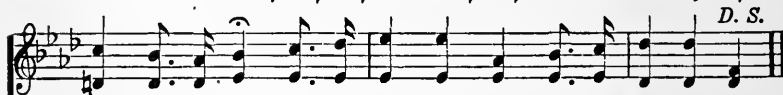
There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav - ior's smile. There is noth - ing



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



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

*D. S.*

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



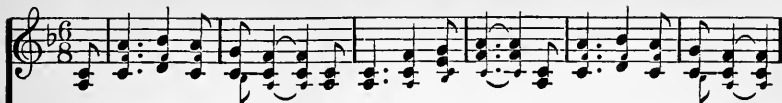
## Drifting Away.

*To the Evangelist, Wm. A. Sunday.*

E. A. Barnes.

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E. O. Excell.



1. From God and His pre-cepts So ho - ly and bright; From paths that are pleasant
2. From words that were spoken When Je - sus was here; From all His kind teachings.
3. From grace that is wait - ing New prospects to give; From love that will help them



Be - cause they are right; From truths in the Bi - ble That all should o - bey—'Tis  
So sim - ple, so dear; From hope in His fa - vor, That soul - cheer - ing ray—'Tis  
A new life to live; From Eden's bright portals At earth's fi - nal day—'Tis



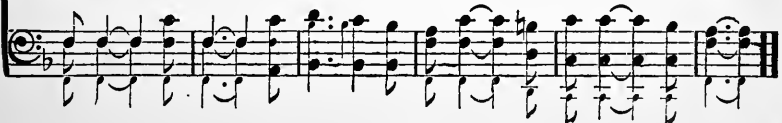
## REFRAIN.

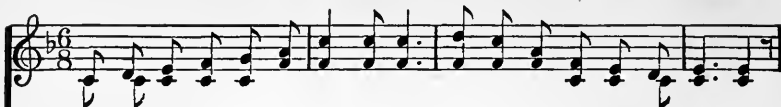


sad that so man - y are drift - ing a - way! Drift - ing a - way;

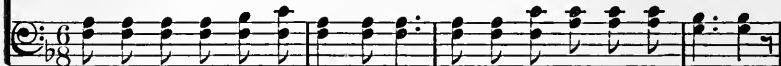


drift - ing a - way, 'Tis sad that so man - y are drift - ing a - way!





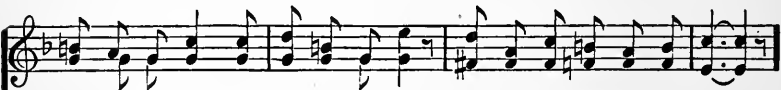
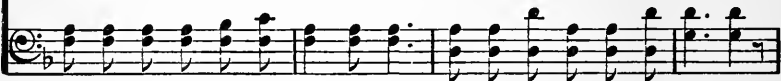
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful - ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru - ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



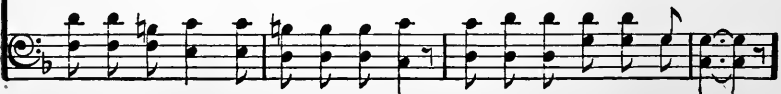
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be - stow-ing;  
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas - ter hear, Loud-ly for la - bor-ers cry - ing;  
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni - fi - cence teem-ing;



Loud-er and sweet-er the ech - oes ring, Pa-tience and loy - al - ty show-ing,  
While in the mark-ets, a - far and near, Man - y are wait-ing, de - ny - ing  
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I - dle and care-less-ly dream-ing!



As in the field the sick - le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.  
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap - pear.  
Go ye to - day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en - ter too late!



# Harvest-Time is Here.

## CHORUS.

Far and wide, . . . in its wav - ing pride, . . . Does the  
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, . . . . .

Does the

field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the  
.....  
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . . Then a -  
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a -

wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har - vest-time is here; A - wake, . . . a -  
wake, a - rouse, a - wake, a - rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a -

1st & 2d verses.

After last verse only.

wake, . . . For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.  
wake, a - wake,

Nellie A. Montgomery.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.

1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gath-ered, And hid-den each star from my  
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-  
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-

sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my  
fright; My heart groweth strong as I lis-ten, My heart groweth strong as I  
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-

Fa-ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.  
lis-ten To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.  
mem-ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.  
in the night, in the night,

## REFRAIN.

Songs in the night, songs in the night,  
Songs..... in the night! ... Oh, how precious the songs in the night!.....  
in the night!

Songs in the night, songs in the night,

## Songs in the Night.

My heart . . . run-neth o - ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.  
My heart runneth o-ver, runs o - ver,

### No. 122. Deliverance Will Come.

1. { I saw a lone - ly trav - 'ler, In dust - y gar - ments clad,  
His step was slow and heav - y, His strength was al - most gone;  
2. { The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow;  
But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was go - ing home,  
3. { I saw him in the eve - ning, The heav'ns were all a - glow,  
His toils and sweat were end - ed, For he had reached his home;

And toil - ing up a moun - tain, He looked both worn and sad. }  
Yet he shout - ed as he jour - neyed, "De - liv - er - ance will come." }  
He faint - er grew and wear - y, His step more weak and slow. }  
And sing - ing as he jour - neyed, "De - liv - er - ance will come." }  
He'd reached the mountain's sum - mit, The vales were all be - low. }  
I heard his "Hal - le - lu - jah— De - liv - er - ance has come." }

#### CHORUS.

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

# No. 123.

# All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-  
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-  
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-  
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to  
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of  
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the  
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All  
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All  
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!  
 All hail! all hail!



# All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, . . . . . Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail, . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well.

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,  
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis - dom and pow - er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!  
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, . . . . . Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail, . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,  
Hail! . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-ell  
Hail! . . . . .

## No. 124.

## He Promised Me.

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John Crombie White.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. He prom-ised me, tho' blind and halt and lame, He would not cast  
 2. He prom-ised me, when friends and comforts flee, That He my friend  
 3. He prom-ised me, in life's last sol-emn hour, When death seems near  
 4. He prom-isen me that I with Him should stand, When He shall come

me out if I but came; He promised me, if I did but believe,  
 and Com-fort - er would be; He promised me, that what-so-e'er be-tide,  
 and, I with-in its pow'r, That then I should but close my wear-ied eyes  
 to reign o'er sea and land; He prom-ised me a sweet e - ter - nal rest,

D. S.—For all the coun - sels of the Lord are sure,

FINE. CHORUS.

He would my bur-den-ed soul from sin re - lieve.  
 He would from day to day with me a - bid. He promised me,  
 On earth, to o - pen them in Par - a - dise.  
 A place with - in the man - sions of the blest.

His word, it shall from age to age en - dure.

and I am sure He will Each lov-ing prom-ise, faith-ful - ly ful - fill;

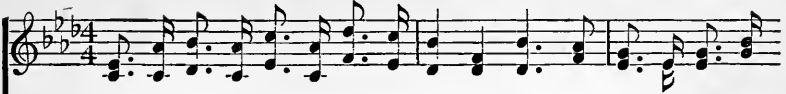
# No. 125.

# Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing  
2. Had we not a sor-row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the  
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the



of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,  
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,  
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,



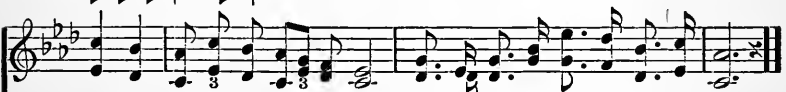
## CHORUS.



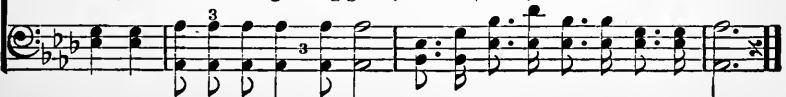
And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?  
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re -  
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?



freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and



rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.



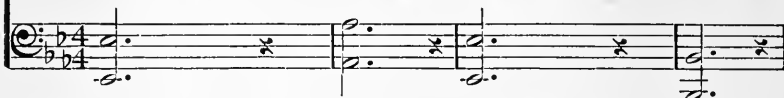
Mary A. Baker.

H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

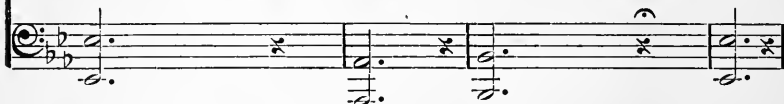
H. R. Palmer.



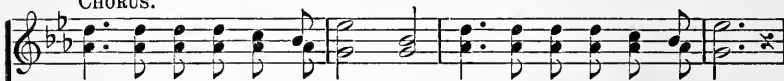
1. Chained by sin in cru - el bond - age, Groaning with our bit - ter need,
2. Oh, the wondrous, wondrous mer - cy, When Je - ho - vah, Lord of all,
3. Oh, the bless - ed, bless - ed prom - ise! Not one tit - tle e'er shall fail,



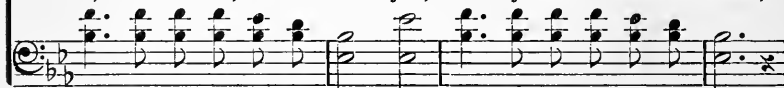
Droop - ing 'neath our guilt - y bur - den, Lord, Thy prom - is - es we plead.  
 Bend - ing from the glo - rious Heav - en, An - swer - eth our fee - ble call!  
 Tho' the earth should burn to ash - es, And the suns and stars grow pale.



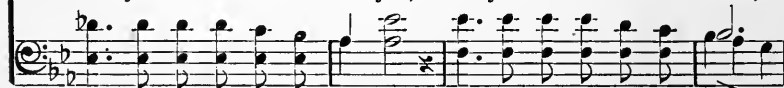
## CHORUS.



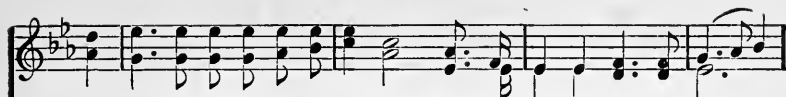
I, Je - ho - vah, will re - deem you, For My name and covenant's sake;



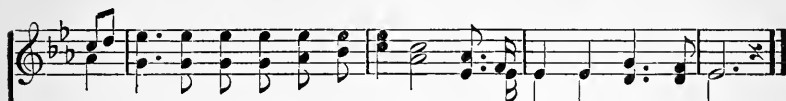
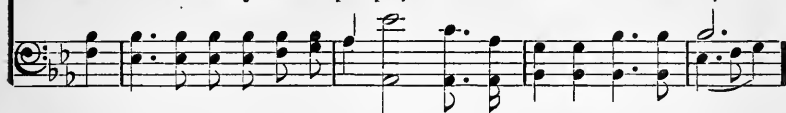
From your burdens I'll re - lease you, All your fet - ters I will break,



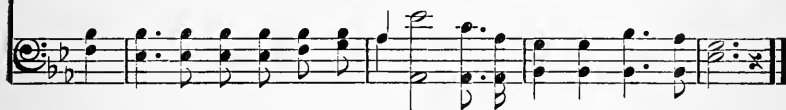
## Jehovah's Promise.



And I will take you for a peo-ple; Your Re-deem-er I will be,



And with an outstretched arm I'll res-cue Ev'-ry soul that trusts in Me.



## No. 127.      There is a Name I Love.

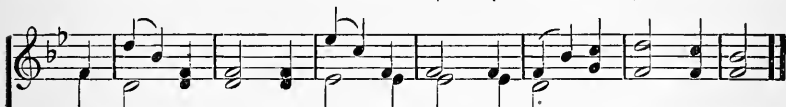
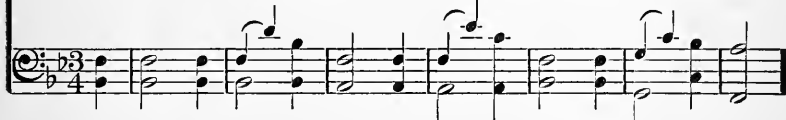
F. Whittfield.

(GEER. C. M.)

H. W. Greatorex.

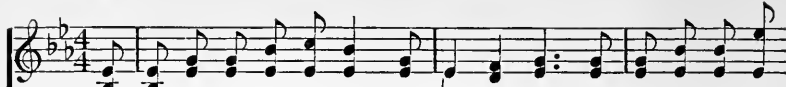


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small - est woe,—
4. It bids my trem-bling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;



It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear—The sweet-est Name on earth.  
 It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.  
 It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

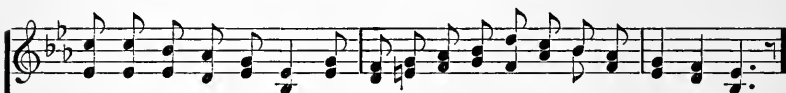
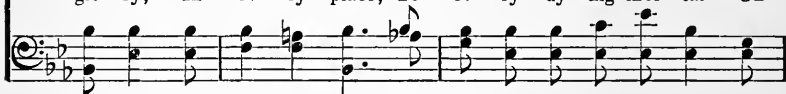




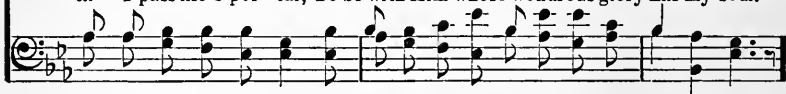
1. On sin's dark mountain ly-ing, Where thunders roll, My Sav-ior found me
2. With earth-ly help all flee-ing, When dark de-spair Had seized up-on my
3. And now His praise I'm voicing In high-est key, As on I go re-
4. So I will tell the sto-ry, As He gives grace, Of Je-sus and His



dy - ing, And made me whole; A poor, lost sheep, He sought me, And  
 be - ing, He found me there; And in such pow'r and kind-ness Took  
 joic-ing That He saved me. His good-ness nev - er doubt-ing, How  
 glo - ry, In ev - 'ry place, To ev - 'ry dy - ing mor - tal Un-



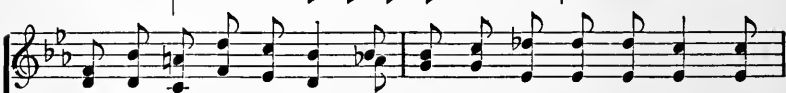
to His fold He brought me; He saved me and put heav'nly glory in my soul.  
 all my sins and blindness, Full pardon gave and glory brought in-to my soul.  
 can I keep from shouting When glory, glory, heav'nly glo-ry fills my soul?  
 til I pass life's por - tal, To be with Him whose wondrous glory fills my soul.



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry! the more I tell the sto-ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry! the



more I feel the glo - ry; It comes in gra - cious show - ers, And



## Glory in My Soul.

al-most o-ver-pow-ers, Till glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry fills my soul.

## No. 129. Homeward Bound.

W. F. Warren.

C. S. Harrington.

1. { Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're home-ward bound,  
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're home-ward bound,  
2. { Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're home-ward bound,  
Look! yon-der lie the bright, heav-en-ly shores, We're home-ward bound,

FINE.

home-ward bound; }  
home-ward bound. } Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seek-ing our  
home-ward bound; }  
home-ward bound. } Stead-y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel! Stead-y! we

D. S.

Fa-ther's ce-les - tial a - bode, Prom-ise of which on us each He be-stowed:  
soon shall outweather the gale; O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!

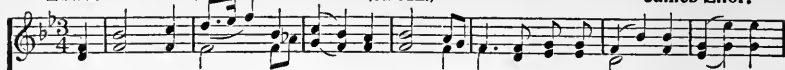
- 3 Into the harbor of Ed'n now we glide,  
We're home at last, home at last;  
Softly we drift on its bright, silver tide,  
We're home at last, home at last.  
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
Glory to God! we shall shout evermore,  
We're home at last, home at last.

# No. 130. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM.)

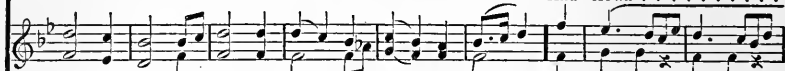
James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter -
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His



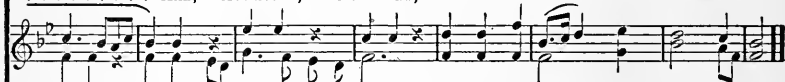
And crown . . . . .



pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,  
 from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,  
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown . . . . .



. . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!  
 . . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . . Him;



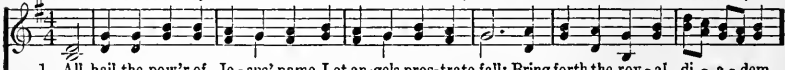
crown Him Crown . . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

# No. 131. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!



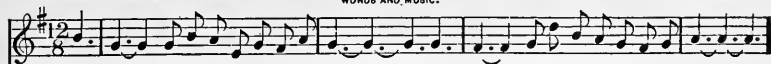


# No. 132. Sometime and Somehow.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



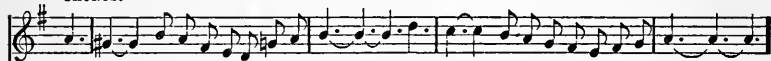
1. Some-time, the tempest that frights thee will cease; Some-time, the Master Himself will speak peace;
2. Some - how the bur-den you bear will be borne; . . . Some-how be heal-ed the heart that is torn; . . .
3. Some-where the treasures long lost will be found, . . . Some-where the harp that is si-lent will sound; . . .



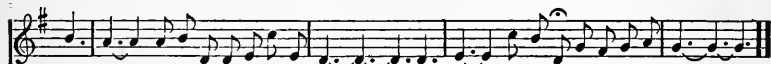
Some-time, the sun thro' the clouds will ap-pear; Some - time, the meaning of life will be clear. . .  
Some - how the grace that is need-ed will fall; . . . Some - how thy heart will be strengthened for all.  
Some-where is end-ed earth's wear-i-some quest; Some-where is rapture, and some-where is rest. . .



## CHORUS.



Stay thou thy soul on the prom-ise se-cure, . . . Stay thou thy soul, then, and bravely endure; . . .



All thy dis-tress-es and doubts will be past, . . . Sometime, and somehow, and somewhere at last.



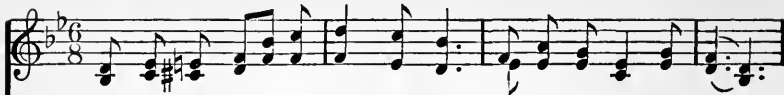
# No. 133. God Will Take Care of You.

*Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.*

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. S. Martin.



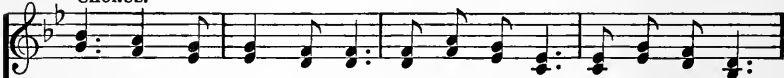
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro- vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat- ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



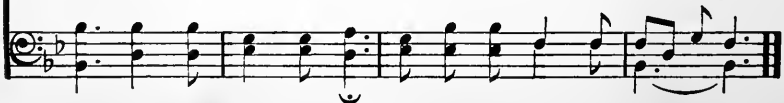
## CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .  
take care of you.



H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

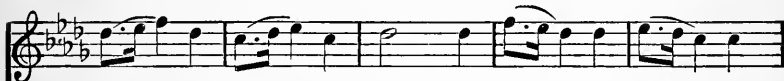
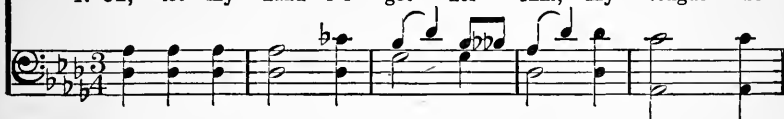
SOLO OBLIGATO.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry  
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

*Accompanying voices pp.*

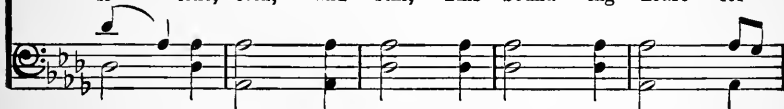
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds  
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-



fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by  
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-



sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.  
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.



faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.  
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat!

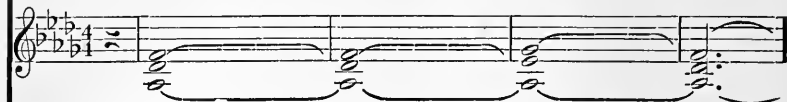
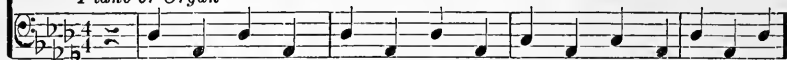
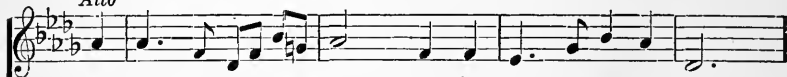


3d. v. by F. A. Blackmer.

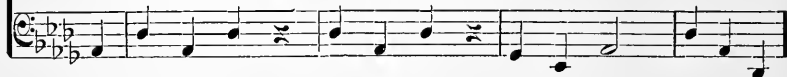
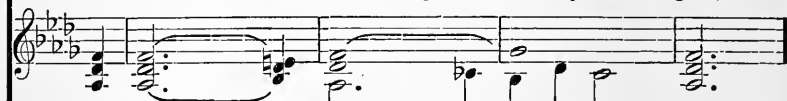
C. C. Stearns.

*Andante. Soprano.*

1. Go when the morn-ing shin - eth Go when the noon is bright,  
 2. Re-mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;  
 3. Go when life's heav - y bur - dens Are press - ing thee so hard,

*Piano or Organ**Alto*

Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;  
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;  
 When friends, not un - der - stand - ing, Do not thy need re - gard;

*Four parts*

Go with pure mind and feeling, Fling earthly cares away, And in thy  
 Then for thyself in meek-ness, A blessing humbly claim, And blend with  
 Go with a faith un-daunt-ed And bow in secret prayer, And with a



Go with pure mind and feel-ing, Fling earth - ly cares a-way,



clo - set kneel-ing Do thou in se - cret pray, Do thou in se-cret pray.  
 each pe - ti - tion Thy great Redeemer's name, Thy great Redeemer's name.  
 lov - ing Sav - ior Find rest and solace there, Find rest and solace there.



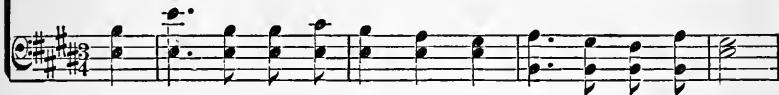
# No. 136. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING.

SCHUBERT. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Where - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I ne'er have seen;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here;  
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been;



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;  
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;  
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me. A - men.

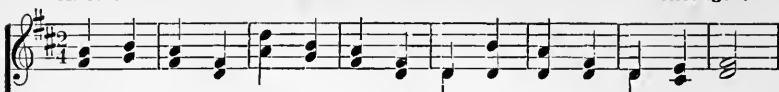


## No. 137.

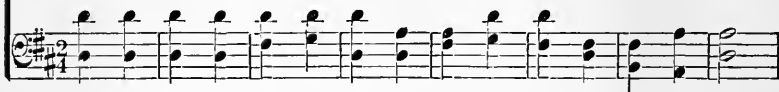
## The Alarm.

A. C. Coxe.

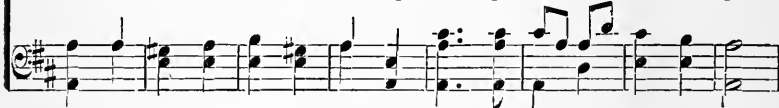
Arranged.



1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time;
2. Will ye play, then, will ye dal - ly With your mu - sic and your wine?
3. Worlds are charging, heav'n be - hold - ing, Thou hast but an hour to fight;



In an age on a - ges tell - ing, To be liv - ing is sub - lime;  
Up! it is Je - ho - vah's ral - ly! God's own arm hath need of thine;  
Now the blaz - oned cross un - fold - ing, On - right on - ward for the right;

*Lively.*

Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;  
Hark! the on - set! will ye fold your Faith - clad arms in la - zy lock?  
On! let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad!



Hark! what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groan - ing for its lat - ter day?  
Up! O up, thou drow - sy sol - dier; Worlds are charg - ing to the shock!  
Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and si - new Tell on a - ges - tell for God!



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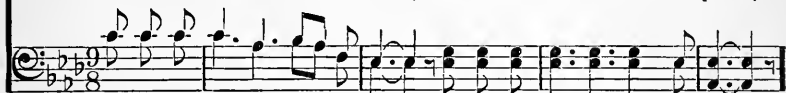
I. I. Leslie.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

F. A. Blackmer.



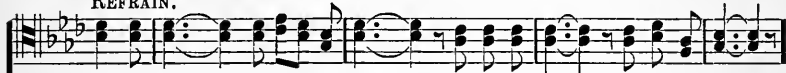
1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea, Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea,
2. Aft-er the win - ter long and drear, Aft-er the snow-clouds dis-ap-pear,
3. Aft-er the long and toil-some day, Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray,
4. Aft-er the course of life is run, Aft-er its work has all been done,
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease, Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace,



Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy . . of home at last.  
 Aft-er the winds sweet o - dors bring, Cometh the ev - er welcome spring.  
 Aft-er the toil - er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re-pose.  
 Aft-er the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long . . and peaceful rest.  
 Aft-er the change-ful dis-ap-pear, Cometh the long, e - ter-nal years.



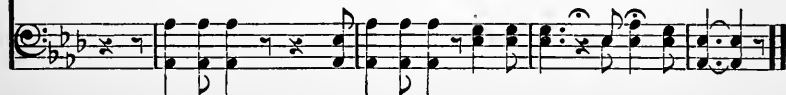
## REFRAIN.



Aft - er all . . that here we see, . . What will there be, what will there be?  
 Aft - er all that here we see,



Aft - er all . . that here we see, . . Aft - er all— e - ter - ni - ty. .  
 Aft - er all that here we see,

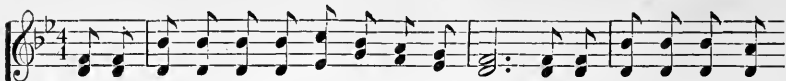


# No. 139. 'Neath the Shadow of His Wing.

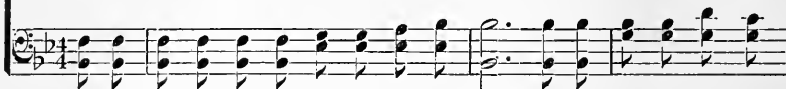
A. E. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY A. E. BLOOM,

A. E. Bloom.



1. In the shad-ow of His wings I've found retreat Where the waves of sin and
2. In the shad-ow of His wings I safe-ly hide, Heed-ing not the temp-est
3. 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing, I will a - bide, Learning dai - ly of His
4. 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing, is peace and joy; Tho' the world may scorn my



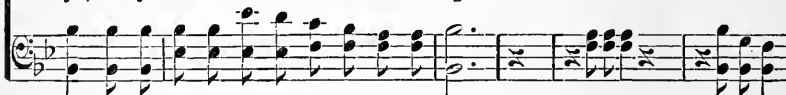
sor-row nev-er beat; And my voice with praise shall ring, as I ev-er shout and  
 roar, since He is near, Trusting ev - er in my Lord, and con - fid - ing in His  
 will and blessed word, And He sets and keeps me free, gives me gos - pel lib - er -  
 words, His praise I sing, Soon its pleasures pass a-way, I will live with Him for



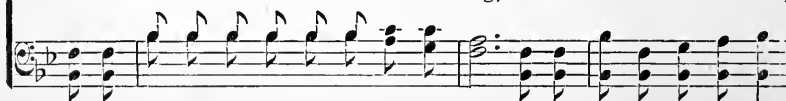
## CHORUS.



sing, Resting safe beneath the shadow of His wing.  
 word, For I'm safe beneath the shadow of His wing. Safe am I, sheltered here,  
 ry, Hidden safe 'neath the shadows of His wings. Safe am I, sheltered here.  
 aye, Safely sheltered in the shadow of His wing.



And a - mid the storms of life I still can sing; I will neither doubt nor fear,





# 'Neath the Shadow of His Wing.

For my Lord is ev-er near, And I'm safe be-neath the shad-ow of His wing.

No. 140.

## As God Will.

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F. A. Blackmer, except chorus.

Quisquam.

1. { I will not shrink from "fiery trials," Nor murmur when my path seems rough;  
By grace I will endure the testing, Till God shall say, "It....."
2. { I will not fear the heated "furnace", If He there-in shall bid me go;  
With faith in Him I need not fal-ter, Nor tremble at its.....
3. { I dare not choose the way I jour-ney, And if I but be-hold Him near,  
My ill shall seem a "light af-flic-tion," Which "for a moment".....

is e-nough." } I will not mur-mur at the sor-row That  
fer-y glow. } The end may come, and that to-mor-row, When  
doth ap-pear.

on-ly long-er-liv'd would be; God hath wrought His will in me;

{ And so I whisper, "As God will," And in the hottest fire hold still;  
{ And so I whisper, "As God will," And trusting to the end hold still.

## No. 141.

## Never Alone.

R. W. Raymond.

Fred. Silcher.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low, The sail - or  
 2. Far down in the earth's dark bos - om The min - er  
 3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead - fast  
 4. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its

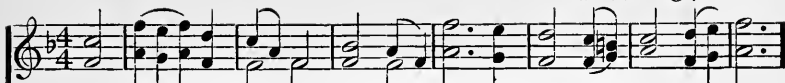
sails the sea, A - lone with the night and the tem - pest, Where  
 mines the ore; Death lurks in the dark . be - hind him, And  
 sol - dier goes, No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His  
 mines of woe, Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con - flict, This

## CHORUS.

count - less dan - gers be! Yet, nev - er a - lone is the  
 hides in the rock be - fore. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the  
 eyes to kiss and close. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the  
 com - fort all to know: That nev - er a - lone is the

Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer; . . . For

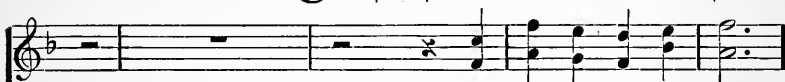
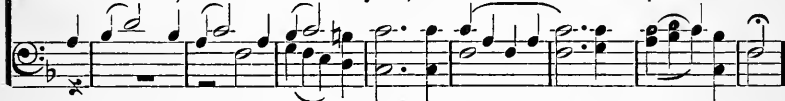
God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.



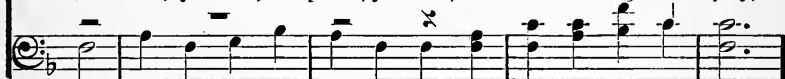
1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re - deem-er's praise,  
 3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;  
 5. He speaks,—and, list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;



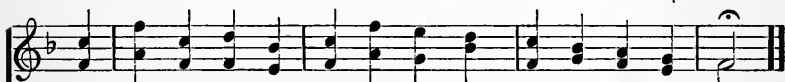
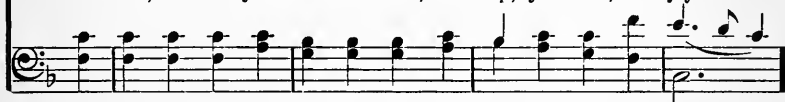
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of . . His grace.  
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, . . . and health, and peace.  
 The mournful, bro - ken hearts re-joice; The hum - ble poor be-lieve.



2. My gra-cious Mas-ter, and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim—  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;  
 6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;

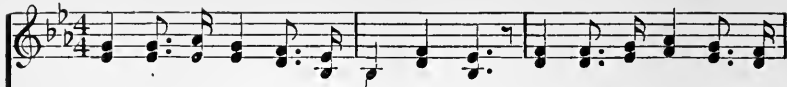


To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of Thy Name, . .  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me. . . .  
 Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy! . . .

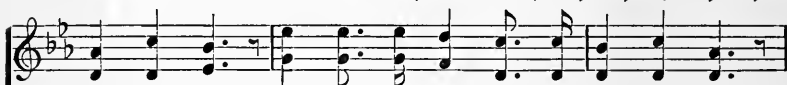


To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of Thy Name!  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.  
 Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy!





1. There'll be a shout in the camp some day, When Je - sus comes back to
2. Some will be toil - ing in shop and field, Oth - ers be sleep - ing at
3. Saints from their graves shall a - rise and shout, Spring - ing to life at the
4. There'll be a shout in the camp some day, Voiced by the whole Church of



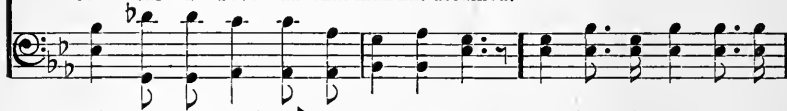
earth a - gain, With an - gel hosts down the shin - ing way, —  
mid - night hour; Some will be watch - ing with heav'n - ward gaze, —  
trump - et sound; And with the liv - ing the glad cry join,  
Christ re - deemed, When It the King and His glo - ry view,



## CHORUS.



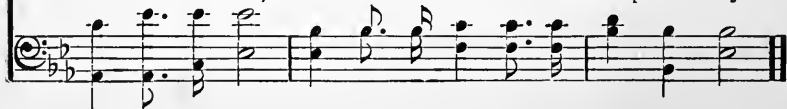
Comes in His glo - ry and pow'r to reign.  
All will be - hold Him de - scend with pow'r. There'll be a shout in the  
That shall be heard all the world a - round.  
So far a - bove all that man has dreamed.



camp some day, When Jesus comes down the shining way; Comes for His bride,



Faith - ful and tried;—There'll be a shout in the camp some day.



# No. 144. There's Where You'll Find Me.

Herbert Buffum.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When our work on earth is end-ed, and our bur-dens are laid down; When the  
 2. When they sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb who once was slain, As they  
 3. When the Mas-ter of the vine-yard calls for la - bor-ers to go To the  
 4. Where the con-flict is the hot-test, and the en - e - my is strong, Where the

King in all His beau-ty we shall see; As the faith - ful o - ver-  
 meet to-geth-er by the crys-tal sea, Where the blood-washed saints and  
 lost ones, where-so-ev-er they may be, Tell-ing sin - ners that the  
 sons of men are cry-ing to be free, With the faith - ful ones who

com - ers shall re - ceive the star-ry crown, — There's where you'll find me.  
 an - gels join in sing-ing their re - frain, — There's where you'll find me.  
 blood of Je - sus wash - es white as snow, — There's where you'll find me.  
 bat - tle for the right against the wrong, — There's where you'll find me.

## CHORUS.

There's where you'll find me, hal-le-lu-jah! There's where you'll find me, . . . O - ver  
 you'll find me,

on the Golden Shore, With the Sav-ior I a - dore, There's where you'll find me.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

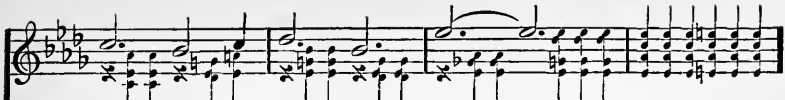
INTRODUCTION. *rit.*

1. At Cal-v'ry's cross I met a Friend,....  
2. When I am help - less and a - lone,.....  
3. And when the Light of Heav - en fills.....

Who touched my bro - ken heart, ...  
'Tis then I seek this Guide; ..  
My soul with fair - est day, ....


My guilt - y soul re - vived, made whole, ....  
So true and kind I al - ways find .....  
I know that He is with me still, .....

# O How I Love Him.




Thro' grace set me a - part. . .  
Him wait - ing at my side. . .  
And will be all the way. . .


## CHORUS.



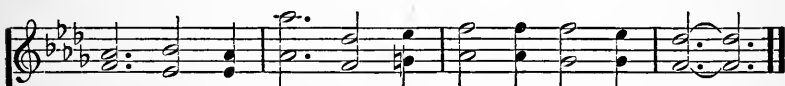
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .  
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!



O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .  
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!



There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;



O how I love Him, Be - cause - He died for me! . . .

# No. 146.

# The Everlasting Father.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

*Prelude.*

1. Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-or, Ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther,  
 2. Might-y God, Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-or, King of kings, Whither shall we go to  
 King of Kings.

*\*Tenor, Obligato.*

Prince of Peace, We re-vere, we a-dore Thee, Thy  
 hide from Thee? In the depths, We re-vere, in the heights, we a-dore In the  
 In the depths, in the heights, in the heights,

maj-es-ty we own; For-ev-er we will Mag-ni-fy, glo-ri  
 vast un-bound-ed space Thou art abiding! Worlds un-known Mag-ni-fy, hear Thy  
 Worlds un-known

fy Thee, and nev-er shall our praises cease Till we stand  
 voice glo-ri-fy And o-bey, as did the an-gry sea; Ho-ly One, Till we stand  
 hear Thy voice Ho-ly One,

\* A few select Tenor voices should sing the Obligato Solo and melody.



# The Everlasting Father.

FINE.

*Female voices, divided*

face to face, with Thee, be-fore Thy throne. Thou hast bo't us, and  
 matchless One, <sup>face to face,</sup> show Thy rec-on-cil-ing face. While we journey be-  
 matchless One, <sub>matchless One,</sub> *Male voices in unison.*

*into sections.*

Thine are we; Our allegiance give we to Thee; Breathe on  
 and Thine are we; we give to Thee;  
 Thou our Guide; While we travel, walk by our side; Lead us  
 be Thou our Guide; walk by our side;

us, O liv-ing Breath Divine, and make us wholly Thine; Thou didst  
 where green pastures grow, And liv-ing wa-ters gently flow; <sup>yes, whol-ly Thine;</sup> Be our  
 where wa-ters flow; <sub>where wa-ters flow;</sub>

hear our cry of dis-tress, And to save, redeem and bless,  
 in our distress, <sup>redeem and bless,</sup>  
 Guard-i-an, be our Friend, All our days do Thou at-tend;  
 be Thou our Friend, <sub>do Thou attend;</sub>

*Full Harmony.*

D. C.

Didst come to earth to bleed and die, To save e - ven such as I.  
 Sus - tain us, love and keep us, Lord, We trust in Thy ho - ly Word.

F. A. B.

ISAIAH 35.

F. A. Blackmer.



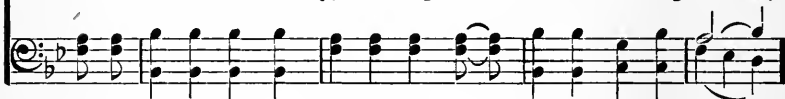
1. O the prom-ise of the bless-ed word, Of a bright-er, bet-ter day,
2. In that day the des-ert shall re-joice And shall blossom as the rose,
3. And the deaf ears then shall be un-stopped, And the blind eyes o-pened be,



When the e - vil of the pres-ent world Is for - ev - er done a - way:  
 And the sol - i - tar - y place be glad When this world's dark night shall close:  
 And the lame man leap there as an hart, And the dumb sing joy - ful - ly.



When the Sun of Right-eous-ness shall rise With heal-ing in His wings,  
 For our God shall come with rec-om-pense, And His glo-ry we shall see,  
 To the fear-ful heart then say, "Be strong!" Let the weak knees strengthened be,



And in tri-umph by His own is crowned Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
 As He crowns His hap-py peo-ple with Life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 For be-hold, your God shall sure-ly come, And will bless e - ter - nal - ly.



# Restitution Chorus.

CHORUS.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall re - turn and come to Zi - on, And the

ran-somed of the Lord shall re - turn and come to Zi - on, With songs and

ev - er - last - ing joy up - on their heads. They shall obtain joy and  
ev - er - last - ing joy

glad - ness, They shall obtain joy and gladness, And sor - row and sigh - ing shall

flee a - way, . . . And sor - row and sigh - ing shall flee a - way. *rit.*

# No. 148. The Handwriting On the Wall.

K. Shaw.

ARR. COPYRIGHT 1884. PROPERTY OF E. O. EXCELL.

Knowles Shaw.  
Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from gold-en  
2. See the brave captive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng. And re-buked the haught-y/  
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to  
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to

ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the  
mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 't was the  
Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a  
Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion,—'t was the hand up-on the wall.  
doom of one and all, For the king-dom now was fin-ished,—said the hand up-on the wall.  
cap-tive in the hall— He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.  
come to one and all, When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

'T is the hand of God, on the wall, on the wall, 'T is the hand of God on the wall; on the wall; Shall the

record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.  
writing on the wall.

1. When stran-gers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Sav-ior dwell,

Where He is gone, they fain would know,  
Where He is gone, they fain would know, That  
Where He is gone, they

Where He is gone, they fain would know, That they may seek and  
That they may seek and love Him too. Where He is  
they may seek and love Him too, That they may seek and love Him  
fain would know, That they may seek and love Him too.

love Him too, That they may seek and love Him too.  
gone, they fain . . . would know, . . . That they may seek and love Him too.  
too.  
Where He is gone, they fain would know, That they may seek and love Him too.

2 In Paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store;  
There we shall eat, but want no more.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,

The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

4 Come, my beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

# No. 150. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,  
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;  
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



# Master, the Tempest is Raging.

CHORUS.

*p*

*pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . . be still! . . .  
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

*cres.*  
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

*ff* *m* *m*  
o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still

*p* *p* *pp*  
Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

1. { O shout for joy! let songs a-rise, (songs a-rise,) O shout for joy! let songs a-  
Will come in glo-ry from the skies, (from the skies,) Will come in glo-ry from the

rise, (songs a-rise,) O shout for joy! let songs a-rise, The Lamb that once was slain }  
skies, (from the skies,) Will come in glo-ry from the skies, Up-on the earth to reign. }

## CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will  
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long, We will

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

the storm, We will an - chor by and by.  
It will not be ver - y long, by and by.

- 2 The trumpet sounds! its awful voice  
Is heard o'er land and-sea;  
And saints arising now rejoice,  
To live eternally.
- 3 Yes, they shall live forevermore,  
Secure from toil and pain;

- And on that bright and happy shore  
With their Redeemer reign.
- 4 All hail that bright, eternal day,  
When David's rightful Heir  
Shall take the throne, and hold the sway  
In glorious triumph there.

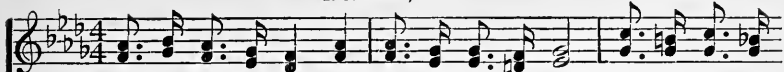


# No. 152. We Shall See the King Some Day.

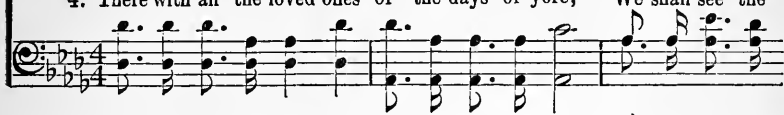
L. E. J.

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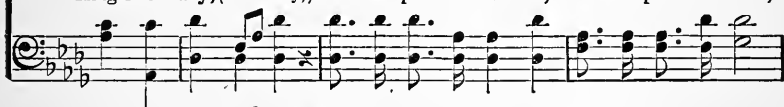
L. E. Jones.



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



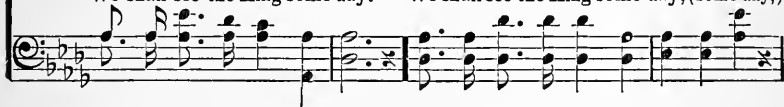
King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;  
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,  
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,  
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful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



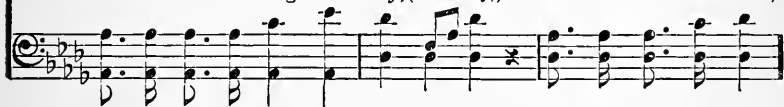
## CHORUS.



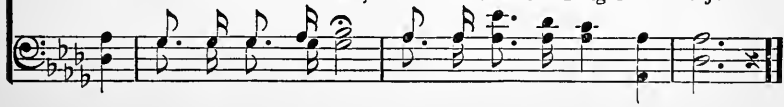
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)



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



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

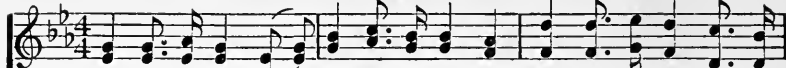


# No. 153. Tell Me the Old Sweet Story.

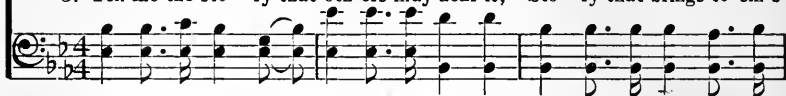
F. A. B.

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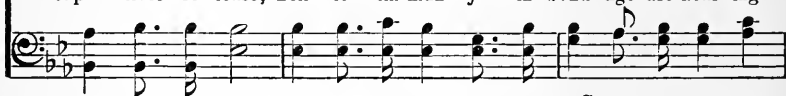
F. A. Blackmer.



1. Tell me the old, sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, Heav'n's gladdest message and
2. Tell me the sto - ry when I am tempted, When earth's allurements would
3. Tell me the sto - ry when I am troub-led, Tell it when doubt-ing and
4. Tell me the sto - ry when I am dy - ing, Soft - ly its ac - cents then
5. Tell me the sto - ry that oth-ers may hear it, Sto - ry that brings to sin's



earth's sweet-est strain, How Je - sus suf - ered and died to re-deem me,  
draw me a - way; Make me to see some new beau-ty in Je - sus,  
fear - ing a - rise; Make me to hear the sweet voice of the Mas - ter,  
breathe in my ear; When life's spent tide shall at length fast be ebb-ing,  
cap - tives re-lease; Tell it till man - y in bond-age are hear-ing

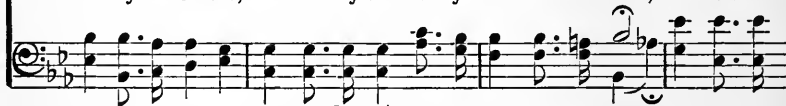


## CHORUS.

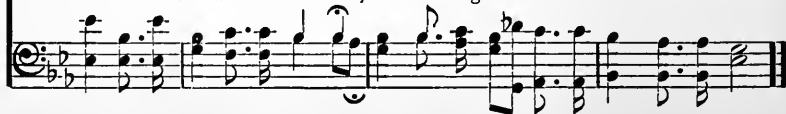
Theme ev - er pre-cious, O tell it - a - gain!  
That still He be all my com-fort and stay.  
Bid my soul down-cast look up to the skies. Tell me the old, sweet  
Let that sweet name be the last sound I hear.  
Heav-en's sweet mes-sage of par - don and peace.



sto - ry of Je - sus, Far to my soul ev-'ry earth-theme a - bove; Tell how He



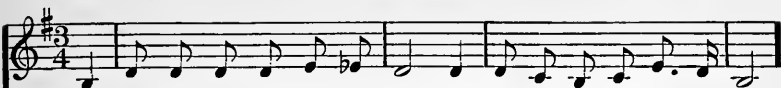
suf-ered and died to re-deem me, Tell of His good-ness and won-der - ful love.



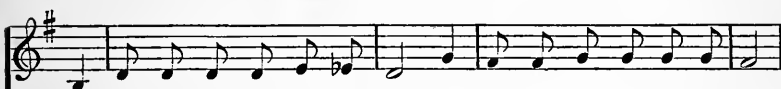
Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

B. D. Ackley.



1. Christ found me lost in sor-row's night, Up - on my soul a crim-son blight;
2. He drew me to His lov - ing heart, And bade me nev - er-more de - part;
3. When I, in weak-ness, al-most fail, Still does His love for me pre - vail,



My stain of sin He made as snow,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.  
No love like His, a - bove, be - low,—He loves me bet - ter than I know.  
Still does He grace and mer - cy show; He loves me bet - ter than I know.



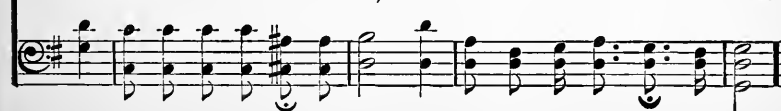
## CHORUS.



He loves me bet - ter than I know; Wher-e'er I stray His love will go—

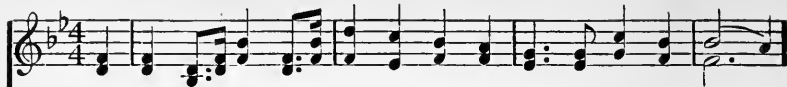


There is no oth - er loves me so, He loves me bet - ter than I know.

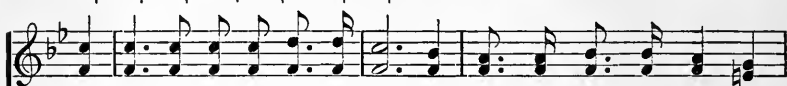


F. D. B.

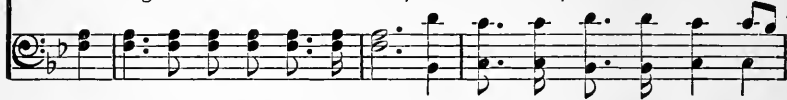
F. D. Barnes.



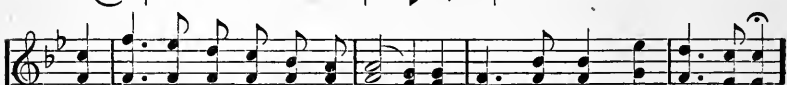
1. All hail our glo - rious com - ing King, Who saved us from the fall;
2. He came to our be - night - ed race To save both great and small;
3. In that glad world our King shall reign, While end - less a - ges roll;



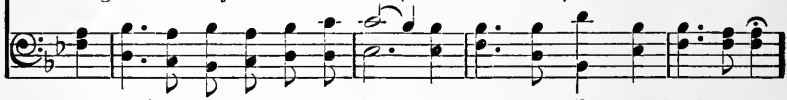
Our ev - er - last - ing trib - ute bring, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of  
 Soon we shall see Him face to face, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of  
 We'll sing of His im - mor - tal fame, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of



all. Let an - gels join with men re - deemed On all this earth - ly ball,  
 all. Un - num - bered mil - lions then shall come, At our Re - deem - er's call,  
 all. All hail Im - mor - tal King of kings! His match - less name ex - tol,



To mag - ni - fy His wondrous name, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.  
 And join Re - demp - tion's grateful song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.  
 B'ing forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.



We shall crown Him, Then we shall crown Him, Then we shall crown Him Lord of all.  
 Crown Him, crown Him,



"And before Him shall be gathered all nations."—MATT. xxv: 32.

F. A. B.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. Christian sol-dier, worn with serv-ice, Ere discharge is granted you,  
 2. Gird your ar-mor on, tho' rust-ed, Soon with use 'twill shine a-new;  
 3. If you do each du-ty brave-ly, Then the Lord will hon-or you;  
 4. There'll be glo-ry for the he-ros, Who for God shall here be true,

You must pass Di-vine in-spec-tion At the fi-nal grand re-view.  
 And in Heaven's strength go-ward, Ready for the grand re-view.  
 And your val-or He'll re-mem-ber At the fi-nal grand re-view.  
 When they're mustered out of serv-ice, And have passed the grand re-view.

CHORUS.

Oh, be watch-ful, Christian sol-dier, At your  
 watch-ful, Christian sol-dier, Oh, be watch-ful, Christian sol-dier, At your

post . . . . . stand firm and true; . . . . . Read-y for . . . . . the  
 post stand firm and true, At your post stand firm and true; Ready for the great inspection,

great in-spec-tion, Read-y for . . . . . the grand re-view.  
 Read-y for the great inspection, Read-y for the grand review,

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by man- y a foe;

That will not trem- ble on the brink, That  
That will not trem- ble  
That will not trem- ble on the brink of pov- er-

will not trem- ble on the brink Of pov- er- ty or woe,  
on the brink Of pov- er- ty . . . or woe,  
ty or woe, of pov- er- ty or woe.

That will not trem- ble on the brink Of pov- er- ty or woe.

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod;  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God:

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way,  
By truth restrained and led,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt:

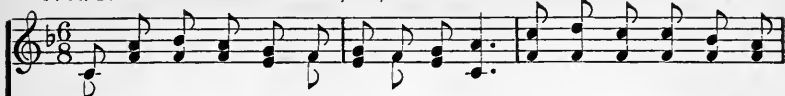
5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

Respectfully dedicated to the "Loyal Workers' " Society.

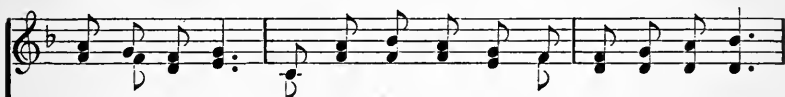
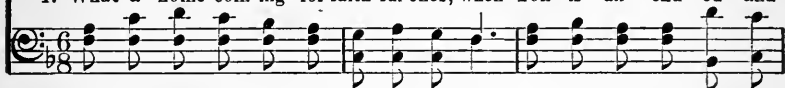
F. A. B.

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F. A. Blackmer.



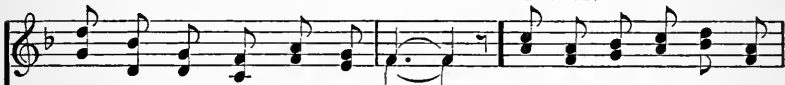
1. Lord, in Thy vine-yard as help-ers each day, From ear-ly morn-ing till
2. Thine ap-pro-ba-tion, Lord, help us to earn; This is the har-vest-time,
3. Bless us and help us the time to re-deem, Night will soon come when all
4. What a home-com-ing for faith-ful ones, when Toil is all end-ed and



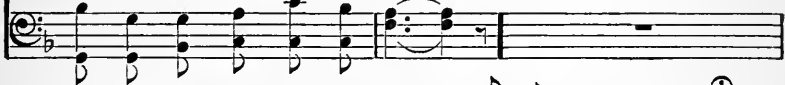
twi- light is dim, Loy- al and faith- ful, O make us, we pray,  
 fields are all white; Make us true work-ers, that we may re- turn,  
 la- bor must cease; Make our best ef- fort with fruit- ful-ness teem,  
 weep- ing all o'er; We shall en- rap- tured our Sav- ior meet then,



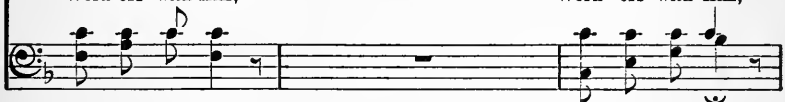
## CHORUS.



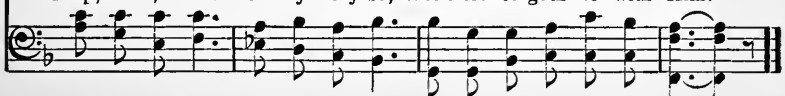
"Work-ers to - geth - er with Him."  
 Bring - ing our sheaves with de - light. Work-ers to - geth - er with  
 That we may meet Thee in peace.  
 With Him re - joice ev - er - more.



Him, Work-ers to - geth - er with Him;  
 Work-ers with Him, Work - ers with Him;

*rit. ad lib.*

Help, Lord, that we tru-ly may be, Work-ers to-geth-er with Him.

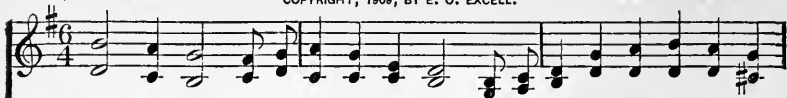


# No. 159. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
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Chas. H. Gabriel.



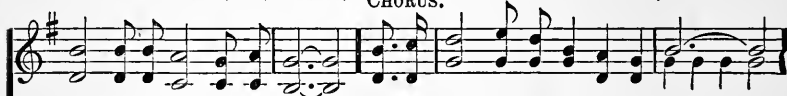
1. Some sweet day I shall en-ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur-dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful-ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e-ter-ni-ty on-ly be-



done; . . . A place that is filled with His mar-vel-ous grace, In the  
won; . . . Of the beau-ti-ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the  
run; . . . It will bring me no grief, but su-per-nal de-light, In the  
gun; . . . One an-oth-er to meet, with the Sav-ior to dwell, In the



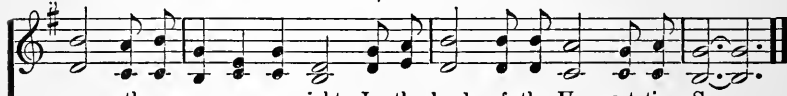
## CHORUS.



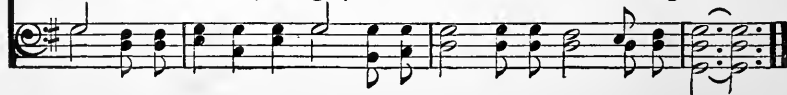
land of the Un-set-ting Sun. I shall dwell in the land of de-light . . .  
of de-light,



When my jour-ney on earth has been run; . . . In the land where there  
jour-ney on earth has been run;



com-eth no sor-row, no night, In the land of the Un-set-ting Sun.





F. D. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

F. D. Barnes.

1. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, in Him I am trust - ing, Won - der - ful  
 2. Won - der - ful Sav - ior, to Him I am liv - ing, Grate - ful to  
 3. Come now, dear lost one, for you we are pray - ing, God hath so

price for my ran - som He gave; Trust - ing in Him, in His mer - its I'm  
 Him for the life that He gave, And for the bless - ings to me He now  
 loved you, a Sav - ior He gave; Come un - to Him, He will save and will

CHORUS.

rest - ing, He is my all, He is mighty to save.  
 giv - eth; He is my Sav - ior and mighty to save. He is mighty to  
 keep you, He is your Sav - ior and mighty to save.

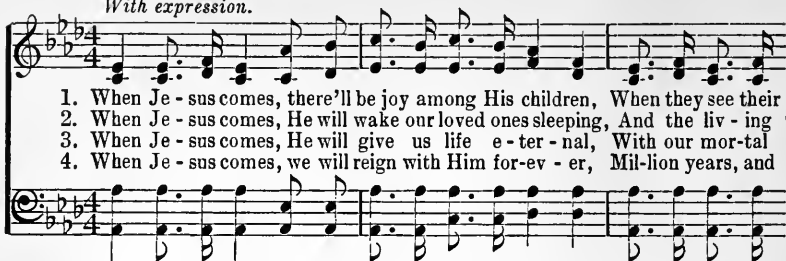
save; . . . He is might - y to save; . . . He is the  
 Might - y to save; . . . Might - y to save;

Prince of Peace, Wonderful Counselor, Blessed Redeemer, and mighty to save.

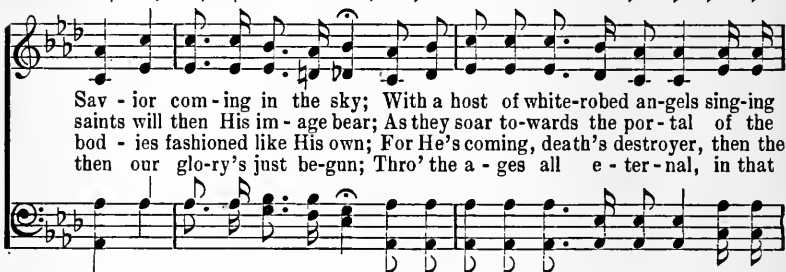
R. F. Chalk.

USED BY PERMISSION OF G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER.

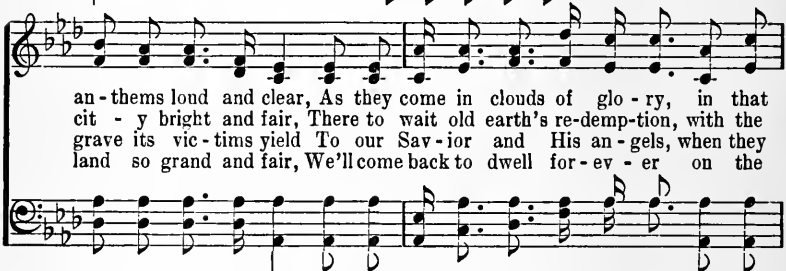
G. W. Sederquist.

*With expression.*


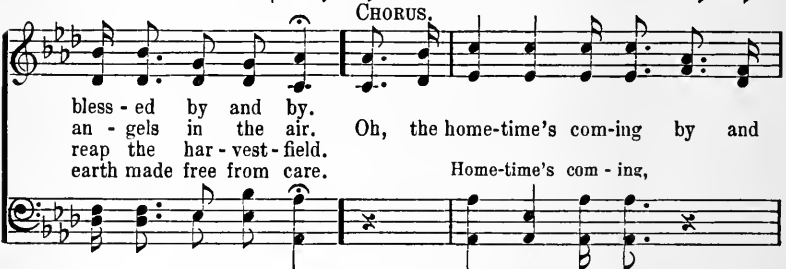
1. When Je - sus comes, there'll be joy among His children, When they see their  
 2. When Je - sus comes, He will wake our loved ones sleeping, And the liv - ing  
 3. When Je - sus comes, He will give us life e - ter - nal, With our mor - tal  
 4. When Je - sus comes, we will reign with Him for - ev - er, Mil - lion years, and



Sav - ior com - ing in the sky; With a host of white-robed an - gels sing - ing  
 saints will then His im - age bear; As they soar to - wards the por - tal of the  
 bod - ies fashioned like His own; For He's coming, death's destroyer, then the  
 then our glo - ry's just be - gun; Thro' the a - ges all e - ter - nal, in that

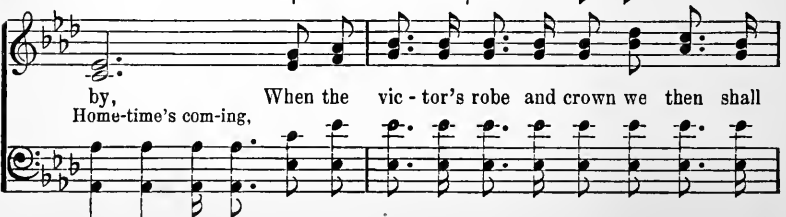


an - thems loud and clear, As they come in clouds of glo - ry, in that  
 cit - y bright and fair, There to wait old earth's re - demp - tion, with the  
 grave its vic - tims yield To our Sav - ior and His an - gels, when they  
 land so grand and fair, We'll come back to dwell for - ev - er on the



CHORUS.

bless - ed by and by.  
 an - gels in the air. Oh, the home - time's com - ing by and  
 reap the har - vest - field. Home - time's com - ing,  
 earth made free from care.



by,  
 Home - time's com - ing, When the vic - tor's robe and crown we then shall

## Home Time's Coming.



wear; Yes, the home time's coming by and by,  
then shall wear; by and by,



When we reach the land of prom-ise o - ver there. . . .  
o - ver there.



## No. 162. The Prince of Peace Appears.

*Dedicated to Prof. A. E. Hatch.*

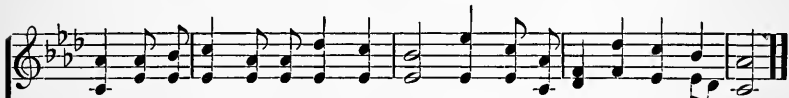
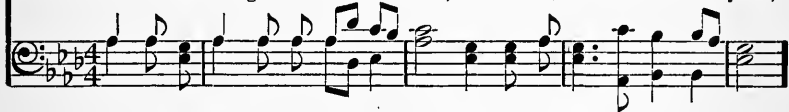
John M. Kelley.

USED BY PERMISSION.

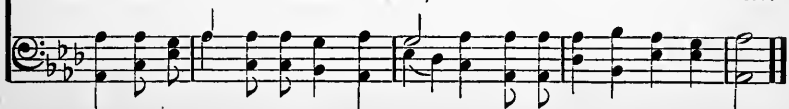
F. A. Blackmer.



1. Piercing the gloom of earth's sombre night, The roy-al Prince of Peace ap-pears;
2. He comes that deaf ears may be unstopped, That blind and dumb may see and sing,
3. His voice resounds thro' earth's caverns deep, His presence puts an end to strife;
4. To Him shall be giv-en David's throne, Then shall the barren wastes rejoice,



His chariot wheels all a-gleam with fire, He comes to wipe a - way our tears.  
While Heav'n and earth, and the sea and sky, With joyful shouts proclaim Him King.  
Rid - ing tri-um-ph-ant up-on the clouds, He comes to raise the dead to life.  
The des-ert blos-som as does the rose, And all cre - a - tion hear His voice.



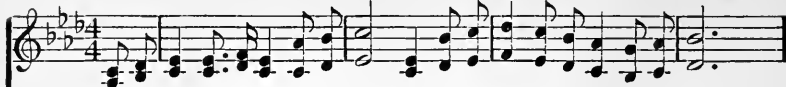
# No. 163. Numberless as the Sand.

"As the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore."—GEN. 22: 17.

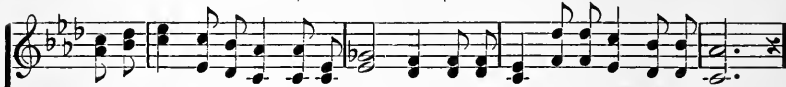
F. A. B.

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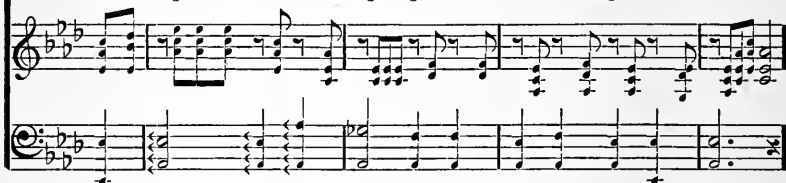
F. A. Blackmer.



1. When we en - ter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransomed we see,
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from cruel death - partings are free,
3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life - giving tree,
4. When we pass thro' the gates of the cit - y, With its streets of pure, transparent gold,
5. When we look on the form that redeemed us, And His glory and maj - es - ty see,



As the numberless sand of the seashore, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.  
 Greeting there with an heavenly greet - ing, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.  
 Gaz - ing out o'er the fair land of prom - ise, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.  
 All a gleam with the Lamb's light and glory, What a won - der - ful sight to be - hold.  
 While as King of the saints He is reign - ing, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.



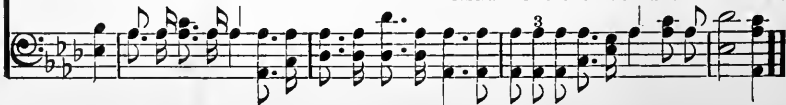
## CHORUS.



Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore,  
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore,



Oh, what a sight 't will be When the ransomed host we see,  
 As numberless as the sand of the seashore.



DUET.

1. Tho' the path-way seemeth dark and drear - y, As in sad-ness we are  
 2. Bet - ter days! when naught of sin and sor - row Shall abide with those whose  
 3. Bet - ter days! O sweet the song in glo - ry, When the vic - to - ry and

wait-ing for the dawn, There is hope and comfort for the wear-y, Bet-ter  
 pil - grim-age is done; When the night shall yield to gold-en morn-ing—Bet-ter  
 crown of life are won, And we sing redemption's wondrous sto-ry, In the

CHORUS.

days are com-ing on.  
 days are com-ing on. Bet - ter days . . . are com-ing  
 days soon com-ing on. Bet - ter days are com-ing

on;  
 on, com-ing on; Bet-ter days are coming on; Bet-ter  
 on, com-ing on; Bet-ter days are com-ing on, com-ing on;

days, Bet-ter days, Bet-ter days are coming, coming on.  
 Bet-ter days, Bet-ter days, rit.

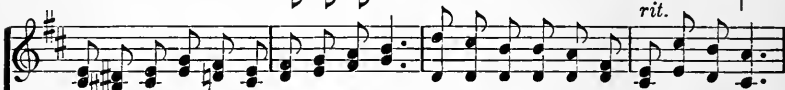
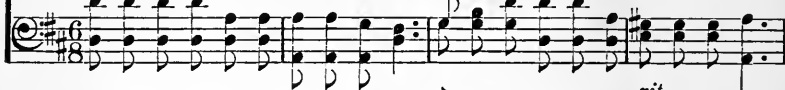
Josephine Rollard.  
3d v. by F. A. Blackmer.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

Edward A. Perkins.



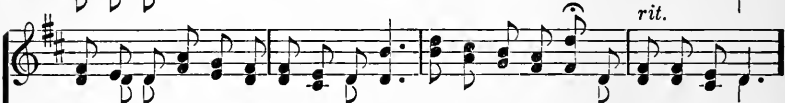
1. Out on the highways, wher-ev-er we go, Seed we must gather and seed we must sow;
2. Out of those gardens so gorgeous with flow'rs, Seed we may gather to beau-ti-ty ours;
3. Let us en-deav-or each day to do more, Seed-time and harvest-time soon will be o'er;



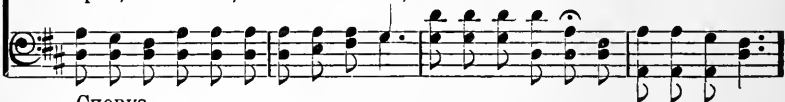
E - ven the ti - ni - est seed has a pow'r, Be it of this - tle or be it a flow'r.  
While from our own lit - tle plot we may share Something to render our neighbor's more fair.  
While it is day let us no du - ty shirk, Night fast approaches when no man can work.



Here, where it seems but a wil - der - ness place, Wanting in beau - ty and wanting in' grace,  
Out of each moment some good we ob - tain, Something to winnow and scat - ter a - gain;  
Glean - ing - time lin - gers for me and for you, There is still work that true helpers may do.



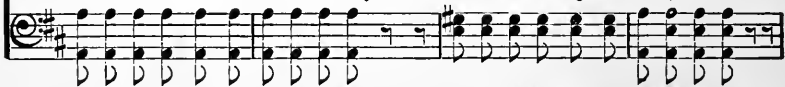
Some lit - tle crea - ture in ten - der - ness goes, Plucking the net - tle and planting the rose.  
All that we lis - ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath - er - ing seed.  
Help us, dear Sav - ior, the time to redeem, Make our en - deav - ors with fruitfulness teem.



## CHORUS.



Gath - er - ing seed, . . . . we must scat - ter as well; . . . .  
That . . . . which we gath - er is that . . . . which we sow, . . . .  
Haste . . . . to the vine - yard with cour - age a - new, . . . .



Gath - er - ing seed, we must scat - ter as well,  
That which we gather is that which we sow,  
Haste to the vineyard with courage a-new.

Gath - er - ing seed, we must scat - ter as well,  
That which we gather is that which we sow,  
Haste to the vineyard with courage a-new.

# Sowing and Reaping.

God . . . . . will watch o - - ver the place . . . . . where it fell, . . . . .  
 Seed - - time and har - - vest al - ter - - nate-ly flow, . . . . .  
 Fin - - ish the work . . . . . Je - sus bids . . . . . you to do; . . . . .

God will watch o-ver the place where it fell,  
 Seed-time and harvest al - ter-nate-ly flow,  
 Fin - ish the work Je-sus bids you to do,

God will watch o-ver the place where it fell,  
 Seed-time and harvest al - ter-nate-ly flow,  
 Fin - ish the work Je-sus bids you to do;

On - - ly the gain of the har - - vest is ours—  
 When we have fin - - ished with time, 'twill be known  
 Soon He is com - - ing to bring the re - ward

Shall we plant net - tles, or shall we plant flow'rs?  
 How we have gath - ered, and how we have sown.  
 Which He has prom - ised, as our bless - ed Lord.

## No. 166.

## I Will Believe.

English.

1. O God of mer - cy, hear my call; My load of guilt re - move;  
 2. I nail my pas - sions to the cross, Where my Re - deem - er died;  
 3. Give me the pres - ence of Thy grace; Then my re - joic - ing tongue

· Cho.—I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. C.

Break down this sep - a - rat - ing wall, And let me feel Thy love.  
 And all things else I count but loss For Je - sus cru - ci - fied.  
 Shall speak a - loud Thy right-eous-ness, And make Thy praise my song.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

A. T. G.

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A. T. Gorham.

## DUET.

1. A few more days to brave the blast, The surging tide to stem,  
 2. A few more bitter tears to shed, Where sorrows overflow;  
 3. Take courage, sailors, for the night is nearing unto day;

And we shall gain our haven home, And wear life's diadem.  
 A few more waning days to thread The paths of want and woe;  
 The bow of hope shall span the cloud As earth-mists roll away.

Beyond the curling waves I see The hills of glory bright,  
 Be valiant, tho' the billows foam, And tempests loudly roar;  
 Take courage, for the dawn shall break In golden glory bright,

The paradise of promise fair, The home of pure delight.  
 Soon thou shalt hear the "Peace, be still," And rest forevermore.  
 And we redeemed, behold-ing then, Shall wonder at the sight.

## REFRAIN.

Soon we shall roam the morning fields, Beyond the shades of night,



# The Land of Pure Delight.

And dwell in ev - er - last - ing bliss, In that blest world of light.

No. 168.

## Thy Coming Again.

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F. A. Blackmer.

*Effective as a Solo.*

1. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord, I'm wait - ing for
2. 'Mid dan - ger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wear - y here, Lord, The day must be
3. While Thou art a - way, Lord, I stum - ble and stray, Lord, Oh, has - ten the
4. Our loved ones be - fore, Lord, Their troubles are o'er, Lord, I'll meet them once
5. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright in Thy praise, Lord, For brief are the

Thee, For Thy com - ing a - gain; Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A  
 near Of Thy com - ing a - gain; 'Tis all sun - shine there, Lord, No  
 day Of Thy com - ing a - gain; This is not my rest, Lord, A  
 more At Thy com - ing a - gain; Thy blood was the sign, Lord, That  
 days Ere Thy com - ing a - gain; I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy

place to pre - pare, Lord, Thy home I shall share, At Thy coming a - gain.  
 sigh - ing nor care, Lord, But glo - ry so fair At Thy coming a - gain.  
 pil - grim confessed, Lord, I wait to be blest, At Thy coming a - gain.  
 marked them as Thine, Lord, And brightly they'll shine At Thy coming a - gain.  
 beau - ty to see, Lord, No tri - umph for me Like Thy coming a - gain.

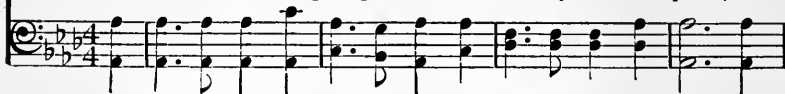
Mary D. James.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.



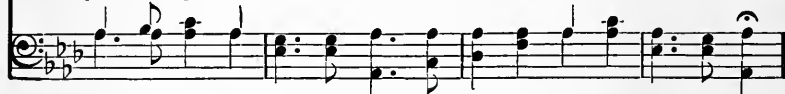
1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A-long life's wear-y way; My
4. I know His shel-t'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And



pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete: In  
soft-est whis-pers of His love In fel-low-ship so dear, And  
path, il-lu-mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No  
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My



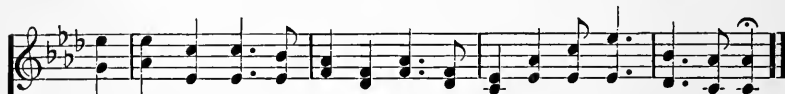
un-ion with the pur-est One, I find my Heav'n on earth be-gun."  
feel His great Al-might-y hand Pro-protects me in this hos-tile land.  
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.  
peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings.



## REFRAIN.



Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!



Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!



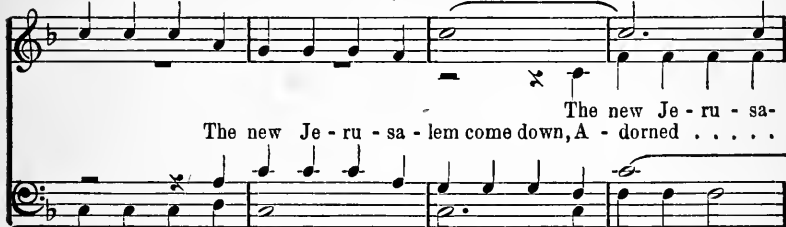
The



1. From the third Heav'n where God resides, That holy, happy place;

The new Je - ru - sa -

new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with



The new Je - ru - sa - lem come down, A - dorned . . . . .

The new Je - ru - sa -

lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with shin - ing grace,  
shin - ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down,



lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with shin - ing grace,  
. . . . . with shin - ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down,

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace,



A - dorned with shin - ing grace, A - dorned . . . with shin - ing grace.

2 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,—  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.

3 “The God of glory down to men  
Removes His blest abode;  
Men are the objects of His grace,  
And He their gracious God.

4 “His own kind hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye; [fears,  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
And death itself, shall die.”

5 How long, dear Savior, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

# No. 171. I Know I Shall Want to Be There.

F. A. B.

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F. A. Blackmer.

1. When the serv - ants of God have been called from their toil, And the  
 2. When the great ransomed ar - my shall mar - shal at last, On the  
 3. When the Sav - ior who died to re - deem fall - en men, And hath

bright, fadeless crowns have been giv'n,  
 plains of the Par - a - dise land,  
 bro't them His glo - ry to see,

And the long-promised rest they have  
 Bear - ing tro - phies of conquest o'er  
 In the midst of the great ransomed

en - tered up-on, In the beau - ti - ful king - dom of Heav'n, Then the  
 sin and the grave, I shall want then a - mong them to stand. When to  
 throng shall appear, I shall want then a - mong them to be; I shall

e - qual of an - gels the saints will appear, clothed in gar - ments of  
 geth - er with one might - y out - burst of song They shall praise for sal -  
 want then His beau - ti - ful face to be - hold, I shall want then His



1. Je - sus the Sav - ior - by faith I can see, Up with the Fa - ther, as  
 2. Je - sus in glo - ry who conquered the grave, Triumphed when ris - ing His  
 3. Sure is the prom - ise, He's coming for me; Signs of re - demp - tion now  
 4. Je - sus e - ter - nal, our glo - ri - ous King, Crowns of re - joic - ing He  
 5. O to be gath - ered at last on that shore, Kin - dred and loved ones to

my on - ly plea; Hope of sal - va - tion, so lov - ing and kind,  
 peo - ple to save; O - pened the por - tals and ban - ished the gloom;  
 plain - ly I see; - Gleams of the morn - ing, all ra - diant with light,  
 sure - ly will bring; Life ev - er - last - ing, a - bun - dant and free;  
 part nev - er - more; Safe in the king - dom, its bless - ings to share,

CHORUS.

No one like Je - sus the sin - ner can find.  
 Saved us from dark - ness and dread of the tomb.  
 Chas - ing the shad - ows, dis - pel - ling the night No one like Je - sus,  
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, His face we shall see.  
 Glo - ry im - mor - tal, we long to be there.

no one like Je - sus, Matchless in pow - er and fa - vor di - vine; I shall be -

*rit.*

hold Him, coming in glo - ry, Reigning for - ev - er as your Lord and mine.

# No. 173. Take My Hand, Dear Father.

"For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand."—ISA. 12: 13.

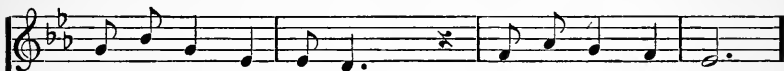
Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Chas. Edw. Prior.

ALTO SOLO. *Slowly.*



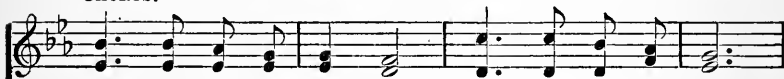
1. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,                   Lead me safe - ly thro' ;
2. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,                   Lest I meet a snare,
3. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther,                   Be my guard and guide;



For the gate is nar - row,                   And the way is new.  
And my feet should stum - ble               While I'm un - a - ware.  
Naught shall ev - er harm me,               While I'm near Thy side.



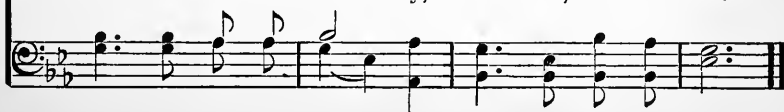
CHORUS.



Take my hand, oh, take it,               Hold me close to Thee;



For with Thee is safe - ty,               Hold then, hold Thou me.

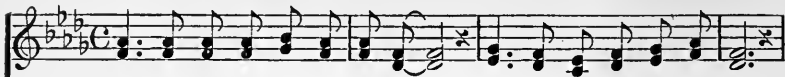


# No. 174. Since I've Learned to Trust Him More.

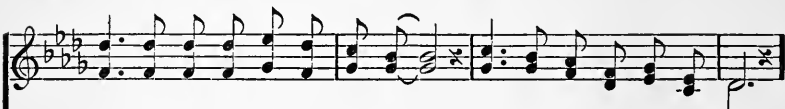
F. A. B.

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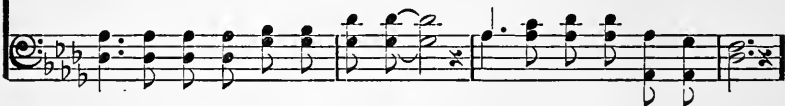
F. A. Blackmer.



1. Once I tho't I walked with Je - sus, Yet such changeful feel-ings had;
2. But He called me clo-ser to Him, Bade my doubting, fear-ing, cease;
3. Now I'm trusting ev - 'ry mo-ment, Noth - ing less can be e - nough;
4. Dear one, fol-low not a - far off, Lon-ger such a gracious Lord;



Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joy-ful, sometimes sad.  
 And when I had full - y yield - ed, Filled my soul with per-fect peace.  
 And the Sav-ior bears me gen - tly O'er those pla-ces once so rough.  
 Haste, and make the full sur - ren - der, Wondrous peace will He ac - cord.



## CHORUS.



Oh, the peace the Sav - ior gives, Peace I nev - er knew be - fore;



And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust Him more.





# No. 175.

# He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Fa-ther knows Why I have missed the path I chose,  
2. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,  
3. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.  
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.  
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic-to-ry.

## REFRAIN.

He knows it all, . . . He knows it all, . . . My Fa-ther  
He knows it all, He knows it all,

knows, . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how  
My Fa-ther knows He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.  
how fast they fall!—

J. L. McDonald.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine - yard needs  
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a bro - ther's in need, His cries as - cend  
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of  
 4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to

work - men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast - ing for  
 heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai - ment he  
 warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from  
 Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has promised its

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de - mands.  
 suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist - ance; O, dare to do right.  
 sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.  
 pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strength, till la - bors shall end.

CHORUS.

Oh, { why..... stand ye i - dle,..... Oh, why..... stand ye  
 { har - - vest is pass - ing,.... The har - - - vest is  
 Oh, { why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so  
 { har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way. The har - vest is pass - ing, is

# Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

i - dle, . . . Oh, why . . . stand ye i - dle, . . .  
 pass - ing, . . . The har - - vest is pass - ing, . . .  
 i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day,  
 pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way,

i - dle all day? . . . The pass - ing a - way. . .  
 i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

## No. 177.

## Keep Me Calm.

Horattus Bonar.

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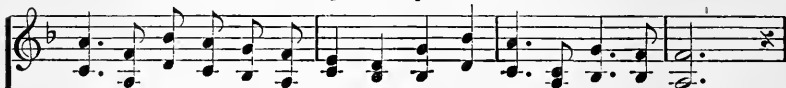
F. D. Barnes.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez-es blow;  
 2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast;  
 3. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,

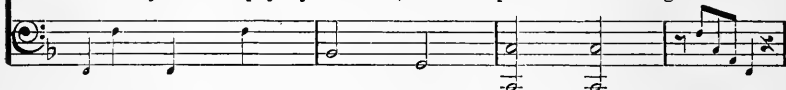
Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm, Up - on earth's fe - vered brow.  
 Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest.  
 Calm in the clos - et's sol - i - tude, Calm on the bus - tling street.



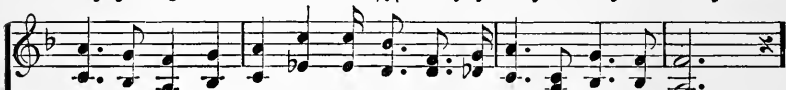
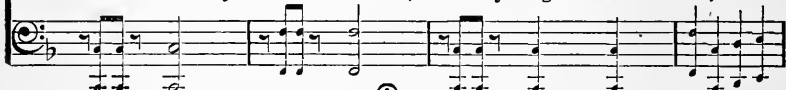
1. Long by sin my eyes were blind-ed, And no beau-ty could I see
2. Mil-lions to His feet are com-ing, Just as in the long a - go,
3. Do you won-der that I love Him, When He died my soul to save?



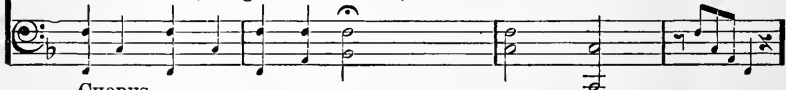
In the wondrous "Man of Sorrows," Who once walked in Gal-i-lee:  
When the mul-ti-tudes so thronged Him, Of His wondrous grace to know.  
When no price could pay my ran-som, His own pre-cious life He gavel



By His gra-cious touch of heal-ing He has made my eyes to see,  
He is still the bur-den-bear-er Of sin-strick-en hu-man kind;  
He has won my heart for-ev-er, And my song shall ev-er be,



And the "Man, de-spised, re-ject-ed," Now is all the world to me.  
Ad-am's ev-'ry son and daughter May a full de-liv-'rance find.  
"Take the world, but give me Je-sus," He is all in all to me.



## CHORUS.



He is all in all to me, to me; He is all in all to me, to me;



# He is All In All to Me.

Christ has won my heart for - ev - er, (for-ev-er), And is all in all to me.

Musical notation for the first song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature.

## No. 179. Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Broth-er for Christ's kingdom sigh-ing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
3. Tho' no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
4. Let us live for one an-oth-er, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;  
5. Tho' thy life is pressed with sor-row, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Musical notation for the second song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and an 8/8 time signature.

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.  
Sac-ri-fice is gold in Heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.  
Help to lift each fall-en broth-er, Help just a lit-tle.  
Brave-ly look tow'rd God's to-mor-row, Help just a lit-tle.

Musical notation for the first part of the lyrics, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and an 8/8 time signature.

CHORUS.  
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and an 8/8 time signature.

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Help-ing just a lit-tle.

Musical notation for the final part of the lyrics, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and an 8/8 time signature.

# No. 180. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

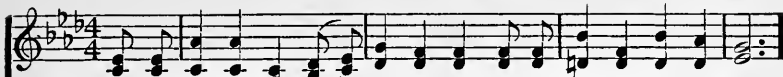
1. If you need up - lift - ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to  
2. In some hour un - guard - ed, if the foe as - sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,  
3. On the Lord de - pend - ing, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev - er harm you

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

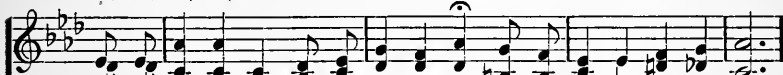
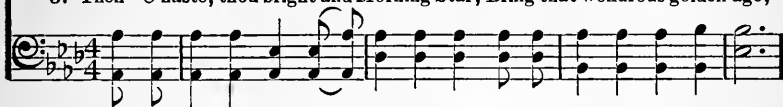
**CHORUS.**  
Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time . . . Faith will bring the blessing  
yes, ev-'ry time.

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

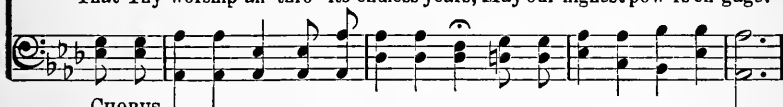
Ev-'ry need He will impart; Faith will bring the blessing ev-'ry time. . .  
ev-'ry time.



1. There's a promised fu-ture, a gold-en age, For the chil-dren of the King;
2. It is oft described in the Book of books, By the ho - ly seers of old,
3. Thus the glo - ry now we can al-most see, And the kingdom fair be - hold;
4. Men may loud-ly sing of a gold-en age, Hu-man ef - fort shall ob - tain,
5. Then O haste, thou bright and Morning Star, Bring that wondrous golden age,



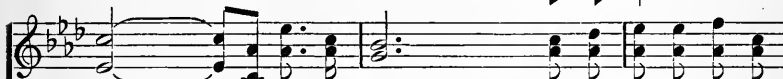
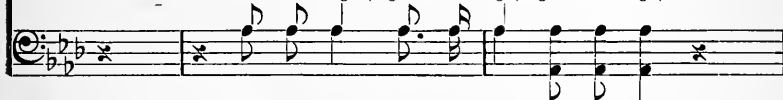
With the eye of faith we be-hold it nigh, And its beauties joy - ful sing.  
 And the signs we see that proclaim it near Are the signs which they foretold.  
 And the cit - y bright with each gate a pearl, And the streets, transparent gold.  
 But the Word declares it can nev - er come Till our Lord re - turns to reign.  
 That Thy worship all thro' its endless years, May our highest pow'rs en - gage.



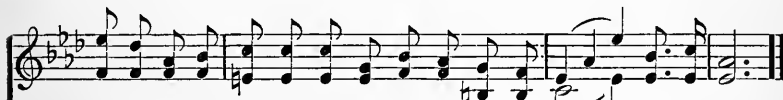
## CHORUS.



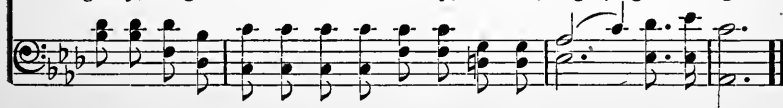
O the bright, O the bright, gold - en age, gold - en age, O the  
 O the bright, gold - en age, gold - en age,



bright, gold - en age; Sin - less age of life and  
 O the bright, gold - en age, gold - en age;



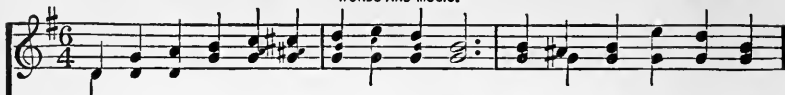
glo-ry, Long foretold in Bi - ble sto - ry, Bless - ed, bright, gold - en age.



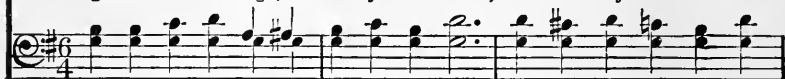
E. E. Hewitt.

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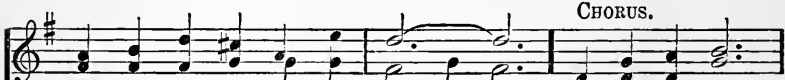
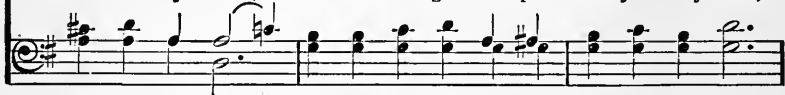
B. D. Ackley.



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



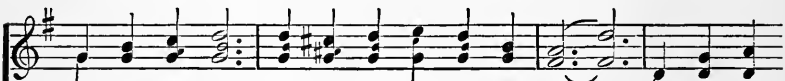
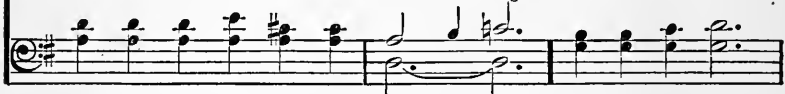
spark-le on high?— Fear not, the shad-ow will pass by and by;  
mir - a - cles still; Let no wrong-feel-ing your cup of life fill,  
smile 'round your feet; And if some grievance per-chance you may meet,



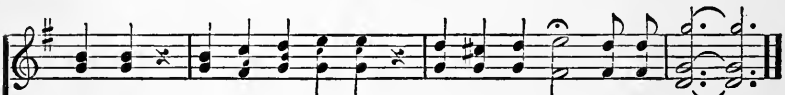
## CHORUS.

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

a song.



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



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





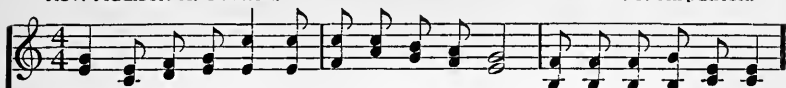
## No. 183.

## Sunbeams of Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, 2009 N. FIFTEENTH ST., PHILA., PA.

Rev. Addison K. Scotten.

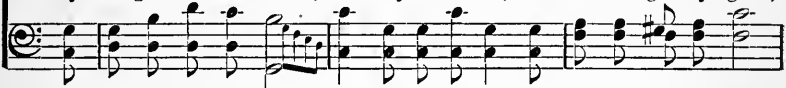
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Sunbeams of glo - ry il - lu - mi - nate my soul, Darkness gone for - ev - er,
2. O tell me nev - er that Christ in not a friend! I have oft - en proved Him,
3. Trust - ing in Je - sus I find a sweet re - pose, Peace - ful - ly and on - ward

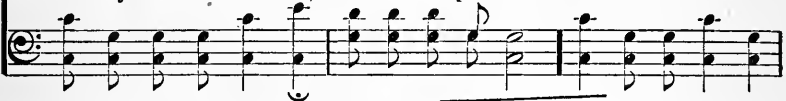


My Sav - ior has con - trol; Gone is my sor - row While Je - sus I can see;  
 And on Him now de - pend; Come, O ye wear - y, Tho' la - den down with care,  
 My life's great riv - er flows; Each day is sweeter, The moments gen - tly glide;



## CHORUS.

Love has told the sto - ry, Love of God for me.  
 He, your bless - ed Sav - ior, Will your bur - den share. Sunbeams of glo - ry!  
 Rests my soul con - tent - ed, Je - sus will pro - vide.



Love is the sto - ry! Let the bless - ed ti - dings on - ward roll! . . . . .  
 Let the bless - ed ti - dings roll!



Sunbeams of glory! Sunbeams of glo - ry! Shining, brightly shining in my soul!  
 shining in my soul!



F. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.



1. I came to the Sav-ior, found rest to my soul, And help in my great time of
2. My great load of sin, O how soon it fell off, When I confessed Je-sus, my
3. The bless-ing of Heav-en comes down on my soul When faith-ful I stand at my
4. Haste, come to the Savior, O child of the world, He waits to be gracious to



need; His yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light, That serv-ice is  
King; A great wave of glo - ry Swept o - ver my soul,—What wonder that  
post; There's peace in be-liev - ing, no tongue can ex-press, And joy in the  
thee, And sin's gall-ing yoke and its bur-den shall fall, And you that were



## CHORUS.



pleas-ure in - deed. His { yoke . . . . . is so eas - y, His  
then I could sing? { pres - ence is with me to  
sweet Ho - ly Ghost. His { yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light, His  
bound shall be free. { pres-ence is with me to com-fort and cheer, His



bur - den so light, . . . I sing, I sing on my way, . . . I  
com - fort and cheer, . . . By night, by night and by day, . . . By  
yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light. I sing. . . . . I sing on my way, I  
presence is with me to comfort and cheer, By night, . . . . . by night and by day, By



# His Easy Yoke.

1  
2

sing, I sing on my way; . . . His night by night and by day. . . .  
 sing, . . . I sing on my way; His night, by night, by night and by day.  
 night, . . . . . by night and by day.

*rit.*

No. 185.

# Some Happy Day.

JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Eben E. Rexford.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

F. A. Blackmer.

1. In dreams I hear a song so sweet, That waking I would fain re-peat  
 2. Tho' dim the vi-sion of the throng, And faint the ech-o of the song,  
 3. It may be that I shall not know The way, when comes my time to go;  
 4. "Some day," I say in faith, and wait The op'ning of the heav'nly gate;

Its mel-o-dy, but fail-ing, say, "I'll sing it, if God wills, some day."  
 I seem to hear the voi-ces say, "'T will all be real some hap-py day."  
 But in my Father's hand I'll lay My own, and He shall show the way.  
 Come soon or late, that time will be The dawn of Heav'n's sweet rest for me.

## REFRAIN.

Some day, some day, some hap-py day, When God shall wipe all tears a-way;

That day, that day so bright, I'll sing That heav'nly song be-fore my King.

# No. 186.

# He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

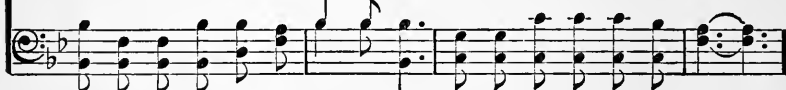
Hamp Sewell.



1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."  
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."  
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.  
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.



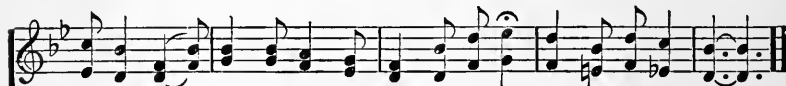
## CHORUS.



Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

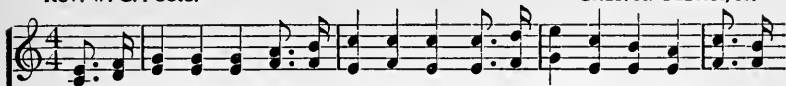


# No. 187. Where My King Leads On.

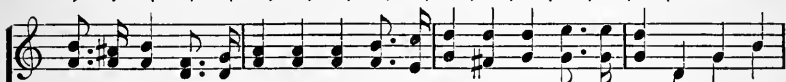
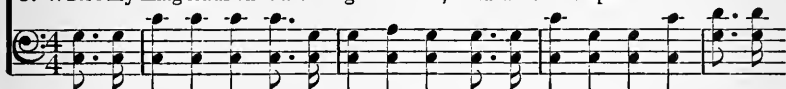
Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

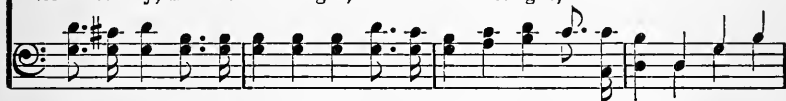
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.



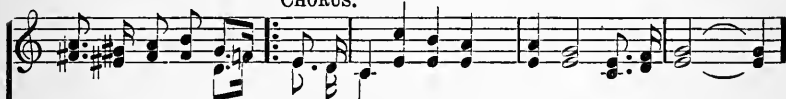
1. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, You will find me close be-neath His
2. In the bat-tle fray there is need to-day For the loy-al and the ev-er
3. Where my King leads on till the fight is won, And we stand up-on the field of



ban-ner bright; With the brave and true I am go-ing thro', Till the forc-es of my true and brave; Who will fol-low on—till the fight is won, And the ban-ners on the vic-to-ry; He will lead a-right, thro' the thickest fight, And I'll follow where His

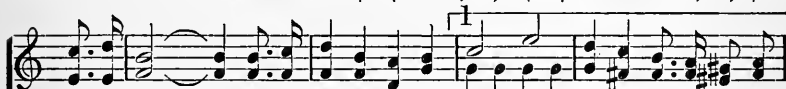
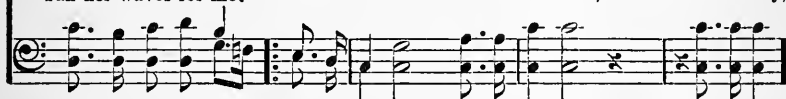


## CHORUS.



King shall win the fight.

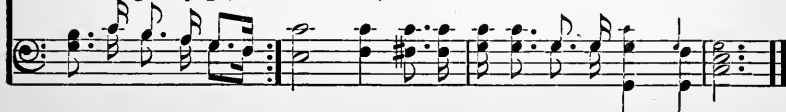
field of vict'ry wave. Where He needs me, where He leads me, All the way, . . .  
ban-ner waves for me. Where He leads me, All the way,



day by day, . . . Where He needs me, where He leads me With my blessed Sav-ior  
day by day, leads me gladly



I will glad-ly go; leads me, I will follow Him who loved me so.



1. Hark! a voice from E-den steal-ing,      Such as but to an-gels  
 2. Hope is sing-ing, still is sing-ing,      Soft-ly in an un-der-  
 3. Night and day it sings the same song,      Sings it when I sit a-  
 4. On the grave it sits and sings it,      Sings it when the heart would  
 5. Far-ther on! Oh! how much farther?      Count the mile-stones one by

(1) Hark! a voice from E-den stealing,      Such as

known,      Hope its song of cheer is sing-ing,  
 tone;      Sing-ing as if God had taught it,  
 lone;      Sings it so the heart may hear it,  
 groan;      Sings it when the shad-ows dark-en,  
 one;      No! no count-ing, on-ly trust-ing,  
 but to an-gels known,      Hope its song of cheer is sing-ing,

CHORUS.

"It is bet-ter far-ther on."      It is bet-ter far-ther  
 "It is bet-ter farther on."      It is bet-ter  
 rit. - - -

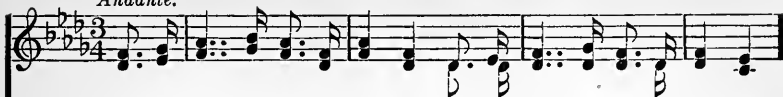
on,      It is bet-ter far-ther on,      It is  
 far-ther on,      It is bet-ter      far-ther on,

bet-ter far-ther on,      It is bet-ter far-ther on.  
 It is bet-ter      far-ther on,      far-ther on.

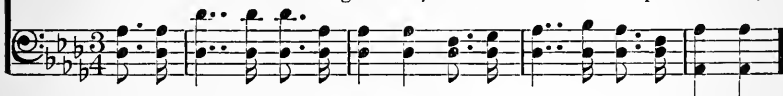
Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

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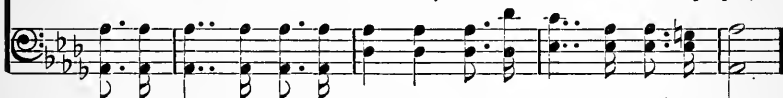
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*Andante.*

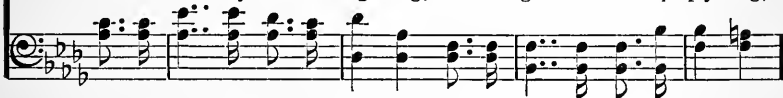
1. Je-sus all my grief is shar-ing, He my man-sion is pre-par-ing,
2. Je-sus loves and watches o'er me, When a-stray He will re-store me;
3. Je-sus loves and He will guide me, All I need He will pro-vide me,



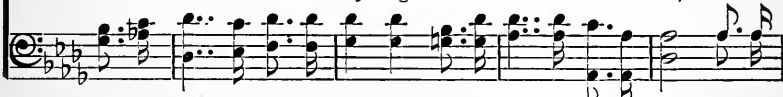
When I'm trem-bling and de-spair-ing, He will ev - er hear my call;  
An - gel guards He sends be-fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;  
In His bos - om He will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal;



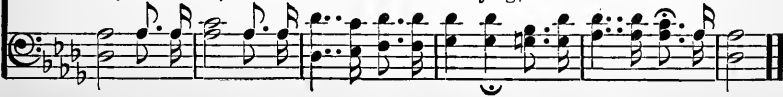
When the storms a-round me sweep-ing, Tho' in help - less-ness I'm sleep-ing,  
With His friends He hath en-rolled me, By His might He will up-hold me,  
He will hear my fee-blest sigh-ing, Need-ful grace to me sup-ply-ing,



I am safe in His own keep-ing: This to me is best of all; Best of  
In His arms He will en - fold me: This to me is best of all; Best of  
He'll be with me when I'm dy-ing: This to me is best of all; Best of



all, best of all, I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all.  
all, best of all, In His arms He will en-fold me, This to me is best of all.  
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.



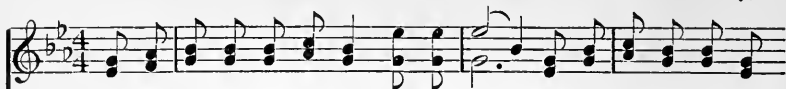
# No. 190.

# Will You Come?

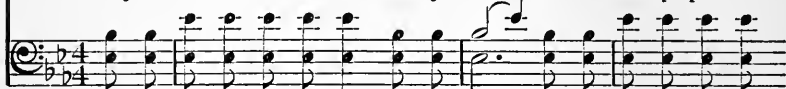
Carrie M. Wilson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's a message from the Lord,—will you come? Hear it sounding from His
2. He has tar-ried long for you; will you come? See, His locks are wet with
3. Will you heed the Sav-ior's call? Will you come, To the feast prepared for



word,—will you come? Who-so-ev-er on His name will be-lieve, Life e-  
dew: will you come? He a-lone your man-y sins can for-give; Will you  
all, will you come? You will find Him at the cross, waiting there, With the



## CHORUS.



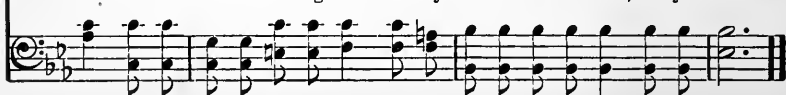
ter-nal shall from Him re-ceive.  
look to Him by faith and live? He is call-ing you to-day—will you come?  
garment that your soul must wear. will you come?



To the on-ly liv-ing way—will you come? Will you plunge beneath the  
will you come?



flood of His all-a-ton-ing blood? Will you be a child of God; will you come?

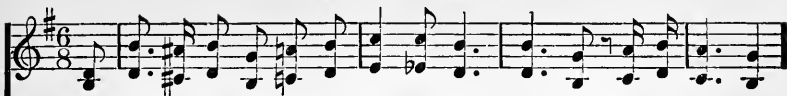




C. H. G.

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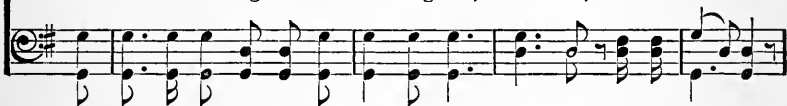
Chas. H. Gabriel.



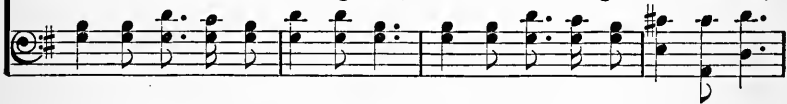
1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je -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



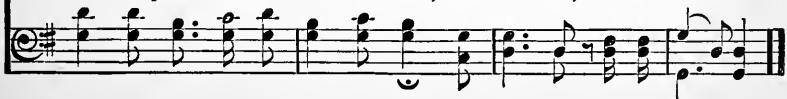
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:  
 He heal-eth the wounded, He giv-eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:  
 His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:  
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:



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



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



# No. 192. He is Not Far Away From Me.

F. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. O what a lov-ing Friend have I, Who came to earth for me to die;  
 2. I hear His voice when dark the day, "Lo, I am with you, child, al-way;"  
 3. I feel His pres-ence sweet at morn; At noon it does my path a - dorn;  
 4. How bless-ed in this pil-grim-age, With work to do and wars to wage,  
 5. Now "see-ing dark - ly thro' a veil", By faith sin's strong-holds we as-sail,

Who hears and helps, wher-e'er I be, And is not far a-way from me.  
 Then I rejoyce, while ter-rors flee, That He's not far a-way from me.  
 And when the eve-ning shades I see, Still He's not far a-way from me.  
 To know He's with us night and day, And nev-er far from us a - way.  
 Un - til He brings us by His grace, Where we shall see Him face to face.

## CHORUS.

He is not far..... a - way from me,.....  
 He is not far a - way from me,

The Christ who died..... to set me free;..... Al - tho' His  
 The Christ who died to set me free;

face I may not see, He is not far..... a-way from me.  
 He is not far

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the  
 2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-  
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in  
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and  
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

*D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the*  
 FINE

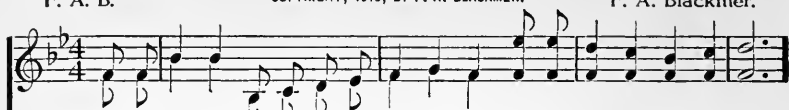
Him a - lone I see All - I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.  
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.  
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

*bright and morn - ing star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.*

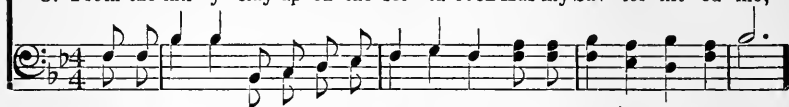
In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,  
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sat - an tempt me sore,  
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the  
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the  
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

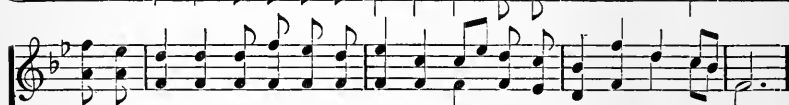
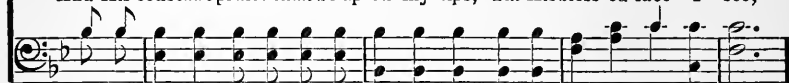
*D. S.*



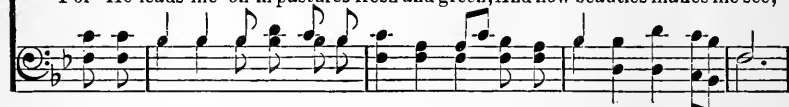
1. There's a glad song welling up with-in my soul, With a theme supremely grand;
2. What a change the grace of God in me has wrought, Since I heard the joyful sound;
3. From the mir-y clay up on the sol-id rock Has my Sav-ior lift-ed me,



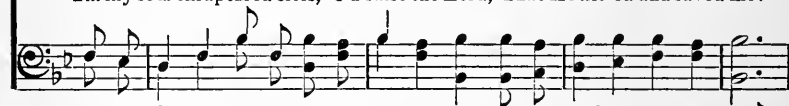
There are hal-le-lu-jahs in it, and they roll Upward tow'rd the Lord's right hand;  
How I love to shout the blessed ti-dings out, "What a Sav-ior I have found!"  
And His constant praise shall be up-on my lips, "Till His bless-ed face I see;"



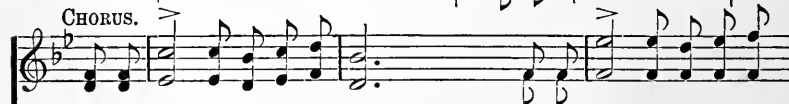
For my bur-dens heavy all have fall-en off, And my spir-it bound, is free,  
From the mountain tops would I proclaim the news Of sal-va-tion full and free;  
For He leads me on in pastures fresh and green, And new beauties makes me see,



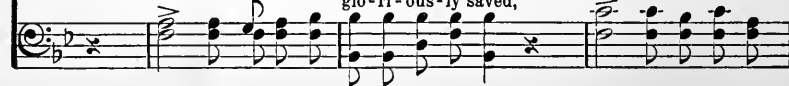
For the Lord of glo-ry in His pow'r came down, And He lift-ed and saved me.  
Hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry to the Savior's name, That He lift-ed and saved me!  
Till my soul enraptured cries, "O Praise the Lord," That He lift-ed and saved me!



## CHORUS.



I am saved, glo-ri-ous-ly saved, I am saved, won-der-ful-ly  
glo-ri-ous-ly saved,



# Saved, Gloriously Saved!

saved; Lifted by grace To a heav'nly place, Hal-le-lu - jah, I'm saved!  
wonderfully savd;

No. 195.

## At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz - ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I

### CHORUS.

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I  
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.  
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-way, It was  
rolled-a-way,

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

# No. 196. How Far to the City of Gold.

Mrs. E. E. Miles.

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Arr. and 4th V. by F. A. B.

F. A. Blackmer.

1. "How far to the Cit - y of Gold?" The an - xious pil - grim cries; "How  
 2. How far to the Cit - y of Gold? The sad - den hearts would know, While  
 3. How far to the Cit - y of Gold? Where sor - row ne'er shall come—The  
 4. How far to the Cit - y of Gold? Thy wait - ing Church would know; Each  
 How far, how far,

far to jour - ney ere I see Its tow'rs be - fore me rise?" Tho' oft - en worn and  
 mourning o'er the friends they love, In death's em - brace laid low; How long ere saints a -  
 prom - ised land of joy and rest, The saints' e - ter - nal home? The jour - ney long has  
 day Thy chil - dren upward gaze, Each day more an - xious grow; Blest Sa - vior, cleave the

sad, Oppressed with grief and care, Pil - grim, press on a few more steps, Thy  
 wake And pass those por - tals fair? Hope whis - pers in af - flic - tion's hour, Weep  
 been, But home will soon ap - pear; Each land - mark past pro - claims to us We're  
 sky, And quick - ly, quick - ly come; We long to see Thy bless - ed face, And

## CHORUS.

feet are al - most there.  
 not, they're al - most there. Press on, . . . Press on, . . . Where lies Thy home so  
 al - most, al - most there.  
 dwell with Thee at home. Press on, press on, press on, press on,

# How Far to the City of Gold?

fair; Pilgrim, press on a few more steps, Thy feet are al-most there.  
so fair; almost there.

No. 197.

## Redeemed.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.  
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rap-ture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de-light;

Redeemed thro' His in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.  
I sing, for I can-not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.

CHORUS.

Re-deemed, Re-deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed, Redeemed.

Re-deemed, Re-deemed, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
Redeemed, Redeemed.



1. I love to hear you tell How man - y years a - go The  
 2. The sto - ry of His love To me when lost in sin, Is  
 3. The world is full of strife, And blight - ed, too, by sin, Yet



Lord of life was born With-in the man-ger low; But while His praise you sing,  
 mu - sic to my ears, And gives me joy with-in; But still I'm won-der-ing,  
 men ex-pect to see A gold-en age come in; But Christ a - lone can bring



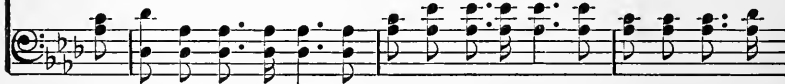
And to Him tribute bring, Why speak ye not a word Of bringing back the King?  
 The while men talk and sing, That they speak not a word Of bringing back the King!  
 Forearth some better thing; Then haste, O joyful hour, Of bringing back the King!



## CHORUS.



Of bring-ing, Of bring-ing, Whyspeak ye not a  
 Of bring-ing back the King, Of bring-ing back the King,



word Of bring-ing back the King? Soon will the an - gels sing, Till





# Bringing Back the King.

Heav'n and earth shall ring; Then we will join the song, And welcome back the King.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

## No. 199. Jesus Will be Your Friend.

F. A. B.  
DUET.

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F. A. Blackmer.

1. Are you lone-ly and worn and sad? Je-sus will be your Friend;  
2. Are you bowed 'neath a load of sin? Je-sus will be your Friend;  
3. None so lov-ing, so strong and true, Je-sus will be your Friend;  
4. He will go with you ev-'ry where, Je-sus will be your Friend;  
5. Seek His grace and your soul shall live, Je-sus will be your Friend;

Musical notation for the first system of the duet, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

Cheer your path-way and make you glad, Je-sus will be your Friend.  
Come just now, a new life be-gin, Je-sus will be your Friend.  
In all points tempted like as you, Je-sus will be your Friend.  
Bear your bur-dens, your sor-rows share, Je-sus will be your Friend.  
Im-mor-tal-i-ty will He give, Je-sus will be your Friend.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the second system of the duet, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

He'll help e-ven while you pray, Ev-'ry mo-ment of ev-'ry day;

Ev-'ry step of your on-ward way, Je-sus will be your Friend.

Musical notation for the third system of the duet, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

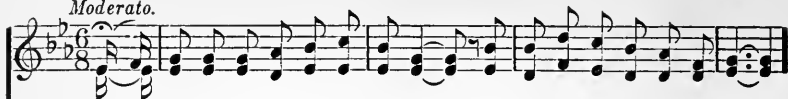
## No. 200.

## The Pearly White City.

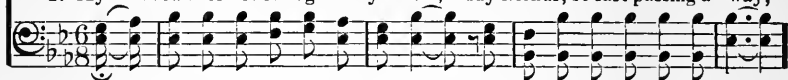
A. F. I.

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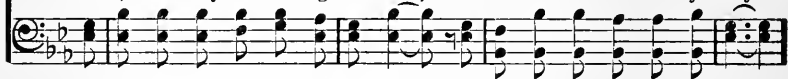
Arthur F. Ingler.

*Moderato.*

1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And nothing de-fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heart-aches are know in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones will soon gather yon-der, My friends, so fast passing a-way;



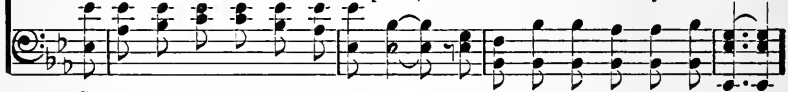
John saw it de-scend-ing from Heav-en, When Patmos, in ex-ile, He trod;  
No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape in that cit-y is seen;  
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in glo-ry, No en-vy or strife can come nigh;  
And I, too shall join their bright number, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day:



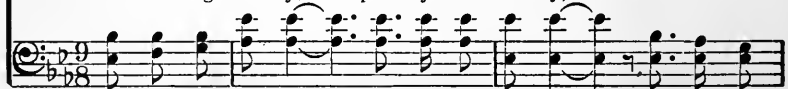
Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold,  
Earth's sorrow and cares are for-got-ten, No tempter is there to an-roy.  
The saints, then all sanc-ti-fied wholly, Will live in sweet har-mo-ny there;  
Then safe there in glo-ry with Je-sus, We'll sing, "All our tri-als are past,

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.  
No part-ing words ev-er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt and de-destroy.  
My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.  
We've o-ver-come sin and the tempt-er, And reached the fair cit-y at last."

CHORUS. *Slow.*

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



# The Pearly White City.

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

*rit. ad lib.*

long-ing For the white cit-y, That's soon coming down.

## No. 201.

## Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

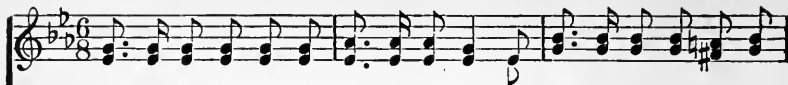
## No. 202.

## He Was Not Willing.

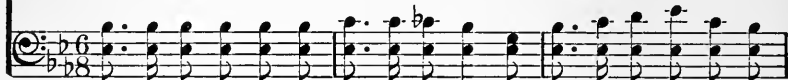
L. R. M.

USED BY PERMISSION OF LUCY RIDER MEYER,  
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

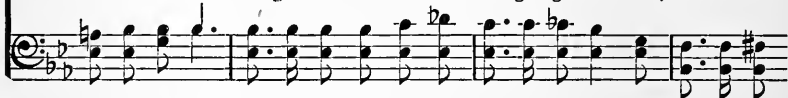
Lucy Rider Meyer.



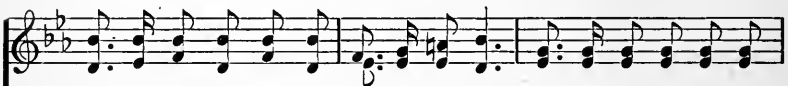
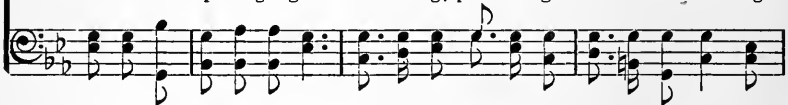
1. He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish; Je - sus, enthroned in the
2. He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish; Clothed in our flesh with its
3. Plen - ty for pleasure, but lil - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world with its
4. He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish; Am I His fol - low - er,



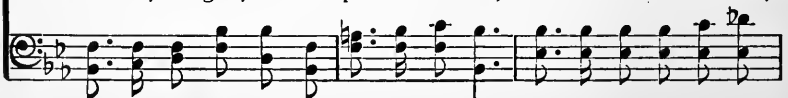
glo - ry a - bove, Looked on us ten - der - ly, pit - ied our sorrows, Poured out His sor - row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner, Heal the heart troubles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry, Lift - ing lost and can I live Lon - ger at ease with a soul going downward, Lost for the



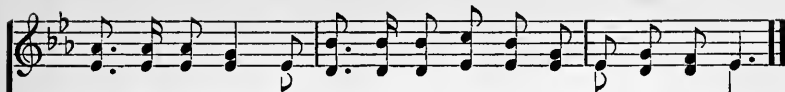
life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing! Thronging our pathway, bro - ken by sorrow and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing! Har - vest is pass - ing, souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing! Hark, how they call us, lack of the help I might give? Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing! Thou wast not will - ing:



Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear; Je - sus would save but there's Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near; Je - sus is call - ing thee, Bring us your Sav - ior, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wear - y, so Mas - ter, for - give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban - ish our world - li - ness,



## He Was Not Willing.



no one to tell them, No one to lift them from sin and de-spair.  
haste to the reap - ing, Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.  
heav - i - ly la - den, And with long weeping, our eyes have grown dim.  
help us to ev - er Live with e - ter - ni - ty's val - ues in view.



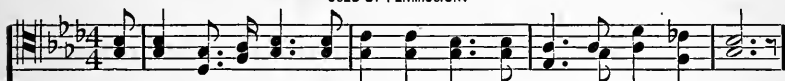
## No. 203.

## Patience.

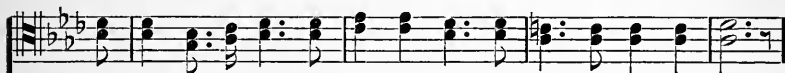
(FOR MALE VOICES.)

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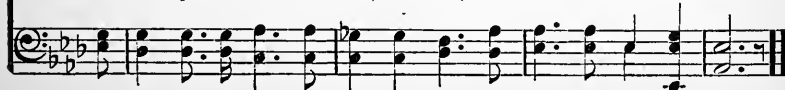
1. My feet are so wear - y with the march O - ver the steep hill - side;
2. My hands are so wear - y toil - ing on For per - ish - a - ble meat;
3. Have patience, poor heart, His feet were torn, His hands were wear - y too;
4. So love thou the path thy Sav - ior trod, And pa - tient wait thy rest;

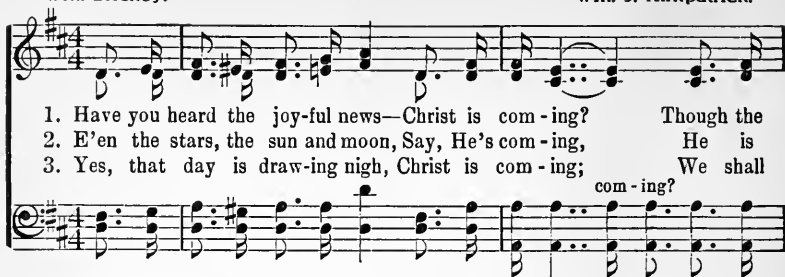


O cit - y of God! I fain would see Thy peace - ful wa - ters glide;  
O cit - y of God! I fain would reach Thy glo - rious mer - cy - seat!  
His garments were stained and trav - el - worn, His head wet with the dew;  
The cit - y of God thou soon shalt see, Home of the loved and blest;

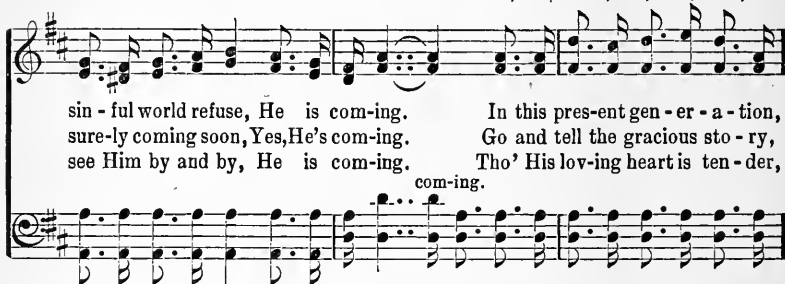


O cit - y of God! I fain would see Thy peace - ful wa - ters glide.  
O cit - y of God! I fain would reach Thy glo - rious mer - cy - seat!  
His garments were stained and trav - el - torn, His head wet with the dew.  
The cit - y of God thou soon shalt see, Home of the loved and blest.

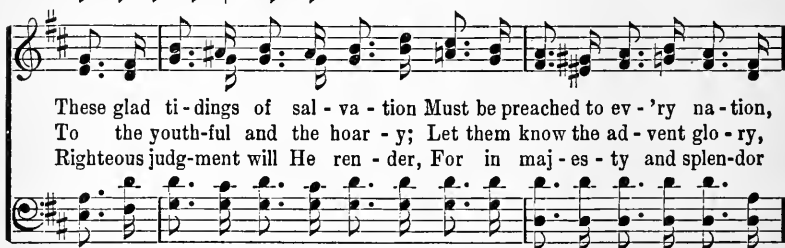




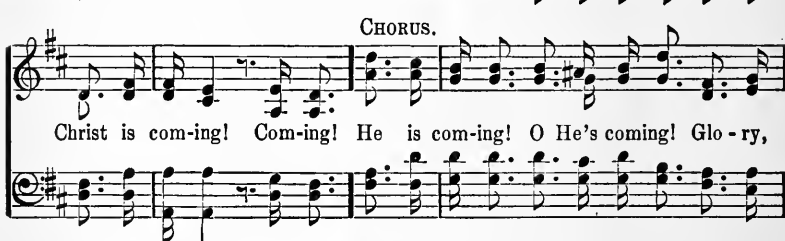
1. Have you heard the joy-ful news—Christ is com-ing?      Though the  
2. E'en the stars, the sun and moon, Say, He's com-ing,      He is  
3. Yes, that day is draw-ing nigh, Christ is com-ing;      We shall  
com-ing?



sin-ful world refuse, He is com-ing.      In this pres-ent gen-er-a-tion,  
sure-ly coming soon, Yes, He's com-ing.      Go and tell the gracious sto-ry,  
see Him by and by, He is com-ing.      Tho' His lov-ing heart is ten-der,  
com-ing.

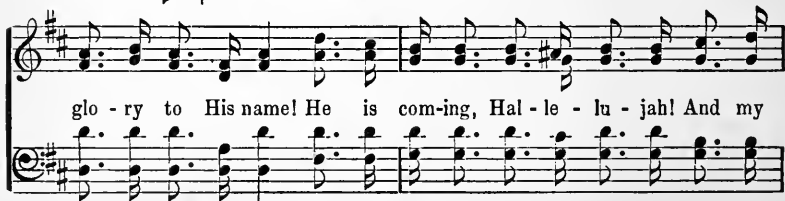


These glad ti-dings of sal-va-tion Must be preached to ev-'ry na-tion,  
To the youth-ful and the hoar-y; Let them know the ad-vent glo-ry,  
Righteous judg-ment will He ren-der, For in maj-es-ty and splen-dor



CHORUS.

Christ is com-ing! Com-ing! He is com-ing! O He's coming! Glo-ry,



glo-ry to His name! He is com-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah! And my

## Joyful News.

soul has caught the flame; With His ret - i - nue of an - gels Thro' the

por - tals of the sky, My Lord is coming! coming! His coming draweth nigh!

*rit.*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the lyrics 'soul has caught the flame; With His ret - i - nue of an - gels Thro' the'. The second system contains 'por - tals of the sky, My Lord is coming! coming! His coming draweth nigh!'. The second system ends with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

## No. 205. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber.

H. F. Hemy, adp't.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;  
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:  
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains a list of four verses. The second system contains the beginning of a prayer: 'O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:'. The third system continues the prayer: 'How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!'. The fourth system contains the final line: 'Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

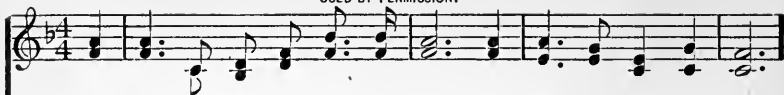
## No. 206.

## Coming Again.

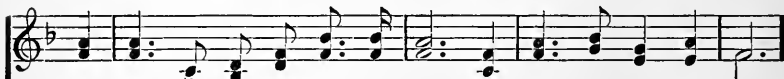
C. F. L.

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C. F. Louthain.



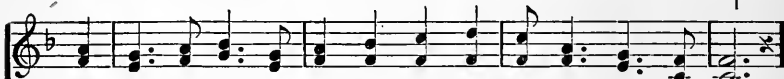
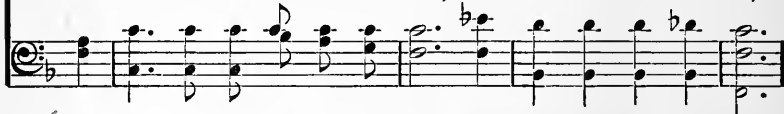
1. On Olive's crown the Sav-ior stood, Be-fore He went to Heav'n;
2. When He had spo-ken—while they looked Stead-fast-ly tow'rd the sky,
3. Our Sav-ior, ere He left the earth, Said He would come a - gain;



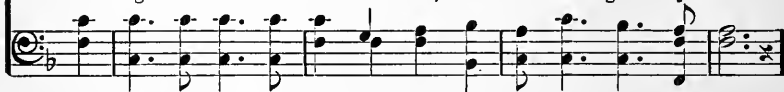
He said to tar-ry for the pow'r, The prom-ise had been giv'n.  
The Lord went up—was lost to sight In clouds then pass-ing by;  
Our hearts with joy doth o-ver-flow, We soon with Him shall reign:



He said that if He went a-way A place He would pre-pare,  
Two men in white then stand-ing nigh, Said—Gal-i-le-an men,  
We are His Bride—we'll hear His shout, We'll meet Him in the air,



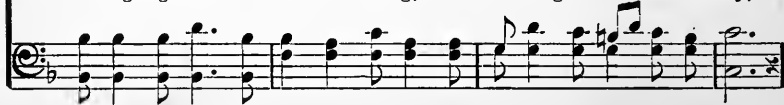
He'd come a-gain and take us home To man-sions bright and fair.  
This Je-sus, as you see Him go, Will sure-ly come a-gain.  
And reign with Him for-ev-er-more, And in His glo-ry share.



## CHORUS.



Coming again—of course He's coming, We're watching the clouds in the sky;





## Coming Again.

Coming a-gain— of course He's coming, Our King from His throne on high.

## No. 207.

## Victory Ahead.

W. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY REV. WILLIAM GRUM.  
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Rev. William Grum.

1. When the hosts of Is-ra-el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer-i-cho soft-ly trod;
2. David, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi-ant on the field all a-lone;
3. Daniel prayed unto the Lord thrice each day, Then unto the lion's den led the way;
4. Of-ten with the car-nal mind I was tried, Ask-ing for de-liv-er-ance oft I cried;
5. If my blessed Savior but holds my hand, And beside death's river, cold, I must stand;

FINE.

Trusting in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they saw the victory ahead.  
Trusting in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he saw the victory a-head.  
Trusting in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he saw the victory a-head.  
Trusting in the Lord, I reck-oned I was dead, By faith I saw the victory a-head.  
Trusting in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I see the victory a-head.

*D.S.—Trusting in the Lord, I hear the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic-to-ry a-head.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Vic-to-ry a-head! Vic-to-ry a-head! Thro' the blood of Jesus, vic-to-ry a-head;

Words arr.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Pontius.

1. We know not the time when He com-eth, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn;  
 2. I think of His won-der-ful pit - y, The price our sal-va-tion hath cost;  
 3. O Je - sus, the lov-ing Re-deem-er, He know-eth I cher-ish so dear

It may be at deep-en-ing twi-ght, It may be at ear-li-est dawn;  
 He left the bright mansions of glo - ry, To suf-fer and die for the lost;  
 The hope that mine eyes shall behold Him, Then I shall His glad welcome bear;

He bids us to watch and be read - y, Nor suf-fer our lights to grow dim,  
 And sure - ly I know it will please Him, When those whom He died to re-deem  
 And when in the clouds He ap-pear - eth, To gath-er the faith-ful ones in,

That, when He may come, He will find us All waiting and watching for Him.  
 Re - joice in the hope of His com - ing, By waiting and watching for Him.  
 A Friend most be-lov-ed, He'll greet me; I'm waiting and watching for Him.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - ing and watch - ing,  
 Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Him, Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Him,

# Waiting and Watching.

*Repeat pp.*

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Still waiting and watching for Him.  
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting and watching,

## No. 209.

## Beautiful Eden.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY F. A. BLACKMER.

Thoro Harris.

1. How beau-ti-ful was E - den, Where our first pa - rents trod!
2. But soon did Sa - tan meet them, With words of prom-ise fair;
3. They fell from their high sta - tion, Be - neath the pow'r of sin;
4. 'Tis thus that sin doth en - ter Our E - den pure and bright,
5. God hath a way pro - vid - ed,—His Son, our bless - ed Lord,

So fair, so pure and sin - less, They walked and talked with God.  
They yield - ed to the tempt - er, And sor - row en - tered there.  
Cast out from hap - py E - den, To dwell no more there - in.  
And hides the Fa - ther's pres - ence For - ev - er from our sight.  
Who died, a - rose, and liv - eth: And E - den is re - stored.

### CHORUS.

Home of the good, the blest and ho - ly, Where shines the light of God;  
Home of the good and ho - ly, Beau-ti-ful E-den!

There we by faith may en - ter, Thro' the a - ton - ing blood.  
There we by faith a - gain may en - ter,

# No. 210. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.  
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

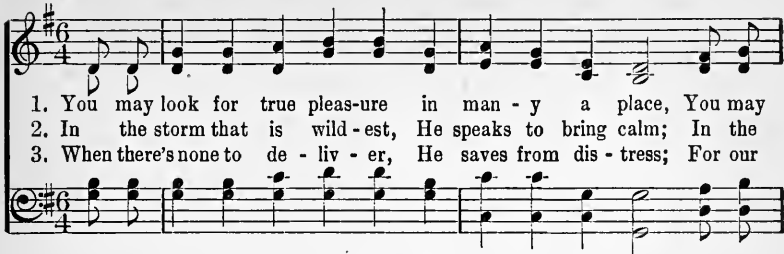
near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

# No. 211. No One Can Help You Like Jesus.

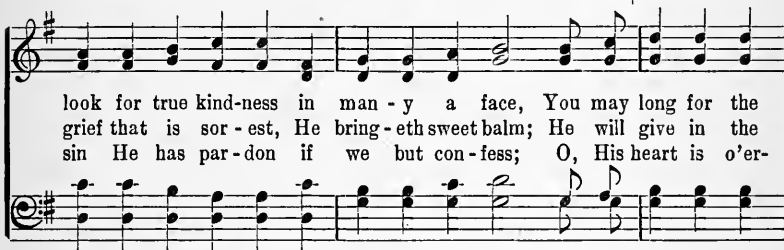
Mrs. F. A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

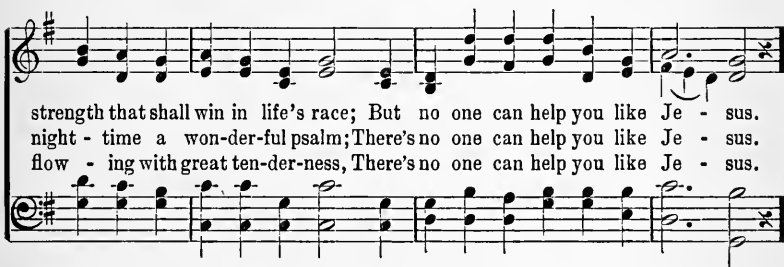
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. You may look for true pleas-ure in man - y a place, You may  
2. In the storm that is wild - est, He speaks to bring calm; In the  
3. When there's none to de - liv - er, He saves from dis - tress; For our

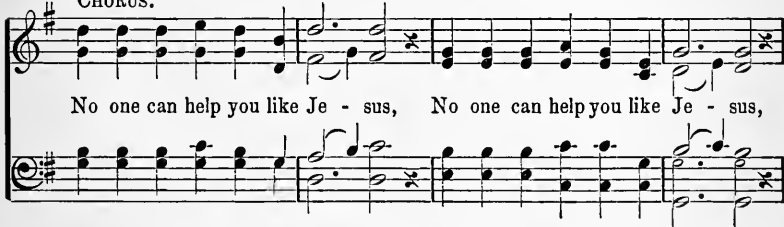


look for true kind-ness in man - y a face, You may long for the  
grief that is sor - est, He bring - eth sweet balm; He will give in the  
sin He has par - don if we but con - fess; O, His heart is o'er-

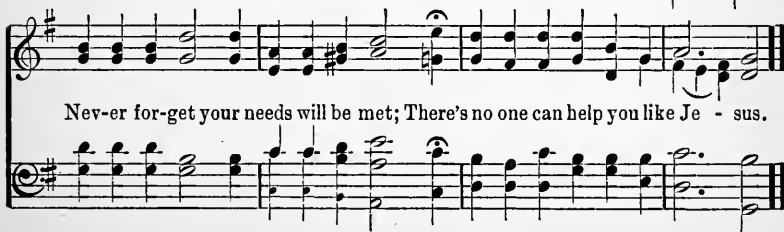


strength that shall win in life's race; But no one can help you like Je - sus.  
night - time a won - der - ful psalm; There's no one can help you like Je - sus.  
flow - ing with great ten - der - ness, There's no one can help you like Je - sus.

## CHORUS.



No one can help you like Je - sus, No one can help you like Je - sus,



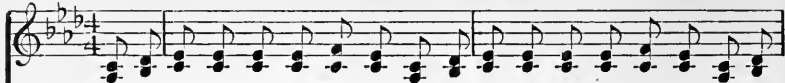
Nev - er for - get your needs will be met; There's no one can help you like Je - sus.

# No. 212. When Jesus Turns the Bitter Into Sweet.

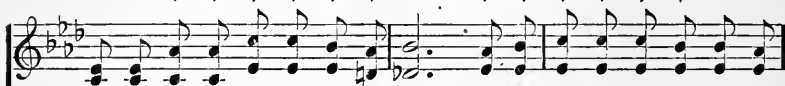
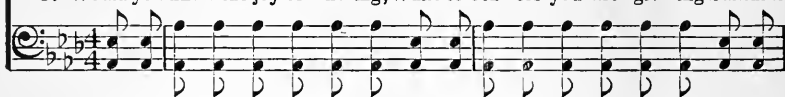
Herbert Buffum.

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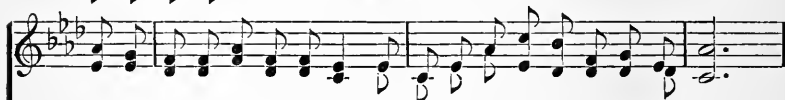
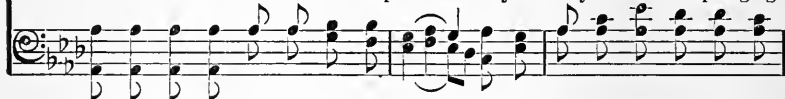
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



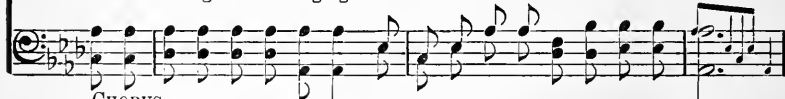
1. If your life seems sad and drear-y, If the way seems long and weary, And you
2. Hushed will be your anguished crying, And the days, so full of sigh-ing, Will be
3. Would you know the joy of liv-ing, While to oth - ers you are giv - ing Sunshine



feel a frown for ev - 'ry one you meet, You may make that life a pleas-ure,  
turned to smiles for ev - 'ry one you greet; Life will then be full of glad-ness,  
in - to lives which seem so in-com-plete? Would you have your heart keep singing?



You may have a priceless treasure, When Jesus turns the bit-ter in - to sweet.  
E - ven in the midst of sadness, When Jesus turns the bit-ter in - to sweet.  
Heed this message I am bringing: "Let Jesus turn the bit-ter in - to sweet."



## CHORUS.



O, let Je-sus turn the bit-ter in - to sweet, Then you'll have a smile for  
turn the bit-ter in - to sweet,



ev-'ry one you meet; And your bur-deus will be lift - ed, And the  
for ev-'ry one you meet;



# When Jesus Turns the Bitter Into Sweet.

clouds will all be rift-ed, When Je-sus turns the bitter in - to sweet. . . .  
 turns the bit-ter in-to sweet.

## No. 213. My Bible Leads to Glory.

Arranged.

UNISON.

1. My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry,
2. I'm on my way to glo - ry, I'm on my way to glo - ry,
3. I'm fight - ing for a king - dom, I'm fight - ing for a king - dom,
4. We'll have a shout in glo - ry, We'll have a shout in glo - ry,
5. There we shall live for - ev - er, There we shall live for - ev - er,

My Bi - ble leads to glo - ry, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.  
 I'm on my way to glo - ry, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.  
 I'm fight - ing for a king - dom, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.  
 We'll have a shout in glo - ry, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.  
 There we shall live for - ev - er, Ye fol - low - ers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

{ Sing on, pray on, ye fol-low-ers of Im-man-u-el,  
 { Sing on, pray on, ye (Omit.....) fol-low-ers of the Lamb.

## No. 214.

## Praise Ye the Lord.

Jennie Ree.

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Carl Fischer.

INTRO.

*Voices in Unison.*

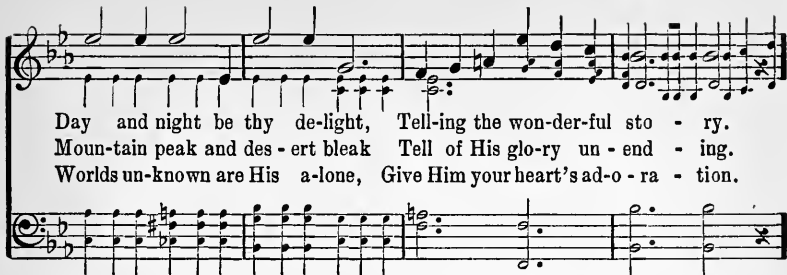
1. Praise ye the Lord! Tim-brel and harp em - ploy;....  
 2. Praise ye the Lord! Wor-thy of praise is He;.....  
 3. Praise ye the Lord! Her-ald His name a - broad!...

Lift the voice, sing, re-joice, Pub-lish His greatness and glo - ry;  
 Sun and rain, joy and pain, Un-to the earth He is send - ing;  
 Vale and hill, rock and rill, Join in the song with cre-a - tion;

His serv-ice shall be fraught with an end - less joy;.....  
 He hold-eth the stars, gov-erns the an - gry sea;.....  
 Je - ho - vah is He—there is no oth - er God!.....



# Praise Ye the Lord.

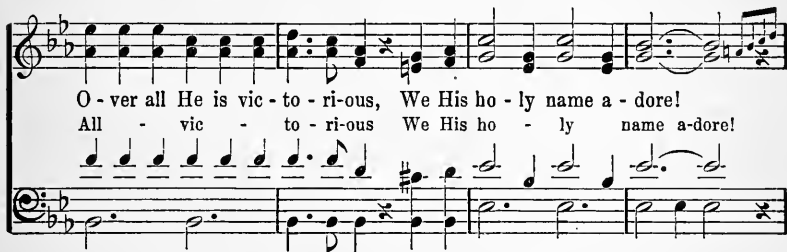


Day and night be thy de-light, Tell-ing the won-der-ful sto - ry.  
Moun-tain peak and des - ert bleak Tell of His glo-ry un - end - ing.  
Worlds un-known are His a-lone, Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion.

## CHORUS.



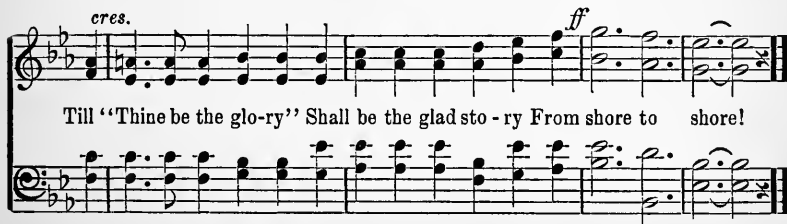
Great and glo - ri - ous! He is King for-ev - er - more!  
Great is He! mighty and glo - ri - ous! He is King, is King for-ev-er-more!



O - ver all He is vic - to - ri - ous, We His ho - ly name a - dore!  
All - vic - to - ri - ous We His ho - ly name a-dore!



Reign, reign o - ver us, Keep us ev - er, leave us nev - er,  
Reigning in maj-es-ty o - ver us, Keep us ev - er, leave us nev - er, never,



*cres.* Till "Thine be the glo-ry" Shall be the glad sto - ry From shore to shore!  
*ff*

## No. 215.

## Lord, I Believe.

THIS ARR. OWNED BY R. E. WINSETTE.

Harmony by R. E. Winsette.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I.

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

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

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

## REFRAIN.

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

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

# No. 216. He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

F. A. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY F. A. GRAVES.  
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F. A. Graves.

DUET. Tenor & Alto.

1. What a won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - ior, Who would  
 2. Thus He left His heav - en - ly glo - ry To ac -  
 3. He was wound - ed for our trans - gres - sions, And He  
 4. So He gave His life for oth - ers In re -

die on the cross for me! Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life - blood,  
 com-pleish His Fa-ther's plan; He was born of the Vir - gin Ma - ry,  
 car - ried our sor - rows, too; He's the Heal - er of ev - 'ry sick - ness, -  
 deem-ing this world from sin, And He's gone to pre - pare a man - sion,

CHORUS.

That the sin - ner might be made free. He was nailed to the cross for  
 Took up - on Him the form of man. do. He was  
 This He came to the world to do. He was  
 That at last we may en - ter in. He was

me, He was nailed to the cross for me; On the  
 nailed to the cross, He was nailed to the cross;

cross cru - ci - fied, for me He died; He was nailed to the cross for me.

# No. 217.

# A Sinner Forgiven.

A. H. Ericsson.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. M. SEAMANS.

C. M. Seamans.

1. A sin-ner for-giv-en, I'm free from my sin; I'm hap-py in Je-sus who  
 2. A sin-ner for-giv-en, the shackles all gone, A child of the Fa-ther, of  
 3. A sin-ner for-giv-en, my guilt is all past; A serv-ant of Je-sus while  
 4. A sin-ner for-giv-en, God's grace be my song; E-ter-ni-ty blest shall my

welcomed me in; Now saved by His mer-cy, His love and His grace, My  
 love I am born; And now on my pathway there's light streaming down, I'm an  
 life-time shall last; A help-er of oth-ers by His grace I'll be, De-  
 an-then pro-long; For such a dear Sav-ior as Christ is to me, De-

*rit.* CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

joy is com-plete in His gen-tle embrace.  
 heir to a king-dom, a life and a crown. O glo-ry!..... I'm a  
 clar-ing the wonders of mer-cy to me.  
 serves all my praise thro'-out e-ter-ni-ty.

O glo-ry!

sin-ner for-giv-en, O glo-ry! I'm a sin-ner for-giv-en, Resting by

O glo-ry!

*rit.*

grace in His gen-tle embrace, O glo-ry! I'm a sin-ner for-giv-en.

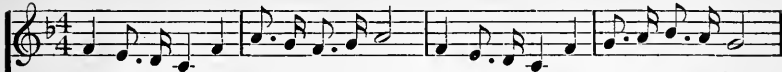
O glo-ry!

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see; and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.



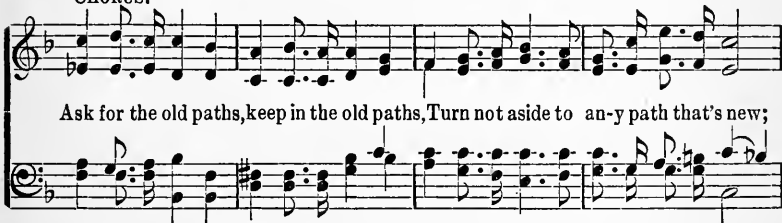
1. Ask for the old paths saints of yore have trod; Take for your guide the changeless word of God;
2. Ask for the old paths: rest and peace are there; Ask for the old paths, of the new beware;
3. How many say, We will not walk therein! How many choose the downward course of sin!



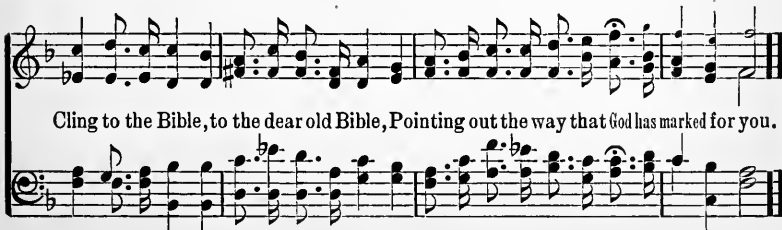
Walk in the way with God's de-spis-ed few, Turn not a-side in-to a by-way new.  
Filled with the pow'r that fell at Pentecost, Walk in the light with God's triumphant host.  
Turning aside from paths that lead astray, Start for the kingdom on the King's highway.



## CHORUS.



Ask for the old paths, keep in the old paths, Turn not aside to an-y path that's new;



Cling to the Bible, to the dear old Bible, Pointing out the way that God has marked for you.

## No. 219.

## The Pleading Savior.

C. M. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. M. SEAMANS.

C. M. Seamans.

1. O'er a lost and sin-ful cit - y, Je - sus wept sad tears of pit - y,  
 2. Thus the Lord, with arms ex - tend - ing, Sought to save from doom im - pend - ing,  
 3. Still the lov - ing Savior's pleading, And for sin - ners in - ter - ced - ing,

As He stood on Ol - ive's mountain Long a - go, long a - go:  
 Wil - ful souls who sinned a - gainst Him Long a - go, long a - go:  
 He is seek - ing now to save, as Long a - go, long a - go:

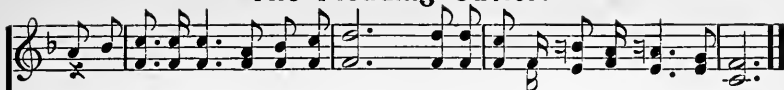
While His heart was torn and bleeding, Still He called with ten - der plead - ing,  
 While He warned them, they de - fid - ed Him; On the cross they cru - ci - fied Him;  
 Come to Him and find sal - va - tion, Flee from wrath and con - dem - na - tion,

To that way - ward, sin - ful cit - y Long a - go, long a - go.  
 And the wrath of God came on them Long a - go, long a - go.  
 Ere you hear Him say, as in the Long a - go, long a - go.

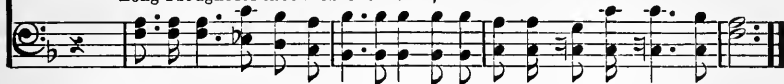
## CHORUS.

"O how oft would I have gathered thee, Under My protecting wings to be;  
 "O how oft Under My ev - er be;

# The Pleading Savior.



Long I sought for thee with love so free, But ye would not, would not come to Me."  
 Long I sought for thee with love so free,



## No. 220.

## Summer-Land.

James Rowe.

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Thoro Harris.



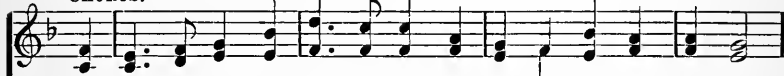
1. Be - yond the fad - ing marks of time, Be - yond the light of sun,
2. These drear - y scenes, this change-less gloom, Will all for - got - ten be,
3. There shall my soul have rest and peace, A - mid har - mo-nious strains,
4. O Mas - ter, Sav - ior, cheer me still, Hold thou in Thine my hand;



Lies Sum-mer-land, a peace-ful clime, My home when toil is done.  
 When o'er cel-es-tial plains I roam, And view the crys-tal sea.  
 While joy and hap-pi-ness in-crease, For there my Sav-ior reigns.  
 Guide Thou my trust-ing soul un-til I en-ter Sum-mer-land.



### CHORUS.



O Sum-mer land, dear Sum-mer-land! Where naught our hearts shall sev-er;



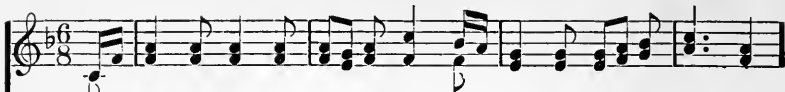
Where I thro' grace shall see His face, And rest with Christ for - ev - er.



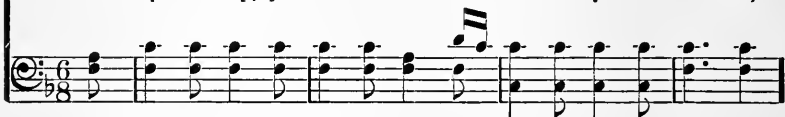
R. F. E.

USED BY PERMISSION.

R. F. Emerson.



1. The Gos-pel Ship has sail-ed far O'er life's tem-pes-tuous o - cean,
2. The storms of life, with all their strife And fu - ry, but do fa - vor
3. The sound-ing lead says land's a-head, We'll sor - row soon no lon - ger;
4. Cheer up! cheer up, ye sail - ors true! The land is just be - fore us;



But we've not a fear while Christ is near To still the wave's com-mo-tion.  
 The Gos-pel Ship to make her trip, And an-chor in the har - bor.  
 We've passed the night, the land's in sight, Our hopes are grow-ing strong-er.  
 With a stur-dy crew, and Cap-tain true, We'll all join in the cho - rus.



## CHORUS.



Then a - way, a - way o'er the deep blue sea, Tho' the billowy waves may thunder,



As on we sail, be - fore the gale, To our home which lies just yon - der.





## No. 222.

## America.

S. F. Smith.

THE NATIONAL SONG OF AMERICA.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal  
 4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
 land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## No. 223.

## Sleep On, Beloved.

*Very slow.*

Geo. E. Lee. Arranged.

1. Sleep on, be-lov-ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thine head upon the Savior's  
 2. Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep, But thou shalt wake no more to toil and  
 3. Un - til the shadow from this earth is cast, Un - til He gathers in his sheaves at  
 4. Un - til the East-er glo - ry lights the skies, Un - til the dead in Je - sus shall a-  
 5. Un - til made beau-ti-ful by love di - vine, Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt

breast: We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best. Good night, good night.  
 weep; Thine is a per - fect rest, se - cure and deep: Good night, good night.  
 last, Un - til the twi-light gloom is o - ver - past; Good night, good night.  
 rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise; Good night, good night.  
 shine, And He shall bring that gold-en crown of thine; Good night, good night.

# No. 224.

# How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

J. Reading.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will  
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall  
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for  
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My  
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy  
 sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.  
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
 nev-er, no nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

# No. 225.

# Why Do You Wait?

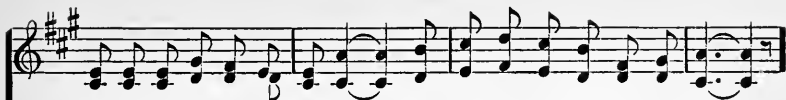
G. F. R.

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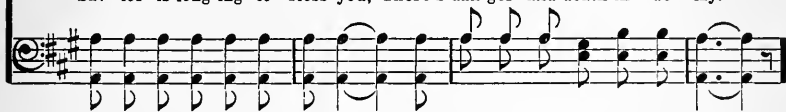
Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striving with-in? Oh,  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way; Your

## Why Do You Wait?



Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
 why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?  
 Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



### CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



## No. 226.

## Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.



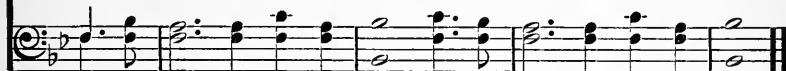
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.



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



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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I with the throng unknown  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 227.

# Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. { Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the
2. { Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly, He will for - give if they

sin and the grave; might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
child to re - ceive; on - ly be - lieve.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Down in the human heart,<br/>Crushed by the tempter,<br/>Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;<br/>Touched by a loving heart,<br/>Wakened by kindness,<br/>Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.</p> | <p>4 Rescue the perishing,<br/>Duty demands it: [vide;<br/>Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-<br/>Back to the narrow way<br/>Patiently win them;<br/>Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.</p> |
|---|---|

# No. 228.

# Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

# Lord, I'm Coming Home.

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam;

## No. 229.

## There is a Fountain.

Cowper.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,  
 D. C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit . . . . .]

2 FINE. D. C.  
 Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stammering tongue  
 Is ransomed from the grave.

## No. 230.

## Wesley.

C. Wesley.

1. Come, let us a - new, Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll a-round with the year,  
2. His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly iul - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove  
3. Our life as a dream, Our time as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way,

And nev - er stand still Till the Mas - ter ap - pear, Mas - ter ap - pear.  
By the pa - tience of hope And the la - bor of love, la - bor of love.  
And the fugitive mo - ment Re - fus - es to stay, fus - es to stay.

4 Oh! that each, in the day  
Of His coming, may say:  
I have fought my way through,  
I have finished the work  
Thou didst give me to do.

5 Oh! that each from the Lord  
May receive the glad word:  
Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into My joy  
And sit down on My throne!

## No. 231.

## Salvation's Free.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, But  
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There,  
4. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state, The  
CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free; Sal -

in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round His throne.  
serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King May speak His praise a - broad.  
from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas - ures in.  
tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should con - stant joys cre - ate.  
va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

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

6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching to Immanuel's ground—  
To it we're drawing nigh.

# No. 232.

# Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y - la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. Oh, hear His ten-derplead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,  
 ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

# No. 233.

# Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to  
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.  
 save you, He will save you just now.

- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

# No 234.

# Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him  
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings  
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.  
 plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
 ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing . . . . .

Add heav'n and na - ture sing. Add heav'n and na - ture sing.

# No. 235.

# Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.  
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.  
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# No. 236.

# Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegelf.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne<br/>                 We pour our ardent prayers; [one,<br/>                 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are<br/>                 Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,<br/>                 Our mutual burdens bear;<br/>                 And often for each other flows<br/>                 The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,<br/>                 It gives us inward pain;<br/>                 But we shall still be joined in heart,<br/>                 And hope to meet again.</p> |
|---|--|---|



# No. 237. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.  
 { There to my heart was the blood applied; }  
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.  
 { There at the cross where He took me in; }  
 D.C. - { There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,  
 I am so glad I have entered in;  
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;  
 Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;  
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;  
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
 Glory to His name.

# No. 238. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL

E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find. Hal-je-lu-jah!  
 { I am counting all but dross; I shall }

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee  
 Long has evil reign'd 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 forevermore.

# No. 239. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
 { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name }  
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!  
 { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name }

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,  
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, | 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

# No. 240.

# Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

*f* FINK CHORUS.

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 ascend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,  
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

*D. S.*

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

# No. 241.

# He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er  
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 tronb-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own  
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

# No. 242. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

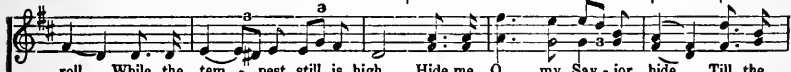
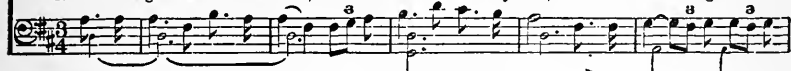
Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

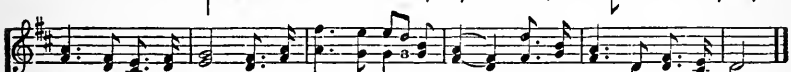
J. P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-



roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the  
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my  
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am  
 bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly



storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing,  
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.  
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

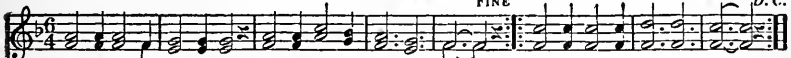


# No. 243. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh, D. C.



1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
- { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

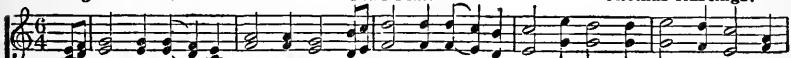


# No. 244. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

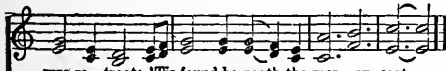
Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

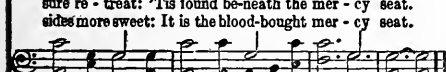
Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -



sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.  
 sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.



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

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

# No. 245. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }  
 { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
3. { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri- fice; }

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

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

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,<br/>                 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,<br/>                 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,<br/>                 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.</p> | <p>4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;<br/>                 Come now, and within me a new heart create;<br/>                 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;<br/>                 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 246. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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Frank A. Simpkins.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; }  
 { Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; }  
 D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me, O make.  
 Make... me white as snow.  
 Make... me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - er than the snow,  
 Whit - er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,<br/>                 For I know not where to go;<br/>                 Guide me to the crystal fountain,<br/>                 Make me white as snow.</p> | <p>3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,<br/>                 More Thy love to others show;<br/>                 Teach me how to better serve Thee<br/>                 Make me white as snow.</p> | <p>4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,<br/>                 From temptation here below;<br/>                 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,<br/>                 Keep me white as snow.</p> |
|---|---|--|

# No. 247. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.  
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Makes me love everybody.<br/>                 3 It has saved our fathers.<br/>                 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.<br/>                 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.</p> | <p>6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.<br/>                 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.<br/>                 8 It will do when I am dying.</p> |
|---|---|

# No. 248. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.

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

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

4 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!

# No. 249. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have:  
He make me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

# No. 250. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face;  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound  
O may I then in Him be found,  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.

# No. 251.

# Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.  
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.  
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

# No. 252.

# Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive jour - neys run; His kingdom spread from  
 2. From north to south the prin - ces meet, To pay their hom - age at His feet: While western em - pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

# No. 253.

# O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. } Happy day, hap - py day,  
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }  
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, hap - py day,

FINE

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }  
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day; }

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

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

# No. 254.

# Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me  
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can  
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
 in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# No. 255. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit . . . . .] O Lamb of God, I come!

1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.  
 2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

# No. 256.

# Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By  
 2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That  
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And  
 4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-lestial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.  
 wash-es white as snow. } On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }  
 you are ful-ly blest. } He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.  
 joy's im-mor-tal flow.

# No. 257. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold - iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,  
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,  
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day,  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
Agsinst unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own,  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To Him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

# No. 258. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

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

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God of love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel's call obey,  
And seek a Savior's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

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

# No. 259. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand  
Where Afric's sun - ny fount - ains (Omit.) Roll down their golden sand; From many an

ancient river, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Tho' every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.



# No. 260. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!  
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!  
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.  
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' count - less a - ges Men and angels sing.

## REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

# No. 261. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

## CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling placé there.  
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall  
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by - and - by,

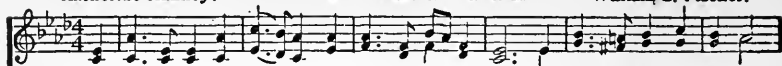
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.  
 by - and - by; In the sweet by - and - by.

# No. 262. I Love To Tell The Story.

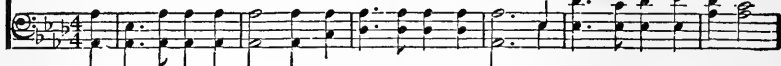
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

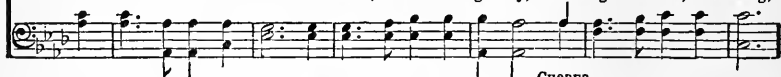
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;  
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard  
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



# No. 263. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thon art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the  
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy  
 4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
 fa - vor; Whilst Thon'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thon'rt calling, O call me.  
 boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



# No. 264. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."  
 I'll sing with the git - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

# No. 265. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

- O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
 O how can you question, if you will believe?  
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,  
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?  
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,  
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?  
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
 And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

# No. 266. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

- O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,  
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;  
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright,  
 That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,  
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,  
 I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,  
 For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,  
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;  
 They bear me away in His presence to be  
 I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace  
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face  
 Shall know how His love went before me each day,  
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

# No. 267. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins.

Second Tune.

Koschat.

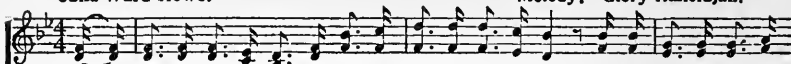
1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,

the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

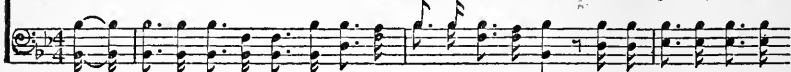
# No. 268. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

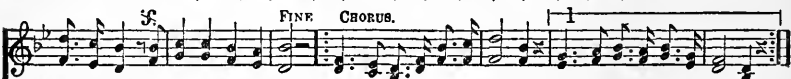
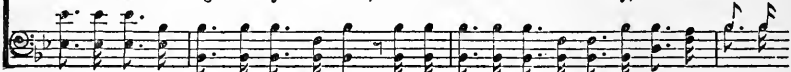
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is silt-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-bose that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.  
 flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!  
 lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)  
 make men free, While God is marching on.

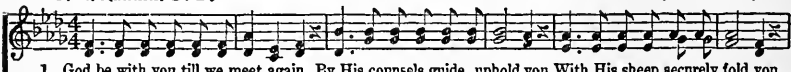


# No. 269. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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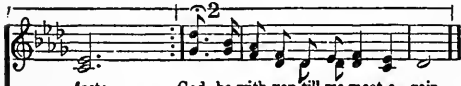
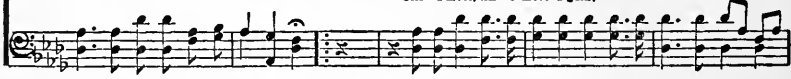
W. G. Tomer.



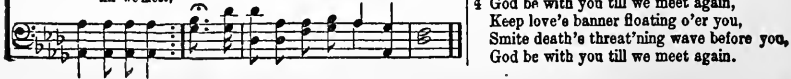
1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di-vide you,



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'  
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.



feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 till we meet;



- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
 When life's perils thick confound you,  
 Put His arms unfailing round you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.

# RESPONSIVE SERVICES

## PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

## PSALM 2.

1 Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

## PSALM 8.

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

## PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever

## PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

#### PSALM 46.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 Come, behold the works of the

Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

#### PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shall not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

## PSALM 92.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

2 To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

11 Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

12 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

15 To shew that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

## PSALM 96.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6 Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

13. Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

## PSALM 100.

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

## PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 Thy Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

## I. CORINTHIANS 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## The Second Coming of Christ.

## I. THESS. 4: 13-18; 5: 1-6.

13 But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

14 For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

15 For this we say unto you, by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

1 But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.

2 For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

3 For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.

4 But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.

5 Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.

6 Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

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